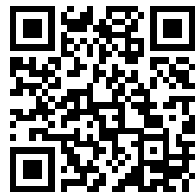

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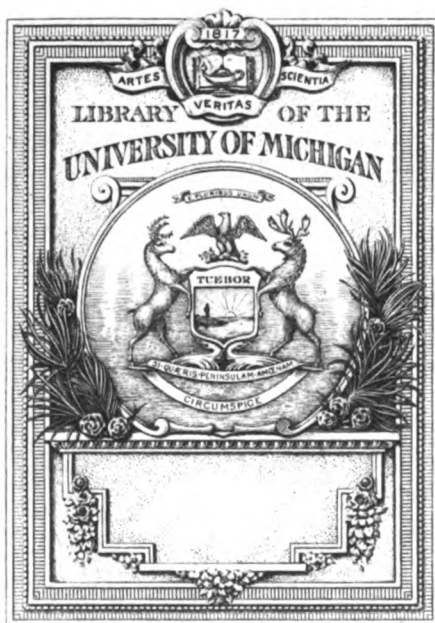
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BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.—No. I.

BOSTON, JULY, 1855.

WHOLE No. 7.

BUILDING A HOUSE.

BY ALEXANDER W. LAUDERDALE.

I do not know whether the famous gentleman so wittily described by Le Sage under the title of Asmodeus, was pursuing his impertinent amusement, of uncovering people's houses, for the sake of observing the *interieur*, upon the night of the 1st of May, 18—, but if he was, I do not think he found in all his researches, a happier family circle, than that of Philip Richmond, whose only daughter, May, had that evening, welcomed home from Canton, her *fiancée*, Mr. Charles Ellis, who had undertaken the voyage, as supercargo for the opulent firm of Brown Brothers, in whose employ he had long been, and who had engaged upon his return to admit him as junior member of the firm.

"And so now, sir," said the happy lover, addressing Mr. Richmond, "I shall claim your promise, that as soon as the sign over our counting-house should be changed to Brown Brothers and Ellis, you would give your consent to our marriage at as early a date as May can be induced to name?"

"Yes, Charles," answered the old merchant, in a rich, round voice, which told of good and luxurious living, and a mind at ease. "Yes, Charles, you have earned your prize, and the matter now lies between that little blushing hussy and yourself. Come, puss, speak up, and say when you will desert your poor old father and mother?"

"O, I am sure, dear papa, I am in no sort of hurry; two or three years—"

"I protest, May—"

"Why, you poor innocent fellow," cried the old man, chuckling; "what makes you look so blank?—don't you see the girl means that she is ashamed to have as early a day as she wishes, and so leaves it to you?"

"Papa, papa, how can you!" and May fairly burst into tears, and was running hastily out of the room, when her father caught her, and said with more gravity:

"Why, my little girl, what does this mean? Who that knows and loves my May, as well as her doting father and mother and her future husband, could suspect her of cunning, or of unmaidenly haste. You must let papa laugh at you a little now, for before long we shall be dull enough here, eh, wife?"

Mrs. Richmond who had not hitherto spoken, perhaps, because she could not trust her voice to discuss the marriage, and consequent departure from home, of her only and adored child, merely said in answer to her husband:

"O, Philip!" and turning toward the window hid her eyes in her handkerchief.

Mr. Richmond with the air more of a lover than of the husband of twenty years, went and stood by her side and whispered soothingly in her ear; Mr. Ellis apparently thought this a praiseworthy example, and placing himself upon the ottoman close to May, they kept up an animated conversation in a low voice for some minutes, during which the lover was apparently urging some proposition which the young girl was disposed to combat. At last Charles start-

ed up, and coming toward Mr. Richmond and his now smiling wife, he said, gaily :

"I have the pleasure to announce to you, my honored friends, that upon the 24th of June next, being the nineteenth birthday of Miss May Richmond, that young lady has consented to become Mrs. Charles Ellis, always with your approval and consent."

"Now, Charles," exclaimed May, blushing more than ever. "You know I never said—"

But here Mr. Ellis suddenly closed her mouth, in a manner which I suppose he thought he had a right to do; and when he released her, her father stood ready to repeat the performance, and then her mother opened her arms and May threw herself into them, perfectly buried in smiles, tears and blushes, to that extent that no one could say which predominated.

And so the matter was settled, and in view of his newly recognized claim, Mr. Ellis sat down close beside his beautiful *fiancee*, took her little hand in his, and—yes, actually put his arm around her waist!

"And now," said he, as soon as tranquillity was fairly re-established; "the first thing I shall do, will be to select a pleasant spot, some little distance from the city, and build a house. Wouldn't you like that, my little wife?"

"O, yes, I love the country so much, and you must build a sweet little stone cottage, such as we saw in England last year, papa; and we must have ivy and woodbine creeping all over it, and a conservatory, and an aviary, and a beautiful flower-garden, and we will have cows and sheep and a nice house—"

"Why, May, how your little tongue does rattle on," interrupted her father. "You must remember, child, that you are young people, just setting out in life, and that youth is the time to lay up money, that old age may be easy and free from care. Now, if I was to advise, I should say, hire a house, and before you begin to look for one, settle in your own minds the rent you can afford to pay, and do not let yourselves be tempted to go above it. Then, after awhile, if you like the town, and find that you can build advantageously, look for an honest carpenter, that will occupy some year or two longer, then find a good lawyer and have a rigid contract drawn up, with an estimate of the cost; after putting down every item, double the sum total, and if you are fortunate you may get your house for that."

The young people laughed, but Charles did not look convinced, and May said :

"It would seem so odd to have an odious, prying landlord, who would feel as if he had a

right to intrude at all hours and seasons, and to be making all sorts of impertinent remarks and objections—"

"Insufferable!" exclaimed Charles, firing up at the very idea of his May being subjected to such annoyances as she so feelingly depicted. "That would never answer; we must decidedly have a house of our own. Mr. Richmond, I have a small sum which my father left me, about thirteen thousand dollars; ten thousand of which I have engaged to invest in the business of Brown Brothers, and the remaining three I should think ought to build just such a little bower as May describes."

"Green-house and aviary, stable, barn, cow-house and all?" queried the father, smiling satirically. "Well, well, young people, I shall say no more. I have offered you my experience for nothing, but you prefer to give three thousand dollars for some of your own, and lucky will you be if you get it for that; but take your own way, as you and I took our's, Julia, at their age."

"Perhaps, Charles will meet with more honest mechanics, and a better architect, than we did," said Mrs. Richmond, good-humoredly, for she saw a shade of disappointment stealing across May's sweet face at her father's opposition to this cherished plan, which had been already privately discussed by letter, during the three years' separation of the lovers, and had come to be a settled part of their future life.

Mr. Richmond said no more, for he saw that opposition would produce no good effect, but in the retirement of the conjugal chamber he prognosticated to his attentive wife ruinous consequences to what he called—"these children's silly plan."

The next day commenced a series of rides, the real object of which was to select a spot sufficiently retired and romantic to suit the lover-like fancy of the two young people; but none such was to be found within the limits of a ride, and they had begun to fear that they had indulged in Utopian dreams impossible to realize, when Charles was dispatched by the senior member of his firm, to a town some twenty miles distant from the city, to transact some business with a person named Smith.

This town, appropriately named by the first settlers, Drowydale, was nestled in a mountain valley, and surrounded by wild and picturesque crags and woods. It was so small, so sparsely settled, and so inaccessible a place, that although a recently constructed railroad brought it within an hour's travel of the city, it was rarely visited by strangers, and only known to the public generally, as a station on the Blank Railroad.

After finishing his business and declining Mr. Smith's hospitable invitation to dine, Mr. Ellis spent the remaining hours, until the time for the last train, in wandering over the picturesque crags and stony ravines surrounding the hamlet of Drowsydale. More than once did he exclaim, either mentally or aloud. "Here is precisely the spot for a house;" but finally he came upon a site which effectually banished all others from his mind, and he determined at once that here should his future dwelling be built, and that with all possible speed.

It was a broad terrace, on the mountain side, beetling crags frowning above it, and a steep, grassy slope, thickly studded with granite boulders, lying between it and the wood which wound picturesquely along at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the spot which Ellis had fixed upon for the house. The plateau comprised about two acres; it was well sheltered at the northeast and west, while to the south lay a view of immense extent and unparalleled magnificence.

The young man stood long entranced until the long slanting rays of the setting sun warned him of the hour, and he hastened to the station which he found to be about a mile distant.

The next day, our hero (to whom his senior partners granted great latitude in view of his approaching marriage) took May with him to visit his new-found paradise.

She was equally delighted with himself, and they at once proceeded to inquire for the owner and secure the treasure, trembling every moment lest some rival should appear and forestall them in the coveted purchase. Mr. Smith, to whom Ellis naturally applied, directed them to the house of Deacon Sykes, of whose large farm, "Upland Terrace" (as the young people as prospective possessors had already named it) was a part.

The deacon was a keen, sharp, cautious—Yankee; he had not talked with Mr. Ellis five minutes, before he understood the whole state of affairs between the young people, although Charles was entirely unconscious of betraying it. He also settled in his own mind that the "young chap from down below" (he didn't mean any worse place than Boston), was very young, very ignorant of the value of land, very desirous of purchasing the rocky mountain pasture, very rich, and lastly and most important, that it was his duty to make a very good bargain out of him.

Deacon Sykes had purchased his hundred and fifty acres some ten years previously, at an average price of twenty-five dollars an acre, and this

particular two acres was some of the least valuable on the farm. So when Charles Ellis pressed him to name the sum per acre with which he would be content, the deacon, after much circumlocution, and very trying diversions from the subject, concluded that:

"Seein' as heow it's kindir rocky, up there, and it may be some costly to fix up reound the housenspot, why, I guess I must let you hev it for a hunderd and fifty dollars a acre."

"Very well, Deacon Sykes," answered the young man, who had not yet lost the romantic belief that all men, and especially country farmers, were as honorable and honest as himself. "I trust implicitly to you, for I know nothing about the price of land except in the city, and there, as I suppose you know, it is always sold by the foot."

"Yis, I've heern tell so," said the deacon, mentally wishing that his customer would beat him down a little, for even his bargain-hardened conscience smote him for such extortion, and to accede to the first demand, was a tactic unknown in the annals of Drowsydalian purchase and sale.

However, our unsuspecting young merchant, proceeding on in the "one price system," to which in business he had always been accustomed, closed the bargain upon the spot for the two acres, at the above named price.

The next day Mr. Ellis went to an architect and had a plan drawn of a handsome and picturesque cottage, with all the "modern improvements." The specifications stated that it was to be built of the very best lumber, and in the most thorough manner. Charles then consulted a city carpenter for the purpose of making a contract with him, but Mr. Jobling assured him that it would be quite as cheap and much more satisfactory to have the work done by the day, which was accordingly agreed upon.

The house was commenced immediately, and May proposed that as it would so soon be finished, the wedding should be postponed until they could move directly in; but this was decidedly negated by Charles, who insisted upon the previous arrangement, and much did he felicitate himself upon his firmness, in the event, for the wedding took place upon the twenty-fourth of June, and when the frost came, the mason was just ready to plaster the interior of the bridal home. As this latter personage declared it utterly and entirely impossible to do anything till warm weather, the half-finished home was locked up, to spend its first winter alone, Mr. Stone promising to "be on hand sartain, the first thing in the spring."

Spring came, and after many weary journeys after the recreant mason, whom Charles declared to be emphatically a "rolling stone," he at last set to work. His business finished, our young husband began a series of daily promenades, to the workshop of Messrs. Black, White and Yellowley, upon whom devolved the finishing touches to the new house, in the shape of painting and papering.

These artists were the most dilatory of any yet employed, and more than one week passed after the building was pronounced ready for them before they could be brought to commence.

The young couple remained for the present at the house of Mr. Richmond, who would have been glad could he have induced them to make his house their permanent home. Being of a magnanimous turn of mind the elder gentleman did not exult more than he could avoid, at the verification of his prophecy, but he had somewhere found an old distich which he frequently hummed over, when Charles was complaining of the backwardness of his workmen, of the unconscionable time they took for their labor, of the difficulty of inducing the masters to hire a sufficient number of workmen, etc.; this doggerel which soon became the terror of both the young people was:

"Work by the job, has almost done,
When work by the day has just begun."

At last, however, the last paint-pot and paste-brush had disappeared, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis gladly proceeded to install themselves at Upland Terrace, cordially inviting their father and mother to return as soon as possible the long visit which they had been in a manner compelled to make them.

Charles at once proceeded to lay out his grounds, and devoted to this delightful employment all his leisure and all his money not absolutely needed in the household, that he could command. The dilatory workmen proved to be as dilatory in presenting their accounts, as in doing their work, and it was not till the succeeding January that Mr. Ellis could form any estimate of the cost of his house. Then, indeed, the bills poured in; the carpenter's, the lumber-man's, the hardware-dealer's, for locks, hinges, etc., the mason's, the painter's, the glazier's the paperer's, and a number from people who professed to have been employed to team and dig, etc., until Charles in despair inquired if the crowd of idlers whom he had always found warming themselves in cool weather, and cooling themselves in hot weather in his unfinished house, did not intend to bring in bills for their time?

This petulant speech, addressed to one of the soi-disant teamsters (who it turned out had once brought up a keg of nails from the depot, as he was going by Upland Terrace), was reported at once to the very men who had been in the habit of lounging on the carpenter's benches, and painter's steps, and more than one of Charles's neighbors with the malevolence inseparable from a narrow mind, chose after this to consider himself at enmity with the young man.

When all the bills had come in, Charles, to his horror and astonishment, found that his land, his house, and the improvements made and commenced upon the place, would come within a few hundred dollars of his whole little fortune. True, he possessed enough to meet all demands, but this would involve withdrawing the ten thousand dollars which he had invested in the firm, and without which he would be obliged to sink again into the rank of clerk.

May proposed to ask her father to lend them the sum required, but from this both the pride and the delicacy of her husband revolted. He preferred rather to mortgage his new place. He did so, and from that moment began for Charles Ellis the harassing doubts, the gloomy reveries, the troubled dreams, and anxious forebodings of an honorable and sensitive man who has allowed himself to become involved in debt from which he sees no means of release.

Charles had at first thought, that by strict economy, they should be able to lay by something every year, and perhaps in this way meet the mortgage—which was at a long date—when it should become due. But he soon found that this was out of the question. May, although she would have yielded her life inch by inch for her husband, was the principal, although unconscious agent of drawing him deeper and deeper into difficulty. The only child of rich and indulgent parents, she had never in her life been obliged to deny herself anything which money could procure. She had a refined and exquisite taste in dress, and it did not once occur to her that there was any other course possible in ordering her wardrobe than that which she had always pursued.

She knew nothing of housekeeping, except that it was necessary to have a cook—who could not possibly go so far from the city under three dollars a week—a chambermaid, and when the baby was born, about a month after the moving, a nurse, at the same wages with the cook, was engaged for his lordship.

Then Mr. Ellis found his journeys up and down every day and his dinners in town, both lonely and expensive, and at the end of the year,

upon balancing his expenses and income, he found that the former, including the interest on the mortgage, overrun the latter by some fifty dollars.

He did not mention this to May, as her health had been delicate ever since the baby was born, and he could not bear to lay any part of the burden upon those unaccustomed shoulders; but he strangled a bitter exclamation which rose to his lips as she showed him that very night a large quantity of rich and very expensive lace that she had just purchased to trim an India muslin mantilla that her mother had sent her for a present.

Time went on, and with all his efforts Ellis could barely meet his expenses and pay the interest on the mortgage, and the time for paying the principal was close at hand. The day arrived, and Charles called on his mortgagee, Isaac Ben Samuels, with a heavy heart.

"Good morning, Mishter Ellish, you are very punctual."

"I know, I know, Mr. Samuels that this is the day on which my mortgage falls due, but I hope you will consent to wait a while. I will continue to pay the interest punctually, but it is entirely impossible for me to pay the principal at present, without withdrawing all that I possess from the firm of which I am a member, but of which I could not expect to continue one unless I contributed something to its support."

"Ver goot, ver goot, Mishter Ellish," said the old Jew, rising; "dere ish den one plain course for me to purshe."

"And that is," said Charles, quickly.

"To foreclose my mortgage,"

The debtor turned quickly and left the apartment. He pulled his hat over his eyes and strode hurriedly to the counting-room. Here he shut himself up in his own office, rested his forehead on his folded arms, and gave himself up to a paroxysm of rage, grief and despair, which would have moved to pity the coldest and stoutest of hearts.

"Ruined, ruined, ruined!" groaned he. "O my wife, my child," and the unbidden tears gushed from the eyes of the strong man, not refreshing dews, such as support and strengthen the flower-like nature of woman, but fierce, scorching drops, such as fall from the bosom of the thunder cloud, searing and furrowing the face of fair mother earth until she looks as if sorrow for the sins of her children had brought on that appearance of old age, which tens of thousands of years had failed to imprint on her blooming face.

Charles Ellis came forth from that room,

stern, harsh and cold. He went mechanically through the routine of his duties during the day, and at the usual hour proposed to leave the office. As he was putting on his hat and coat he was passed by the elder Mr. Brown, the senior member of the firm.

"Good-night, Ellis," said he, "I quite envy you going out to that pretty home of yours. A bachelor like myself cannot supply the want of a home, even with the luxuries of the Tremont House." And Mr. Brown went on, not hearing the bitter groan which issued from the lips of the junior partner as he followed him.

"A home indeed! Whose home will it be when that miserable Jew has drawn a little tighter the meshes of the net in which I have placed myself!—a comfort surely, and one which should reconcile me to losing all that I shall lose."

And Charles Ellis laughed aloud in the bitterness of his heart. When he reached Upland Terrace, May came running to meet him.

"O Charles, dear, I am so glad you have come; there has been a man here, I'm sure I don't know who, but I think he must have been crazy, unless he came in hopes of stealing; he knocked, and Nora opened the door and asked him who he would like to see, and he said:

"'I don't care about seeing any one, but I'll come in,' and then Nora was frightened and told him that you was not at home, and that I was engaged, but he crowded by her and walked into the entry and up to the door of the parlor where I was sitting with the baby. I had heard what he said, and looked up at him, I suppose, in a frightened sort of a way, for he laughed, and said:

"'You needn't be scared, ma'am, I'm only taking peaceable possession of these premises, and you can mention it to your husband, and you and the girl here can testify, if necessary, that I've done it.' And then the odious creature with a grin and a chuckle that frightened me more than ever, went away. Now, Charles, dear, what did he mean?"

"Mean, woman?" said her husband, sternly, "it means that we are houseless, homeless, wretches, that what my own folly has not done to ruin me, you have done, and that at this moment I am infinitely poorer than when your father first refused me on the plea of my poverty."

Little May had never been used to language such as this, and so she did what almost every woman would have done—she said:

"O Charles!"—and throwing herself on the sofa, began to cry as if her very heart would break. Her husband looked at her for a moment, and then raising her head gently, he placed it

on his breast and applied himself to the task of soothing her; no difficult matter, for she had a loving heart, and kisses and sweet words could make it happy at almost any moment.

Restored to tranquillity, the young people proceeded to talk gravely and confidentially of their situation. Charles told his wife for the first time of the mortgage, acknowledged his fault in having concealed difficulties from her even partially, and explained to her what taking peaceable possession meant.

"But never mind, love," said he, in conclusion, "the old sharper can do nothing for three years, and when that time comes, if no other means presents itself I will withdraw from the firm, pay all my debts and begin life again as a clerk."

Charles spoke cheerfully, but the fond wife's anxious eyes read too plainly the sharp pang of despair and humiliation that crossed his face, as he said this, to be deceived.

She said nothing, however, and they by mutual though tacit consent, talked for a little while of other and pleasanter matters before retiring.

The next day May wrote a long letter to her father, and the ensuing morning Mr. Richmond visited Upland Terrace. May and he were shut up for a long time in the little library, and as they came out, Mr. Richmond said half playfully and half-seriously:

"But if you tell Charles one word of the matter, I'll take it all back, only be sure and let me know if he thinks of withdrawing."

That night May told her husband that she felt it a duty for both of them to begin to make economy more of a study than they had done, and to try to acquire habits that should be useful to them in the dark days to come.

"Three years, is a good while, dear Charles, and I think by that time I can become fully equal to undertake both the superintendence and attendance of our little city tenement. What salary do you hope to get, dear Charles?"

There was a roguish twinkle in her eye, that belied the anxious tone of her voice, but Charles was too full of trouble to mind it, and answered gloomily:

"I'm sure I don't know. It will be a sad change for you, my poor May."

"I sha'n't let it be so much of a change as it would be, now, for I have given both my chambermaid and nurse warning this morning. Betty will be willing to undertake general housework, and I shall take care of the baby myself. Is that well, my husband?"

A warm kiss and embrace answered her, and

although Charles tried to dissuade her from the plan, she persisted, nor did she find that health or mind suffered in consequence of her increased duties.

Time went swiftly on, and the three years were nearly over. So nearly, that Ellis had determined to give his partners notice of his intention to withdraw, and mentioned this resolve to May, but she asked him so earnestly to wait for a few days that he consented.

The next day May wrote again to her father, and this time she was answered by a large packet containing a letter addressed to her husband, and a long one to herself, besides a formidable legal looking document.

She read her own letter with tears and broken exclamations of joy. Then she put both letter and document in her desk, and laid that addressed to her husband on the hall table, where it was customary to put whatever letters and papers arrived through the day from the post-office at Drowsydale.

Charles, upon coming home, took it up listlessly and opened it, but as he read, his cheek flushed, his eye lighted, and a look of hope and joy which had long been a stranger to his face, once more gladdened the eyes of the delighted May, who was peeping from behind the parlor door.

As the letter was short and pithy, I will give it to my readers as a conclusion, leaving it to their imaginations to supply the effect which it produced. It ran thus:

"SON CHARLES:—You may remember that at the time you first mentioned building a house, I expressed my ideas upon the subject. The event has proved that they were correct.

"Now, young man, you could not complain if to pay the penalty of your obstinacy, you were to lose, as you expected to, not only the home for which you have paid so dear, but the position which you have so laboriously gained in the world; but I cannot but feel as if the three years of anticipation which you have just gone through may answer as a lesson, without the actual suffering, which, were you left to yourself, would surely follow. So I will at once inform you that nearly three years ago I purchased of Mr. Isaac Samuels all right and title that he possessed to your estate, and that I have this day forwarded to your wife a title deed of the house, vested in her own name, and I the more readily do this, that by giving you once more a home of your own, I save you from all danger of ever again committing that suicidal folly of 'building a house.'"

TO MEMORY.

BY R. G. DENTON.

Back through the dim and shadowy past,
 Found Memory loves to stray;
 And call from out her buried store,
 Those visions, bright and gay—
 Which cheered us in our youthful hours,
 When life seemed all too fair;
 Ere grief had come to blight our hopes,
 And chill our hearts with care.

She brings to view those first bright dreams,
 When life was in its spring—
 Ere the withering hand of time had wrought
 Such change o'er everything.
 O sweet and halcyon days of yore,
 Your memory, like some witching strain,
 Will linger round our hearts for aye,
 Though ye will ne'er return again.

Again we hear those haunting tones
 Which charmed us in our earlier days,
 When love and hope our spirits bound,
 And bright were passion's rays;
 But where, O, where are now the friends
 We loved in days of yore;
 Some scattered to the world's wide ends,
 Some sleep to wake no more.

Yes, thy spell, fond Memory, brings
 Back the joys of "other days,"
 When flowers were out, birds were singing
 Sweet and glad some songs of praise.
 Time, nor care, cannot efface them,
 Though the soul be tempest-tost;
 O how sweet, how dear to trace them,
 Wandering on life's rock-bound coast.

Naught that hath laid unheard and hidden,
 But thy magic stirs it up;
 For thou canst e'en revive the story
 Of life's sweet and bitter cup.
 Yes, thy charms are round me flinging
 Back the bliss of happier times—
 And thy "dream-like glory o'er me,
 Comes like love from heavenly climes.

THE RUNAWAY SHIP.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

I HAD command of the old "Evershot," a good ship, and one which had put much money into the hands of her owners. She was built for the India trade, and with the exception of one voyage to Smyrna, she had stuck to the purpose for which she was put together. On the present occasion, I was bound for India, and my cargo was made up of a curious variety. I had for passengers, an old gentleman, whose head was white, and his form bent with years, and his three sons, the youngest of whom was about five and-thirty, and the oldest not far from fifty. Then there

were several women, and some half dozen children.

We had doubled the southern capes of Africa, and were just poking our nose into the Indian Ocean, when a circumstance transpired which was destined to try our nerves somewhat. One afternoon, one of the men in the foretop reported a sail very near ahead in the line of our course.

"Some homeward bound Indiaman, probably," remarked Mr. Lee, my mate.

I nodded assent, and then went to the cabin and told my passengers that if they had any letters to send home, they had better have them ready, for perhaps we were about to meet a ship bound to Old England. They went to work upon my suggestion at once, and in the course of half an hour we had a letter-bag neatly sewed up and directed.

The wind was now a little south of east, so that we stood upon our course northeast with freedom, and the coming ship was heading very nearly upon us, though as we came nearer she kept away a little further to the westward.

"Is it an English ship?" asked my white-haired old passenger.

"I think it is," was my reply; and just as I spoke, my second mate came down from the foretop, where he had been with a glass. I noticed that his face looked troubled, and also that he kept back some remark which he was upon the point of dropping, at the same time regarding the old passenger with a look which seemed to indicate that he was in the way. I took the hint, and carelessly walked forward. Mr. Becket, the mate in question, followed me. At the gangway I stopped.

"What is it?" I asked, now turning and looking into his face.

"Why sir, that ship is the old *Dorset*."

"The *Dorset*?" I replied. "Impossible."

"But I am sure," persisted Becket. "There's not another ship in England with such a figure-head. Those two girls are n't to be mistaken."

"But are you sure she has that figure-head?"

"Certainly. You'll be able to see it from here in a few moments."

"But," said I, "the *Dorset* has not yet had time to reach Sydney, let alone getting back as far as this."

"Of course not," answered Becket, with a keen glance about him; "but don't you think a ship could run away without doing the errand she had in hand?"

"Eh?" That's all I uttered at the moment, for a strange thought was beginning to work its way to my mind.

"You remember what sort of a cargo the Dorset had, don't you?" my mate remarked.

Of course I remembered, for I met the captain of the Dorset the day before she sailed, and had a quiet dinner with him at Cowley's. He was an old friend of mine, and named Bumstead—Harry Bumstead—and as good a sailor as ever trod a deck at sea. Now the facts, as they came crowding rather unpleasantly upon my mind, were these: The Dorset sailed just two weeks before I did, and took out twenty-three convicts who had been sentenced to transportation. These, of course, he was to drop at Sydney, or Port Jackson, and as he had part of a cargo for that place, he was to go there first. So I knew that the Dorset had no business to be running away from the Indian Ocean now.

"What do you think about it?" asked Becket, who had been watching me.

"Let me take the glass," said I, without seeming to notice this question.

He handed me the glass, and I at once leaped upon the horse-block and set the focus. The coming ship was now so near that her hull was nearly all up, and my first look was upon the figure head. There could be no mistake now. I could distinctly see the two female forms clasping each other by the hands, which I knew to be the adorning feature of the Dorset's cut-water.

"Mr. Becket," I said, after I had satisfied myself upon this point, "that is the Dorset, and no mistake."

"Yes,—but what do you make of it?"

"What do you make of it?" I asked.

He pondered a few moments, and then said:

"I think the convicts have taken the ship!"

"So do I," was my rejoinder.

As I thus spoke, I walked aft to where my first mate stood by the wheel, and drawing him on one side, I told him my fears. He leaped upon the rail and gazed off upon our neighbor, and when he reached the deck again, he was of my opinion.

"It must be so," he said. "What shall we do?"

That was the question. What should we do? The ship had now come to within half a mile, and all doubts respecting her identity were at an end. I now knew that she was the Dorset, and of course felt confident that the convicts must by some means have gained possession.

"She did n't have the best crew that ever was," remarked Lee, nervously. "I knew some of her men, and they were as precious a set of scamps as ever breathed."

This made the matter worse still. Of my

whole crew, I could muster but thirty men, counting the three able passengers, having set five men on shore at St. Helena sick with fever, and being unable at the time to make their places good. On board the Dorset, of course, there would be the three-and-twenty convicts, and, in all probability, a good part of the crew—perhaps forty men in all. What should we do? To let the ship pass on under such circumstances seemed hardly the thing for an Englishman, and to engage with such a renegade crew seemed sheer madness. I asked my officers what they thought—and they thought just as I did. I explained the matter to my three passengers, and they said they would help if they could be assured there would be any use.

But during all this time the ship in question had been nearing us, we having steered so as to speak her, and now she was not more than two cables' length distant upon our lee bow.

"Ship ahoy!" I shouted, through my trumpet.

"Hallo!" came from the other ship.

"What ship is that?"

"The *Ben Franklin*," answered the same voice, the owner of which wore a Scotch cap and red shirt.

"Where are you bound?"

"To New York."

"Belong there?"

"Yes."

At this moment she had ranged ahead far enough so that I could see she had the American flag at her peak, which had been before hidden by her canvass. There were certainly forty men leaning over her rail, and I knew at once that we could not openly overcome them. At that moment, had my ship been near enough, I could have jumped on board and engaged with those men single handed. What had become of poor Harry Bumstead, thought I, and the few men who might have remained faithful to him!

While these thoughts, and a thousand others, were wildly rushing through my mind, the Dorset passed on. I knew it was my old friend, for all the lies they had told in answer to my questions. I had no thought or conjectures on the subject; but that that ship was the Dorset, I knew just as well as I should have known my own brother. As the ship passed on, I saw a face at one of the quarter windows. I seized the glass and levelled it. It was the face of Harry Bumstead, as sure as fate! And he waved a handkerchief towards me with the most frantic gesticulations.

The sense of pain was just sinking into my whole soul, when an idea flashed across my mind that caused me to fairly leap from my

feet. All was now hope and bustle in my brain, and as soon as possible I got my wits into working order.

"Put the ship upon her course again," I ordered.

"We can do nothing!" said Becket, interrogatively.

"Wait," said I in return. "It is n't too late yet."

"But—"

"Stop. Wait until I have shaped out a plan, and then you shall know it."

It was now quite late, for just as poor Harry Bumstead waved his handkerchief at me the last time, the sun was sinking into the western waters. I watched the Dorset until distance and gloom combined to hide her from me, and I knew that she was bound for the Atlantic. I saw her take in her lofty sails in preparation for the night, and I felt my hope increase. The last I could see, she was steering southwest.

As soon as it was dark, I had the helm up, and ordered the ship to be worn around upon the other tack, and as soon as this was done, I set the course due south, and crowded on all sail. The officers and men gathered round me and wished to know what all this meant.

"It means," answered I, "that I will have those villains in irons again, if I can."

"But how?" came from half a dozen.

"I'll tell you. Our ship is by all odds the best sailer, even with equal sail set; but now that the Dorset has only topgallant sails over double-reefed topsails, we can shoot ahead fast. By midnight, I calculate to be further south than she will be, so I'll keep on this course until I am sure, and then I'll run to the west'rd and lie in waiting for her."

"And what then?"

"I can tell you better when the time comes. But be not afraid, for I won't run into danger."

The breeze held fair, and we carried our royals and studding-sails below and aloft. At midnight, I knew we must be considerably further south than the Dorset, but instead of running directly west, I changed the course to west-south-west, knowing that thus we should come upon the other's track soon enough. At three o'clock I made a careful reckoning of our log for the last nine hours, and also of the point the Dorset must strike, if she kept her course southwest, and I felt sure that we were just where we should be.

My first move was to heave to and take in sail; and then I sent the topgallant masts on deck and housed the topmasts. Next, I had all our arms brought upon deck, and I found we

had more than enough for a brace of pistols and a cutlass to each man. After this I had the pumps rigged, and hardly had this been accomplished before the lookout reported a sail. I hastened forward, and could plainly see the outlines of the top-hamper of a heavy ship looming up darkly against the sky. I had the lanterns hoisted, and then set the men at work at the pumps. Ere long, the ship came near enough to hail. She put down her helm, and laid her course to run under our stern.

"Ship ahoy!" came from the Dorset—for I could make out the drapery of the figure-head.

I made my mate answer at my suggestion, for fear the villains should recognize my voice.

"Hallo! send a boat on board!" yelled Lee, just as the Dorset passed under our stern.

"We've sprung aleak, and our ship is sinking."

"What have ye got aboard?"

"Furniture and provisions, and forty thousand pounds in money."

The Dorset hove to, and lowered a boat, which was soon alongside full of men. The villains quickly began to come over the side.

"Have n't settled much yet," one of them remarked, as he noticed how high we stood.

"We've kept the pumps going well," I said.

"Where's your gold? Let's have that first."

"This way," said I, moving to the poop.

When half way there, I motioned for the men to stop pumping.

"Down!" I uttered, and as I spoke, I gave the man nearest me a blow with my cutlass across the head that knocked him down. Only fifteen of the men had come from the other ship, and as my crew were prepared, these fifteen were down and gagged almost before they could realize that anything was out of the way. They were unprepared, and nearly all of them were unarmed.

"Ship ahoy!" I cried, through my trumpet, speaking as grumly as possible, to imitate the voice of the fellow I had knocked down.

"Hallo!" came in reply.

"Send another boat. We can't bring half. Send quickly, for the old thing is sinking."

The Dorset soon lowered one of her quarter-boats, and came alongside, with ten men in it. They came hurrying over the side, and as soon as they were all in the gangway, we fell upon them—not wildly, but with regular system—and in a short time they were secure.

My course was now simple. I first saw every man so firmly bound that he could not even move, and then I called twenty four men into the two boats, still alongside, leaving only six men on board of my ship. We pulled for the

Dorset as smartly as possible. When we came to her gangway, I saw several heads peering over the rail, but we had taken the precaution to put on the Scotch caps of the convicts, and they had no suspicions. Becket was the first on her deck, and I followed next.

"Got the money?" asked a coarse fellow.

"Most of it is in the boats now," I replied.

"Rig a whip, and we'll have it aboard."

The villain had not noticed my weapons. I recognized in him at once the boatswain of the ship, a man who had been hired at Liverpool, and whose character was not among the best. As he turned to order the whip rigged, I saw that my men were all on board, and drawing my weapon, I sprang upon him and cut him down. At the first onset on board my own ship, I had been careful not to kill any one, for fear I might be mistaken; but I was not doubtful now, for some of the prisoners had confessed the crime. There were seventeen men aft on board the ship for me to capture, and we captured them without losing one of our own men, and only killing four of them. As soon as our prisoners were safe, I made my way to the cabin, and in one of the quarter galleries I found Capt. Bumstead.

In the hold of the Dorset we found fifteen of the crew in irons. Bumstead explained to me, in a few words, what had happened. Only five days before, the boatswain, who had shown much insubordination during the voyage, headed nineteen of the crew, who had joined him, and having set the convicts free, they fell upon the rest of the crew at night, and made an easy victory. The first and second mates they had killed, and the boatswain would have killed all hands, but the rest of the mutineers refused to have it done. So it had been arranged that the captain and his friends should be confined, and set on shore on the first out of the way island they could find.

It was soon arranged that Bumstead should proceed to Sydney with his fifteen faithful men, feeling sure that the convicts could be so confined as to be safe. So I saw his prisoners faithfully ironed, and then took the mutineers on board my own ship, intending to carry them to Calcutta. There were fifteen in number, four only having been killed in the conflict.

That night the Dorset tacked and stood away for Australia, while we kept on up the ocean. We arrived safely at Calcutta, and before I left, Capt. Bumstead arrived, and the mutineers soon after paid for their crime with their lives.

Good intentions! my dear sir—good intentions! Believe me, my dear sir, a Bengal tiger, with his tail up, is not half so dangerous as a genuine fool with good intentions!—*Sidney Smith.*

THE WAY TO WEALTH ILLUSTRATED.

It is an awkward thing to begin the world without a dollar—and yet hundreds of persons have raised large fortunes from a single shilling. I know a gentleman, a builder, in an extensive way of business, now well worth \$100,000, who was a bricklayer's laborer some six years ago, at one dollar per day. He became rich, by acting upon principle. He has assured me that even when he was in ill-paid employment he continued to save fifty cents per day, and thus laid up \$182 the first year. From this moment his fortune was made. Like the hound upon the right scent the game sooner or later won was sure to become his own. Another very extensive firm—one of which has since died, and left behind him an immense property, the other is still alive, and has realized as much, and yet both of these men came to New York, without a cent, and swept the very shop wherein they both afterwards made their fortunes. Like the builder whom we have just mentioned, they possessed an indomitable spirit of industry, perseverance and frugality, and the first half-crown became in consequence the foundation of a million more.

The world would call these individuals fortunate, and ascribe their property to good luck; but the world would be very wrong to do so. If there was any luck at all in the matter, it was the luck of possessing clear heads and active hands, by which means multitudes of others have carved out their own fortunes. But the word *business* means *habit*. Paradoxical as it may seem at first sight, business is nothing in the world except habit—the soul of which is regularity. Like the fly-wheel upon a steam engine, this last keeps up the motion of life steady and unbroken, enabling the machine to do its work; without this regularity, your motions as a merchant may be capital, but never will be profitable.

—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

A PERSEVERING COLLECTOR.

The late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, mourned by many who will laugh at his wit no more, has left behind him a memory that will be transmitted through successive generations. His wit was equal to his skill. Very much against his will, the doctor was made a vestryman in his parish church, and one of his duties was to pass the plate for the contribution at the morning service. He presented it with great politeness and becoming gentility to the gentleman at the head of the pew nearest the chancel, who was not disposed to contribute. The faithful collector, nothing daunted, held the plate before him, and bowed as if he would urge him to think the matter over, and contribute something, and refused to go till he had seen his silver on his plate. In this way he proceeded down the aisle, victimizing every man till he came to the nearest pew to the door, where sat an aged colored woman. To his surprise, she laid down a piece of gold. "Dear me," said the astonished doctor, "you must be a *Guinea* nigger." They never troubled the doctor to go round with the plate after that.—*Saturday Courier.*

Men as they advance in age supply the loss of youth by politeness.

THE WORLD OF JOY.

BY ARCHIBALD KEMPTON.

In the deep repose and silence
Of the sacred twilight hour,
From the land of dreamy shadows,
Waked by fancy's magic power—
O'er my spirit steals a vision
Of celestial beings bright,
As steals the sun of morning through
The dismal clouds of night.
And I list to seraph voices
Murmuring their songs of glee,
And I gaze on forms angelic,
Floating mid the ether sea.
Till by sight and sound invited,
Every thought of human mind
Strives to break its earthly tendrils,
And a higher pleasure find.

Then the rapture, pure and holy,
Then the ecstacy divine,
As the mortal lowly boweth
At the sweet Ideal's shrine.
Paradise unfolds her treasures,
Bliss unopes her hallowed store,
And with happiness unbounded,
Heart and soul are running o'er.
All forgotten worldly sorrow,
Life itself a misty gleam;
And uncared for all existence,
Save the wild, delirious dream.
Gates of heaven are inviting,
Pass the portals while ye may—
Drown the anguish of to-morrow,
In the glory of to day;
Freely soar with eagle's pinions,
To the shining realms above;
Revel in fond radiant fancy,
In elysian regions rove.

WORTH VERSUS WEALTH.

BY DORUS CARROLL.

"WHAT an elegant girl!"

This was the inward exclamation of Harry Stephens, as a gaily-dressed young lady passed by his office window, one balmy May morning. Very gracefully was the mantilla folded about her pretty person, and very gracefully and daintily her light feet pressed the gravelled sidewalk; yet there was an air of haughtiness in the carriage of her head, and in the flash of her cold, blue eyes, which was not quite so pleasing to the searching glance of the young lawyer.

He had spoken truly. Helen Fowler was an elegant girl, in face, form and mind; but, as often happens, that meagre word *elegant* described her thoroughly. Underneath her calm elegance there was nothing deeper—nothing to be unfolded, flower-like, by the sunshine of friendship or love. Her education was elegant, not varied

nor profound. She could speak the French language excellently, she could dance enchantingly, and play gracefully all the fashionable music of the day. In manners she was faultless; in conversation the quickness of her wit generally concealed the shallowness of her brain. Her brain was shallow, and her heart, too; yet she was an elegant girl, and the only daughter of the richest man in the flourishing village of Weston.

She had scarcely turned the corner, when another young form appeared, and another light footstep sounded beneath Harry's window. But this figure, though dressed with neatness and grace, was not so airily robed as that of the heiress who had preceded her, nor did she bear herself with such an air of conscious beauty. But just as she passed the window, she happened to look up, and eyes of such deep, rare loveliness met Harry's earnest gaze, that his book fell from his grasp unheeded, and he watched her retreating form until she was out of sight.

"Helen Fowler is certainly an elegant girl," he said, as he paced up and down his office floor; "but Agnes Bryan is something more. Helen is rich, proud, and graceful; Agnes is poor in worldly wealth, simple in manners, yet rich in graces of the heart and intellect. Helen would shine in the loftiest station to which I could ever attain; Agnes would be a household angel to the rich man or the poor man. At which shrine shall I bow—that of wealth or worth?"

And leaving him to decide this momentous question, we will inform the reader that Harry Stephens had lately located himself in Weston; and being now established in business, and able to have a home of his own, he was looking about him, in search of a wife. Two only, of the village girls, had yet found a favored place in his thoughts—though, if the truth were told, a great many were ready to smile upon him. These two, Helen Fowler and Agnes Bryan, he had met several times at the social gatherings of the village, and he admired both. He had called once at the home of each, when he was charmed by the animation and wit of the one, and by the unaffected sweetness of the other. Both received him graciously, for in the eyes of both he had found favor, though one acknowledged this to herself boldly, the other *felt* the admiration which she would not confess. Helen liked him because he belonged to an aristocratic family, and possessed a pleasing and polished manner; Agnes, in listening to his eloquent and varied conversation, had discovered that there was a chord in his soul and in hers, which vibrated to one and the same harmony.

After both graceful forms had disappeared,

Harry suddenly remembered that he was invited to a social party that evening, where he would undoubtedly meet the two who had lately occupied so large a space in his thoughts; for Helen Fowler, being the belle of the village, was always invited, and he knew that Mrs. Temple, who gave the party, was a warm friend to Agnes.

"I will choose to-night," said he, "whether I shall offer my suit at the feet of the beautiful heiress, or at the heart of the lowly but lovely music teacher."

At night, if Harry Stephens had been gifted with a pair of magic spectacles, making brick walls and closed blinds transparent, he might have seen Helen Fowler in her dressing room, standing irresolute amid a profusion of silks, laces and jewelry. From one rich robe she turned to another, saying softly to herself:

"I wish I knew which are his favorite colors. I thought he looked admiringly at this purple satin the other evening, but the pale blue is more becoming. I must look as beautiful as I can to-night, for when we were at Mrs. Grey's, he actually talked half an hour, with that nobody, Agnes Bryan."

And with the same magic glasses, Harry might have seen Agnes Bryan, patiently giving the last music lesson of the day to a stupid pupil, who either could not or would not comprehend the spirit of a simple waltz, which she was practising, but persisted in drumming it forth as if it were a march for the battle field. But at last the tired pupil was dismissed, and Agnes, weary but light-hearted, went to prepare for the party.

"When you are ready, come and read to me a little," said her invalid mother.

"I will," replied Agnes, cheerfully; "you know it never takes me long to dress."

And in a few minutes she came down, dressed in a delicate, fresh colored muslin, her dark hair falling in simple ringlets, requiring neither wreath nor gem to enhance her quiet loveliness. "I hope that he will be there," was the thought that flitted through her mind, as she took up a book and began to read aloud.

When Harry entered Mrs. Temple's parlor, he found Helen already there, and looking more brilliant than he had ever seen her before. The glances of her bright eyes quickly attracted him to her, and for a whole hour he yielded himself to the spell of her fascinations. She was beginning to think her triumph sure, when Harry on turning suddenly, met the clear, soft glance of Agnes Bryan's dark eyes. He bowed smilingly, and by an irresistible impulse, would have approached, but a quick word from Helen chained him again.

"Do you know Miss Bryan?" he asked, after listening a few moments to her gay sallies, which had suddenly grown stupid.

"Miss Bryan?" she repeated. "No: I believe she gives music lessons to my little brother, but I have no acquaintance with her."

"There is a great deal of character in her face," he continued.

"Indeed! Do you think so?" said the proud beauty, with a slight, very slight look of scorn at the object of their conversation. "She makes a very good music-teacher, I am told."

The tone and the look had not escaped the quick observation of Harry, and he went on rather roguishly:

"And do you not know that it takes qualities of a very high order to make a good music-teacher? There must be patience, quickness of perception, firmness, enthusiasm for the art; all these are necessary requirements, and all these I can discover in Miss Bryan's face. Do you not see firmness in her well-formed mouth, enthusiasm in her large eyes?"

"O, do not go on, Mr. Stephens!" said Helen, interrupting him with a forced laugh. "I am no physiognomist. But you were asking me to play something, a little while ago. I have just remembered something which I am sure you will like." She seated herself at the instrument, and as her white fingers glanced over the keys, he could not help smiling at her jealousy of Agnes.

In the meantime, Agnes drew near, and stood a quiet listener, with the group which now surrounded the piano. Helen played with brilliancy and almost faultless grace of execution; but Harry looked in vain for that enthusiasm which he had predicted, in the calm eyes of Agnes Bryan. She felt what he did not perceive until a few minutes later, that Helen played as well as one could, who had not soul enough to comprehend more than the mechanical part of music.

"Miss Bryan, you must favor us now," he said, when Helen, looking quite radiant with the consciousness of the admiration she must have excited, rose from the piano. Agnes hesitated a single moment, then blushing, seated herself at the instrument.

What a touch succeeded the rattle and dash of Miss Fowler's performance! The very fragrance of music breathed through the silent room, for, as the first low, floating accents swelled into the grand and deep, then melted again to liquid, flowing harmony, a stillness fell over all, and they listened, with hushed hearts, to the voice of the true melody. Harry felt the difference in the two players, and felt the cause, too, lying deep down in the characters of both.

She rose quietly, and before he could thank her, she had glided away. He paused a moment, seeking her with his eyes, and then the ringing voice of Helen called him to another part of the room.

"We are talking about woman's rights. I don't believe in them. I don't think it belongs to woman to earn money," she said, gaily. "Do you, Mr. Stephens?"

"I think she has a perfect right to earn it, if she needs it," he replied, "and I must confess, I prefer to see young ladies who are not wealthy, engaged in some profitable employment, rather than living idly at home."

"O, it does not look well!" said she, tossing her pretty head. "I prefer to see them contented with their lot, for it looks avaricious in a woman, to earn money."

"Is there avarice in trying to help oneself, rather than be a burden?" asked Agnes Bryan, who, unseen by Harry, had stood near, and whom these cold words had stung, perhaps not unintentionally. "Is there avarice in choosing industry and independence, to idleness and want?"

Miss Fowler's eyes flashed for a moment haughtily on Agnes, but Harry prevented her from replying.

"I agree with Miss Bryan," said he. "The true object of life, both to male and female, is improvement, and we all know that this is never to be gained by idleness."

"Perhaps, Miss Bryan would not only wish to work with the men, but to vote with them?" said Helen.

"No," said Agnes, answering the sarcastic tone with one of calm sweetness. "I think that a true woman's influence is worth much more than her vote."

Helen answered only with a look of disdain, and she turned haughtily away, leaving the argument unfinished. Harry's first impulse was to follow her, but he paused. In that moment of his indecision, two pictures rose vividly before his imagination. One was a home made splendid by the presence and the wealth of an heiress; a home of fashion and brilliancy. The reigning queen of all this magnificence was an elegant woman, an ornament at the table and in the drawing-room of her house—a star in the society which fluttered admiringly around her. The picture dazzled, but he turned away, and, turning, saw another vision.

He saw a home with a fireside in it—with a deep, holy, quiet heart, reigning and diffusing brightness there. He saw a noble, womanly mind, unfolding into more perfect richness, year after year, and a spirit blending more and more

harmoniously with his own. Fate held before him, in that moment, a golden bauble and a pure pearl, and whispered. "Which shall I give you, wealth or worth?"

Good angels helped him, and he chose the pearl.

Years after, I saw Harry in his home, and found his vision more than realized. He had risen to eminence in the city to which he had removed, but Agnes was still the flower of his home and his heart.

A FEMALE SPY.

A rather strange adventure recently occurred outside Sebastopol. A young Russian woman was for some days seen walking about the Russian trenches—and sometimes at night also, with a lantern. It was thought, as she was very tall, and of majestic appearance, that she was a man in disguise, and the general in chief ordered that she should be carefully watched. At six o'clock, on one morning, she again appeared opposite our lines, and examined them with great attention; she carried a note-book and pencil in her hand, and seemed to inscribe in it the result of her observations. Finding, after a while, that she was perceived, she hurried towards a species of ravine at the extremity of the French trenches. Two Zouaves were sent in pursuit of her, and succeeded in capturing her. Being found to be really a woman, she was taken before General Canrobert, and questioned. She said that she had made observations of the French positions for the good of her country, and to avenge the death of her husband, Boninoff by name, who was killed at the battle of the Alma. Her note-book was found to contain several details relative to the situation of our batteries, and the number of guns in them; she had also in her pockets a double-barrelled pistol, and a letter addressed to Prince Menschikoff. She was placed in confinement, under the surveillance of two sentinels, and it has been determined that she shall be sent to Malta.—*London News*.

NAPOLÉON I.

Napoleon was far from being a handsome child. His head was too large for his body, and his features were in no way very agreeable. His appearance, as is well known, underwent, subsequently, a great improvement. "What was particularly pleasing about him," says Madame d'Abrantes, "when he became a young man, was the expression he infused into his countenance in his moments of kindness. His smile was captivating; but," she continues, "the forehead which was to be encircled by the crowns of the world—the hands, of which the most coquettish woman would have been vain, whose soft and white skin covered muscles of steel and bones of adamant, were never remarked in the child, and were scarcely discernible in the stripling." Savary used to say to me, with truth, "that of all the children of Signora Lætitia, the Emperor was the one who gave the least expectation of ever attaining to extraordinary fortune."—*Lamartine*.

TO A DOVE.

BY EDWIN PARKER.

Joyous bird of the wandering wing,
 Say, whither art thou journeying;
 Know'st thou some world where the soul can rest
 Free from the care and pain of this? "
 Some lovely spot where thou hast been,
 Which the eyes of mortals ne'er have seen?
 Some balmy grove, some cool retreat,
 Which was never trod by human feet?

We long for thy wings, to soar above
 To some world of beauty, some world of love,
 Where the soul can wander the live-long day,
 Where streams of living waters play;
 Where wave on wave of pleasure rolls
 Beneath a fair, a cloudless sky;
 Where the heart is light, the spirit free,
 Where perfect joy delights the eye.

Then lend me thy wings, sweet bird, to-day,
 To fly from this weary world away;
 And to cool this feverish brow of mine,
 In some balmy breeze, from a fairer clime.
 For I long like thee to be soaring high,
 Far beyond the reach of a mortal eye;
 To fold my wings on that other shore—
 Where the weary shall rest from care evermore.

THE DIRT-BARREL WAR.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

THE Lyons and the Lambs were neighbors. They lived in the same block, passed down the same steps, into the same arch, to reach their respective back entrances. This arrangement naturally brought them often into close contact, inasmuch as each family, by a not uncommon coincidence, were blessed with a son and daughter, who were not permitted to patronize the front door, except on Sabbath days and other special occasions. The most amicable relations had existed between the parties. The current of friendship rippled along smoothly, through the united qualities of good judgment, patience and forbearance. But, unfortunately, human nature is not composed wholly of the element of love; it happens to be made up of a variety of material which are not warranted anger-proof. To make good my assertion, I have only to say that Mrs. Lamb became seriously vexed with Mrs. Lyon. The source of the trouble was trifling; but everybody knows that oaks originate in acorns, and that a single spark of fire has been known to do an immense deal of harm. This was the circumstance: Two barrels, for the deposit of dirt, ashes, etc., were placed at the termination of the passage, and one of

these (her own) Mrs. Lamb had found overturned, and its contents scattered about. A similar thing had happened once before; and the guilt clearly traced to Edward Lyon, who confessed the misdemeanor, and was pardoned on condition that he abstained from the like in future.

Mrs. Lyon was immediately made acquainted with her son's delinquency. She questioned the boy closely, but he denied any participation in the matter; his sister, too, professed to be equally innocent. Mrs. Lamb simply disbelieved them. Her own children had been two days out of town, and who but the young Lyons would be engaged in tipping over dirt-barrels? Nobody, certainly. So she turned abruptly away without more words, and Lydia, her maid-of-all-work, was directed to sweep up the litter. The affair did not terminate here, however; the next day, the unlucky barrel was found inverted for the third time. Mrs. Lamb was not quite so patient, and a trifle less polite, as she sent for her neighbor. She felt annoyed, and unconsciously made this evident in her tones.

"This barrel is over again, Mrs. Lyon?"

"So I perceive, Mrs. Lamb."

"What do you think about it now?"

"Just what I told you yesterday; that it has been accidentally overturned by something."

"By somebody, you mean," added Mrs. Lamb, pointedly.

"I do not think so," said the other, piqued at the insinuation conveyed. "I can answer for Edward that he knows nothing of this mischief; but I will ask him, if it will be any satisfaction to you," she added, stepping inside the door: Very soon she reappeared.

"I was right. Edward is honest; I never knew him to tell a falsehood. He says he has not meddled with your barrel, and I believe him," she said, decidedly.

"And I do not!" replied Mrs. Lamb, quite as positively. "Barrels do not tip over of themselves, and boys are often tempted to take refuge behind an untruth, to escape the effects of wrong doing."

The woman colored. All the Lyon in her nature was roused.

"Wrong doing! A paltry dirt-barrel! My son tell a lie for an insignificant dirt-barrel! Be good enough to drop the subject, Mrs. Lamb."

A retort was on the lips of the latter, when she heard her husband's step on the stairs. Closing the gate quickly, and not very gently, she went to meet him. He thought she was altogether in the right, and on the following morn-

ing, for the first time, he passed Mr. Lyon with only a cold bow.

From that moment, hostilities commenced. Lydia, taking the part of her mistress, and imagining she could not do her greater service, turned the enemy's dirt-barrel upside down, experiencing a vast deal of satisfaction in seeing its contents spread over the passage. Upon this, Kitty, Mrs. Lyon's "help," took the first convenient opportunity to tilt over the other in the same way, making the arch quite impassable. Farther demonstrations of this nature were strictly forbidden by both ladies, and the discomfited girls were obliged to clear up the rubbish. Afterwards, on both premises, the barrels were kept within the yards.

This misunderstanding was not confined to the adult Lyons and Lambs. The juvenile members of both families heard the matter debated at home, caught the infection of ill temper and bitter feelings, repeated choice remarks treasured up for the purpose, and carried on the campaign in the street.

"I'm not to play with you any more; mother says I mustn't," said Edward Lyon, one holiday.

"And I'm not to play with you any more; mother says you are a bad boy, and she thinks you tell falsehoods!" retorted Lamb, junior.

"Mother says we must expect mischief-making folks will talk about us, and injure us, if they can; but they *can't*, if they try. Come, boys, let's find somebody else to walk with," replied the young Lyon.

"Glad you're going! Mother says bad company is worse than none!" And so the lads separated in anger, to rehearse in detail what each had said.

Mrs. Lamb was usually mild, patient and forbearing, and Mrs. Lyon was possessed of a noble, forgiving disposition; but it really seemed as though these two persons had suddenly become possessed by a spirit of retaliation. Annoyances, of every day occurrence, were borne only to be resented. Both seemed to have forgotten their self-respect, bent wholly on making the other yield. Mrs. Lyon would not have the passage cleaned, because it was just as much Mrs. Lamb's work as her own, and the latter would not permit Lydia to touch broom to it, for the reason that Mrs. Lyon allowed the small Lyons to carry in dirt and stones. So it remained unswept and unwashed, so littered with rubbish that it was unsafe going through it of an evening, both punishing themselves without intending it.

The domestics carried on the siege in their department with a zeal worthy a better cause.

If Lydia had just made bright and shining the Lambs' parlor window panes, dirty water would be found splattered over them not an hour afterwards; if Kitty labored industriously at the Lyons' sidewalk, the same kind of liquid, a little darker, perhaps, unaccountably got splashed upon it. Milk, molasses, grease, and other adhesive substances, could at all times be discovered on both gates leading to the yards. Ice-men, milk-men, bakers and market-boys, complained in vain; everybody, entering the back premises of the Lyons and the Lambs, could display sticky fingers and soiled clothes.

Two weeks went by. During that period, Mrs. Lyon and Mrs. Lamb had not spoken. They had met in the street, but each studiously looked another way; not even formal bows were interchanged. Neither was happy. Both believed themselves very much wronged and injured, though unable to tell in what the wrong and injury consisted. Unquestionably, the simple act of upsetting a barrel had done Mrs. Lamb no harm; while the latter's belief that a falsehood had been told, did not make it a fact. The truth was, neither was disposed to be reasonable.

Mr. Lyon was a grocer, and Mr. Lamb kept a small market. In the harmonious days of the past, there had been a mutuality of patronage between the families; but soon after the commencement of the difficulties, Mrs. Lyon received, she believed, great cause of offence by the receipt of a tough sheep, instead of a tender lamb, which she had ordered; while, on the other hand, Mrs. Lamb was equally indignant because table salt had been sent from her neighbor's grocery, in lieu of granulated white sugar. These unhappy events put an end to all reciprocity of trade which had previously existed.

Together they had rented the same pew in church; but on the first pleasant Sunday after the domestic disturbance, the Lyons and the Lambs wended their way to different parts of the edifice, leaving their pew entirely tenantless, to the utter astonishment of the people in the vicinity, who were ignorant of the cause. Mrs. Lamb gave a small party the same week, and during the entire afternoon, the young Lyons, assisted by their willing compeers, beat tin pans, banged the gate unmercifully, set a small dog to barking, shouted at the top of their voices, and deafened everybody by a continual shaking of castanets. The lady of the house was too proud to remonstrate; she bore the infliction as best she could, although it was enhanced by having the door bell pulled violently several times when nobody could be discovered outside. She had

the sympathy of her guests, however, and was secretly rejoiced that Mrs. Lyon's reputation for good government and quietness was questioned; for, although the latter did not quite approve of Master Edward's petty malice, she had not the desire to forbid its execution, so far do recriminating acts and feelings blind us to the right.

The very next day, however, the irritated Lamb squared accounts with the Lyon. Both ladies were fond of attending auctions, and as chance would have it, met in an auction and commission store. Mrs. Lyon needed a small, cheap table, and as one was put up at the moment she entered, she bid upon it. Mrs. Lamb outbid her, when the former added a figure. Seeing she was in earnest, her opponent increased her bid, and the table, worth perhaps a dollar, was knocked down to the excited Mrs. Lyon at precisely three and a half. The victorious Lamb (victorious, because she had obliged her rival to pay three times the value of the article) retired amid the significant smiles and frank remarks of the bystanders. She forgave Master Edward his freaks of the previous day.

"I declare, this is unbearable!" exclaimed Mrs. Lyon, after she had related her adventure. "She bid just to oppose me."

"Why didn't you stop bidding then?" inquired Mr. Lyon.

"Because I wouldn't give up to her, not I! I should rather have paid five dollars, than allowed her to have the table. But I am tired of this quarrel. It is doing the children no good, and I am sensible that my own disposition is not improved. Let us sell out and move away."

Mr. Lyon grew reflective. The subject was worthy consideration. The result was, a large placard with "For Sale" upon it, appeared at the corner of his house. To his supreme amazement, Edward came in with the information that an exactly similar advertisement was posted on his neighbor's premises; thus proving conclusively that each was tired of the other's company. Both parties had plenty of applicants, who, unfortunately, were shown about the respective establishments by Lydia and Kitty, who greatly commended the dwellings of their master and mistress, throwing out sundry dark insinuations concerning the adjoining tenement, begetting in the minds of the listeners suspicion and distrust of both, and preventing the very object the owners had in view.

Matters continued in this state for some days, leading to no satisfactory results, although occasioning considerable trouble and annoyance, for many people look at houses who never intend to buy them. The Lyons and the Lambs

marvelled that nothing came of their efforts, but resolutely determined to leave the neighborhood, resorted to another expedient. The significant words, "To Let," appeared in Mrs. Lamb's front window, and, going into the street shortly after to see how it looked, she discovered an announcement of an identical nature in one of Mrs. Lyon's side-lights. She observed, also, that the people opposite seemed to be much amused at something or other, which fact hastened her ingress, and was suggestive of a humiliating train of reflections.

They were more successful in letting than selling. Not sure that his neighbor would move, Mr. Lamb secured a tenant, and took a house in another part of the city. Moved and settled, he comforted himself with the thought that his dirt-barrel would remain undisturbed and unpleasant bickerings cease. Early the first Monday morning, he was startled by hearing the voice of Lydia raised to an angry key. Looking from his chamber window, he saw the latter upon the shed, putting up the clothes-line, and her old enemy, Kitty, engaged in a like manner upon the adjoining shed, employing their tongues, meantime, in bitter invectives. The good market man was astounded! The fact was, the Lyons had removed to the next street, which ran parallel with theirs, bringing their yards in juxtaposition; so that, by an adverse coincidence, they were as badly situated as before.

How unfortunate! If he had only remained where he was, he would surely have escaped the present dilemma. To think of moving again, was out of the question, as he had taken a two years' lease of his present tenement. The thread of the quarrel was taken up precisely where it had been interrupted. All the former arts and devices were employed, in conjunction with additional ingenuity, to produce reciprocal unhappiness.

The children prosecuted the war vigorously upon the sheds and in the yards, if not encouraged, evidently not forbidden by their parents. Things grew from bad to worse. Every day developed some new item of ill will.

It is obvious that the Lyons and the Lambs never will lie down together in peace. And all this unchristian, unneighborly animosity originated in a paltry cause—the upsetting of a dirt-barrel, which was probably overturned by a hungry canine in search of a bone, and which, unhappily, proved a bone of contention.

Giving to a grateful man is putting money out to usury.

FLORIBEL.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

Life's sunshine glowed within thine azure eye,
 Radiant with thought, whose richest tracery
 In golden words of love were breathed to me,
 In accents low, whenever thou wert nigh.

The flush of health stole o'er thy placid cheek,
 Where roses blended with the lily fair;
 The brow expanding 'neath soft golden hair—
 Fair woman's wealth—so beautiful and meek.

Thy lips a cherub might have deigned to kiss,
 Rich, fragrant roses smothered 'neath the dew;
 Thy silvery voice—a gift possessed by few,
 E'er thrilled my heart-strings with unearthly bliss.

Dark clouds arose! the storm raged fierce and loud,
 Disease assailed the casket once so fair;
 The fate which all the living soon must share
 Was thine—the pall, the coffin, and the shroud.

Rest, rest in peace, may flowers in beauty bloom
 Above the place where thou dost sweetly sleep;
 Let angels bright their vigils ever keep.
 And safely guard thy dust within the tomb.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY E. B. FRAZER.

THE thirteen American colonies, combined in their resistance to the unjust encroachments of the mother country, were now about closing the fifth year of their struggle for a national existence. It was the latter part of the year 1780. The bloody and disastrous battle of Camden (where the splendid army of Gates had been totally defeated and scattered, as it were, by the four winds of heaven—where the brave German general, Baron De Kalb, had fallen a martyr to liberty, while the flower of the continental troops under his command, after the most determined though vain resistance, had become fearfully decimated) had been fought; and, more recently, the renowned Sumpter, who had heretofore proved himself one of the bravest and mightiest of the southern generals, had suffered his troops to be surprised and completely defeated by a detachment of royalists under Lieut. Col. Buford.

The darkest days during the war for American independence, had now arrived; and even some of the most sanguine of the lovers of liberty began to be fearful that the glorious sun of freedom was about to set—perhaps forever! But not so. As that is the darkest hour just before dawn, so this was the darkest period in our country's destiny, soon to be followed by a much brighter and a happier future.

The two colonies—South Carolina and Georgia—were now fairly within the grasp of the invader. Indeed, the British generals fancied there was no longer any room for hope, as far as the “rebel cause” was concerned in these two colonies. They did not imagine for a moment that their swords again would have to be unsheathed, that again the deadly firelock must be shouldered; but deemed their work of strife terminated, their hour of complete triumph arrived. They indulged in the supposition, that even the most strenuous supporters of the “rebel cause,” as they termed the cause of the colonies, perceiving the futility of further resistance, would soon abandon it, and give in their allegiance to the British crown. But the glorious flame of liberty, though smothered for a while, was not burnt out; but only waiting for a vent to blaze again with more than its wonted brilliancy.

The colonists in Carolina and Georgia were beaten—crushed for the time, but not yet conquered! They had no thoughts of giving up the struggle, but only were awaiting the time when they would once more be in readiness to face their foe. Marion and his gallant brigade were lying concealed in the woody region, near the confines of the Santee River; Sumpter, in another part of the country, was endeavoring to bring together his scattered band, and to rally new men around his standard; and the remnant of the main army, defeated by Lord Cornwallis, at Camden, and now encamped at Hillsborough, in North Carolina—under Gates, who was soon to be superseded by the brave, cautious, and prudent General Green,—was daily receiving new reinforcements, with the intention of again entering South Carolina as soon as possible. At this period our story commences.

It was near the close of a pleasant autumnal day, that an observer might have noticed a small troop of horsemen approaching a little one-story building, situated not far from the western borders of the little town of R—, in Orangeburg county, in the colony of South Carolina.

The troop numbered not more than twenty, all told; and they were riding along at quite an easy pace, as they were now near their place of destination. At their head, a little in advance, rode he who was apparently their leader, and who was—if we might judge from his appearance—now actively engaged in thought.

He was not perhaps upwards of twenty-five years of age; handsome, manly in features, with a look and bearing which bespoke kindness and good humor, unaccompanied by any signs which might tell of an ill-spent life.

If the various guises, half military, half civil,

worn by the men, would not have told the observer to which party they belonged, the uniform of their leader would have been enough to have declared them friends of the colonial cause.

As they neared the house in question, the front door opened, and a young woman appeared at the entrance. She was probably about twenty years of age, and was the very perfection of womanly beauty. The rose-tint of health appeared upon her features, and her glossy, golden hair contrasted pleasantly with the clear red and white of her complexion. Her bright blue eyes, fringed with dark eye-lashes, gave a melting softness to their expression, and her rich, ruby lips were just sufficiently opened to reveal two rows of pearly white teeth; while the graceful bending of her head, in the attitude in which she now stood, imparted a noble grace to her sylph-like, tall, and well-proportioned figure.

When the lieutenant—for such was the leader's rank—had rode a little nearer, the young woman, in a silvery voice, exclaimed:

"Home again so soon, dear husband?"

"Yes, dear Nancy," was the lieutenant's reply, as he alighted from his horse.

"To what fortunate circumstance may I owe this unexpected pleasure, Rufus?" she asked.

"I will tell you in a moment, dearest," he said, as he led his horse into the yard. "Sergeant Elliston," he added to one of his men, as the troop came up, "lead the way into the yard, and in a few minutes I will have some refreshments ready for the men." Then turning, he approached his wife, and taking her hand said: "Let us go in, Nancy."

"Good evening, Tommy," said the lieutenant, as he and his wife entered the kitchen, addressing a youth of about the age of fourteen, seated in one corner of the room—whose name was Thomas Dexter, and who was his wife's only brother.

"Good evening, Rufus," was the youth's reply, as he arose and extended his hand to take the proffered one of the lieutenant. "What brings you back? I did not expect to see you again for some weeks."

"It seems I have given both you and Nancy an agreeable surprise; but I will tell you," said Lieut. Cleveland—for that was his latter name. "You know when, three days ago, I left, I set out for Marion's encampment; but, strange as it may seem, I have not been able to find him, or his whereabouts; though perhaps I have been somewhat balked in my efforts, on account of not being able to reach the Santee without falling in with some of Tarlton's or Coffin's legion."

"And so you have returned?"

"Yes, with the intention of setting out at early dawn to-morrow, to join Sumpter, who I hear is encamped somewhere on the Edisto, and who is waiting for more men in order to attack a certain tory detachment, which is committing great havoc somewhere between his encampment and the city of Charleston."

"And so you cannot tarry longer than morning, Rufus?" interrogated Nancy.

"No; I dare not," was his reply; "for the sooner I reach Sumpter the better. The sooner he will be able, with what other recruits he may get, to strike at once an effective blow against the tories."

"Heaven forbid that I should detain you, my dear husband!" said Nancy, looking up into his face, while there was "the look of heaven" upon her features, as she smiled; "but I trust that that high power, which watches over us all, will shield you, and return you safe, unscathed to me, from the battle's fiery ordeal."

"Do not fear, Nancy; through Heaven's goodness, I will return. But Tommy; he must go with me, too, if you can spare him. What say you, Tommy?"

"It is the favor I would have asked. I will follow you wherever you lead!"

"You know I wished him to go with you before, and certainly I can offer no objection now," said Nancy.

"Then that is all settled," said Lieut. Cleveland. "Be ready to start with me early in the morning."

Tommy Dexter replied that he would.

"And now, Nancy, let us make some provision for supper. My men have travelled a long distance to-day, and have eaten nothing since morning. Have you heard aught of Colonel Bayley, from whose brutalities I saved you last week?"

"Nothing during your absence, save that he was in the neighborhood of Georgetown, at the head of some two or three hundred tories."

"I almost dread to leave you here alone, dear wife, unprotected as you will be; and the danger which, if I do so, you may incur from him, also," said Rufus. "I have half a mind that you should accompany me, until at least I may be able to leave you in a safer place."

"There will be no need of that," said his wife. "He has ere this, no doubt, entirely forgotten me. If not, and I am not able to manage him, our neighbors will see that I am not misused."

"They can do nothing should he come in force."

"There, there, Rufus, do not borrow trouble

from this. Should he visit this house again, be sure I can and will protect myself."

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed ere Nancy, who was one of the best of housewives, had got the table—which extended from one end of the room to the other, and which was just large enough for the accommodation of the twenty troopers of her husband—sat in readiness for supper. The fare, though homely, was of that quality best suited to the long-fasting soldiers of Cleveland; a fact which was well tested when the soldiers were called in, and sat down around the table, for they did ample justice to what they saw before them, and fully satisfied the cravings of the inner-man. In a short time the troopers retired to rest, and Cleveland, his wife and Tommy, after a short converse, followed them.

The next morning all were up and stirring by the time the first faint streaks of dawn were discernible in the horizon, and speedy preparations were making for departure. When the morning meal had been eaten, and the troops were all mounted in readiness to leave, with Tommy Dexter among the number, Lieut. Cleveland sought his wife to speak a few last words, cautioning her to guard against future dangers, and above all to beware of Col. Bayley, who might, as he feared, still have some design upon her.

"Be not fearful, dearest," said Nancy, "nor give your mind any unnecessary trouble. I will live worthy of thee, or die!"

"And now farewell," he said, imprinting upon her ruby lips a kiss of pure affection.

"Farewell," she replied, returning his salute; and accompanying him to the door, he left her, and taking the reins of his horse from the hand of Tommy Dexter, he vaulted into the saddle, and gave orders for the troop to move onward.

Nancy watched her husband, who waved his hand to her ever and anon, until a bend in the road shut him from further view, and then entered the house, to be hereafter, for a time, its solitary inhabitant.

Lieut. Cleveland and his company rode away at quite a brisk pace, as he wished to reach the camp of Sumpter before night—a distance, as he supposed, of more than thirty miles, and the exact whereabouts of which he anticipated some trouble in finding.

The sun had nearly reached its meridian, and he and his troop had rode somewhere near twenty miles, when one of his lookouts, in advance, turned and rode back at full speed, reporting to him that a large force, probably some three or four hundred in number, were marching toward them, scarcely half a mile distant. From their appearance, he came to the conclusion that they

were either royalists or tories. Cleveland instantly brought his men to a halt, and sent off two of them to reconnoitre, and ascertain in reality whether they were friends or enemies. They soon returned with the information that they were tories, and not less than three hundred strong.

"We cannot meet them, and therefore must elude their sight," said Lieut. Cleveland. "Let us strike through the wood here, and gain another road to the west. There is an opening just ahead."

They accordingly rode forward, and were just entering the opening in the wood, when a volley of musketry checked their onward progress, and sent three or four of them reeling from their saddles. The smoke had scarcely cleared away, ere twenty or thirty tories, who had been lying in ambush, rode forward and engaged them. Lieut. Cleveland and his men gallantly stood their ground, and after about ten minutes contention, were upon the point of repulsing them, when the larger force of the enemy, which had been discovered in advance, rapidly coming forward, obliged the lieutenant and his men to surrender, as they were completely surrounded. Tommy Dexter and three others, however, succeeded after some difficulty in effecting their escape.

As Lieut. Cleveland, handing his sword to the commanding officer of the tory detachment, stepped forward, he recognized Col. Bayley. The latter, with some surprise as he received it, exclaimed:

"Lieutenant Cleveland, I believe?"

"The same, sir," was the reply.

"We have met before."

"Yes."

"I thought so. It does not require a very great effort of memory," he uttered, with a sarcastic smile, "to tell under what circumstances we met. I am happy to think I have you in my power."

"I shall expect the treatment due to a prisoner of war."

"You shall have it. But, aside from that, I shall hold you answerable for the ungentlemanly manner in which you treated me on the occasion of our last meeting."

"I but treated you as you deserved, when you ceased to act the part of a gentleman."

"But I must have redress."

"I offer you satisfaction in any honorable way."

"You must be punished."

"What! for resenting the insults of a black guard upon my wife?"

"Have a care! You use strong language!"

"No stronger than the subject admits of."

"But I have the power; I have only a word to utter, to have you dangling by the neck in less than five minutes—dancing upon nothing!"

"That would be but the poor revenge of a coward! I do not fear *that* even. You dare not do it!"

"Do not be too sure."

"Meet me like a man with either sword or pistol, if your wounded honor needs healing so badly."

"I would not demean myself so far. Were we equal—"

"Equal! I think, if any one has reason to quarrel on the grounds of equality, it is I, not you."

"You! a simple lieutenant in the cause of rebellion, of treason, while I—"

"A colonel in his Britannic Majesty's service—the cause of tyranny and oppression! I can appreciate the distinction, Colonel Bayley. You, sir, the leader of a band of desperadoes and cut-throats; one of the desolators of our fair fields; a blackguard, a villain, an insulter of defenceless women, will not stoop to—"

"You have said enough!" angrily interrupted Col. Bayley. "For the present, you are safe, but I have a punishment yet in store for you."

"Beware how you misuse your power! Any harm done to me will recoil with tenfold violence upon your own head!"

"Ha! do you threaten? Sergeant Hoskins, where are you? Here, handcuff this rebel!"

"Ay, ay!" was the response of the man addressed.

"That were needless," said the lieutenant; "I shall not resist you, or seek to escape. However, I submit to the degradation."

"It is well that you do," answered the colonel, with a sardonic grin of triumph.

Cleveland's eyes flashed fire at the unmanly words and looks of the tory colonel; and the eyes of the latter quailed as they met the stern gaze of the prisoner; and turning away, he gave orders for the detachment to move forward, as the prisoners had all been secured.

When Col. Bayley and his detachment, with the prisoners, had travelled about ten miles further on, and within eight or nine of the residence of Cleveland, they came to a halt; and having selected a good camping-ground, the colonel resolved to make it his place of encampment for two or three days and nights to come. A few small, untenanted houses near by were occupied by his men as their quarters while there, and the prisoners were put in a barn with a strong guard placed over them.

To say truth, although Col. Bayley had met with a most decided and scornful repulse, in his recent attempt to weaken the fidelity of Cleveland's wife, to say nothing of the unequivocal manner in which his rudeness had been checked by her husband, yet he still had a desire to get her in his power; for her almost miraculous beauty, joined with her graceful bearing and modest mien, excited within his breast a feeling of love, which, although guilty, was as great as could be possessed by one of his selfish nature.

Early the next morning he resolved, as her husband was in his power, to send a detachment to seize her, and bring her before him, it being his intention that she never more should see her husband. With this resolve in view, about nine o'clock in the forenoon of the next day, he sent off a dozen men under one of his sergeants, named Benson, with orders to proceed to Lieut. Cleveland's residence with all despatch, and bring back with them, willingly or forcibly, the lieutenant's wife.

About an hour after their departure, the colonel sought Cleveland's place of confinement, and after some few preliminary remarks, and a few words of feigned condolence, said:

"By the way, lieutenant, I have just sent a detachment off to your house."

"To my house! What for?" the lieutenant asked, with a start.

"Your punishment will soon commence," was the ambiguous answer.

"For Heaven's sake, explain yourself!"

"Your wife will soon be wholly within my power."

"My wife?"

"Yes, *my* wife, or rather *your* wife," was the answer; "and we will then see how far you will be able to take her part again."

"Dare, Colonel Bayley, to injure but one hair of her head!—dare to use one word of insult to her, and I will have the most deadly revenge upon you!"

"Ha! ha! ha! you talk bravely, lieutenant," was the scornful answer, accompanied by a laugh. "But your talk is only madness. Know, rebel that you are, that you have seen your wife for the last time! Henceforward, she *must* and *shall* be mine, for—"

"Villanous tory! I'll tear that lying tongue from your throat!" madly exclaimed Cleveland, springing forward, and raising his manacled hands, as though to strike the heartless miscreant dead.

But ere he could accomplish his purpose, he was seized by two of the guards, and after a severe struggle, born backwards to the floor.

"Chain the rebel to the floor!" loudly vociferated the tory colonel; and in a few minutes the order was executed.

"You see that I am master here, Lieutenant Cleveland, and you may believe what I have said is and shall be true; and furthermore, that, ere forty-eight hours have passed, you may be food for the wild beasts of the forest!"

"Do your worst," said Cleveland; "but you will not dare to injure my wife, or to take my life, if you value your own!"

"We shall see," and the colonel, without more words, left the lieutenant in care of his guards.

Let us now go back to the time of the escape of Tommy Dexter, and the three others, from the clutches of Col. Bayley and his detachment of tories.

Tommy Dexter and his three companions, as soon as they had eluded the pursuit of their tory enemies, came to a halt, to hold a short consultation as to where they would direct their course after this unfortunate capture of all their troop. They at length came to the conclusion that they would go back to the house of Cleveland, and inform his wife of all that had happened, and then immediately after set out for the camp of Sumpter, and as soon as they could find him, give him that information which would enable him, if expeditious, to completely cut up and destroy Col. Bayley's command. Accordingly they started on at a brisk trot, and soon after dark reached the abode of Nancy Cleveland.

She met them at the door, not a little surprised at their return. They related what had happened in as few words as possible, and stated then their intention of seeking out Sumpter.

"My husband a prisoner, and in the power of that ruthless tory, Colonel Bayley!" said Nancy, almost overwhelmed for a moment at this sudden and astounding intelligence.

"Yes, sister," answered Tommy; "and it is our desire to find Sumpter as soon as we are able; for if he has not heard of the tory's movements, or of his whereabouts, he will be glad to learn something which will give him a chance to meet him, and perhaps destroy his force, and rescue Rufus and the rest."

"Rufus must be rescued if possible, and without delay," said Nancy; "for the full wickedness the tory leader is capable of, we perhaps can scarcely imagine! Every moment that Rufus is in his power, is fraught with danger to him! You say Colonel Bayley was coming in this direction?"

"Yes," replied Tommy; "but if he has any intention of visiting you, he will not probably

come before some time to-morrow, but will encamp somewhere on the route to-night."

"We are not so sure of that, Tommy! He knows of your escape; and if he has any design upon me, he will be along to-night, knowing that otherwise your information might give me timely warning to leave."

"That is very true," said one of the men.

"And yet with the distance he had already travelled, it is very doubtful if he would try to reach here. Besides, he may not have thought we would come here at all," said Tommy.

"Did you intend setting out for Sumpter's camp to-night?" asked Nancy.

"Such was our intention," one of the troopers replied.

"What! as you are?"

"Yes," said Tommy.

"That will not do," said Nancy. "If you do not wait until morning, at all events you must have a larger number of men with you."

"But the worst of it is, where are we to get them?" inquired another one of the troopers.

"I will get them for you!" replied Nancy.

"You! How?" asked Tommy.

"There are some eight or ten men about the neighborhood here, whom I know are soon expecting to join either Marion or Sumpter; those will I get to accompany us to Sumpter's camp."

"Us?" interrogated Tommy Dexter.

"Ay, us!" responded Nancy. "My husband, above all things, must be rescued from the vile tory's power, and therefore I will accompany you, and, what is more, as your commander!"

"But, sister—" commenced Tommy.

"There! say no more, brother! I will go, armed and equipped, too! Go you, with the rest, into the house, and get yourselves something to eat. In the meantime I will saddle Black Fan, and go off for the men. Await my return, and keep a good lookout up the road!"

After a word or two more, Nancy started off for the stable, and Tommy and the three men entered the house. Arrived at the stable, Nancy hastily saddled Black Fan, mounted, and started off on her errand.

We will not follow her, but merely will state that an hour subsequently she returned with two men, both well mounted, and gave out that, ere break of day, five more would be at the house, armed, equipped, mounted, and ready.

"I am sorry that we are obliged to stay until morning," said one of the men.

"And so am I," said Tommy.

"And I," responded Nancy; "but as it is necessary, we will endeavor to improve the time by quick riding in the morning."

By the break of day nine more men had joined the six, including Tommy, at the house; and ere the sun's red disc had shown itself in the eastern horizon, they all started off for Sumpter's camp, with Nancy Cleveland as their captain. Over hill, and dale, and plain, along stony, muddy, broken roads, galloped this little band of patriots; and they probably had arrived within two miles of the tory encampment, when Tommy cried out that he would ride on ahead, as the tory camp could not be far away, and it would not do for them to be discovered. As soon as any sign of the tory camp could be perceived, they intended to strike into the woods to the left, and after having left the tories in the rear, again come into the same road they were now on.

Tommy, who had started on in advance, in a few minutes came galloping back, exclaiming:

"Into the woods! Into the woods! There is a small body of men coming forward—not more than a dozen in all. I think they are tories, and by getting into the thick part of the wood, we can surprise them, if we find they are."

The troop, by Nancy's orders, immediately entered the wood, and in less than quarter of an hour they could discern in the distance the detachment discovered by Tommy coming along. It was the body of twelve men sent out by Col. Bayley, under Sergeant Benson. In a little while they had come along so near, that they could be distinctly seen by the party in the wood.

"They *are* tories, and no mistake," said one of the men. "I can recognize their leader, that villain, Benson!"

"And no doubt they are sent forward on purpose to seize you," said Tommy, to his sister. "You know Bayley threatened to yet have you in his power."

"But they will soon find I am not so easily taken, if such is their wish," said our heroine. "Wait until they have arrived exactly in front of us," added she, perceiving that the man who had just spoken, was taking aim at Benson, "and then give them a full volley!"

"My shot is reserved for their leader, at any rate!" said the man. "It was him who sabered my brother at Rocky Mount, after he had cried for quarter."

"Now fire all at once!" cried Nancy Cleveland, "and then draw your swords and gallop out upon them!"

The fifteen guns blazed simultaneously, and the sergeant and three of his men fell from their saddles. Nancy and her men, with drawn swords, then galloped out and engaged the remainder. Scarcely two minutes had elapsed,

ere all the tories were *hors du combat*, save two, one of which was taken prisoner, while the other escaped.

Nancy's troop escaped uninjured, with the exception of one man slightly wounded. From the prisoner she learned that his followers and himself had been sent out by Col. Bayley to capture her, and bring her to him. He further told her that they were then scarcely two miles from the tory encampment, where her husband and his followers were retained as prisoners.

"Now," at length asked Nancy, of the tory, "can you tell me in what part of the country General Sumpter can be found?"

"I can, very nearly," said the tory. "He is encamped more than twenty-five miles from here, and ten miles or more further on than Monk's Corner."

"Have you learned how large a force he commands?"

"It is reported to be more than four hundred strong."

"I have a proposal to make. You are my prisoner. Guide me and my men safely to Sumpter's camp, and once there, you are free. Will you do it?"

"Yes," replied the tory.

"It is well," said Nancy; "but beware how you try to deceive me, or endeavor to lead me into your countrymen's hands. Your life shall pay the forfeit if you are treacherous!"

"You need not fear," the tory answered. "I have done my last fighting. Once free, and I return home."

"You will be at liberty. And now, my men, onward through the woods! We must ride swiftly in order to keep clear of Bayley's troops; for the tory who has fled will soon reach his camp and tell all, when, no doubt, a larger force will be despatched in pursuit of us."

Nancy's detachment, with the tory prisoner, rode swiftly away through the woods into another road, pursuing their way towards the camp of Sumpter. The tory kept his word, and about eight o'clock in the evening, brought them in near vicinity to Sumpter's camp. Nancy knew, although dark, that it was his camp, because her men had learned the fact at different places on the route.

"Now you are free," said Nancy, to the tory, as they all could see the glimmering of the lights within the camp.

The tory, uttering a few words of thanks, gave the rein to his horse, and rode quickly away.

The relief guard was just going its rounds, as Nancy and her men arrived upon the outskirts of the encampment.

"Who goes there?" cried one of the newly-posted sentinels.

"Friends to freedom and the colonies! Enemies to King George and his hireling myrmidons!" was the cry of Nancy Cleveland.

"Dismount, friends, and tell your business!"

The sergeant of the guard was summoned, to whom Nancy addressed herself, stating that she had come, with her followers, to join the brigade of General Sumpter; and that, as she had news of importance to communicate, she desired to be shown into the general's presence.

Her men entered the camp, where quarters were soon provided for them; and she, herself, was conducted into the general's marquee, where the general then was.

General Sumpter, who was seated at a table, writing, started slightly on his lady visitor's being ushered into his presence. And well he might, for the long ride she had taken, together with the skirmish and other excitements of the day, lent additional beauty to her handsome features; while the tightly-fitting habit she wore, the tasseled cap upon her head, and the simple white and blue scarf hanging across her shoulders, set off her form to its greatest advantage. Furthermore, a small sword hanging by her side, and a belt about her waist, in which were thrust two pistols, gave her an interesting appearance. Struck with admiration at the pleasing *tout ensemble* of Nancy, the general, however, immediately recovered his self-possession, and bringing forward a camp-chair, courteously asked her to be seated, further asking, to what he might attribute the honor of her visit at that time. She related to him, in brief, the capture of her husband and his men, and also the skirmish of the day in which she had herself been engaged; informing him, moreover, of the present situation of Col. Bayley, as far as she knew, as well as the number of men he had with him.

After half an hour's discourse, the general came to the conclusion that he would, for the time, give up the other intentions he had in view, and, on the morrow, accompanied by our heroine and her command, go in quest of the tory, Bayley. Nancy was much pleased at his decision, and at the promptness he promised to display, and left him with a light heart.

We will now return to the camp of Col. Bayley. The tory who had succeeded in escaping from the detachment of Nancy, soon reached his camp, and reported the unfortunate issue of the day's affair. The colonel was excessively chagrined at this ill news, and not a little surprised upon learning the heroic part taken by Cleveland's wife.

Thinking, however, that Nancy and her troop might be overtaken, he instantly despatched fifty men in pursuit. They returned before night, reporting that they had not seen anything of the "rebels," nor had they even obtained a clue as to where they had gone.

The colonel, therefore, was obliged to give up his hopes, for the present, regarding Nancy Cleveland; but declared his intention of leaving his present camping ground, with all his command, the next day but one, with the view of looking up her place of retreat.

The news of Nancy's heroic conduct, and her participation in the attack and defeat of the tories sent to capture her, soon reached Lieutenant Cleveland, and was a source of as much joy to him, as it was of chagrin and anger to his tory enemy.

The whole of the next day was spent by the tories in making preparations for a grand banquet, to be given at the colonel's quarters that night, in honor of his thirty-fifth birthday, and to which all his officers and soldiers, as well as his prisoners, were invited.

Lieut. Cleveland, as well as his men, positively refused to accept the invitation given by the colonel, knowing that their acceptance only was desired, in order to subject them, through the evening, to the insult, the contumely, the ridicule of the whole regiment; unless he would order their handcuffs to be taken off, and the perfect freedom of their limbs to be given them. The lieutenant knew that Col. Bayley might oblige them to be present, and therefore did not wish to express his unwillingness if he granted this request; and his men, in all things, were governed by him.

The colonel finally acquiesced in this proposition, and when all was in readiness for the commencement of the banquet, their irons were knocked off, and they accompanied their guards to the large banqueting hall, in the house where the colonel held his quarters.

The evening entertainments were gotten up in a manner which did honor to the taste of the colonel, and nothing was wanting but "lovely woman's" presence to render the night joyous.

We will not speak of the bountiful provision made for a time of mirth, of jollity, or dwell upon the festive scenes of the evening; but will merely state that Cleveland and his men, as they had thought, were subjected during the evening to every species of insult.

It was near the midnight hour. The feast was over. The wine had been for some time freely circulating among the tories, though Cleveland and his men had drank but little.

Every minute the mirth of the former became more uproarious, the ribald jest and song creating an almost Babel-like confusion, and denoting the stimulating qualities of the ruby wine; and the prisoners, becoming more and more the subjects of unfeeling ridicule, of insulting innuendos, of blackguard jesting, the lieutenant at length expressed to Col. Bayley a wish that he and his men might be allowed to depart to their place of confinement.

"Depart! What! so soon?" was the reply of the colonel, who was already more than half drunk. "No, no, not yet, lieutenant! I am afraid you'll lose the best of the sport! Here's to your health, lieutenant," he added, pouring out a glass of wine. "By-the-by, my merry men, all, fill up your glasses! I have a toast to give."

The tories with one accord filled their glasses to the brim.

"Are you ready?" he cried.

"Ay, ay," was the response. "Give us the toast!"

"Here, then," said the colonel, "here's to the health of his Majesty, King George the Third, and all his loyal subjects! Destruction, ruin, death to the rebel Washington, the Continental Congress, and every rebellious colonist in the land!"

The burning blush of indignation appeared upon the face of the lieutenant at the utterance of this insulting toast. He could command himself no longer. Springing suddenly from his seat, he exclaimed:

"Dastard! coward! villain! dare you offer such an insult to me?" Then seizing the colonel's glass, as he was about raising it to his lips, he flung its contents full in his face.

Col. Bayley's features instantly assumed a livid hue; the boldness of the act completely sobering him.

"Rebel dog! what mean you?" he cried, as he started up, while the tories around the table, with their raised glasses, sat, for an instant, as though appalled.

"It means," was the exclamation of the lieutenant, dashing the emptied glass to the floor, and breaking it into a thousand pieces, "it means that thus I revenge your insult!"

"Your blood be upon your own head!" roared the colonel. "Seize him, my men! seize him!" he cried, fiercely.

"Let them come on! but you shall not live to rejoice in my capture!" And Cleveland springing forward, grasped him by the throat, and bore him backward to the floor, when the tories, springing up from the table, dragged him from

the colonel's body, and gave the latter, half suffocated, an opportunity to rise.

The men of Cleveland, ever prompt to act, upon the rising up of the tories, many of whom were laboring under the effects of the wine, sprang upon them, and each securing a weapon, began cutting away to the right and left with fatal effect. But the number of their enemies was too great for them to successfully contend with, and they were upon the point of yielding, when the successive reports of several volleys of musketry, and the loud clashing of swords without, causing a momentary cessation of hostilities within, told the tory colonel and his men that a new enemy was at hand. At that instant one of the guards rushed into the hall, proclaiming to the astonished tories, that they were completely surrounded by the brigade of Sumpter.

"Death and fury!" shouted the colonel, who had recovered from the effects of Cleveland's gripe. "Out again!" he cried to the guard, "and bid the men stand their ground! In a moment they shall have aid!"

About two-thirds of the tories were in the hall, the remainder being in care of the camp, or stationed as outposts. It was these latter who were attacked by Sumpter.

"Push forward to the entrance!" shouted the colonel. "Give them no quarter!" The men of Cleveland were crushed beneath the feet of the tories in their egress from the building; Cleveland being the only one who succeeded in escaping. "Shoot the rebel down, ere he escape!" cried the colonel, pointing to Cleveland. But before any one could obey the order, the whole body was thrown into confusion by a tremendous volley of bullets pouring into their midst.

Cleveland soon procured one of the tories' horses, and sought the scene of strife, which had now become general.

"Stand your ground, men!" shouted the colonel. "Forward! Cut them down!"

"Ha! the tory colonel!" cried the shrill voice of our heroine, who had come with the brigade, riding forward to where Sumpter was cheering on his men.

Col. Bayley and Cleveland both perceived her at the same instant, as she rushed forward with her drawn sword to engage the former.

"Nancy! my wife! by all that's good!" exclaimed Cleveland, as he rushed forward to aid her. At the same moment Nancy's pistol was discharged at the head of the British officer, who fell dead at her feet!

The rout of the tories was now complete, the victory gained, and honor was freely bestowed upon Cleveland's heroic wife.

LILLA BELL.

BY J. DAY BARRON.

Where the flowers were sweetly blooming,
And the butterfly was roaming;
And the golden sunlight fell,
Bathing valley, hill and dell,
Came Lilla Bell—sweet Lilla Bell.

Her graceful step was light and airy,
Her form was neat as fabled fairy;
And she gilded o'er the mossy dell,
To find the flowers she loved so well—
Sweet Lilla Bell—bright Lilla Bell.

The winter came with snows and sleeting,
And chilling storms and rain-drops beating,
No more across the sunny hills.
Could Lilla roam—for she was ill?
Dear Lilla Bell—sweet Lilla Bell.

Spring came again with blooming flowers,
And birds sang in their leafy bowers;
And Lilla came again to meet them
But not with cheerful smiles to meet them—
Poor Lilla Bell—poor Lilla Bell.

Her step had lost its buoyant gladness,
Her eye was filled with pensive gladness;
Her form was bowed with heart-felt grief—
For her the spring brought no relief—
Poor Lilla Bell—dear Lilla Bell.

When the stars were brightly gleaming,
And the moon's pale light was beaming,
And dews of heavenly fragrance fell—
And sang the lonely whip-poor-will,
Came Lilla Bell—poor Lilla Bell.

Where the cypress boughs were bending,
On the bank was Lilla standing;
And with a shriek of wild despair,
Her sweet form cleft the yielding air—
Poor Lilla Bell—sweet Lilla Bell.

Where the golden fish were swimming—
Where the pearly shells were gleaming—
Where the rippling wavelets fell,
And beat the rocks with mournful knell—
Lay Lilla Bell—lost Lilla Bell.

JOE LATTIT'S DUEL.

BY WILLIAM F. FROST.

WHILE the old frigate Brandywine lay at Gibraltar, the American Consul, Mr. Sprague, came on board with a man who wished to join the ship, and, after some consultation said man was received by the captain as a sort of steward, he having agreed to work for his passage and board, and some slight consideration besides. His name was Joe Lattit, and he was a regular specimen of the strolling Yankee; but he dressed well, and was remarkably good looking, though

there was in his face a peculiar look which indicated that he preferred fun to sound sense, allowing, however, that the fun had some sense to it. The moment I placed my eyes upon the man, I knew I had seen him before, and when I had an opportunity to speak with him, I found that he had been a performer of legerdmain and ventriloquism in the United States, and there I had seen him. He had travelled through England, France, and a part of Spain with his implements of deception, and had just brought up at Gibraltar when our ship came in. He brought his whole kit on board in a large chest, which he got permission to stow in the bread-room, where it would be kept perfectly dry. He had quite a "pile" of money, which he placed in the purser's hands for safe keeping, but he would tell none of us how much. But he was liberal and open-hearted, and it was not long before the crew blessed the hour that brought him on board, for he was the very soul of wit and humor.

At length our ship went to Port Mahon, and here our Yankee tars were at home. One pleasant morning a party of us went on shore, and Joe Lattit was among our number. Joe was dressed in a perfect shore-going rig, and appeared a gentleman of consequence. Near the middle of the forenoon a few of us entered a cafe, and the only occupant, besides the keeper, was a Spanish officer, evidently an infantry captain, from his dress. We called for wine, and had it served upon a table next to the one at which the officer sat, Joe seating himself so that his back came against the back of the Spaniard; but he did not notice, when he sat down, how close he would be.

Our laugh and jest ran high, and just as Joe said something more than usually funny, he threw himself back, and thereby hit the Spaniard with such force as to cause him to spill a glass of wine upon his bosom. The fellow leaped to his feet, but before Joe could beg pardon for the unintentional mishap, he commenced a torrent of oath and invective, partly in Spanish, and partly in broken English. His language was so abusive that Joe's temper was up in a moment, and instead of asking pardon as he had intended, he surveyed the raving man from head to foot, and then said:

"Go on, sir. Your language is beautiful—very beautiful for a gentleman."

"Ah! you call me no gentleman, eh?" uttered the officer, in a towering passion.

"If I were going to call you, I should call you a jackass!" calmly and contemptuously uttered Joe.

"Aha a-ah!" half growled the Spaniard, roll-

ing his black eyes wildly and furiously. "Now, by Santa Marie, you shall answer for that. I am genteelman! But you—you—one leetle cursed puppy! Ah-a-a-ah! Now you shall fight!"

Joe would have laughed the matter off, but he found that the captain was determined to fight, and at length he resolved to accommodate him. The keeper of the cafe called me one side, and informed me that the officer was Captain Antonio Bizar, one of the most notorious duellists in the place,—that he was always quarrelsome when under the influence of liquor, and that his companions always left him alone, rather than have a fuss with him.

"Not five minutes before you came in," added the keeper, "four of his fellow officers left him, because they saw he was ripe for a fuss. So you had better get your friend away."

I pulled Joe away, and told him all that had just been told me, but he only smiled, and assured me that there was nothing to fear. I felt sure at once, from his very manner, that he had some safe fun in his head, and I let him go.

"My name is Joseph Lattit, sir,—a citizen of the United States, and general of the order of Sublime Darkness," said Joe, pompously, turning to the Spaniard. "Your name, sir?"

"Antonio Bizar, captain in Her Most Catholic Majesty's seventh regiment of Infantry. But your office, sir? I don't comprehend."

"O, you wouldn't know if I should tell you. I am simply general of a body of men who have sold themselves to the gentleman who burns sinners and heretics, down here." And Joe pointed most mysteriously down towards the floor as he spoke.

The Spaniard smiled a very bitter, sarcastic smile, and thereupon Joe took up two large knives which lay upon the bar, and tossed them, one after the other, down his throat, making several wry faces as they took their passage downward. The fellow had evidently never seen anything of the kind done before, for he was astounded.

"Now, sir," said Joe, making one or two more grimaces, as though he still felt the knives somewhere in the region of the diaphragm, "you will wait here until I go and bring my pistols, and you shall have satisfaction. Will you wait?"

"I can procure pistols," said the officer, forgetting his astonishment, and coming back to his anger.

"I shall fight with my own! If you are a gentleman you will wait here."

Joe turned to us and bade us wait for him.

"Here! here! O, cries!" cried the keeper, "where be mine knives?"

"I'll pay you for 'em when I come back," said Joe, and then he beckoned for me to come out. I did so, and he took the knives—one from his bosom, and the other from his sleeve—and told me to keep them until he returned.

It seems that Joe found a boat ready to take him off to the ship at once, for he was not gone over three quarters of an hour, and when he came back he had two superbly mounted pistols with him. He loaded them with powder in the presence of the Spaniard, and then handing him a ball, he asked him if he would mark it, so he would know it again. The fellow hesitated at first, but at length he took it, with a mad gesture, and bit it between his teeth.

"I shall know that," he said, unless it is battered against your bones."

"Now select your pistol," said Joe.

The man took them both and examined them, but he was satisfied that they were both alike, and both good, and he told Joe he had no choice. So our steward put the balls in, and rammed them carefully down.

The whole party now adjourned to a wide court, back of the cafe, where twelve paces were marked off, and then the combatants took their stations. I trembled for poor Joe, for I saw not yet how he would make fun of this.

"Count!" cried the Spaniard, impatiently.

"One—two—three!"

The captain fired first, and with a most deliberate aim. Joe fired into the air. Then the latter walked deliberately up to his antagonist, and taking a bullet from between his teeth, he handed it to him.

"You can use it next time!" said Joe.

The officer looked first at Joe's teeth, and then at the ball. It was surely the same one he had seen put into the pistol, and now he had seen his foeman take it from his mouth. He was unmistakably astounded.

"Come," cried Joe, "let's load again!"

"San Pello!" exclaimed Bizar, "you use some—what you call him—some trick, eh? By San Jago, I shall load the pistol myself!"

"Do so," said Joe, calmly, and as he spoke he handed over his powder flask.

The Spaniard poured out an extra quantity of powder, and having poured it into the pistol, he called for the rammer. He then put in the same ball which he had used before. Meanwhile, Joe had been loading his own pistol.

"One moment," uttered Joe, reaching out his hand. "The caps are in the butt of your pistol. Let me get them."

The fellow passed over his pistol, but he kept his eyes upon it. Joe opened a little silver spring at the end of the butt, and true, there were some percussion caps there. He took out two, and having capped his own pistol, he gave it a toss into the air, catching it adroitly as it came down, and then handed back the other to the Spaniard. I had watched Joe most carefully, but I saw nothing out of the way,—and yet he had changed pistols with his foe!

"Now," said he, "I'll put a ball into my pistol, and then we'll be ready."

He slipped something in, which looked to me like a cartridge, but no one else saw it.

"Now," cried the Spaniard, "let's see you hold this in your mouth!"

Again they took their stations, and again they were ready.

"One—two—three!"

And the Spaniard fired first by aim, Joe firing into the air as before. And again Joe stepped forward and took the self-same bullet from his mouth and handed it to his antagonist! The fellow was completely dumfounded, and so were the rest.

"You no fire at me!" gasped the captain.

"I'll fire at you the next time!" said Joe, in a tone of thunder. "Thus far I have only shown you that powder and ball can have no effect on me. Twice have you fired at me, with as true a pistol as ever was made, and both times have I caught your ball between my teeth, while I have fired in the air. I meant that you should live long enough to know that for once in your life you had seen, if not the old fellow himself (pointing meaningly downward), at least one who is in his employ! The old gentleman will like the company of a Spanish captain of infantry, and I'll send you along! Come, load up again!"

But the astonished Spaniard did not seem inclined to do so. A man who swallowed carving-knives as he would sardines, and who caught pistol-balls between his teeth, was not exactly the man for him to deal with. While he was pondering upon what he had seen, Joe took a handful of bullets from his pocket, and began to toss them rapidly down his throat, and when these were gone, he picked up half a dozen good-sized stones, and sent them after the bullets!

"Holy Santa Marie!" ejaculated the Spaniard, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. "What a man! By my soul, 'tis the devil!"

And as he thus spoke he turned on his heel and hurried away from the place. After he was gone, Joe beckoned for me to give him the

knives. I did so, and then saw him slip them up his coat sleeves. When we returned to the cafe, he approached the keeper.

"You want your knives," he said.

But the poor fellow dared not speak. Joe put his hand to his right ear, and pulled one of the long knives out. Then from the left ear he drew the other one! The keeper crossed himself in terror, and shrank trembling away. But we finished our wine, and having paid for it, we turned to go.

"Here," said Joe, "I haven't paid for the use of the yard yet," and as he spoke he threw down a piece of silver upon the counter.

"No! no! no!" shrieked the poor fellow. "O, *criez!* don't leave your money here,—don't!"

Joe picked it up, and went away, laughing. When we were alone, he explained to me the secret of his pistols. They were a pair he had used in his legerdemain performances, and such as all wizards use who perform tricks of catching balls, etc. The main barrel of the pistol had no connection whatever with the nipple for the cap; but what appeared to be a socket for the rammer, was, in fact, a second barrel,—to be sure smaller than the other, but yet as large as the bore of any rifle-pistol,—and with this secret barrel the priming-tube connected. So the apparent barrel of the weapon might be filled with powder and balls, and no harm could be done. When Joe first returned with his pistols, of course he had both these secret bores loaded with blank charges, and then the other loading was for nothing but effect in appearance. At the second loading Joe had charged the secret barrel of his own pistol while the Spaniard had been filling up the main barrel of his. Then, of course, it became necessary to make an exchange, else Bizar would have never got his weapon off. As soon as Joe got the other pistol into his possession, and made the exchange which we spoke of at the time, he had only to press smartly upon a secret spring on the side of the stock, and he had the whole charge, which the other had put in, emptied into his hand. So he had the marked ball to dispose of as he chose.

Ever after that, while we remained in Mahon, Joe Lattit was an object of both curiosity and dread on shore, for an account, all colored to suit the exaggerated conceptions of the cafe keeper, had been spread over the city, and the pious Catholics there wanted nothing to do with such a man, only to be sure and keep on his good-humored side.

He who pays well is master of every man's purse.

THE PHANTOM PICTURE.

BY EVA MILFORD.

"No, it is useless to attempt it. I never can portray that vision of ideal loveliness that haunts my waking and sleeping moments; my lines are harsh and unmeaning, and I no more can reproduce that angelic face, than could I wake yon marble Venus to life and warmth."

And Arthur Carneby threw down palette and brushes, and flinging himself into a chair, gazed petulantly and despairingly upon the half-finished picture upon his easel. His reverie was interrupted by a knock at his door; flinging a cloth hastily over his canvass, he cried:

"Come in."

The door opened, and a handsome and fashionable looking young man made his appearance.

"Ah, Beauchamp, is it you?" said the painter, cordially, extending his hand.

"Yes, 'tis I, *in propria persona*, but what has happened to you? You look as pale and haggard as if you had seen a ghost; I see though," continued he, approaching the easel, "you have been riding your hobby-horse all night, and are tired out. What are you painting? May I see?"

And the young man placed his hand upon the cloth which concealed the picture.

"Stop! Not for the world would I have that picture seen by mortal eye. Pardon my vehemence," continued he, smiling at his friend's look of consternation, "but that picture is merely a miserable attempt to reproduce a face that I saw last night, and which has haunted me ever since, but my attempt is such a miserable travesty upon the original, that it would be but an insult to her to show it to any one."

"Who is the fair original?" inquired Beauchamp, with a suppressed smile at his friend's enthusiasm.

"That is what I would give half I possess to know. As I was strolling home last night from the opera with Mortimer, Lovell, Howard and one or two more, I saw at the window of a house in Curzon street, the kneeling form of a young girl gazing at the moon, which you remember was remarkably brilliant; her clasped hands rested on the window sill, her white shoulders gleamed bare in the soft light, her eyes were devoutly raised, and I even thought I could see the tears that glistened in their holy depths. It was a face which has realized to me the vague ideal of beauty, which is the impossible aim of the painter's every effort. To reproduce upon canvass that vision of beauty would make me, what I feel that I never can be—an artist."

"But I suppose you saw the number of the house," remarked his more prosaic friend, as the young aspirant's head sunk despondingly on his hand.

"No, I was so intent on preventing those men with me from seeing what I did, that I thought of nothing but attracting their attention to myself, and hurrying them along, for I

"Well, Carneby," resumed Beauchamp, after a pause, "if you can leave the contemplation of this ideal paragon for a while, please to read this note from my aunt, Mrs. Morely, who invites me to come down and make my usual visit at Morely Park, and to bring a companion with me. Will you come? There is nothing very exciting going on there, probably no company but ourselves, and no amusement but shooting, but it is necessary for me to keep in my aunt's good graces, for our family estate belongs at present to her, and she has the power of leaving it by will either to me or my Cousin Richard, who I do not think half so capable of bearing the mantle of the Beauchamp dignity as myself. The reason that I have selected you, *mon cher*, as my companion, that is if you are willing, is that we have down there a very fine gallery of family pictures, which will be quite at your disposal to contemplate, or to copy; my aunt is very fond both of art and artists, and I think you may while away a week or two very well there, and do me a favor by your company at the same time."

"Thank you, Beauchamp, I shall have great pleasure in accepting Mrs. Morely's invitation," said the young artist, but in such an abstracted manner that his friend thought it very doubtful whether he fully comprehended the words that he was speaking, so mentally resolving to write a note, reminding Carneby of his engagement, Beauchamp took his leave, and the artist relapsed into reverie and longing for power to reduce to reality the vision that haunted his imagination.

A few days after this interview, our two friends found themselves seated in one of the luxurious first class carriages of the northern express train, one of the stations of which was about five miles from Morely Park. Here they found a barouche waiting for them, and an elderly coachman who responded respectfully to George Beauchamp's kindly greeting, and who told them that Mrs. Morely was expecting them to dinner.

"We must hurry then," said the young man, glancing at his watch, "for it is six already, and I believe my aunt has dined at seven ever since I can remember; neither one minute later nor one minute earlier."

The two spirited horses swept over the ground

in much less time than could be imagined by one unacquainted with English horses and English roads, and the young men were set down at the foot of the long flight of granite steps that gave access to the main entrance of the stately mansion of the Beauchamp family, in time to make a hurried toilette, and present themselves in the drawing-room some minutes before the appointed hour.

Here they found seated a stately and venerable woman of perhaps sixty years, who rose at their entrance, and to whom George Beauchamp, after imprinting an affectionate and respectful kiss upon the withered cheek offered to his salute, presented our artist, as :

"Mr. Carneby, my best friend, and a man who is only prevented by being born to a fortune from becoming one of the first artists of his day."

"And so you love painting, Mr. Carneby?" said the old lady, with a kind smile, extending her still white and shapely hand, on which glittered one or two rings of great value and rare beauty.

"I love it so well, madam, that I would willingly resign all those gifts of fortune to which your nephew has alluded, to pursue it uninterruptedly, but my father thinks the first duty of a landlord is to the happiness and improvement of his tenantry, of a magistrate to the county interests, and of an Englishman to the politics of his country; and as I am, or are to be all these, he looks with rather a cold eye upon my favorite pursuit. Beauchamp tells me," continued Arthur, gracefully turning the conversation from himself and his own merits, "that you own a large and fine gallery. I anticipate great pleasure in admiring the portraits of a family so celebrated for beauty as Beauchamp, especially when they have employed the pencils of all our more famous painters."

"I shall be most happy, I assure you, Mr. Carneby, if anything in our poor collection should meet your approbation," and as just then the gong sounded for dinner, Mrs. Morely rose and placed her hand on the proffered arm of Arthur Carneby.

The next morning on descending to the breakfast parlour, our artist was informed by his friend that their hostess never left her room before luncheon time, and that therefore he had the morning to himself. "As for me," continued he, "I am going to look after some partridges; will you come?"

"If you will excuse me, I should prefer to look at the pictures," said Arthur, with a smile.

"Ah—yes, I suppose so; I did not look to you for much companionship in gunning. Well,

come, and I will go with you to the gallery, but you must not expect me to stay for cicerone, when such a beautiful morning for shooting is gliding away; but come and let me introduce you. If you have a fancy for copying, you will find an easel, etc. there which were left by the person who has just been making a portrait of my aunt. So much I learned this morning from old Jenkins the butler, to whom I applied, knowing what your wants would be, even before you had framed the wish."

"Many thanks, *mon ami*, and as soon as I have swallowed this cup of coffee, I will accompany you."

After crossing the lofty and resounding hall, and mounting the magnificent oaken staircase, the young men traversed several long and intricate galleries until they arrived at an arched and carved door-way which was closed by two heavy damask curtains, whose dark crimson folds swept the floor. Beauchamp gaily pushed these apart, and entered, saying :

"I must take one peep in, just to see what sort of place this may be, for I really scarcely remember ever being in here. Old Jenkins said the easel was in a closet near the north door. I suppose that is it at the further end of the gallery," and the young man advanced down the lofty and somewhat dimly lighted apartment, followed by his friend, when the steps of the former were arrested by an exclamation of breathless wonder and incredulity.

"What is it?" said he, turning hastily round.

Arthur stood motionless, his face pale, his lips parted, and his distended eyes fixed upon the full length portrait of a lady before which he stood.

The picture represented a young girl of about sixteen, standing at an open window, her luxuriant hair of palest gold falling in loose ringlets about her shoulders which were bare, and her large, lustrous blue eyes raised with an expression of supplication to the sky. The painter had so skilfully managed the shadow thrown by the deep casement across her white drapery, that the idea of moonlight was immediately suggested to the spectator. One hand was raised, and convulsively pressed a crucifix to her breast, and the round full lips were slightly parted, as if the words of prayer were just issuing from them.

"That picture—tell me Beauchamp—who is it? where is she?"

"O yes, I remember that picture, beautiful, isn't it? She was the Lady Blanche Beauchamp, you know there is a title in the other branch of our family—she lived in the time of James the

Second, and was the only daughter of the family and idolized by her parents, who, however, had from her birth, destined her to a convent. She in the meantime, had fixed her affections on a young artist of poor parentage and no fortune, that was stopping at Belleterre, as the place was then called, to paint portraits of the family. Their love was discovered, and strongly excited the indignation of the father, who drove the painter from his house with bitter curses, and bade his daughter take her last look at the world, for her noviciate should commence immediately.

The lover had not left the neighborhood and spent the hours of darkness beneath his beloved's window, and the night before the solemn vows were to be pronounced, which would forever part them, he saw the Lady Blanche stand at her casement as here represented.

"He had the self-command to remain in the shadow of the trees, and contented himself with drinking in her beauty and stamping upon his memory every detail of her attitude afterward, to reproduce it as you here see.

"The Lady Blanche entered her convent and died within a month, nor did her lover live much longer; at his death this picture was found in his chamber carefully concealed by a curtain, and immediately was purchased by the too late repentant father. And it is a family tradition firmly believed by all the women of the family at least, that when the full moon shines brightly, the spirit of the Lady Blanche may often be met gliding along this gallery, where her interviews with her lover took place, or gazing from the window, as he saw her last."

Beauchamp paused, and turned toward his friend, wondering that he did not speak. Arthur had sunk upon a chair, his face was livid and convulsed, his teeth set, great drops of perspiration standing on his noble brow, and his whole manner and attitude expressing at once amazement and horror.

"Heavens, Carneby, what is the matter?" exclaimed the other, very much terrified.

"I have seen her—she is my fate—hers was the face—the form which so bewitched me in London. Beauchamp, I am bound to that woman, she has become a part of my being. Had she been mortal, I would have found her wherever she had hid, but now I feel that I am wedded to a spectre, for her's and none other's will I be to be my dying day."

The gay and volatile Beauchamp looked sorely puzzled, and sadly discomposed; this wild enthusiasm was something so foreign to his own placid and common-place temper, that he knew not whether to laugh at his friend's vagary, or to

go quietly and send for a doctor and a strait-waisted coat for him. So after a silence of several minutes he concluded not to attempt just then, at any rate, to reason with his friend, but simply said:

"Come, my dear fellow, you need some fresh air and exercise—let us go and take a long walk, or ride, if you like it better, and at dinner I hope to introduce you to my sister Alice, whom my aunt informs me is expected to-day, to come for a long visit. By the way," suddenly exclaimed Beauchamp, with a look of enlightenment and excessive amusement, but he immediately checked himself, and merely muttered: "I can find out by Alice."

So deep was the pre-occupation of the young artist, that he did not notice the somewhat peculiar behaviour of Beauchamp; he impatiently declined the invitation to walk, and asked for the easel, etc., which had been promised him. These were soon found in the designated closet, and with a feverish energy, Arthur proceeded to prepare a canvass on which to copy the portrait of the Lady Blanche.

Beauchamp watched him for a few minutes, and then, with a shrug of the shoulders and a smile of concentrated amusement and mischief, he stole away.

Arthur wrought on, perfectly oblivious of time and sound; he did not hear a heavy carriage drive up to the door, or his friend's voice mingled with a silvery girlish one, which joyfully greeted him. When the first bell for dinner sounded, his faithful valet was obliged to come and remind his master of the necessity of dressing, or our friend would have remained at his easel until the light failed him.

Mrs. Morley did not appear this evening in the drawing-room, but sent a message to the young men that she was suffering from a severe nervous attack, and should not leave her chamber that evening, and that Miss Alice Beauchamp who had arrived some hours previously would remain with them.

Mr. Beauchamp received this intelligence with resignation, and Arthur with an abstracted sense of relief, for he felt common conversation entirely beyond his power. This, his friend perceived, and their dinner passed in silence.

The evening was not very different, for although they attempted a game of chess, Carneby's pre-occupation so impaired his usual skill, that at the end of the first game his antagonist with a significant shrug, swept the men into their box and pushing a book toward the dreamer, he took one himself and both read in silence until the hour for retiring.

Arthur Carneby passed an almost sleepless night, and in the morning merely drinking a cup of strong coffee, took his way toward the picture gallery. As he entered the last gloomy corridor, leading to this apartment, he saw a female figure robed in white gliding alone before him; he followed, his heart beating thick and fast; at the curtained entrance to the gallery, the figure turned slowly round, disclosing to the horror-stricken youth the form and features of Lady Blanche. With a gesture at once inviting, and commanding him to follow, she then glided between the curtains. One moment the painter stood irresolute, then with a face pale as death itself, but with a firm step, he followed. A nameless impulse forbade him to glance at the picture till he had uncovered his own work, and prepared to commence it, then with a slow and painful effort the artist raised his eyes. There was the picture as he had first seen it, the massive frame resting on the floor, and beaming from within it the same angelic face; but as the painter gazed his hair stiffened with horror, and his blood seemed to become ice within his veins—the figure was a living one; perfect as had been the work of art at which he had gazed before, this was more perfect, the golden hair had a living lustre, the figure stood out from the dark background as no art could have represented it—the Lady Blanche herself had replaced the lifeless picture. As this conviction grew upon the mind of the artist, he seized palette and brush, and with an insane calmness proceeded to carefully and coolly put upon his canvass the form and figure before him.

The day passed on, many hours had elapsed since the artist had commenced his labors, when upon glancing at his model after long fixing his attention upon his own picture, Arthur saw at once that the living form had stiffened into the pictured one.

With a frantic exclamation of horror he threw down his pencil and rushed from the room. When Beauchamp returned from shooting, he found his friend's manner totally changed. From gloomy abstraction he had passed to wild hilarity. An acute observer would have detected something fearful in the vivid flash of the eye, in the burning color and noisy laugh of the excited young man; but Beauchamp was not an acute observer, and merely congratulated his friend upon being in better spirits. The ladies again excused themselves from appearing, and after dinner Beauchamp invited his friend to stroll with him upon the lawn, and enjoy the delicious moonlight. Arthur consented, and they walked for some time up and down the

beautiful avenue of lindens which led to the house. In one of their turns, Beauchamp exclaimed:

"How beautifully the moonlight falls upon the eastern turret; by the way, that was where the Lady Blanche's apartments were."

Arthur looked up, and saw the tower standing out in the fair light, and more, he saw an open window at which stood the now well known figure of the Lady Blanche. Her attitude was precisely that of the picture, as was dress and figure, to the minutest details.

Arthur said nothing although his grasp tightened painfully upon the arm of Beauchamp, who watched him furtively, and with a look of suppressed mirth.

After a long and eager gaze, Arthur uttered a deep groan, quitted his friend's arm, and darted away into the grove near which they walked; Beauchamp called after him, and went a short distance in the direction which Carneby had taken, but neither sight nor sound guided him upon his path, and in a short time Beauchamp returned to the house, but the great tower clock had struck twelve ere the wanderer returned, and then he went immediately to his room.

In the morning the excited painter once more sought the gallery. In the last corridor he was preceded as before by the white noiseless figure of the Lady Blanche. He entered the apartment, gazed long and wildly at the figure enclosed within the old oaken frame, then as the blue eyes of the vision were slowly turned upon him, he sprang forward with extended arms. His embrace closed upon empty space, and falling prostrate, his forehead struck with stunning force upon the frame, and Arthur knew no more.

When next he awakened to consciousness he found himself in bed, and so weak in body and mind that it struck no horror to his heart to see the pale face of the Lady Blanche bending over him, and to feel her cold fingers upon his brow. He could neither move nor speak, but he fixed his dark eyes so earnestly upon her, that blushing she drew back. Then the vision was replaced by the face of George Beauchamp, his merry countenance sobered into an expression of sorrow and anxiety. By his side stood a wise and grave-looking old man, who, placing his fingers upon the artist's pulse, and across his brow, said in a low voice:

"He will live."

Then a draught was held to his lips which he drank, and then sunk back in peaceful, healthy slumber.

So days and weeks passed, and Arthur Carneby slowly returned to health and strength. He

saw no more of the Lady Blanche, and gradually came to persuade himself that the whole was but a fiction of his fevered brain, induced by the mournful story which his friend had related to him. Yet, some incidents seemed so vivid in his remembrance, that he could hardly doubt their truth, and he resolved upon the very first opportunity, to apply to Beauchamp for an explanation of the mystery.

One delicious morning, our convalescent reclined upon a sofa, revolving this subject in his mind, when the door slowly opened and his friend entered. The face of Beauchamp wore a mingled expression of shame, sorrow and confusion, and his manner, usually so dashing and audacious, was now hesitating and almost timid.

"My dear fellow," said he, seating himself by Arthur's couch and warmly pressing his hand, "I have come to make a confession, and most heartily to beg your pardon. Don't speak; now that I have begun I want to go through with the miserable story, as fast as possible.

"You must know that the picture in the gallery of our ancestress, Lady Blanche Beauchamp, is also a striking likeness of my sister Alice, and she it was no doubt whom you saw looking from the window, that night in London. The idea never occurred to me, till I saw you so frantic at sight of the picture, and then I did not know certainly that Alice had been in Curzon street; but on inquiring, I found that coming up from my mother's place in the country, to visit her aunt, she stopped a few days with a friend, Mrs. Gray, who lives in the house which you noticed. Then my aunt's illness prevented your seeing Alice, and I could not resist the temptation to play upon you a trick. The picture has formerly been, by means of sundry springs and wheels, converted into a secret door, opening upon a passage constructed in the thickness of the wall, and leading to a hiding-place which has another private outlet. This secret was formerly confided to me by my aunt, in case she should die suddenly without being able to transmit it to any member of the family. I had almost forgotten the fact, until your raving about Lady Blanche suggested my trick. After an immense deal of teasing, I persuaded Alice to help me; she dressed herself in exact imitation of the picture and awaited you in the corridor; you saw and followed her. I stood in the secret passage, with the door rolled back. Alice stepped into her place, and I dropped a curtain behind her exactly the color of the background of the portrait. You painted away till poor Alice was so tired that she was ready to drop. I whispered to her to move silently away; she did so, and

I rolled the Lady Blanche back into position. In the evening, Alice by my direction, placed herself at the turret window, where you saw her. The next day we repeated the performance, but that gipsy Alice, meaning to undeceive you, turned her eyes full upon you. You darted forward and she backward, so you clasped empty air, and struck your head upon the frame. This, and your previous agitation, brought on a brain fever, for which I hold myself accountable. If you had died, dear Arthur, I should have looked upon myself as a murderer. As for Alice, she has really worried herself sick about it. She nursed you all the time you were delirious, although she has also been obliged to attend my aunt who has been quite sick, but is now better, and will be able to receive you in a few days. Of this affair my aunt knows nothing.

"And now, dear Carneby, that I have made you a full confession, tell me, can you forgive me, and again allow me to call you friend?"

"Yes, Beauchamp," said Arthur, extending his wasted hand. "I forgive you, but my sufferings entitle me to affix a condition to my forgiveness—"

"And that is—"

"That you never again play a practical joke upon any one."

"I promise willingly, and as Dr. Armstrong has said that you might leave your room to-day, will you not come to the boudoir where my sister awaits you, to ask a pardon also?"

Arthur joyfully assented, and was soon ushered into the presence of the fair Alice, who, pale and tearful, looked more than ever like her unfortunate ancestress.

"O, Mr. Carneby," said she, extending her hand; "Can you ever, ever forgive me?"

Arthur looked ardently and admiringly upon the lovely face upturned to his, until the pale cheeks were dyed with blushes, and he answered,

"Not unless you will promise to let me finish the portrait."

Assent to this was soon obtained, nor did the young painter think it necessary to preserve perfect silence during the sittings; what he said, I do not know; but by the time the picture was completed, the fair original had consented to become Mrs. Arthur Carneby, much to the approval both of her brother and her aunt, whose convalescent hours had been much amused by the conversation of her guest, and who had found in him so much to love and respect, that she gladly sanctioned his union with her favorite niece.

He that knows useful things, not he that knows many things, is the wise man.

SUMMER HOURS.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

It is the year's high noon,
The earth sweet incense yields,
And o'er the fresh green fields,
Bends the clear sky of June.
I leave the crowded streets,
The hum of busy life,
Its clamor and its strife,
To breathe thy perfumed sweets.

O rare and golden hours!
The birds' melodious song
Wavellike is borne along
Upon a strand of flowers.
I wander far away,
Where, through the forest trees,
Sports the cool summer breeze,
In wild and wanton play.

A patriarchal elm
Its stately front uprears,
Which twice a hundred years,
Has ruled this woodland realm.
I sit beneath its shade,
And watch with careless eye,
The brook that babbles by,
And cools the leafy glade.

In truth I wonder not
That in the ancient days
The temples of God's praise
Were mound and leafy grot.
The noblest ever planned
With quaint device and rare,
By man, can ill compare
With these from God's own hand.

Pilgrim with way-worn feet,
Who, treading life's dull round,
No true repose hast found,
Come to this green retreat.
For bird, and flower, and tree,
Green fields and woodland wild,
Shall bear with voices mild,
Sweet messages to thee.

THE FIRST PATIENT.

BY WALTER GAYLORD.

THERE are events which make a lasting impression upon us. One of these I would attempt to narrate. From his boyhood I had been acquainted with Herbert Vaughan; he early gave indications of genius, and his father destined him to a professional life. He accordingly passed through his academical education, and was a brilliant scholar in the university where he graduated. The father of Herbert Vaughan was not a wealthy man, and it was only by making some surrenders of his own personal comforts that he

secured the means to defray his son's expenses while in college, it seeming not to have entered the good man's heart but with that outlay Herbert would be furnished with all requisite facilities to make his way in the world.

Not so thought the young man, for thus he reasoned. "What man can expect to attain eminence, or become distinguished in the medical faculty, unless he has travelled abroad? What student now-a-days but attends medical lectures in France, and daily visits the hospitals in Paris? And were not most of his associates determined to complete their medical studies in a foreign country?" Now to do this involved a sum of money which Mr. Vaughan senior knew not how to expend upon Herbert Vaughan junior, and had it not been that his mother so interposed and his sisters so entreated, promising to greatly reduce their annual allowance, that it might be bestowed upon their promising brother, Herbert Vaughan never could have visited Paris. As it was, he received a comfortable outfit, and set sail, in company with his associates, with a cheerful heart.

The prayers for his safety, and the anxieties in his behalf, were not realized by our young friend, any more than the difficulty of procuring his outfit; consequently, the sum thus passed in Herbert's treasury was prodigally expended, and upon his arrival in Paris he found himself obliged to take cheap lodgings, and afterwards to devise some means to replenish his purse. After he had lived upon his scanty resources for nearly half a year, the thought struck him that he might commence practising in a small way in his profession. He therefore informed a few of his American friends of his intentions, and solicited their attention to the fact. It is with regard to his first patient that we shall state the facts of the case as they actually occurred.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Murray, in Paris, was always accessible to Herbert Vaughan. They knew his parents, and he had letters to Mr. Murray, requesting them to exercise toward him a parental regard; but as the pride of the young man revolted at being thought poor, he concealed the fact, and substituted as a reason why he desired medical practice that he might be initiated in the elementary process abroad, rather than at home.

It so happened that Mr. Murray furnished Herbert with an opera ticket, which was good for every night's performance during the season. A "star" of great magnitude was now in the height of her fame. Herbert was passionately fond of music, and the fair enchantress completely fascinated him. He omitted every other

engagement, that he might always listen to her melodious notes. He had sometimes found himself more interested than was compatible with an attention to his studies, in devising means whereby he could obtain an introduction to her who so strangely haunted his day dreams, and he was not alone in his admiration, for every evening he saw the same faces who, with himself, listened to her with intense delight. There wanted now but three evenings more before her successful engagement would terminate, and "could she be re-engaged?" became a theme of absorbing interest. Rumor ran that her health was materially affected by such arduous labors, and a true sympathy ought to have ceased to clamor for her re-appearance under such bodily ailments; but public sentiment demands gratification, often at the expense of making a victim of the object of its adoration, and when the placards announced "Loretti was re-engaged," there was a spontaneous outburst of applause.

Herbert had now learned that Loretti made this sacrifice of herself on account of an invalid father and a sick mother, who depended solely upon this child of song for their support,—that she lived in comfortable, but by no means showy, quarters, and Herbert found himself sometimes walking past her hired apartment, looking with intense gaze upon the window panes, which gave no evidence of life therein.

Upon the second night of Loretti's engagement, just as the audience were in breathless transports as she sang the favorite echo song, the fair enchantress fell to the floor, apparently lifeless. "Is there a surgeon in this house?" rang the wild inquiry. In an instant of time, Herbert Vaughan was supporting Loretti as she gasped in agony. The curtain soon dropped, the manager announcing that Loretti had ruptured a blood-vessel, and would be conveyed to her lodgings, while a morning bulletin would satisfy the public concerning the issue of her disease. The curtain fell, and we will follow Herbert to the apartment of the songstress, where she was laid upon a bed, and carefully forbidden to utter a sentence to either of her attendants. Her father sat at her feet with a pallid countenance, watching intently the quick breathings of his child,—the mother was bolstered in a chair in a near apartment, full of maternal solicitude.

"How is the patient now?" was repeatedly asked, when her physician could give no answer, for there she lay, perfectly motionless, apparently in a quiet sleep, the effect of the opiate she had taken. Midnight and profound silence reigned around—the aged parents had retired—the breathing of the old nurse gradually grew

shorter and shorter, until she finally settled away in a slumber upon the cot on the floor. Herbert Vaughan was alone awake; he was just beginning to ponder over the strange affair which brought him here. He wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, and as he gazed upon his patient, so gentle was her breathing that he bent over her to ascertain if she were really alive. The jewelled coronet glittered still upon her brow, the diamond rings sparkled upon her white hand, the spangled slipper encased her tiny foot, and a white muslin frock enclosed her fair form. Not an article could be displaced, lest bleeding should again ensue. It was a strange night to Herbert Vaughan, yet he did not distrust his own ability to do all that was needful for the frail sufferer, and when morning dawned, and she awakened to the nature of her malady, he still sat by her bedside, urging the most profound quiet as her only restorative. He issued the bulletin, that "Loretti's case was now favorable, and provided entire quiet could be secured to her, her recovery might be anticipated." Herbert, who had sat up all night, regardless of everything which might have ministered to his own comfort, now gently withdrew a few paces from the bed of his patient, when suddenly she sprang to an upright position, and made an effort to rise. At first, all efforts to soothe her seemed unavailing, and both the nurse and himself found a hard task to prevent her from rushing from them to the floor, and it was only as another opiate was administered, and he gently quieted her half-conscious, half-frantic delirium, that she became again composed, and sank in a profound slumber.

Again her physician made an effort to leave her, promising only to go to his lodgings and procure his letters, take a cup of coffee, and return at the first practicable moment. The nurse was a faithful watcher, and attended by her father. Herbert stole out of the room, scarcely realizing how time had flown since he last entered this apartment.

Judge, then, of his astonishment when, as he entered his lodgings, a man was there sitting, writing a note at his desk, and apparently much agitated by some occurrence. Herbert bowed and saluted him,—it was returned with a solemn tone and sad expression. Presently the stranger eyed him attentively, and as if the conviction for the first time shot across his brain, said he:

"Are you Loretti's physician?"

"I am," was the quick reply.

"Can she be saved?"

"Only by unremitting exertions on behalf of her nurse and attendants. One act, a single

effort, a slight strain, a violent fit of coughing, and life would be extinct."

"How much of your time can you devote to Loretta's bedside?"

"Nearly the whole of the day, and a part of the night."

"Do you need any other medical advice?"

"Not at present."

"Then," said the stranger, "take this purse, and be unceasing in your efforts to restore your patient."

And so saying, he threw a large Spanish cloak about his person, and hurried out of the apartment and betook himself to a coach in waiting at the door.

Herbert opened the purse—it contained ten guineas! Yesterday he felt himself a poor, deserted, friendless man; to-day he was full of enthusiasm and nervous excitement, and at this moment was the possessor of ten guineas!

Faithful to his trust, he hurried back to his patient. Good heavens! writes her physician, she was sitting in a chair, endeavoring to comb her dishevelled hair by a mirror placed before her, when, faint with the effort, she dropped her hand, and again the blood streamed from her stomach, and we laid her upon her bed. As soon as it ceased to flow, in spite of all our entreaties, said she, "To-morrow night I shall appear at the theatre—I must—I shall," and when she swooned, it seemed as if her last gasp was indeed given; but by the aid of stimulants she again breathed, and sank into a profound slumber. "For hours," says her medical adviser, "I kept my station by her bedside, and while in my lonely reverie I pondered upon whom that stranger could be, who so unceremoniously thrust himself in my apartment, the recollection came to me that he left a note, which he desired me to present to Loretta when the state of her health would warrant reading it. The first pang of jealousy began to creep over me, and the first suspicion was awakened in my mind, that I, too, loved Loretta! I kept the note for two days, and having calmed my patient, I allowed her to converse but very sparingly, although I had a painful longing to tell her of the strange gentleman, and his acts toward me.

"My anxiety being a little quieted," continued Herbert, "I now left my patient for several hours, leaving strict charges with the nurse to obey orders. Again, when I returned at evening, I found the door of Loretta's apartment wide open. I went to the bed, it was tenantless! I looked upon the dressing-table, and empty jewelry boxes were displayed; a pair of silk hose

hung upon the chair, a slipper left here, and and another there, a stray bow of ribbon, a nice dressing robe, all proclaimed my patient had indeed fled, and with her all her protectors! I sallied into her father's room—the mother was in the attitude of prayer, and seemed not to heed my entrance. I demanded where was Loretta?

"O," said she, 'she has gone to the opera,—it will be her last performance. Here is her explanation—she left the note upon the dressing-table.' I opened it and read:

"LORETTA,—Fail not to be present at the opera to-night. You will see the Spanish nobleman escort to the dress circle a fair Desdemona, to whom he has pledged his hand and heart. His pretended affection for you is spurious—he does not expect you to perform, and will have no fears of betrayal. Go, Loretta, if it be the last night your feet ever press those boards. Sing, if it be your last swanlike notes. Gaze at him, if it be your last look. Again I say, go.

"F——."

"How long has Loretta been gone?" I inquired, 'and who attended her?'

"The old lady seemed confused, but answered, 'She has been gone a full hour,—time passes slow, for I expect her to be brought back in a swoon every moment,—do stay, doctor, and be here to receive her,—she was attended by her father and nurse, and carried in their arms to the coach.'

"Gracious heavens! I involuntarily exclaimed, can I not now prevent her appearance on the stage by going to the rehearsal room, and forestalling her the inevitable doom which awaits her? And suiting my action to the word, behold me knocking for admission at the very door which Loretta had just entered. The manager met me with an ungracious look, as I inquired for Loretta.

"What name,' inquired he, 'shall I announce to her?'

"Herbert Vaughan, her physician,' I replied.

"Ah, sir, my orders are peremptory, should you call, not to give you audience.'

"But," I added, 'do you not know that you are risking the life of my patient by your permitting her to appear in public to-night?'

"I only know, sir, by her non-appearance I should lose an immense sum,' and thus saying, he closed the door.

"I rushed to the dress circle,—every seat was occupied,—in the stage box I saw the Spanish nobleman,—yes, my generous benefactor, and yet I looked upon him with suspicion; but that note, how it haunted me! And a lady sat be-

side him, richly attired, and possessed of a rare bouquet, whose fragrance diffused its sweetness many paces beyond her. Was she the nobleman's adored? I hoped so, and while pursuing my reverie the curtain rose, and amidst the most rapturous applause appeared Loretta!

"How deadly pale she looks," was whispered. I saw she cast her eyes toward the stage-box, and a tremulousness took hold of her. My eyes were rivetted, for every moment I expected her to sink upon the stage. How she managed to warble and trill, and sing so exquisitely, was to me a profound mystery. The first act was about to be ended, when the nobleman's lady threw her the bouquet, which fell at her feet. As she stooped to raise it, the curtain dropped. At the close of the second act, when the fair songstress was encored, and called upon again and again to repeat, the manager came forward and announced, 'that owing to a recent illness, Loretta found herself too exhausted to appear again that night.'

"The curtain dropped, and in silence, amidst a tumultuous rush of feeling, I prepared to leave. Thought I, if I step toward the rehearsal-door, I may find Loretta, and escort her home. I waited until the whole multitude had dispersed, and then my eyes beheld her supported by the Spanish gentleman, and led to his carriage to be conveyed thence. I made no effort to be seen, but wended my way to my lodgings, really hoping (may Heaven forgive me!) that I should be sent for that night to attend my patient. But no summons came, and as I was making my toilet with more scrupulous care than was my wont, a messenger tapped at my door and presented the following note:

"Will Dr. Vaughan be kind enough to call at Loretta's lodgings this day, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock?"
L.

"I did so, and although my patient was pale and languid, and her breathing painfully oppressive, yet she made to me the following explanation:

"I feel it is your due, sir, to receive an account of the reasons which prompted me to pursue the strange course which I know you considered little less than suicidal in me, by appearing upon the stage, against your orders, with my exhausted powers to please the clamorous multitude. Your calm reasoning would have so appealed to my own sense of duty, that, had I seen you, I feared I should have been dissuaded from acting, and I gave positive command that you should be excluded from my presence. Now, sir, will you listen to my provo-

cation, and then may it palliate my seeming temerity.

"The Spanish gentleman who called upon you, made protestations of his love toward me, and so pursued the subject that I consented to become his forever. But he was not alone in his proposals; another, of fair name and princely inheritance, offered me his heart, and for a time my decision was uncertain; but ever after my hand was pledged to the nobleman, the latter lover's revenge pursued me. He sent me anonymous letters, indicating how faithless was the heart to which I had attached myself; and finally, to show to me that he had not overstated facts in the case, he sent me the note which you read in my mother's presence.

"Had I died, I would have attested the truth of his being publicly seen at the opera with another, to whom he had pledged his affections. I made the effort, supported by my resolute will to do so; for a time my emotions were undefined—a dizziness came over me, a sickness succeeded,—but was I not there to redeem my promise to the gaping multitude? My courage revived,—I would show my betrothed lover that I could surmount the loss of so base a man. But I was cruelly suspicious; his heart was beating with strange emotions, too, for my treacherous lover, who enkindled my jealousy, had played a double part, and represented me as equally insincere to him as he had proved to me. A shadow came over his noble brow. Was I indeed perfidious? A note was forged, that I desired not to see him again! He would take his brother's bride, and listen once more to my strange songs. After the curtain dropped he would see me. A full explanation followed. We are still true lovers. Suffice it for me to add, in consideration of your kind attentions and medical skill, the nobleman has left with me twenty guineas for you, as a token of his satisfaction and gratitude.'

"My head was bewildered. Had I been dreaming? Why was I spell-bound? Did grateful emotions so overpower me, or was I yielding to a strange fascination, which I foresaw must be hopeless? I meditated. I could not leave my patient—she would need further attention—her pulse was tremulous—her voice was weak—she had bidden adieu to the stage forever. I prescribed a tonic, and promised to see her tomorrow, adding some feeble words of gratitude for such an unexpected testimonial of regard.

"I returned to my lodgings. My appetite had failed. I would sit for hours, thinking over Loretta's case, while, in truth, my own demanded

more attention. In the midst of my cogitations, my old friend, Mr. Murray, called to enquire for my welfare. A curiosity had seized him to know why I had omitted my daily visits upon them. I replied that my time had been occupied in attending the celebrated singer, Loretti.

"Is it possible?" inquired he, with great surprise. "Your fortune is made forever! I have heard of the judicious care of her medical attendant, but never dreamed it was you. Open an office directly."

"By slow degrees I recovered from the spell which bound me, but my heart received a wound from which it will never recover. My practice became extensive, but I never found another patient in whom I was equally interested. I continued to watch the movements of Loretti, until she was publicly married to the Spanish nobleman, and, for some reason which I leave others to explain, I have never since felt as happy as before that event.

"The nobleman took his bride to his own country,—her parents were removed to more eligible lodgings, and I availed myself of their removal to be the succeeding tenant. For months I lodged in the same room where I spent the first night with my lovely patient. How often imagination recalled that scene, and how often my slumbers were disturbed by brooding over that fortunate, or unfortunate, occurrence, will never be revealed. It was fortunate, as it regarded my pecuniary resources, for I have since discharged all my obligations to my relatives, and have risen in their regard, as a man of enterprise beyond their expectations. But then I am most unfortunate, for henceforth my way will be solitary, and whether in Europe or America, I shall die a bachelor, unless, by some interposition of Providence, Loretti becomes a widow, and I am again her medical adviser."

The event thus narrated was communicated by a correspondence, and as it was not urged upon me to keep it secret, I have thought the story possessed sufficient interest for me to bequeath it to others. In the words of Dr. Vaughan, "it was the only patient he ever attended, about whom a heart history could be written." We are taught the folly of placing our affections where they cannot be reciprocated—above all things, never to interfere with one who is betrothed to another.

It has long been stated in the newspapers, that a woman never looks so supremely ridiculous as when she attempts to smoke, to whistle, chase tarkeys through the tall grass, or talk politics.

HOW MUCH TOBACCO IS USED.

The present annual production of tobacco, is estimated to be 4,000,000,000 pounds! This is all smoked, chewed or snuffed. Suppose it all made into cigars, one hundred to the pound, it would produce 400,000,000,000. Four hundred billions of cigars!

Allowing this tobacco, unmanufactured, to cost on the average ten cents a pound, and we have \$400,000,000 expended every year in producing a noxious, deleterious weed. At least one and a half times as much more is required to manufacture it into marketable form, and dispose of it to the consumer. At the very lowest estimate, then, the human family expend, every year, one thousand millions of dollars in the gratification of an acquired habit, or one dollar for every man, woman and child, upon the earth!

This sum would build two railroads around the earth, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars per mile, or sixteen railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It would build one hundred thousand churches, costing \$10,000 each; or half a million of school-houses, costing \$2000 each; or one million of dwellings, costing \$1000 each. It would employ one million of preachers, and one million of teachers, giving each a salary of \$500. It would support three and one-third millions of young men at college, giving each \$300 per annum for expenses. We leave others to fill out the picture. Is this annual outlay to increase or decrease in future? Reader, how much do you contribute to this fund?—*New York Leader*.

WHAT A BOOK SHOULD BE.

A book should be founded on good principles, and conform to good taste, to make it a proper inmate of the family. Playing at checkers, jumping the rope, or reciting the multiplication table, are much more useful employment than the perusal of trashy works of fiction. The standard books of the language are standard for a reason—they never violate common sense, nor mock at religion, nor trifle with the proprieties. How, then, can books which are weak in style, foolish in sentiment, and utterly without any guiding principle in the mind or the hand of the author, expect to claim the permanent respect of the world?—*N. Y. Sunday Times*.

A CONSCIENTIOUS DANKY.

An old farmer who feared neither God nor man, had hired a devout negro, and to get some Sunday work out of him, he would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday would put that point to the man's conscience. One morning, old Sambo proved refractory, he would "work no more on Sundays." The master then argued that it was "a case of necessity; that the Scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit on the Sabbath day a beast that had fallen in." "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spend Saturday in digging de pit for de very purpose!"—*Olive Branch*.

One of our western editors, in giving an account of a tornado, heads it as follows: "Disgraceful Thunder Storm."

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

When on the long chaotic night
Came the words, "let there be light!"
Then light and beauty burst abroad
From the fingers of their God.
Day, with sunbeams on her breast,
Night, with stars and holy rest;
Solid land with teeming fruit,
And ocean in her sea-green suit.

And on us in that first hour,
God endowed a godlike power;
Power to will and power to do,
To create and to subdue.
And across the ocean's tide,
We proudly in our vessels ride;
And beneath the mountains gray,
We have made a great highway.

Come there failure or success,
Let us march in earnestness;
For naught can come amiss or wrong,
If the soul be true and strong.
Then let each mortal use his right,
And command "let there be light!"
For every soul hath more or less
Power to conquer, or to bless.

GRACE ASHLEY:

—OR,—

LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY KATE CLOUD.

It was June—bright, leafy, rosy June. Gaily peeped the sunlight through the folds of richly-wrought muslin and crimson damask that shaded the windows at Elmwood; glancing here and there upon the gorgeous flowers in the rich velvet carpet; glancing from mirror to gilded vase, now lighting up some rare old landscape, and now tinging with its ruddy beam some marble bust until it seemed to glow with life. Luxurious sofas and couches of crimson velvet were scattered in profusion about the room, which was still farther graced by the presence of three ladies on this bright morning—a pale, elegant-looking lady of middle age, and two beautiful daughters. Yes, they were both beautiful, yet differing as widely in their beauty as the lily and the rose. Edith was tall and queen-like, with raven hair, and brilliant eyes of the same hue; yet cold and glittering as the moonlit iceberg. Clara, as she sat upon a low ottoman, half shrouded in the snowy muslin curtain, her dress of pale blue silk mingling with its fleecy folds, looked more like some old picture of the angels than a living, loving girl, as she was.

She was bending over a book, with her cheek resting on a little dimpled hand, while her bright chestnut hair hung in long wavy curls over her snowy neck and arms.

"Mother, I wonder that you allow Clara to receive so much attention from Percival Delano. Surely, you would not suffer her to marry one so unworthy—a poor law student!" And the glorious eyes of Edith Livingston flashed as she looked contemptuously upon her sister Clara.

"I have not observed that he was particularly attentive to her, but I trust my Clara would have more regard for her station than to encourage his attentions," replied her mother, looking inquiringly at her.

"I shall never receive particular attentions from any gentleman without my dear mother's approval," replied Clara, raising her soft blue eyes to Edith's face; "but surely Percival Delano has never by word or manner led me to dream of such a thing."

"You cannot be so blind, Clara. Has he not constantly invited you to walk or ride with him every day since he arrived?"

Clara was about to make some very reasonable excuse, probably, when the door was suddenly opened, and little Grace Ashley rushed in, saying that Mr. Delano had just ordered his horse, and was going to B— immediately. The expression of surprise which this announcement caused, was followed by the entrance of that young gentleman. He appeared somewhat agitated as he bade them good morning, saying that he had just learned some intelligence which must hasten his departure from Elmwood. Mrs. Livingston observing that he was looking very pale, remarked that she hoped he had learned nothing of serious import.

"I can scarcely tell, madam; I trust not," replied he. "My information is quite accidental."

A sudden thought sent the blood from Clara's cheek. Could he have overheard the conversation of the last ten minutes? She feared so; and when Percival approached and took her hand, it trembled like an aspen leaf, and her face was pale as marble. He pressed it a moment in his own, and then bowing to each of the other ladies, sprang down the walk, vaulted into his saddle, and was gone.

And now, as he is galloping towards B—, we will take the opportunity to describe his appearance. He is rather tall, but very erect and finely proportioned. His hair is brown and curly, with a high, white forehead and clear blue eyes, in which there is just now an expression of determination almost amounting to fierceness. He had been spending a few weeks

at Elmwood before entering upon the duties of his profession. A distant connection in the two families opened to him the doors of the rich Livingstons, which had else been proudly closed upon the poor law student; and it was true, unfortunately for him, that he loved Clara with all the ardor of his enthusiastic nature, and fondly hoped at some future day to offer her a hand which she would be proud to accept. But until such time he had intended to keep his love a secret in his own breast, and he had no idea that his manner toward Clara had betrayed it, until he became aware of it by overhearing the scornful words of Edith. He had been strolling in the garden, and was about to toss a bunch of roses in at the window where Clara sat, when the voice of Edith attracted his attention. He did not wait to hear Clara reply, but clearing the garden wall at a bound, went to the stable, ordered his horse, and then entered the parlor to take his leave.

His excitement had not in the least subsided when he entered his little study in B—. It was a small, scantily-furnished room; but it had been his home through all his long course of study, and here he had nourished bright dreams of future greatness—dreams in which the desolation of this hour told him how largely his love of Clara had mingled. He sat down in his old place, and leaning his head upon his desk, attempted to arrange his plans for the future. The future! Alas! it seemed as if a tempest had swept over it, levelling all fairy palaces in the dust. It may seem strange that he should thus easily relinquish a passion which he had cherished from boyhood. But he knew, even if Clara loved him, that it would be useless to ask her to act in opposition to the wishes of her family; and his own soul revolted at the thought that they might attribute to him mercenary motives. No, he must tear from his breast the lovely image enshrined there, that had for years received his morning and evening devotions. He must work; but not here. He felt that his powers could never attain their full growth within the shadow of Elmwood.

Two years had elapsed, and Percival Delano was settled in a small inn, in the suburbs of London. He had travelled in many lands, until he longed for a quiet retreat. Wealth and splendor had no charms for him; his whole soul was absorbed in his studies.

Just at this time there was a great excitement in the political world. Some important changes in the government were in agitation, which had served to array two formidable parties against

each other. Delano had written several anonymous articles in favor of the new measures, which created a great sensation in both parties. So great had been the *furor* to know the author, that he had been induced by the publisher to write a stricture of considerable length, to which his own name was affixed.

It was late in the afternoon of a warm autumnal day, when he finished his article and sent it to the publisher. He felt wearied, for he had entered into this work with his whole soul; and taking his walking-stick strolled out for a walk. Taking the direction of — Bridge, as leading most directly to the green fields, he walked on. The early part of the day had been dark and showery, and though the clouds still hung overhead, yet there was a broad tract of golden sky in the west from which the setting sun gleamed through the dripping leaves, and lit up all nature into a melancholy smile. His thoughts wandered back to past scenes and early friends. He thought of Clara, but not with the warm, ardent love of other days. She seemed enclosed in a halo of angelic loveliness, and like some bright star looking down upon him with her soft smile.

He had turned aside into one of the cross roads that seemed to lead to some private residence, and seated himself upon a half-sunken stone by the wayside. The sun had set, and twilight began to gather around him, when the noise of carriage wheels roused him from his musings. It seemed to be the travelling carriage of some person of rank, and heavily loaded. The noise of its wheels upon the rough ground had scarcely died away, when two men started from a hedgerow by the roadside, and after talking together in a low tone a moment, followed the carriage with cautious steps. The report of a pistol shortly after, confirmed the suspicions of Delano that robbery was their intent; and hurrying forward he gained the spot unperceived by the ruffians in the deepening twilight. The pistol-shot had wounded the coachman, who lay on the ground groaning with pain. One of the robbers held the rearing horses, while the other held a pistol at the carriage door. It was the work of an instant for Delano, with one stroke of his walking-stick, to lay the ruffian at his feet; and giving the horses a quick stroke, they plunged madly on, leaving the other crushed into the dirt by the carriage wheels. By this time the first one had recovered from his fall, and raising his pistol aimed it at Delano's breast. The ball struck his arm, shattering it just above the elbow, and Delano fell fainting to the ground.

When he recovered his consciousness, he was lying on a richly-curtained bed in a large and sumptuously-furnished chamber. A soft, dreamy light pervaded the apartment, scarcely sufficient to reveal to his bewildered eye the objects about him. On attempting to rise, he found that his arm was bandaged and laid upon a pillow, and so painful that he was forced to lie down again with a deep groan.

"Ha! waking up, are you? Keep perfectly quiet, sir; keep perfectly quiet, while I prepare another opiate," said Dr. Gray, seating himself at a little table, covered with vials, glasses, and a formidable pile of linen bandages.

"Where am I? What ails my arm? Whose house is this?" asked Delano, in a breath.

"You are in the house of Sir Charles Ashley, sir, and better quarters you'll rarely find. I am Doctor Gray, and I have just extracted a bullet from your arm, which probably accounts for any little inconvenience you may find in moving it. If you have forgotten, I will remind you that you were foolish enough to attack two armed desperadoes, with only a stick to defend yourself. Ha! ha! a brave feat."

"Ah—yes, I remember; but what became of the carriage?" asked Delano.

"O, the carriage came directly home. It was Sir Charles's carriage, and Sir Charles was in it. I have forbidden it, or he would be here now overwhelming you with thanks, and all such nonsense, which might produce inflammation, you know. And now I will leave you to the care of good Mrs. Brownson for the rest of the night."

Delano took the sleep-giving dose from the hand of the nurse, and slept heavily till morning. He was awakened by the entrance of Dr. Gray, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, enveloped in a richly embroidered dressing-gown, and evidently an invalid. His thin gray hair was brushed back from a broad, white forehead, while a deep penetrating eye, and a peculiarly sweet expression, relieved the ghastly line of his sunken cheeks.

Sir Charles Ashley approached the bed where Delano lay, and taking his hand, said with much emotion:

"My dear sir, words cannot express the deep gratitude and admiration I feel for you. You have probably saved the life of a lonely old man, who has lived to bury all who were dear to him on earth, and who until last night thought that the capacity for loving was also dead within him. But when you were brought here, apparently lifeless, my heart yearned towards you, and I prayed that Heaven would spare you to be a friend and support in my declining age."

"It could hardly have fallen to the lot of one, sir," replied Delano, "to render you the little service which I have done, more ready to receive and reciprocate the friendship which you offer. I, too, am alone in the world, as it regards family connections; and all my friends—if, indeed, I have any—are in a distant land."

"You are an American, I presume?"

"I am, sir."

"Then, indeed, Heaven has sent you to me to fill the place of one who found his grave in your native land," said Sir Charles, pointing to the portrait of a handsome young man in the dress of a military officer.

"A relation of yours, sir?" inquired Delano.

"My only son; he was an officer in the 25th Regiment. It is some sixteen years since Captain Ashley's regiment was ordered to Canada. Shortly after his arrival, a malignant fever broke out among the soldiers, and he, together with a great number of his men, fell victims to its ravages."

"At what place did he die?"

"At —, near Montreal. He left a young wife; but I learned that she survived him but a few months."

"Ashley!" Delano mused. It struck him that he had seen a face which strongly resembled Capt. Ashley's at sometime in his life, but he could not remember when or where.

Delano recovered rapidly. In a few days he was able to descend to the library; there he was no longer conscious of his wound. It was an apartment fitted up with every conceivable convenience for leisure or study. The heavy mahogany shelves which traversed the walls on every side, were completely lined with books. A large glass door separated it from the conservatory, and thence opened in the garden.

Sir Charles was passionately fond of flowers, and for several years had devoted his attention to their cultivation. His garden was a perfect Eden. Cool, green arbors, fragrant with roses, and sweet smelling shrubs, over which the gadding vines ran in rich luxuriance, interspersed with sparkling fountains, with here and there a Cupid or a Psyche peeping out from some green retreat. The flower garden was enclosed by a wall of fragrant thorn, while beyond lay the smooth, green park, with frequent groups of lofty trees, whose graceful branches swept the ground. Sir Charles was never tired of wandering over the grounds with Delano, and pointing out to him the beauty of the scenery.

One morning, as Delano entered the library, he perceived a Boston paper lying upon the ta-

ble. It was dated some months previous ; but it was long since his eye had rested upon the familiar name, and he greeted it as an old friend. Scarcely had he unfolded it, and glanced over its pages, when by some fatality his eye rested upon these words :

"Died at Elmwood, on the 1st inst., Clara Livingston, youngest daughter of the late James Livingston, Esq."

The paper fell from his hand, and leaning back in his chair, he groaned aloud.

From this hour a deep melancholy settled like a pall upon the mind of Delano, and cast its shadow over his face. He would wander alone, or sit in some retired place for hours, apparently in deep thought. Sir Charles observed his depression of spirits with sorrow. He attributed it to his retired manner of living, and earnestly besought him to go into society, now that his health was fully restored. He even proposed himself to enter once more the gay world, which for years he had deserted, for the purpose of introducing him to his most intimate friends.

Delano had no reasonable excuse to offer for not complying with the earnest entreaties of his proposed patron, and at length consented. A note was despatched to Lady Buckminster, a distinguished member of the literary ton, and formerly an intimate friend of Sir Charles, which was immediately answered with invitations to a reunion of choice spirits at her own house on the next evening.

The entrance of Sir Charles Ashley, leaning upon the arm of Delano, caused no small degree of pleasure in the circles of which he had once been a distinguished ornament. They were received by all with marked attention. But Delano could not account for the unusual stir which the announcement of his name seemed to create. Wherever he was presented, each one, after returning salutations, would immediately turn to their neighbors and whisper with earnest gestures. At length Lord Eldon approached him, and taking a pamphlet from his pocket, said :

"May I take the liberty, sir, of asking you if you are the author of this article?"

Taking it, and looking at the title, Delano replied :

"I fear I must plead guilty, sir ; but I was ignorant that it had found its way to the public."

"Then, sir, I congratulate you with all my heart. It is a work of which any man may well be proud."

By this time a crowd had gathered around them, eagerly listening to the words of Lord Eldon ; and Delano found himself a lion before he was aware of it. He was congratulated on

every side by the leaders of the party, which was decidedly the popular one ; and ere the evening was spent ; he had made appointments to dine with new-made friends for five or six ensuing days. Thus commenced his life in London.

Delano had now very little time in which to indulge his melancholy reflections. He had entered the whirlpool of fashionable life, and there was no escape. Month after month rolled away, and Sir Charles became more and more dependent upon him as his health declined. He could not ride into London unless Delano was by his side, or walk in his garden without his strong arm to lean upon. Meanwhile Delano devoted all his leisure moments to study and writing. He continued to write, not merely for literary fame, but for the love of it.

Looking over his cards of invitation one morning, he found one from Madam —, the lady of the American minister, which he resolved to accept. He went with the expectation of enjoying a social evening, and perhaps meeting with some friend from his native land. But he was not a little surprised, upon reaching the place designated, to be shown into a magnificently furnished house, which seemed to be in a perfect blaze of light, by a long retinue of servants dressed in the most showy and expensive liveries. Every appointment evinced the most lavish expenditure, and equalled in richness and splendor the dwellings of the highest peak of nobility.

Delano could hardly realize that he was in the house of the representative of republican America ; and he felt chagrined that the dignity of his country should be thus sacrificed to a foolish desire to ape the customs of English nobility. It was somewhat late when he arrived, and the rooms were densely crowded. There were lords and ladies glittering in jewels and robes of silken sheen, and the sweetest strains of music floated on the perfumed air.

As he entered, his eye rested upon a form, the sight of which thrilled him strangely. It was that of a young girl, apparently not more than sixteen. She was dressed in a robe of fine white silk, which hung in graceful folds about her slender form. Her soft brown hair hung in long wavy curls, and half concealed her face, which at that moment was turned, apparently in rapt attention, toward some person who was singing. Where had he seen that face ? And that form ; why did it remind him so visibly of Clara ? He stood riveted to the spot, in a reverie, until the music ceased ; and she turned towards him. Their eyes met, and a deep blush suffused her face, and a half smile played for a moment about

her lips. She seemed to recognize him, and he was forced to bow and approach her, although he was as much at a loss as ever by what name to address her.

"Mr. Delano," said she, with a bright smile, "do you not know me—little Grace Ashley,—whom you used to play with at Elmwood?"

It was now Delano's time to blush, and then turn as pale as marble. It seemed as if the mantle of his lost Clara had descended and rested upon Grace, so much did she resemble her in form and manner. Commanding himself with an effort, he said:

"Indeed, I had not anticipated such a pleasure this evening. But how should I know you? I left you a little girl, and now you are a tall young lady."

"But you did not suppose I was always going to remain a little girl, did you? It is four years since you left Elmwood."

"I know it is; but I should not have thought that four years could have made so great a change in any one. But how came you here? Where are your friends?"

"I came with Mrs. Livingston and Edith. They are in the next room. Shall we go to them?"

Delano drew her arm within his own, and made his way through the crowd with mingled emotions. Edith was standing in the midst of a circle of admirers, looking more beautiful than ever. She had heard much of Delano since their arrival in London, and was not ignorant of his position at Sir Charles Ashley's, and she was eager to recognize the slight connection in their families, and claim him as a relative. When, therefore her eye caught sight of Grace, leaning upon the arm of a tall, elegant-looking gentleman, she knew at once who it must be, and was prepared to greet him with her sweetest smile.

"Edith," said Grace, "will you allow me to introduce you to Mr. Delano?"

"Cousin Percival! is it possible that it is you? Indeed, I am delighted to meet you here; it is so refreshing to meet a well-known face in a foreign land; and that, too, a near friend."

"It is always pleasant to meet with friends, Miss Livingston, and especially so where we least expect to find them," he replied.

If he had a deeper meaning than was at first apparent, Edith was too much engrossed with her own thoughts to perceive it. Turning to her mother, who was seated behind her, she said:

"Mother, do you not remember cousin Percival Delano?"

It happened that Mrs. Livingston had just been inquiring of a distinguished gossip concerning Sir Charles Ashley. She had learned that he was immensely wealthy, without a living relative in the world; and that it was currently reported that Delano was his intended heir. She therefore recognized him without the least difficulty, and making room for him by her side, she said:

"I am indeed happy to meet you here; and trust you will have compassion on me, and sometimes relieve me of the necessity of constantly attending Edith; it has already nearly turned my poor republican head, this dissipation; and the season has just commenced."

"I shall be most happy to relieve you of your charges at any time," said Delano, glancing at Grace. "Do you propose spending the winter in London?"

"I shall leave that for Edith to decide. It is for her benefit that I have undertaken so formidable a tour."

A general movement towards the dancing saloon now left Delano alone beside Mrs. Livingston. He longed to ask concerning Clara, but he felt that this was not the place in which to linger over her sacred memory.

"Since Clara's death," continued she, "Edith has been quite depressed, and I hoped a change of scene might benefit her."

"Was Clara's death unexpected to you?" asked Delano.

"O, no. She faded away very slowly. At first she seemed to lose her interest in the world, and seemed to feel a conviction that she was hastening to the tomb; but looked forward to it as a place of rest. We sought every means in our power to dispel her melancholy, but it was all of no avail; she gradually slipped away from us, and after an illness of three years she died. It is now more than a year since her death, and we have been so entirely secluded, that I feared the effect upon Edith."

"She is fortunate in having Grace to supply in some measure the place of her sister," remarked Delano.

"Ah, yes; but Grace was never a favorite of Edith's. Clara was very strongly attached to her, and through all her sickness, Grace was her constant companion and confidant."

"Is not Grace a relative of yours? I have always seen her whenever I have visited at your house?"

"O, no; not a relative. She came to us when a mere infant, and our house has always been her home. She is an orphan. Her father was a very dear friend of my brother's, and dying,

left his wife to his care. She lived but a short time, and died, leaving a helpless infant. At the earnest entreaties of my brother, I undertook to rear her. Clara soon became tenderly attached to her, and Grace has received every advantage of education, as though she were our own. She has a fine voice and an exquisite ear for music. We intend, upon our return home, to let her exercise her talent in some capacity, for her own benefit."

"You will still keep her under your care, shall you not?" asked Delano.

"Perhaps so," replied Mrs. Livingston. "She is young to enter the world alone as yet; and she is quite useful to Edith."

The return of the dancers now put an end to the conversation. Delano proposed calling at Portman Square on the ensuing day, and taking them to see some of the wonders of London, to which they gladly assented. Soon after, Mrs. Livingston's carriage was announced as being ready, and they departed.

"Mother, why cannot Grace finish that piece of embroidery this morning, instead of going out with us?" said Edith. "I am really in want of that handkerchief, it is such a beautiful pattern."

"She can, to be sure," replied her mother. "I will send for her, and tell her."

Grace answered the summons.

"Grace," said Mrs. Livingston, "you do not care about going to ride this morning, do you? You must not expect to spend all your time. Edith wishes for that handkerchief very much, and it is not nearly done."

"O, I can finish that this evening very easily, after we return. I should, indeed, like to see London," said Grace, softly.

"But you will have other opportunities," said Edith. "Beside, Mr. Delano will not expect us all to go; there will not be room in the carriage."

Grace was busily working upon the much-desired handkerchief, and quietly seating herself, she wondered how Edith could contrive to fill a carriage with three persons. They had gone to prepare for the ride, and she was left alone. It was not the first time that her happiness had been sacrificed to Edith's selfishness; but she felt this keenly, and in spite of her efforts to choke them back, the tears rained down her cheeks, and fell upon her work. Her mind was filled with bitter thoughts, and she heeded not that the door bell had rung, and that Delano stood at the door, looking thoughtfully upon her. She was seated upon an ottoman in the recess of a large bay-window; the muslin curtains hung

in snowy clouds above her head; her soft brown hair fell round her neck and shoulders like a veil, as she bent over her work. He could scarcely believe that this was not Elmwood, and that the picture before him was not Clara as he last saw her. After observing her for a few minutes, he walked slowly up to her. Grace started and blushed deeply when she saw him. She feared that he would suspect the true cause of her tears, and she was ashamed to appear so childish.

"Will not Miss Ashley favor us with her company this morning?—or does she prefer to contemplate the beauties of her own creation?" said he, pointing to the delicate wreaths in her embroidery.

"O, no; thank you. I should be very glad to go, but it is not convenient this morning."

Delano glanced from her work to her tear-stained eyes, and guessed the truth. Turning impatiently, and walking to the window, he muttered: "Will Edith sacrifice another to her detestable pride!"

"I am disappointed that you cannot go," said he, returning and seating himself by her side. "I had promised myself the pleasure of pointing out to you some of the beauties of London this morning."

He spoke in a low, kind tone, which touched the spring of pent-up grief in her heart, and it burst forth in a torrent of tears. At that moment Mrs. Livingston and Edith returned, all equipped for the ride. An angry flush rose to Edith's face as she entered, but Delano hurried forward to prevent an explanation as to the cause of Grace's tears. Mrs. Livingston, however, lingered behind a moment, and said:

"Grace, how absurd you are. I'm ashamed of you."

Gradually her tears ceased to flow. Busily her fingers plied the needle; flowers, buds, leaves of forget-me-nots grew with astonishing rapidity on Edith's elegantly-wrought handkerchief. Now soft smiles steal over her face. How kindly he spoke, thought she. Was it pity, because she was a poor, dependent orphan? No, he had said that he was disappointed because she could not go. Would he—could he ever love her?—he, so noble, gifted, handsome. O, how she could love him if she dared! But Edith might love him, too; and she was so beautiful and dignified; and yet something told her that Edith, with all her proud beauty, could never please him.

Faster, faster flew the little fingers; brightly through the long silken curls bloomed the roses on her cheeks; one bud, one leaf, one flower

more, and now 'tis done. Grace springs from her low seat just as the carriage drives up.

"Returned so soon," murmured she; "and he is not coming in."

"Here are some flowers which Mr. Delano sent you to stop your crying, I suppose," said Mrs. Livingston, handing her a splendid bouquet.

"Grace," said Edith, unfolding the handkerchief which she had just laid on the table, "I hope in future you will work in your own room, unless you are sent for to come into the parlor. I was quite ashamed of you this morning."

"Mrs. Livingston sent for me, or I should not have been here," said Grace, coloring deeply. "O, how beautiful!" she could not help exclaiming, as she examined the flowers, and inhaled their delicious perfume. "I must put them in some water, and keep them as long as possible," thought she, as she passed out to go to her room.

There was a sudden paleness over Edith's face, as her eyes followed Grace; a trembling of the delicate nostrils, and an impatient stamp of the foot, as through her whitelips hissed, "*to her!*"

Week after week glided by, and Delano was an almost daily visitor at Portman Square. Sometimes he brought bouquets of the choicest flowers, and sometimes baskets of the most delicious fruits, at the request of Sir Charles, to his American friends. Each time Edith's eye grew brighter; her step assumed a prouder air as she received them from his hands; and each time Grace blushed deeper as he pressed her hand at parting.

Sir Charles had often sent pressing invitations to Mrs. Livingston and the young ladies to visit Ashley Hall; and now, as they were getting tired of London excitement, she resolved to spend a week or two there before going to the continent. Edith, however, wished to remain in London until the last of the Almacks, which was to come off the ensuing week. It was to be the most brilliant party of the season, and Edith resolved not to be outshone in splendor. She resolved, too, that if by any plausible means she could prevent it, Grace should not go; not that she feared any rivalry in her ornaments—O, no, it was the entire absence of them, the simple, unaffected *naïveté* in Grace's manner, of which she particularly feared the power over one heart; that heart, it was her earnest, all absorbing desire to lay at her own feet.

Observing that Grace was preparing her simple dress for the evening, on the day of the party, Edith said, abruptly:

"Grace, you do not intend to appear in that dress at this party, I hope?"

"Yes, I think it is the prettiest one I have," said Grace.

"Then why, if you intended to go, did you not prepare yourself with something decent? I should be ashamed to acknowledge you as one of our party, so plainly dressed."

"O, you know I do not care so much for dress as you do; and I should scarcely expect to be noticed at all in so large and brilliant a party," answered Grace.

"I should think you would shrink from observation as much as possible, if you do go in such plight," replied Edith, tartly, as she passed out; and entering her mother's room, she said: "Mother, cannot you find some excuse for keeping Grace at home this evening? I have particular reasons for not wishing her to go."

After a few moments' reflection, Mrs. Livingston replied:

"Leave it all to me, my dear. I think it best she should not go to-night."

Edith retired to prepare herself for the party, with an exulting smile of pleasure wreathing her rosy lips.

Grace did not consider the plainness of her dress a sufficient inducement to remain at home, and went on preparing it without regarding Edith's advice. She had nearly completed her toilet; the soft, fleecy folds of her white muslin dress floated about her slender form like a cloud, revealing glimpses of a snowy neck and arms, over which her long bright curls were falling, one by one, as she twined them round her tiny fingers.

"Miss Grace," said Edith's dressing-maid, opening her door, "Mrs. Livingston wishes to see you in her own room."

"Tell her I will come in one moment," said Grace, fastening a bunch of moss rose-buds in her bosom.

Mrs. Livingston was leaning back in a soft velvet-cushioned chair, with her head resting upon one hand, while in the other she held a vinaigrette, as Grace entered.

"I'm sorry to deprive you of your anticipated pleasure," said she, faintly; "but my head aches so severely that I do not like to be left alone, and I cannot ask Edith to stay with me, she dotes so much upon this party."

"Is Jenny going with Edith this evening?" asked Grace.

"No. Jenny has been running of errands and working so busily all day for Edith, that she gave her permission to go out this evening before she knew of my indisposition; and I suppose she has gone."

"No, she has not gone," replied Grace; "but

I will not leave you, if you prefer that I should remain."

"Thank you. Just bring me some cold water and bathe my forehead, now. I shall retire soon, and then you can read or amuse yourself as you like."

Grace proceeded to do as she was desired, with a deep sigh, which was apparently unnoticed by Mrs. Livingston. Edith looked in a moment when she was ready. She had never appeared more beautiful; so thought her gratified mother—so thought Grace, sadly.

Her dress was of the richest white satin, with a deep flounce of point lace. Above, a narrower one was fastened on each side with bouquets of flowers; a berth of the same rich lace fell from her graceful shoulders, and was also fastened with flowers. Her black, satin-like hair was slightly puffed and fastened in a Grecian knot behind her head; while her soft, white arms were clasped with bracelets, crusted with pearls and rubies. A splendid medallion of diamonds was suspended by a delicate gold chain round her slender throat, and rose and fell with every breath upon her snowy bosom. From the reflection of her own loveliness in her mirror, she had unconsciously assumed a gentler manner and sweet expression, which rendered her indeed radiantly beautiful.

"I hope you do not suffer much, mama," said she, softly.

"O, no; do not let it trouble you, my dear. I shall soon be better with Grace's nursing, I dare say."

Edith tripped lightly down stairs, and entered the carriage with a beating heart.

It was rather late when Grace had finished the last little act of kindness for Mrs. Livingston, and sat by her bedside until she had fallen into a quiet slumber. She felt too sad and lonely to read, and going down to the parlor she seated herself at the piano. She was passionately fond of music, and it had never failed to soothe her and charm away sad thoughts. She sang some soft plaintive airs until she became calm; then turning to a wild, thrilling ballad of a wandering minstrel girl in search of her parents, from whom she had been stolen when a child, she sang it with such power and feeling, that the tears were falling from her own eyes, when an exclamation behind her, made her start from her seat with a thrill of terror.

"Mr. Delano!—you here? I thought you were at the party. Edith depended upon meeting you. She is alone."

"I know it, Grace. I have been there, and will return in time to attend Edith home. But I

had something to say to you to-night, which I could not persuade myself to defer longer. Will you listen to me?" said he, stooping down and taking both her hands, and gently leading her to a seat. "I never understood my own heart so well as just now, when I exchanged the dazzling, bewildering scene which I have just left, for this peaceful quiet; and all those gay, brilliant world-worshippers for one gentle girl, whose sweet voice has filled my heart with rapture. No, Grace, I do not love the resorts of the gay world—I would rather spend my life away from all its excitements, in the midst of Nature's rural beauties, with one whose fond, loving voice should gladden me with its music. Say, Grace, will you be that one? Need I tell you how much I love you?" But Grace's face was buried in her hands, and the bright drops were gushing through her tiny fingers. If she had wept so a little while ago with sympathy for the poor wandering orphan-girl, she now wept with fulness of joy that she could make his happiness, that she could lay her head on that noble, manly heart, and say that its priceless wealth was hers. It was too great a joy, and she could only weep.

"I must ask you to make great sacrifices," he continued. "I have promised Sir Charles that I will never leave him, and in his feeble state of health I could not leave him, even to attend you, should you wish to return to America. Can you give up your friends, your home, and all, for me?"

"Most willingly," said Grace, looking up with tearful, joyful eyes.

Delano returned in season to lead Edith to the carriage, and accompany her home. They made arrangements to visit Ashley Hall on the ensuing day.

It was late when they assembled for breakfast on the next morning, and then the anxieties of preparation for their visit to Ashley so engrossed Mrs. Livingston's thoughts, that she did not observe the languid depression in Edith's manner, or the happiness which was glowing in every feature of Grace's expressive face. O, how her heart bounded as the carriage stopped at the door, and Delano, springing out, greeted her with a loving smile! It was a glorious day; and although the grass was dry as crisp on hill and meadow, and the trees stretched forth their leafless branches in the golden sunlight, yet to Grace's eye never was landscape more beautiful. And when at length they entered the long sweep which led in the form of a semi-circle from the main road to Ashley Hall, and thence into it again, Edith was as eager as any to catch the first view of the grand old edifice. From a cer-

tain turn in the road, the old Hall was seen to the best advantage, and Delano was anxious that Grace should receive the first impressions of her future home from this point. Accordingly, when they arrived there, he ordered the carriage to be stopped and turned round, so as to give the party a fair view. There it stood, towering up above the leafless trees; gray, quaint and picturesque enough to suit the most poetic imagination. Grace was in extacies. She had always a strong *penchant* for old, crumbling, ivy-wreathed castles and their mystic legends.

Sir Charles received them with that warm, graceful cordiality so characteristic of an English gentleman of the old school. Holding both of Grace's hands in his, and looking tenderly in her face, he said :

"Do you know, Miss Ashley, that you are my namesake? I must investigate your ancestry, and see if you are not a blossom on the same branch."

The tears came into her eyes as she thought how little she knew or could tell him of her parents or ancestors.

After a few hours spent in agreeable conversation, Delano proposed entertaining them with some of the beauties of the old Hall, to which they all delightedly assented.

Sir Charles was one of the few, so rarely to be met with, who had preserved to old age a love of the beautiful in all the delicacy and freshness of youth. Having nothing upon which to place his affections, it had been his delight to surround himself with the choicest specimens of art, in the shape of pictures, statuary, and gems in endless variety.

After passing through various apartments, each of which Grace thought more beautiful than the last, they entered the picture gallery. It was a long apartment, extending the entire length of the hall upon one side. The light was admitted at the top through delicately-stained glass, shedding a soft, rosy light over walls of gorgeous pictures in richly-gilded frames.

Grace had lingered behind the rest of the party to examine an exquisite piece of statuary. At length she entered; raising her eyes to the walls, they were instantly fastened upon a large, elegant portrait of a military officer. Suddenly her face became white as the little statuesque which she had just left. She stood for some minutes gazing with her clasped hands raised towards the picture; then tottering forward, with a faint cry, she fell to the floor.

"Grace! Grace! my dearest one, tell me what has so disturbed you?" said Percival,

raising her in his arms, and bearing her to a sofa. "Speak, my own beloved one," said he, unmindful of all those who had gathered round them. "Tell me what has caused this?"

Slowly Grace's large eyes opened again. "Tell me," asked she, "who is that?" pointing to the picture on which she had been gazing.

"'Tis my son, Captain Ashley," answered Sir Charles.

"And this is my father," said Grace, drawing from her bosom a small miniature, an exact counterpart of the portrait, and placing it in his hand.

"Where got you this—tell me?" asked Sir Charles, in a trembling voice. "Is it possible that he left a child, and I have been ignorant of it all these years?"

Mrs. Livingston proceeded to give him the history of Grace, adding: "This is, indeed, a picture of her father, which I received from my brother at the same time I received her, with the strict injunction to preserve it for her as her only inheritance."

"My child! My child!" said the old man, folding Grace in his arms, "why, O, why, have I not known this before? What years of anguish should I have been spared with you to have filled the void in my aching heart. These old eyes which had shed their last tears over lost ones, are dimmed with joy at finding a new treasure." Then holding her from him, and looking in her face with the tenderest interest, he said: "You are indeed, like my lost son. This then accounts for the deep interest I have felt in you from the first moment I saw you."

Grace was too much overcome to speak or manifest any emotion, excepting the look of deep, heartfelt gladness which was beaming in her moistened eyes.

"This happiness I owe to you, Delano," said Sir Charles; "you found my treasure, and brought her to my very arms; how shall I cancel all my debts to you?"

"Perhaps I shall claim your treasure myself, as my reward. Should I be presumptuous?"

"Ah, indeed, what says my Grace herself?" said he, looking down into her now glowing face. "If you have her approval, which I do not doubt, nothing would give me greater pleasure than thus to repay you, always remembering that you are never to desert your old friend."

While the events we have just related were transpiring, Edith had passed quietly out of the library, and meeting the housekeeper in the hall, requested to be shown to her dressing-room. Shutting the door, she clasped her hands wildly over her eyes as if to shut out some painful

vision, and threw herself upon a couch, with a low, bitter cry of agony. When an hour after, her mother entered the room, she lay in the same attitude, her face buried in the cushions.

"Edith, my dear, are you ill?" asked she, raising her head with gentle force; "it is time you were dressed for dinner."

"O mother, mother!" she moaned, "cannot we go away from this place? why did you come here? I cannot go down and meet them now—indeed, I cannot."

"My dear Edith, cannot you overcome this fancy? Think of your station, and let pride sustain you until we can leave without exciting remark."

"Alas, what is pride, station, when the heart is crushed! Grace, without either, has triumphed over me and blasted my happiness forever."

"Do not say so, you will soon forget this fancy when we are far away. No one suspects your feelings, I am confident; and you have only to appear calm and self-possessed, and all will be well."

After much persuasion and entreaty on the part of Mrs. Livingston, Edith finally succeeded in regaining her calmness so far as to appear at dinner. She was very pale and silent, but her mother excused it, attributing it to fatigue. And indeed, no apology was necessary; so interested and absorbed were all parties in their newly discovered connections, that they had no thought to spare upon the appearance of others.

After a week of misery which it was becoming more difficult for her to conceal, Edith insisted that they should return to London; but Percival and Grace were anxious that they should remain until after the wedding, for which an early day had been set. And Mrs. Livingston could not refuse Sir Charles's earnestest treaties that she would direct the preparations for Grace's marriage. As they must necessarily be much in London to complete these arrangements, Edith had sufficient excuse for no longer prolonging her visit at Ashley Hall.

At length all was completed, and amidst a brilliant party of friends assembled on the occasion, Grace, the poor dependent orphan, became the lady of Ashley Hall.

Once more returned to Elmwood, Edith sought in the most complete seclusion to hide her mortification from the world. And in the same scenes where a few years before, Clara, like a broken lily, had faded away, with the same deep and hopeless love buried in her heart, Edith lived, her life's happiness a sacrifice to her pride.

I SAT THINKING.

BY WAT MOTLEY.

I sat thinking—idly dreaming
Of the friends my heart once knew,
Till my fancy brought their beaming,
Laughing faces back to view.
Olden pleasures, scenes of childhood,
Passed before in shadowy train;
Till I roamed once more the wildwood,
And I was a boy again.

Back through years of sin and sorrow,
O'er bright hopes that could not last,
Till my heart did eager borrow
Sunlight from the buried past—
As these phantoms by me glided,
In the twilight dimly there,
I heard again the voice, that guided
Mine so oft in infant prayer.

Quickly turning, to be grasping
Her pure hand within my own,
Naught before me—nothing clasping
For the vision fair had flown.
O my mother, years may vanish,
Disappear in time's dark sea;
Naught of earthly grief can banish
Thy remembrance dear from me.

HITTIE LYON'S DEMONSTRATION.

BY ARTHUR LESLIE.

Among all the expedients which have at various times been adopted by wives to cure their husbands of fault, we know of none more pardonable than the one adopted by Hittie Lyon. Hittie was only twenty years old, and so gentle and mild was she that no one of her acquaintance ever dreamed that she could maintain for a moment any opposition to one whom she loved; and that she loved her husband truly and fondly everybody within ten miles of her home knew. Consequently the idea that she could ever hold out in opposing any fault of his seemed so absurd that nobody entertained it. But then George Lyon had no faults—at least, so thought most of his friends. He was not over four-and-twenty—a noble-hearted, honest youth—and had been in business just two years; and by his industry, perseverance, and rational frugality, he had already added much to the store his wealthy father had given him. But then he knew that his sweet wife had much to do with his prosperity, and this was one reason why his love grew stronger every day.

"George," said his wife, as they sat alone in their cozy sitting-room one evening, "you have but one fault that I could wish cured."

"Ah?" uttered the husband, raising his eyes in smiling surprise.

"One fault, George," resumed Hittie.

"I am all ears."

"You *will* continue to use those silly expletives—those meaningless by-words; and sometimes you let words slip from your tongue that come under the head of a worse denomination. Even in company, George, you let such words escape you."

"But, my watchful sprite, you would not curtail me of the luxury of a few simple *emphasizers*, would you?" And George laughed as he spoke.

"I would not deprive you of anything that could possibly add to your joy or comfort," replied Hittie, soberly.

"And I assure you, love, that these little expletives do add much to my comfort."

"Last night, George, you told Stickney, in the presence of quite a company, that it was '*devilish cold*!'"

"Ha, ha, ha—so I did; and now just tell me what other word could have fitted in there so nicely?"

"The state of the atmosphere last night might have been better explained by saying, it was quite cool. But very cold would convey all you could wish to mean."

"Pooh! Thunder! What's the use. Deuce take it—a fellow must have some liberty of tongue."

"But, surely, George, you do not realize how bad it sounds."

"But I tell you these little expletives are absolutely necessary to give ease to my meaning."

"But your profanity, George?"

"Now don't be silly, Hittie."

"Only answer me one question, and I won't trouble you any more," said the wife, while a curious light danced in her eyes.

"Go ahead."

"Do you really think that these vulgarisms—these by-words, and slang expletives, are useful? Do they make your speech easier?"

"Most surely they do."

"Then why mayn't I try it?"

"You?" uttered the young man, looking into his wife's pretty face, as though he wondered how such words could be possibly formed on such sweet lips.

"Yes; for I should really like to know how it is. I should dislike to be debarred from possessing any of the real facilities of conversation."

"O, go ahead. 'Pon my soul, I should laugh to hear you practise."

"Should you?"

"I should, by thunder!"

Hittie smiled, and then went and laid her infant into its cradle. The husband resumed his

paper, and when the conversation was taken up again it took another turn.

On the third evening from that, George Lyon and his wife made part of a bridal party. The assembly was numerous, and of choice spirits from the world of moderate, modest fashion. George was soon rattling away in his usual volatile style, and as Hittie passed near him she heard the odious expletives dropping from his lips in plenteous profusion. No common, lexicographic adjective would suit his purpose.

"Ah," cried Lionel Stickney, "here goes Hittie herself, and we'll appeal to her."

"What is it?" asked the young wife, stopping and facing the party with whom her husband was conversing. There were seven of them—young men—who did her reverence for her beauty and worth, and who envied George Lyon the prize he had gained.

George's eyes sparkled with a look of pride as he saw his companions gazing with true modest admiration upon his beautiful wife, and he moved back a little so that she might have more room. But she did not look upon him.

"What is it, Mr. Stickney?" she repeated, after a moment's hesitation.

"We were just discussing the comparative merits of Saratoga and Newport as summer resorts. Your husband says Saratoga is the most delightful—we say Newport. Now we want your opinion?"

For a moment there was a cloud upon Hittie's brow, and a slight tremor in her frame, as though she shrank from something she had either seen or heard—or, perhaps, from some image in her own mind. But she was soon calm again, and with a strange air she replied:

"Pooh! Newport is the best, by a *thundering sight*! Saratoga can't hold a candle to it! Give me the fresh sea-breeze for these *almighty* hot days in summer! Saratoga! Why, *deuce* takes it, I wouldn't be hired to spend a season of hot weather there—no, not by a *jug full*!"

It was some moments before any one answered, for they were all confounded by this extraordinary speech. There were women who would not have surprised them by such a course of remark, but from gentle Hittie Lyon, it came like a thunder-bolt from the soft, cloudless twilight. Poor George was fairly astounded. He had heard females use such words before, and he remembered how he had despised them for it. But Stickney "smelt the truth" very quickly. There was something in the strange light of Hittie's eyes as she cast a quick, furtive glance at her husband, that opened the truth to his mind, and with a smile he said:

"Thank you, Mrs. Lyon. I knew your good sense would place you on our side."

"Of course," responded Hittie. "I like Newport the best—I do, *by the salvation of Israel!* (that was one of George's favorite expletives.) The cool sea-breeze comes with such a *deuced* fine effect. 'Tisn't at all like the confounded hot hole at Saratoga!"

With these words Hittie turned away, for she knew she could stand no longer such an ordeal.

Never was man more distressed than was poor George Lyon. He was pale and trembling, and he knew not what to say. Lionel Stickney was just turning away, and as the young husband saw the movement he caught him by the arm.

"Step—stop, one moment!" he gasped. "By heav— No, I wont use that word; but you shall know the truth. You shall not go away with the impression that Hittie has become so—so—vulgar. She spoke those words for me—for me alone—to cure me of the same habit she would imitate. But if you love me, do not speak of it."

They all promised they would not, and George felt somewhat relieved. But he was not happy. The words he had heard from his wife's lips rang in his ears, and grated harshly upon his feelings. When he had become more calm he wondered if he ever used such language. At first it seemed impossible that he could ever have made such a fool of himself. But he was not long in arriving at the fact that he not only used just such words, but many a great deal worse.

A few hours later, and George Lyon and his wife were sitting in their own room. Not a word had yet been spoken by either since they left the party. Hittie was working with all her power to compose herself to speak, and at length she believed she had succeeded. She looked up into her husband's face and commenced:

"Well, George, I have tried your manner of expressing opinions, and I must say that I think it a very handy way of giving weight to—to—of giving—point—to—"

But she could not go on. She knew how deeply her husband had been wounded by her experiment, and she wished she had not tried it. She saw how grieved he looked now, and with one or two ineffectual attempts to proceed she gave up, and burst into tears. Her husband moved quickly to her side and placed his arm about her neck.

"O, forgive me!" she murmured. "Forgive me, George. I am sorry now I did it."

"But I am not sorry," cried the husband, moved more by this last proof of his wife's affection than by anything else. "I am not sorry,

for I know now how foolish I have been. I never realized before how such things sounded. Look up, Hittie, and when you hear me use these slang phrases and words again you may repeat your experiment."

"But your friends—"

"They know all, for I explained it to them; and be sure they honor you none the less for it."

So Hittie Lyon's eyes were soon dried, and she was happy as she could be. She had used her first and last slang expletives, and if the demonstration had cost her a few moments of pain and mortification, she was richly repaid for the ordeal, for never again did she hear her husband use those too common terms which are but a jar and discord in any decent conversation.

A RACE IN A CROWDED CITY.

A curious scene occurred in California a few weeks since. A large flock of very wild and dirty sheep were being landed from a coaster at one of the wharves. They had been shut up in the vessel's dark hold for more than two days previous, and their rejoicing at the light and fresh air, and their wonder at finding themselves transported to the crowded streets of a populous city, may be more easily imagined than described. Huddled together on the end of the wharf, they swayed to and fro, with their big eyes opened wide with astonishment. Finally, the father of the flock, a grim-looking, black old patriarch, of exceeding size and remarkable agility, led the way for a stampede, and charged with railway velocity down the wharf. The balance of the flock kept close at the heels of the "locomotive mutton," and away they went, leaping over everything which came in their path—barrels, boxes, bales, dogs and men. Such a race was never before seen in San Francisco; and all the time the old black ram, like a veritable imp of darkness, kept at their head and led them on to bolder adventures and more daring deeds. It was not until they had made the tour of several streets that their masters succeeded in heading them off and placing an effectual restraint upon their buoyant spirits and agile limbs.—*Ledger*.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

"That's a homo pathic man," said Mrs. Partington to Ike in Faneuil Hall, at the celebration recently, as she pointed to a large and fine looking man standing near them. Ike did not wish to be interrupted just then, as he had his mouth full of pound cake and stewed oysters, and was ogling a pyramid of ice cream. "That's a homo pathic man," said she, "and how thankful we should be to Dr. Harnemann, that he invented the little pills, for what in heaven's name should we do if a doctor like that should give pills according to his size!" She stopped short, attracted by the mention of her name by a friend who wished to introduce her to a gentleman from the country, while Ike pursued his researches into the homœopathic viands, with two strong suspicions of oranges in his pockets, and three waiters watching him.—*Post*.

THAT SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE HILL.

BY ALBERT O. CLOUGH.

Dost remember, dost remember,
That old school-house on the hill?
And the green sward gently sloping,
To the little sparkling rill
That went purling through the valley,
And the cooling forest shade,
Where, in hours of sunny childhood,
With glad beating hearts we strayed?

O the merry light of childhood,
That was beaming in each eye,
And the hours that fleddest noiseless
As a cloudlet in the sky—
Have they passed like some lone wanderer
To the valley of the tomb?
Or, like some sweet bud of promise,
Gone, ere nurtured into bloom?

Can no echo of the absent
Wake some old familiar strain,
Or the music of those voices
Greet our hearts no more again?
Shall we look on that sweet spring-time,
As the morning of a day,
That flashed forth its sunny beauties
But to pass in gloom away?

Ah, how does my spirit linger
On those blessed moments now;
When a shadow o'er life's sunshine,
Flings its gloom upon my brow.
For I know what joys would cluster there,
How all my heart would thrill,
If our footsteps now were wending
To that school-house on the hill.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS FITZGERALD:

— OR, THE —

ROMANTIC GENTLEMAN.

BY WM. B. JOHNSTONE.

"LINDA SOMERSWORTH! A romantic name truly. If the bearer of it fulfils all my expectations, I shall be a happy man indeed. Linda Somersworth! beautiful, exquisitely so. I already imagine her a divinity," and the romantic Mr. Adolphus Gustavus Fitzgerald walked toward the small mirror his lodgings in the country inn afforded, and surveyed his really fine face with a degree of complacency rarely observable, adjusted the "hyacinthine locks" that shaded his brow, and stroked with much satisfaction the silken moustache that just served to conceal the finely-curved lip, and by its jetty hue render still whiter the regular and pearl-like teeth. Mr. Fitzgerald was an eminently handsome man. He had a tall, symmetrical figure, graceful carriage, and a magnificent bow (if there was any

fault, it was too magnificent). His features were regular, his eyes fine, black and brilliant, his complexion dark, almost to a foreign shade; his whiskers and moustache and glossy hair faultless in style, and his smile most irresistibly fascinating.

Joined to these outward attractions, he possessed a mind and heart naturally good, a nature of native nobleness, but he had had the misfortune to be the only child of very romantic people, and who in the fullness of sentimentality gave him his high-sounding name, and instilled into his young mind the conviction that he was born to be the hero of romance. Had he lived in the days of chivalry, he would have made a most gallant and devoted knight; as it was, he became merely an exquisite gentleman. He received a liberal education, travelled in Europe, and gathered much valuable information. He might have learned more had he possessed a smaller quantity of romance. When he returned to America, it was to find both parents deceased, and himself the adopted heir of a wealthy bachelor uncle.

This uncle was the very antipodes of his nephew. He was a most matter-of-fact personage, dwelt in an easy, comfortable style, in the mansion of his ancestors, and his greatest foible, perhaps, was his family pride. He turned to derision all his nephew's high-flown sentiments, interrupted his most exquisite wanderings to the "land of romance," and finally went so far as to actually propose that this same nephew should marry the daughter of a very wealthy farmer in Ohio.

Marry a farmer's daughter! The delightful, the exquisite Adolphus Gustavus Fitzgerald marry plain Elizabeth Jones, the daughter of farmer Jones, of Ohio! The thought was preposterous. But Uncle Tilden was inexorable.

"You haven't seen her yet," said he. "How do you know you will not like her?"

"But, uncle, her name!"

"A very good name. I wish yours was half as good. Your mother was foolish to give you such a nonsensical jingling of names. Better called you plain Jonas or Simon. But you need not say any more, only if you have lost your heart to any of the Matildas and Arabellas of your imagination, just summon it back again, for I'm determined upon your fancying Lizzie. When I'm resolved upon anything, I generally accomplish it."

Adolphus knew this, still his repugnance to Elizabeth Jones's name hourly increased.

"Lizzy is coming to New York with her father very soon, when I shall expect you to look

very favorably on her," said his uncle, leaving the room. Adolphus hummed an opera air, and mentally wished Lizzy Jones would stay content in Ohio.

The next day came a note, written on gilt-edged, perfumed paper, in an exquisitely fine hand, and directed to Mr. Adolphus Gustavus Fitzgerald. It was a few lines of highly wrought, romantic substance, requesting an interchange of sentiment, and signed Linda Somersworth.

Fitzgerald was in ecstasies. Now, indeed, had he found a kindred spirit, and the mystery of the affair enhanced its pleasure. He answered the missive as directed, earnestly imploring an interview. Anxiously he waited a reply. It came couched in the most elegant style, and bidding him seek the writer in the obscure village of C. This somewhat damped his ardor, for C—— was reputed to be a very unpleasant, rustic place, and he had no mind to try its discomforts. But he reflected that all heroes of romance had been obliged to brave many troubles and changes, to seek their lady-loves, and this gave him courage.

The charming Linda had designated her residence at a cottage at some distance from the village. Thither, after the most elaborate preparations, he directed his steps. But he found the way much longer than he had anticipated, and to add to this, were the puzzlings and very equivocal directions of the villagers. Several times he lost his path, and by mistaking some cross roads came back to the same point from which he had diverged. Then there had been a rain the day before, which had not improved the walking by any means. It was nearly noon, when tired and heated by his long pedestrian excursion, his clothes in a rather unrepresentable condition from sundry splashes of mud, his highly polished boots ditto, and his hat somewhat the worse for its intimate encounter with the pendant branches of the trees under which he had passed, our hero presented himself at "Daisy Valley Cottage," and timidly rapped for admittance. While waiting for an answer to his summons, he took a cursory glance at the premises.

The building certainly was a cottage. Its color was deep brown with age, the casements high and narrow, the roof mossy as the roofs of all cottages should be. A green grass plat extended in front, gradually sloping to the roadside, from which it was separated by two or three poplar trees. In the rear were glimpses of a large, farmer-like barn, two or three apple trees, and what appeared to be a small enclosure answering to the name of kitchen garden. There

were no "lovely parterres," no weeping willows with pendant arms, no vine-wreathed porticoes with singing birds, no music of purling brooks or gushing fountains.

Poor Adolphus! He was sadly disconcerted. Had he been a school-boy he would have cried with vexation. But there was a lady, the romantic "Linda Somersworth," and the thought of her revived his drooping spirits. A young girl with red hair, great, staring blue eyes, and a face very much freckled, opened the door. With some trepidation our hero inquired for Miss Somersworth.

"Yes, sir," responded the girl, "I'll go tell her you've come. She's been 'specting you. I 'spose you're the gentleman; I'll go right off and tell her you've come," and the damsel was about fulfilling her words, leaving Adolphus standing upon the threshold, when a faint, lady-like voice was audible.

"Meldora, bid the gentleman enter."

"Walk right in, sir, right in this way," said Meldora, with an apologetic air; and Fitzgerald found himself ushered at once into the presence of "Miss Linda Somersworth."

The young lady reclined in the most graceful manner upon a lounge. She wore a robe of cerulean blue, the sleeves of which were loose and flowing, revealing a finely rounded arm and a very white hand. A mantle of some thin gauze material was flung carelessly over her shoulders, and her hair, which was very luxuriant, and glossy as the raven's wing, fell in unconfined wavy tresses to her waist. A small table with books and a guitar stood near. She arose on Fitzgerald's entrance, and came languidly forward, daintily extending her hand.

"Have you indeed come, my spirit's ideal in material semblance?" she exclaimed.

Had Fitzgerald been less romantic, he would have noticed the mischievous twinkle in her deep, blue eyes as she uttered these words. He would also, with his natural perception, have marked the singularity of her very dark yet florid complexion in contrast with their hue. But now he only bowed profoundly and pressed the lady's hand to his lips. She begged him to be seated, and then commenced a most elaborate and highly-wrought speech. He mentioned his delays and inconveniences on the way, as a sort of apology for his rather inelegant appearance.

"Ah, do not speak of such common-place things. Romance has no vocabulary for them. O, my dear friend, I cannot describe to you the indescribable rapture, the unspeakable bliss that fills my heart, when I feel that I behold in you one who can fully appreciate all the refined sen-

sibilities of my nature; one who can wander with me over the green spots of earth, and gather the few sweets that abide in this subliminary existence—those blest gifts which only the sensitively exalted can perceive."

It would be useless to detail more of the lady's conversation. Fitzgerald had deemed himself, or rather had been deemed a very affable companion, one who had a ready flow of words and knew how to use them; but he was fairly non-plussed. He could find no response to the lady's high-flown remarks. At length he asked her to sing. She readily complied, and after a sort of wild prelude on the guitar, sang to a most *excruciating* melancholy strain, some long, barbarous words. He asked their meaning.

"It is the death song of the lovely Aspen Leaf, a beautiful Indian maiden who pined herself away for her faithless lover. Don't you think it enchanting?"

Fitzgerald was a young man of truth. He replied, however, that "not understanding the dialect, he could not tell."

"Ah, but you must know by the music, it is so sweetly melancholy. I am in raptures with sorrow, particularly *heart* sorrow. How delightful it must have been for that Indian maiden to have died of grief."

Fitzgerald was silent. The veil of romance was being removed from his eyes. His calmer, wiser thoughts were gaining ascendancy. He felt himself in a very ridiculous position, and heartily wished he was at home with his uncle. Elizabeth Jones's presence would be very tolerable. He was already concocting some plan of retreat, when the young lady called to Meldora, and requested some refreshments to be brought.

"I know of nothing so distressing as to be obliged to sit at table with a party of common persons," said Miss Somersworth. "Sleeping and eating will do well enough for the masses, but for the refined few, much of these annoyances is really unendurable. To some degree, as being mortal, we must submit; but I endeavor to approach as near ethereality as possible."

Meldora now entered bearing a small waiter, on which was a moss-basket of nuts, and a little goblet of honey. Her face wore the unmistakable evidence of a desire to laugh.

"Poor dinner for a gentleman that's walked three miles," she murmured, as she deposited the waiter before Miss Somersworth.

"I pray you, Mr. Fitzgerald, taste these nuts. They were gathered I assure you, by my own hand, on the mossy turf 'neath yonder stately chestnut tree, and the honey is delicious. It reminds one of what the nectar of Olympian

Jove must have been. It is wild honey, found in a hollow oak tree, and no doubt is the sweetness of the poetical thyme."

The afternoon waned, and Fitzgerald rose to go. His decision was taken.

"When shall I be so happy as to see you again?" inquired the lady.

Fitzgerald made a low bow.

"Excuse me, lady," he replied, "but I think of returning to the city to-morrow. Miss Somersworth," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "I feel it a duty I owe you to speak plainly. For a long time I have labored under a kind of hallucination. I have looked at all things of reality through the web of romance and sickly sentimentality, and have sighed that my lot was not cast amid other than the calm and peaceful scenes of my life; but now the veil is removed, and I clearly see my folly. I thank you for this change, and I ask your forgiveness for the readiness with which I acceded to your sentiments. Pardon me, that I cannot respond to them now, and permit me with most earnest wishes for your welfare, and the hope that you can yet find one who is able fully to appreciate your merits, to bid you adieu."

Fitzgerald did not wait for a reply. He thought the lady sank upon the lounge, but he looked not back, until some yards from the cottage.

Arrived at the village inn, he missed a diamond ring from his finger, and recollected handing it to the lady at her request, for inspection. He forgot to reclaim it. It was a valuable one, and he did not like to have its loss cap the climax to his ridiculous adventure.

Accordingly the next day he returned in quest of it. But the bird had flown, and all his inquiries elicited only ambiguous answers from Meldora. He returned to his uncle a wiser man.

He was too heartily ashamed of his adventure to explain it, but contented his uncle's inquiries by saying he had taken a trip into the country. But the old gentleman was not slow to observe the change in his nephew, and he made his own comments.

Toward the end of summer Mr. Jones and his daughter came to Uncle Tilden's. Elizabeth was a very pretty girl, and a good sensible one, too. She was not rustic, far from it; but she possessed a complete knowledge of domestic affairs—much to Uncle Tilden's delight—as well as French and music. The conclusion was that our hero really lost his heart, and found it only by the exchange of Lizzie's.

The day before their marriage, as they were sitting together in conversation, Fitzgerald recounted his adventure with "Miss Linda Somers-

worth." He even told of the loss of the diamond ring, and indulged in some bitter suspicions as to the fair parloiner's real character.

"Will you forgive me, if I tell you that I know all about that affair, and that the lady is a dear friend of mine? I shall not let you indulge such thoughts of her."

"You know her, how?"

"Wait a moment, and I will explain," returned Lizzy, quickly leaving the room.

In a few moments a lady entered, could it be, "Linda Somersworth!" Fitzgerald started to his feet. But it was her—her azure robe and gossamer scarf and long tresses, only her complexion had wonderfully changed from a dark brunette to Lizzie's own glowing blonde. And Lizzie's voice it was, too, that now exclaimed: "Forgive me, dearest, the deception I have practised, but I knew you not then. It was only to oblige your uncle, and have a little sport myself; besides, I felt a little piqued at your slight of my name and rusticity as a farmer's daughter."

"It is all so," said Uncle Tilden, now entering, "and you must forgive her right speedily, 'Dolph. She taught you a good lesson though."

Adolphus kissed Lizzie's blushing cheeks, and that carried promise of pardon.

"But the dark complexion, Lizzie?" he said.

"That was effected by a very simple wash of roots and bark," said she, laughing, and removing the false tresses that concealed her own sunny curls. At the same time she drew the diamond ring from her finger and proffered it to Adolphus. It was placed back again, and we believe never elicited farther inquiry.

"And now," said Uncle Tilden, that Adolphus Gustavus Fitzgerald has become a wise man, I propose he be to-morrow united to Miss Elizabeth Jones in matrimony's bonds, and that the married pair make a wedding tour to Daisy Valley Cottage."

HINDOO GIRLS AND THEIR ORNAMENTS.

The Calcutta Englishman, in noticing Capt. Sherwill's Geographical and Statistical report of the District of Bhangelpoor, makes the following extracts: "At Sohunnea, where there is a bungalow, I entered the market, at which there were several hundred men and women. It is really surprising to see the torture, for it can fall little short of such an infliction, the Southal women put themselves to in order to, as they imagine, adorn their bodies. Their arms, ankles and throats are each laden with brass or bell-metal ornaments. I had a quantity of these ornaments weighed, and found that the bracelets fluctuated from two to four pounds; the anklets four pounds each, and as a fully equipped belle carries two anklets, and perhaps twelve bracelets, and a necklace weighing a pound, the total

weight of ornaments carried on her person amounts to thirty-four pounds of bell metal—a greater weight than one of our drawing-room belles could well lift. Almost every woman in comfortable circumstances carries twelve pounds weight of brass ornaments upon her person." The *Englishman* adds: "It may seem absurdly foolish to us that pretty Southal girls should load themselves with brass ornaments, which it would be a punishment for a convict to wear; but the custom is not a more foolish one, in our opinion, than that by virtue of which young English ladies dance the Polka of May in India."

THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR.

The high mountains of California are frequented by a species of condor, which, although somewhat inferior in size to the condor of the Andes, is probably the largest bird to be found within the confines of the "Golden State." A full grown California condor measures upwards of thirteen feet from tip to tip of the wings, and when in its favorite element, the air, is as graceful and majestic as any bird in the world. They make their homes upon the ledges of lofty rocks, or in the old deserted nests of hawks and eagles, upon the upper branches of lofty trees. Their eggs are each about twelve ounces in weight, and are said to be excellent eating. The barrels of the wing-feathers of the condor are about four inches long, and three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and are used by the inhabitants of Northern Mexico to keep gold-dust in.—*San Francisco Herald*.

CHILDHOOD'S FAITH.

To the child everything is more real than to the man. But his timidity is equal to his audacity. Jack the Giant Killer assaults his nurse, but is afraid to go to bed in the dark. Audacity carries the day. It is because of their faith in everything that children are at once so audacious and so timid. Thus tenderness in criticism comes with years. The youth, fresh from his books, says, "Be good!" but the wiser elder says, "Be as good as you can." This is the splendid secret of youth, and the key to its career. Flouting experience, it says, "What is history to me, or I to history?" It goes out confidently with Beauty and Power. After a little while it says to Love, "What great hands you have!" who answers, "To hold the better;" to Beauty, "What great eyes you have!" who answers, "To see the better!" to Power, "What a great mouth!" who answers, "To swallow you up." In individuals, this passes away, but in a state it is hereditary.—*Curtis*.

BONNETS OFF THE HEAD.—The pretty little bonnets worn on the back of the head by ladies, originated, doubtless, in a generous desire to display the sunny faces of the ladies. But exposure to the full glare of sunlight causes contraction of the forehead, compression of the eyelids, distortion of the features, and produces permanent wrinkles and crowfeet. Rather than have that result, let us go back to the sugar scoops.

DREAMINGS.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

When gentle sleep hath bound me
 Within its silken chain,
 No harsh impress of pain,
 Or sorrow, broodeth o'er me!

No agonizing voices
 Float out upon the air,
 But all is bright and fair,
 At which my soul rejoices.

Then riseth the ideal
 My heart hath cherished long,
 And with seraphic song
 To me, becomes the real.

No shadowy faces beaming
 In beauty evanescent—
 Beneath the silver crescent,
 With pearly lustre gleaming—

N'er mock me in my vision;
 But forms divine—immortal,
 Attend the golden portal,
 Which opens to fields eternal.

Again the vision changeth!
 And earthly scenes arise;
 Beneath soft rosy skies
 The unshamed spirit rangeth,

Through fields of beauty wandeth;
 Where flowers of every hue,
 In rank luxuriance grow,
 And golden sunlight blendeth.

Thus, when sweet sleep hath bound me
 Within its silken chain,
 I live o'er scenes again,
 Which here below have charmed me.

TWO STRINGS TO A BOW.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

I HAD been all day reading a novel to my invalid brother. It was now in early twilight that I found myself seated by a window, looking towards the west, and watching the golden tinged clouds, which the setting sun had irradiated with such beauty that but one thought depressed me, and that was, my friend Maurice was not by my side to join in my enthusiastic delight. Why I should have desired his presence above all the many acquaintances to whom I was endeared, was a secret which I had not yet betrayed. I certainly had not known Maurice above a twelve-month, and I had not seen him above a dozen times in that period; for his visits to the Glen (which was the name of our home) had been mainly induced by business transactions with my father, yet it often oddly happened that the last train of cars had left before he closed

his engagement, and my father always urged it upon him to pass the night with us. By a singular coincidence every evening was a pleasant one, and generally the moon was in her full splendor, the air was balmy, and Maurice would propose a walk, which my politeness and inclination both favored.

At first, we only rambled a short distance to the bridge to see the cascade; but by degrees, as we became more acquainted, we extended our walks until we travelled, not so very far, but so very slow, that my father expressed some solicitude about us on our return; but Maurice always seemed desirous of making good the time he had given to me by being extremely agreeable to my parents on his return. Evidently they thought him a most fascinating young man; I need not tell what I thought.

At length the business transactions were closed, and there seemed no call for Maurice again to appear among us. He did not seem to grieve over the fact, but as he shook hands and bade us his farewell, he whispered in my ear, "If I should send you a letter, will you promise a reply?" I answered, somewhat ironically, "that will depend upon the contents of your epistle." "Very good," replied Maurice, and he again bowed his adieu.

How often, during the next fortnight, did I send to the post-office to inquire for a letter, and among the many packages addressed to my father, how eagerly I watched the opening of every one, thinking some one might be endorsed for myself. Two weeks had now passed, and I had held many a lonely reverie with myself whether Maurice really meant as he said, and if so, what would he dictate—was he really interested in my welfare, or had I any positive assurance that I was cared for? After many fruitless attempts to make out my own case just as it really stood with myself, Mr. Haynes, a student in my father's office, one day called me to his desk, and, as he began to look over his pile of letters, "here," said he, "is one in which mention is made of you, Bertha; just read the closing sentences." Why did I tremble so? How I hoped the student would not notice the pallor that came over my countenance as I read:

"Joel, you may say to Bertha, that I have been absent for the last few days, but that I am by no means unmindful of the last whisper I breathed in her ear. The image of that pleasant home is often before me; but I must be faithful to duty, and, if it were possible, I would marry two or three young ladies, for I scarcely know which I prefer."

"O, nonsense," replied Bertha, and so saying, she left the office, but not the thoughts which these sentences had enkindled. She took a long walk by the banks of the river, and there she conceived the plan of addressing Maurice before he should write her, and tell him at once that she refused any correspondence. She did not feel all was quite right—she was not quite sure he loved her only for the hour to flirt with, and now he was tampering with her affections, she would break the tie before it would require a greater effort to sunder it. Full of this determination, she returned home to execute her intentions; but just as she reached the threshold, the penny post produced a letter addressed to Bertha. It was the bold, graceful chirography of Maurice. Seizing it with haste, she rushed to her chamber, and quickly thrust it open. What a long document, thought Bertha. As she is reading, let us transcribe some of it, which she afterwards showed to us:

"MY DEAR GIRL,—I have tried to dictate a letter to you without a word of *love* in it. I did not mean to make a declaration in my first epistle; but when a subject is paramount in your thoughts, absorbing every other sentiment, how can you suppress it? Bertha, your intellectual culture, your calm reasoning, your agreeable conversation, in those long evening rambles, have left an impress upon my heart that time will never efface.

"I know I am unworthy of your regard; but you can, at least for the present, make me your *particular friend*. Think of me daily; confer with me upon all subjects, so that our intimacy may be yet more strengthened, even by absence. If you have a tender regard for me, you need not fear to declare it; every such declaration is kept by me as a profound secret. Write to me by returning mail, and believe me truly your

"MAURICE."

While Bertha was perusing this letter, another arrived from her old school companion, Sophia Newcombe. It relates so much to our narrative, that we must be pardoned for inserting it entire:

"MY DEAR BERTHA,—You know we promised to tell each other every thing, especially all our heart histories. Well, I have something rich to communicate at this time. Bertha, I have had *almost*, but not *quite*, an offer of marriage. My admirer is one of the most fascinating men you ever saw; he is tall, elegantly formed, of a fine, intellectual countenance, and overflowing with a merry heart. He has been out here upon some law business, and I was in-

troduced to him by the merest accident in the world; yet when I next met him, he recognized me at once, and as he was walking the same street, he went by my side, and I assure you, my vanity was a little raised by the attention. We next met in company; he attended me home, and during the court session, we became very intimately acquainted. I will not tell you his name, as I want you to see him for yourself.

"We correspond weekly, and I only regret that I did not better improve my time when at school in learning the art of letter writing, for he is really so full of rhetorical flourishes, and dashes on with such fine thoughts, that I am ashamed of those I send in return. Now, I wish you to come and make me a visit. I have fixed the time for the twenty-second of the month. You must obtain your parents' permission to accept the invitation.

"Truly, S. NEWCOMBE."

"What a singular coincidence is here," thought Bertha, as she threw down the letter, "that both of us should *almost* receive an offer of marriage at the same time."

Bertha read Maurice's letter for the fifth time! She did not believe Sophia Newcombe's admirer was half so gentlemanly and cultivated as hers; she thought how she would like to have it *accidentally* happen for her to go to her friend's upon a visit and then to have Maurice call upon her—they would compare notes then to some advantage. She had quite forgotten the resolution she formed two hours ago to abandon reciprocating thoughts by a correspondence. She had done Maurice injustice, for had he not been gone, and as soon as he returned, did he not promptly perform his engagement to write? He was an elegant young man, she never cared for one before, and surely, at sixteen it was not so very early to have one's affections enlisted. Aunt Patty was married at her age, and why should her parents be so full of cautiousness about her inquiring Maurice's character, before she wrote to him? At any rate, she would answer this letter, if no more.

And Bertha had no peace of mind until she made an effort to do so. But what should she say? that was a vexed question; so she concluded it should be non-committal, and she would advert to the past—their pleasant rambles—and the loneliness which his absence had occasioned her; and although she had the most resolute intention of concealing her personal interest in him, yet any slight knowledge of human nature would have betrayed the fact. Bertha was frank, open-hearted, and pure-minded—she

loved Maurice; she knew she did, or she would not think of him continually; and although she thought she had wonderfully concealed the fact, yet her parents knew it as well as she did.

The invitation from Miss Newcombe much pleased Bertha's parents, for they hoped a change of scene would dissipate her thoughts, and by mingling in other society, Maurice would become secondary in her esteem. There was no way, however, she could delicately allude to meeting Maurice at Mr. Newcombe's, and as it would be a rash act to invite him merely to show her model bean to Sophia, and contrast him with her's, she abandoned it at once, and did not announce to Maurice that she should leave home at all, as she expected to be absent but a few days.

How singularly events frequently occur which sometimes make us believe a kind Providence so overrules our plans that we shall find our very defeats are our greatest blessings. No sooner had Bertha announced her intention to accept Sophia's invitation, than Sophia thus addressed the gentleman who had *almost*, but not *quite*, offered her his hand in marriage:

"DEAR MAURICE,—I am about receiving a visit from one of my dearest friends. She is a lovely girl, and one I know in whom you will be interested, on my account, if no other. I will introduce her by name when you arrive. Do not fail to be with us on the evening of the twenty-third of the month. My friend arrives on the previous day.
S. N."

The two friends met on the precise day as agreed; but the privacy of confidential disclosures was prevented by the presence of a very prim and stiff cousin of Sophia's, who would attend them wherever they went. At night, even,—that hallowed season, when so many love tales are breathed into listening ears,—the wakeful cousin was an effectual preventive to all free communication. Bertha only knew Sophia expected her lover the next evening, and so quietly was the thing managed, that Maurice's visit appeared altogether as an accidental affair.

At length the evening came, and with it, in the last train of cars, Maurice Wendell might have been seen threading his way to Mr. Newcombe's residence! Both Sophia and Bertha sat at the window as he approached. They looked at him and at each other. Maurice entered the sitting-room and there met Bertha! At first, his speech was stammering, and a great confusion was apparent in his manner. He however rallied, and finding himself in an uncomfortable condition, proposed a walk with the young ladies! Bertha

knew not whether she were in the body or out of it. How Maurice came there, very slowly dawned upon her mind, and when she found he was the identical bean about whom Sophia had written, the very personification of a male flirt, whom she had read about in novels, rose before her. He was an adept in the business of entrapping female hearts, or he would never have recovered his usual air and manner so suddenly. And here were two young, inexperienced hearts, wholly devoid of suspicion, upon whom the foul stain of enlisting both their affections was chargeable upon Maurice Wendell! His explanations were far from satisfactory to either of the young ladies; both felt how indiscreetly they had acted in keeping the gentleman's overtures such a profound secret. But the archer lost his mark. He found himself not only defeated, but so completely chagrined, that to get another, where he had pursued the same course, in order not to become a perfect by-word of reproach, he made good his promises, and eventually married her. The wife to this day knows not how narrowly she escaped, although such a mortification rested upon Maurice, that from the hour he left Bertha and Sophia, we never heard of any more besieged hearts, but the one to whom he pledged himself in wedlock.

Bertha thus concludes her account: "I never hear of a clandestine correspondence, I never see two lovers stealing out by moonlight against their parents' knowledge, I never hear of a singular interview, but I remember Maurice Wendell. We used to remark (Sophia and myself) that Maurice had two strings to his bow and lost them both. This visit to Mr. Newcombe's I considered the most fortunate one in my life—the stiff cousin that prevented an earlier disclosure of the secret made the real revelation more salutary. We never again entrusted our affections but where we knew the character of the person prevented such an issue; and we have both married sensible, intelligent men, who have a perfect horror of male coquetry."

RELIGIOUS.—The number of religious sects in the United States is twenty, without counting the Chinese Buddhists in California, or sundry minor Christian denominations. The whole number of edifices of worship is about thirty-six thousand, capable of accommodating fourteen millions of people. The total value of the church property held by these twenty denominations is nearly ninety millions of dollars. The average value of each church and its appurtenances is twenty-four hundred dollars.

MEMORY'S VISIONS.

BY ALEXANDER KNIGHT.

Memory awake! unope thy hidden store!
 Recall to view the faded days of yore!
 Let treasured thoughts appear before the mind,
 That I may find

In fancy's dreams, the happiness that's past,
 In fleeting moments far too sweet to last.

Ambition, Fame, have held their potent sway,
 And o'er my pathway shed a fitful ray;
 Yet as the rainbow in the vault o'erhead,
 Those visions fled—
 And left the heart, amid the deepening gloom,
 To mourn its idols perished in the tomb.

Not thus with Love—for deep within the soul,
 With mighty power, defying all control,
 That spirit reigns supreme—mid storm and calm,
 Still offering balm.

To cheer the wanderer, to ease his pain,
 And guide his footsteps o'er life's dreary plain.

Though youth and innocence have long since flown,
 And care and trouble claim me for their own—
 Yet, mid the scenes of deep and heartfelt woe,

With passion's glow—
 Appears—by faithful recollection led,
 The love once borne the absent, and the dead.

Yet mourn I not—for though the gloomy grave
 Hath cast its shadow o'er the fair and brave,
 Hope, with its ever dead and magic power,

Proclaims the hour,
 When kindred spirits, never more to roam,
 Shall meet as angels in a happier home.

Life's evanescent joys no more can charm,
 Or stir within my bosom feelings warm;
 Death, with her panoply and sable pall,
 Conquereth all.

Then welcome be the hour, and glad the day,
 That bears my soul from earthly cares away.

DON GARCIA PEREZ:

—OR,—

THE RESCUED PLEDGE.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

STANDING at the window of a lofty castle overlooking the plains of Granada, were two Spanish maidens, Inez and Zerfea, daughters of Don Pedro Savedra. Very beautiful were both, and Inez, the eldest, would have been called the fairest, was it not for the want of something gentle in her face which Zerfea possessed. When the large black eyes of Inez gazed full on you, there was a fierceness discoverable in their depths wholly startling and unfeminine. The gaze of both girls was fixed intently on the plains of Granada beneath and beyond them, which were

dotted with the white tents of Ferdinand's army. Out from the castle gate rode two knights and their esquires. Zerfea was leaning against the stone casement, but Inez stood within the shadow of the wall.

"See, Inez!" exclaimed the lovely Zerfea, and her eyes looked soft and bright. "See, Inez, Don Garcia Perez is looking upward, and seems as if he would fain wave you one more farewell. Will you only come forward and give him one more token?"

"Cease, child," petulantly replied Inez, drawing still farther back into the shadow.

"Sister, please give him one more farewell. Remember he goes forth to no tilt or tournament, but to battle. He is your betrothed," urged young Zerfea.

Her sister's only reply was, to quickly and rather rudely draw Zerfea back from the window to her side.

"Have you no sense, Zerfea? Know you not he might think it was me gazing after him so anxiously?"

"I care not if he did. Gladly would I have him think so, if he would be happier," and Zerfea would have freed herself from her sister's grasp, and resumed her station at the window.

"You had much better have been his betrothed, than I, you take such a deep interest in his happiness," sneered the haughty Inez.

She knew not the bitter pang her careless words gave her gentle sister. She knew not that Zerfea loved Don Garcia and watched him with a throbbing heart depart for the battle field. Keeping the same positions, they both watched the brave Don Garcia Perez ride on. Before reaching the plains the knights were obliged to pass through a strip of forest. Gallantly the little party rode onward, their armor glittering in the sun. Inez, with either pretended or real indifference, was turning away, when an exclamation of terror burst from Zerfea.

"Great God, preserve him! Inez, Inez, from the wood has dashed a band of Moors."

With terror-dilated eyes, Zerfea stretched herself forward. Quickly Inez returned to the window, and with beating hearts they watched the unequal fray, seven Moors against four Christian knights. Don Garcia turned calmly to his esquires who bore his helmet at his saddle-bow, for the day was warm and he cared not to burden his horse with the heavy steel till needful. Quietly he placed it on his head, closed his visor, and awaited the approach of the enemy. Onward at full speed, lances in rest, came the Moors.

"O, Inez, he is lost!" exclaimed Zerfea, for at the charge of the Moors, Don Garcia's com-

peasant knight and esquire wheeled their horses and fled. At the first charge, Don Garcia's trusty servant fell, and he was left alone to do battle against the seven Moors. Again and again they charged, and at each encounter a horse fled riderless into the wood or across the plain. One Moor alone remained. Each lacked his steed, paused, then with the speed of the wind rushed upon the other. A cloud of dust hid the encounter from the anxious eyes of the two maidens. When that had cleared away Don Garcia Perez was seen riding slowly towards the castle, and no Moor was seen. As the castle gate closed behind him, the girls saw another band of Moors ride to the scene of the fray, and finding no enemy, they bore back to their camp their dead companions.

The ring of an armed heel was heard on the stone stairs, and Zerfea sprang forward, opened the door and admitted Don Garcia Perez. All stained and dented was his breastplate, so brilliant this morning. Donna Inez rose haughtily, for her eagle eye had detected that which turned her joy to anger. Unclosing his visor and bending gracefully before the haughty maiden, Don Garcia spoke thus :

"I returned, dear Inez, for a lance, and I could not return to the battle-field without one more look at you."

Wholly unheeding his remark, Inez, with flashing eyes, said :

"Look to your helmet, sir knight, no lady's pledge is there."

Quickly his helmet was unbarred and removed. That morning it had been ornamented with a white silk scarf, embroidered with silver, his lady's pledge.

"I knew not, dear Inez, I had lost it. In battle by deeds I will make myself worthy of another," said Don Garcia, as he replaced his casque.

"Worthy of another!" exclaimed Inez scornfully. "I give no other while that is in the hand of Moorish knights. I give not my pledge so lightly."

"Inez," said Don Garcia, sadly, "rather would I have died than lost your pledge. It must be on the field. I will go for it at once."

"Spare yourself the trouble, sir knight. The dead Moors have been borne off by their comrades. You should have told me, Don Garcia Perez, that the crescent would have been more fitly embroidered on it than the cross," sneered Inez.

Don Garcia's eyes flashed fire, as he said in a stern voice :

"I will get me a fresh lance, and into the very camp of the Moors will I ride, and bring you back your pledge, or die."

Zerfea then stepped forward :

"Sister, forbid such an act. Bravely Don Garcia fought, though deserted and alone—fought singly with seven Moors. Give him the scarf you wear, and bid him to battle with that pledge."

"Hush, silly child. Think you I believe in the love of him who leaves his lady's love-token with an enemy?"

"Inez, you are cruel. Yes, cruel as the fair Cunegunde who threw her glove into the arena before the lions and bade her knight bring it her, and if you persist in withholding all token of your love from Don Garcia, like her, you deserve to lose him."

Thus spoke the timid Zerfea, and her eye flashed with something like scorn, as she gazed on her cruel sister.

"Say no more, Zerfea. You know nothing about such things. The pledge was mine, and Don Garcia should have lost his life rather than that."

"And he will, Donna Inez;" and without deigning another look or word, Don Garcia strode from the room, each ringing footstep striking like a death knell upon the aching heart of Zerfea.

"O sister, what have you done!—Call him back! He will meet certain death!" said Zerfea, weeping bitterly.

Inez rose, and telling her sister she was a silly child with no pride, she left her. With tearful eyes Zerfea watched Don Garcia as he rode across the plain. With a beating heart she saw him approach the wood in which she feared the Moors were still lurking. To her great relief he passed in safety, and unmoleted, sped on his way to Ferdinand's camp. After following with eager eyes till he reached that in safety, Zerfea turned from the window.

The next day the sun shone in undazzled splendor upon a scene of carnage and strife. Christian knights and Infidel Moors met. All that day the maidens gazed upon that dread battle-field. The conflict was too far off to enable them to distinguish forms, but the din was deafening. Inez and Zerfea were maids of honor to Queen Isabella, but this day, the queen preferred to remain alone in her own apartments. The evening shades had shrouded the bloody field, and all strife was ended; the arms of Spain were victorious. The King Ferdinand and his consort now desired the presence of Inez and Zerfea. Inez went calm and unmoved, but Zerfea was oppressed by a dread of she knew not what. Ferdinand playfully rallied Inez upon the unequalled bravery of Don Garcia Perez, and her cheeks

glowed and her eyes sparkled as she listened, for she felt he was all her own. A message was brought by a page that Don Garcia craved admission. Ferdinand gave orders to have him admitted. Don Garcia was just from the field, and with bared head but blood-stained and dented armor, he entered. Gracefully kneeling before his king and queen, he thus explained his errand.

"Your pardon, sire, for thus disturbing your repose, but I had a word to say to Donna Inez, which I wished her to hear in your presence. Have I your permission to proceed?"

The king gave his consent. Rising, Don Garcia Perez confronted his lady Inez.

"Lady, here is your pledge redeemed. Take it back, for I value no longer the fierce love and pride that compelled the redemption of it, though lost by no want of warlike courage or skill."

Bending slightly before Inez he presented her the scarf, no longer white and pure, but stained with blood and rent in several places. Inez seized the scarf, and regardless of the presence of her sovereigns, tore it in pieces and threw them on the floor, exclaiming in bitter scorn:

"As I tore that scarf and cast it from me, so would I tear my heart out, and trample it in the dust, did it contain one spark of love for you, Don Garcia."

Ferdinand and Isabella looked on in utter amazement, and hurriedly demanded an explanation. In a few words Don Garcia related the events of the previous day, with which our readers are already acquainted. Very stern was the glance of Isabella as it fell on the proud and cruel Inez.

"Inez, child," she said, "sorry are we to hear of thy unreasonable and cruel behaviour. We had hoped better of a child brought up under our care. Well is it for thee that God has permitted the noble Perez to return to us. Go to thy chamber, child, tell thy beads and pray humbly to be forgiven thy unchristian act."

With a low bow but firm step, and haughty air, the unrepentant Inez left the hall. When she had gone, the king turned to Don Garcia:

"Well hast thou fought and bravely. We knew not that thy lady was so cruel. Hast thou no boon to crave, by granting which, we may show how valued thou art?"

Bowing low before his sovereigns, Don Garcia spoke:

"One priceless gift I ask. Gladly would I woo the gentle Zerfea for myself."

"What says my pretty child? Has she a heart free, and will she give her hand to Don Garcia Perez, the bravest, truest knight of

Spain?" asked the king; and on his face was a smile, for in that way he gladly would reward his most valued knight. Zerfea was very pale, but her dark eyes looked soft and bright, as leaving her station beside her queen, she came and placed her hand in Don Garcia's, and both knelt for a blessing. When they rose, Ferdinand demanded the name of the knight who deserted Don Garcia in his need.

"Anything else, sire, but that, and I will obey. He is sufficiently punished already."

COUGHS AND COLDS.

At this season, and forward into the summer, coughs of various degrees of severity, are quite common in New England; and because they are so, they are exceedingly neglected. Some of the worst forms of disease, especially involving the delicate texture of the lungs, might have been obviated, at the commencement, by very simple means. Parents should allow their children perfect freedom in the open air, and insure them to the changes of temperature incident to a northern climate, instead of confining them, like exotic plants in a green-house. Young ladies are not half-developed with us, before they become pale, languid, have a pain in the side, and then a cough. Before they have fairly begun to live, they drop into the grave, martyrs to thin shoes, a gossamer dress, and a chest made artificially too narrow for the performance of the vital functions. This is the destiny of the rich man's daughters to a fearful extent. They are frail as a moonbeam, when they might have been strong and healthful. On the other hand, the servant girls, who range over the house, and are perpetually exercising their muscles, have round, handsome arms, a broad bust, a clear skin, fine health and light hearts.

It is a melancholy consideration, that civilization should demand such a multitude of female victims, annually, to the shrine of fashion. In consequence of poor training, and a violation of the most ordinary laws of health, death has a succession of victories over our youth. One of the first intimations of nature's dislike to the course is a slight irritable cough, which is language not to be misunderstood. Means of precaution should at once be taken, as inroads upon the little air cells of the breathing apparatus will surely follow, and then an ulceration of their walls, and expectoration, and the last act in the drama of a short life will be an incurable pulmonary consumption. One should, therefore, dress warmly in winter, should run and ride, as circumstances, pleasure or business may require. Air was designed for breathing, notwithstanding the absurd custom, now so prevalent, of excluding it as much as possible from sleeping apartments and drawing-rooms.—*Boston Surgical and Medical Journal.*

Health and wealth prevent men from experiencing misfortunes, inspire them with insensibility for their fellow-creatures; those who are oppressed with their own miseries, express more compassion for others.

THE TWIN DAGUERREOTYPES.

BY EDWARD MERVIN.

A WILD but beautiful interval lies before us upon the head waters of the Mokelumne, dotted here and there as far as the eye can reach with white tents, on which the California sun is shining with fervid heat; and rude looking men are to be seen gathered in groups beneath the scattered trees, or at the doors of the tents, discussing the news of the day, the mining prospects, wild tales of Indian trails and murders, grizzly bears and panthers, and all the dangers of camp life generally; while in the distance, on the banks of the river, might be seen others, digging up the black earth and washing out the rich gold dust, without regard to the day which is the Sabbath, here too often desecrated by the worship of mammon, or idols of silver and gold, by men who had in their far off homes been brought up to revere it as a holy day of rest, set apart by the great Ruler of all the earth for the best good of all the human race.

We will enter one pleasantly located tent and see how its inmates are passing the time; and we must not be shocked if we find them rather gay and thoughtless. They are four in number, all good looking young men, as far as nature was concerned, and art had had very little to do with the appearance of one of them, who was lounging upon a bunk in a corner in all the luxury of dirt and river mud. The second, a tall, dark, but fine looking fellow, was engaged in the laudable work of clearing away the morning meal, and setting the pots and pans in order for another; a duty each in turn had to perform. He was arrayed in a coarse, dirty, blue jean frock—the usual working dress of a miner; though there was something in his air and appearance that bespoke the gentleman.

The third, a jolly devil-may-care sort of fellow, is up and dressed in his best—marching around the tent, poking fun at all the rest. While the fourth, a genteel, light complexioned young gentleman, is overhauling his trunk, and taking out various nameless articles to get at his shaving apparatus—which he then proceeds to use before a stuck up bit of looking glass.

"What a rare joke it would be, boys, if we could only manage to get Howe's razor and sink it in the Mokelumne," said No. 3, glancing at No. 4. "Here are we all nursing big California beards to be in fashion, while he, at least every week, is primming off as daintily as if he was going to see his lady love, or expected her here to see him."

"Well, I don't want to frighten the Indians, or tempt the mosquitoes by a greasy beard like yours," said Howe.

"Ay, but the mosquitoes can't bite through that, or a good thick coating of river mud," said No. 1, yawning and stretching out his soiled limbs. "It's certainly a great protection against varmints."

"Well, you are welcome to it, Wallace," said Howe, disdainfully, "but for my part, I don't like the feeling, and when the Sabbath comes, I like to get up some of the old home feeling of cleanliness, if I can't anything better, and so does Dorn, and Belden, I believe, if you don't."

"Well, I'll confess to being the laziest of the lot, and especially Sunday," said Wallace, good naturedly; "but there, take care of your treasures, Howe," said he, pointing to Belden, who had discovered and snatched up a daguerreotype from among Howe's things, and was hurriedly displaying it to the admiring Dorn.

Howe dropped his razor and hastened to secure the treasure which he had so carelessly exposed to the gaze of his rude companions.

"Keep off, Howe, keep off! what do you want of my lady love's picture?" said Belden, laughing and keeping out of Howe's reach.

"Not your lady love, but Howe's," said Wallace; "come, let me see it?"

"Neither yours nor mine," said Howe, angrily, grasping after the picture.

"Aint it now, upon your honor, Howe?" said Dorn, eagerly.

"It's none of your business at any rate," said the angry Howe, "and the proud original would feel disgraced to have her image the sport of such rude fellows as you."

"As if she wouldn't think us all fine fellows, if she could see us," said Dorn, laughingly. "And now I think of it, she's just the girl I shall marry when I go back to civilized life."

"She'd as soon marry a grizzly bear, or wild Indian, as such a rough, boisterous fellow as you, Dorn," said Howe, contemptuously.

"I'll bet you a cool thousand that she would, if she could get a chance," said Dorn, very seriously.

"And I'll bet you five thousand that she'd give you the mitten in a trice."

"Done! I'll accept the bet; if, when I see her, I like her as well as I do her picture."

"And Belden and I are the witnesses," said Wallace, laughing, as the scufflers rolled down on the ground.

"There, where's the plaguy thing gone to!" exclaimed Belden, rising and rubbing his shins.

"It slipped through my fingers somehow."

"You've hid it, you rascal," said Howe, angrily.

"No, I have not, but I guess that lazy Wallace has got it."

"No," said he, gleefully, "but I imagine it will turn up somewhere in these diggings."

Search was now made over the tent by the three scufflers—trunks and boxes, spades and pickaxes, pots and pans were all overturned but without finding the missing treasure.

"I wouldn't have my sister know that I had lost her picture in such a way, for no money," said Howe, throwing himself down on the ground, after his fruitless search was over, deeply chagrined.

"Tell me now, was it really your sister's picture?" said Dorn, seriously.

"Yes, Dorn, and I prize it far higher than any of your lady loves."

"Then I shall some day win the bet," said Dorn, smiling, "and then you'll not only have to pay it, but own me for a brother in the bargain."

"Well, I defy you to win it, though I will confess she might find worse ones," said Howe, holding out his hand to Dorn, while his brow became more serene; for Dorn was the only one he did not suspect of secreting the treasure, while Dorn—sly fellow—was the only one who knew where it was; and for hours that day, he was out upon a solitary ramble over the hills, ever and anon gazing upon the beautiful face that ever after made one of the images in his dreams.

Not long afterwards, Dorn having business in San Francisco, took the daguerreotype down with him, and had it twice duplicated, with one of himself, which he had had taken on his way from New England, before he had grown the big California goatee. He then had one of them set in a rich case made on purpose, enclosed a beautiful ring of California pearl and gold, with "How do you like me," engraved on the inside for a motto, and sent it on to Boston by a trusty friend, and from thence by mail to Miss Caroline Howe of Saranaco, whose name he had before ascertained from her unsuspecting brother.

A few days after Dorn's return to the Moke-lumne, the lost daguerreotype was found behind Wallace's bunk to the great joy of its owner, who had no suspicions of the truth.

More than a year has passed away, and the scene now opens in the pleasant village of Saranaco, which is all in a bustle on the occasion of a great party given in honor of the joyful return of Hubert Winslow, the old squire's son from California.

The old fashioned brown house, with its gambrel roof, large rooms and huge fireplaces, was

all aglow with light and beauty, and graceful forms, bright eyes, and happy faces were flitting from room to room, mingling in scenes of mirth and gaiety; while the varied tones fell upon some listening ears like remembered music, while to others there are some discordant notes to spoil the harmony. Presently Mr. Hubert Winslow, the fine young gentleman for whom the entertainment was got up, is called out, but returns soon after with a young man of—to say the least—striking personal appearance, whom he presents to the company in the big parlor, as Mr. Darlington. The stranger was rather tall and dignified, with brilliant black eyes and hair, a broad, high forehead, somewhat darkened by a tropical sun, and a Roman nose, while all his visible features were set off by a rather long goatee beard, of raven blackness.

"Who in the world is that Mr. Darlington, Grace?" said one very fair and beautiful belle to another by her side, who was scarcely less so.

"O, he is a Boston gentleman who came home from California in the Golden Gate with Hubert, and entertained him very agreeably while he remained in the city," said Grace Winslow, "and it's really lucky that he has come down this evening for his promised visit, as we can now show him the big and little lions of Saranaco."

"Of which you are one of the first, I imagine," said the lady, "or at least one of its greatest attractions. But how do you like the gentleman's looks, Grace?" said she, gazing on him with interest.

"O you know such dark, fierce, bandit-looking fellows are my abomination—because I'm so dark myself, I suppose, but you always admire them, and I've no doubt he'll be lovely in your eyes, and who knows but what you may captivate him, Carrie."

"Sure enough, Grace, and at any rate I can but try," said Carrie, laughing; "and just think, what a profitable speculation it would be, if he could be caught; for one would never again need to buy a shoe brush, or duster, if they owned that formidable goatee."

"I'll remember that if you do fancy him," said Grace, laughing, "but now for sober faces, they're coming this way."

Hubert approached and presented the stranger to his sister, then, as a matter of course to Miss Howe, the lady by her side.

Grace could hardly keep her countenance, but the merry Caroline looked sober as a judge for some time after she met the stranger's first, earnest, admiring glance; though she thawed out, when the conversation grew animated and California became the theme of discourse.

"In what part of California have you resided, sir?" she at last ventured to say.

"Most of the time in San Francisco," said the gentleman, in a deep, rich tone; "but I spent some months in the gold diggings on the Mokelumne."

"Indeed!" said Miss Howe with animation; "why I have a brother in that very place—perhaps you have seen him?"

"Possibly! Let me see—I think I knew one gentleman of your name, there. He was of rather small stature, light complexion, with brown, curling hair, and a Roman cast of features."

"O, it was him without a doubt; but did you see much of him?"

"Why, yes, I saw him frequently, but had no very intimate acquaintance with him. People are too busy on the Mokelumne to form many such," said he, smiling.

Hubert Winslow and his sister were soon called off to attend to other guests, and Carrie and Mr. Darlington were soon deep in the mysteries of California and sea voyages; while the music was beginning to tune up in the adjoining room, and the gentlemen were looking up partners for a dance, some of them looking rather surlily at the stranger's appropriation of one of their most coveted partners.

"Come, Darlington, you are a dancer," said Hubert, coming round to him, "and I'll give you a choice of a dozen girls at least, if you will join us."

"Any hopes of winning that shoe brush?" whispered Grace in Caroline's ear, just as she was preparing to go home that night.

"Not the least, Grace," said Carrie, blushing; "but why will you remember that foolish speech of mine?"

"Because I want something to tease you about, in return for your joking me so often."

"Well, don't expose me if I happen to change my mind," said Grace, laughing, and trying to look wise.

The gossips soon took it for granted that Grace had found a lover in Paul Darlington, and Carrie Howe began to feel some strange misgivings not only with regard to the reports, but also of her own feelings.

Darlington remained several weeks in the neighborhood, during which time Carrie had seen him almost every day, either at home or some where else, and notwithstanding the goatee, she had found a fascination in his society she had never felt in any other. And when he at last left Saranaco, she began to feel as if all the world around her was a dreary blank; nor did it

lessen the bitterness of her feelings to hear that Grace, after his departure, was receiving letters with the Boston post-mark. Pride, however, taught her to cloak her disappointment by a mask of gaiety, so that no one but the keen-sighted Grace had a suspicion of the truth.

Some weeks after Darlington left, Carrie went out one fine June day to hunt for strawberries in the fields back of her father's house, and perhaps nurse her gloomy fancies; and finding a rock overshadowed by a large tree, she sat down, and taking out the twin daguerreotype she had received so mysteriously the year before, which she happened to have in her pocket, she gazed upon it for some time with singular feelings.

"Men say that a woman's heart is changeable," she said to herself, "and I begin to think they speak truth, for not three months since I imagined I loved this beautiful image better than any living ones I had ever seen; but now—"

She turned, as a slight rustling noise met her ear, and there was Darlington peering over her shoulder with a curious expression at the daguerreotype. Mortified, ashamed and somewhat angry withal, to be thus caught by him, Carrie started up with her face all in a glow, while the picture fell from her trembling hand.

"I hope you will excuse my intrusion, Miss Howe," said he, taking her hand, "and not think me impertinent, if I ask you whose image this is," as he stooped and took up the picture.

"I do not even know myself," said Carrie, in an embarrassed tone.

"Not know when it is your own beautiful image that is thus mated?"

"No, I do not, however impossible it may appear," said Carrie, earnestly. "It came to me through the mail, and how my face was obtained for it, I cannot imagine, or what name the other bears."

"May I believe this, Miss Howe?" said he, questioning. "Since I first saw you, I have worn your image in my heart, and I had hoped to find a place for mine in yours. Must I be disappointed? O tell me, is it already pre-occupied?"

"Not with a reality," said Carrie, in a low, trembling tone. "That I have bestowed many thoughts upon that fictitious image, I will not deny—but upon no living man more than—than yourself."

"Thanks for the sweet confession that you have thought of me, but tell me, dear Carrie that you do and will return my deep, tender love for you, and that you will soon become my best earthly friend and companion," said he.

That the low toned reply, was satisfactory, we should judge, by the happy glow that illumined his face, like a sudden gleam of sunshine on a cloudy day, though it slightly faded, as he said :

"But will not this other image—pointing to the picture—sometimes intrude on our future felicity?"

"No, for it has no voice or soul to awaken tender feelings. But shall I tell you that I have often thought there was a strong resemblance between it and you," said she, smiling.

"Indeed! but in what particular—sit down and tell me."

"O something about the eyes, brow and hair."

"I'm afraid I shall be jealous of that picture, if I don't very soon obtain one of its representation for my own. Say, dearest Carrie, shall it not be as I wish? Will you not very soon be my bride?"

"Perhaps not; for I should be afraid of a jealous husband," said Carrie, with some of her old coquettish archness, "and besides, what is to become of my friend, Grace Winslow, to whom everybody has engaged you for a long time."

"Ah, so you are jealous, too, and now we are even."

"No, not now, but that I have been a little, I won't deny."

"Well, you have really had no reason for it, as some correspondence we have had, will show you some day. Grace has been not only my best friend, but yours too, dear Carrie."

"I am very willing to believe it, and not for my own sake alone—for my brother really loves Grace, as I think he will tell her some day, if he lives to come home, and I once believed it was returned."

"I think you are right, there, for I have guessed as much myself, from the drift of her inquiries; but when do you expect him home?"

"O he writes that he will be at home next month."

"Well, then, let us get up a little surprise for him when he does come. What now could be better than a wedding party to welcome him home. Shall we not have one, dear Carrie?" said he, coaxingly.

"O, not so soon as that!" said she, looking down and blushing.

"But why not? If we love each other, shall we not be much happier in having the privilege of always being near each other?" said he.

"Perhaps so," said the blushing Carrie; "but I cannot be ready so soon as that, and be decently dressed."

"O, that's just no reason at all," said he, smiling. Go down to Boston with me, or your

father, and I'll engage to get you ready in a day or two. So now for some more weighty reason."

"Well, I've a good many. Our acquaintance has been rather short, and a year I think will be quite soon enough."

"A year! Don't for pity's sake ask me to wait a year. I shall go back to California, and die of despair before the time is up, if you do. If you love me, do be a little reasonable, for I'll buy any thing or do anything to please you, if you'll only name an early day."

"Will you?" said Carrie, with a smile.

"Yes, anything reasonable or unreasonable."

"Well, a queer fancy has just come into my head. Would you think me a Delilah, and be offended, if I should ask you to take off that disagreeable California goatee of yours?" said she, laughing.

"Well, that certainly would be a great sacrifice—but are you quite sure you could admire me without it?"

"O yes, much more than at present."

"Then off it comes the day we are wed; but I've a reason for wearing it till then," said he, with a mysterious look and smile.

Darlington did finally succeed in persuading Miss Caroline to be married, on the day of her brother's return, and as the match was a pleasing one to her family, every preparation was made, and the wedding guests all invited, when that day was fully ascertained.

The morning train brought Darlington, still arrayed in his goatee, at which Miss Caroline cast sundry significant glances, though she said nothing—all of which he answered by a smile. But when, he came from his room that evening, arrayed for the bridal, the glory had departed from—his chin, and Carrie fairly started with surprise as he entered the chamber, for the living image of the twin daguerreotype was before her.

"Well, dearest Caroline, 'how do you like me?'" said he, pointing to the beautiful pearl ring on her finger, and smiling gaily.

"I've a great mind to say I don't like you at all," said Carrie, when she got over her surprise. "But how in the name of wonder have you managed to deceive me so?"

"No deception at all, except in your own imagination," said he, laughing.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed so slight a thing could have made such a transformation. But tell me, now, how did you get my image for that picture?"

"O I'll tell you all about it before the evening is over, but not now."

"But why not now?"

"O I want to know first whether you really redeem your promise about those precious whiskers, Carrie," said he, laughingly.

"What's all this sparring about," said Grace, coming in at that moment.

"We'll tell you presently," said Darlington, looking at his watch; "but hasn't Horace come yet, Grace? It's already past the time."

"No," said Grace, blushing; "and I begin to fear I shall be a lonely bridesmaid; for the clergyman and guests have nearly all arrived, and there's no signs of a groomsman yet."

"Ah, but you are mistaken, Grace," said Carrie, looking towards the door, and then joyfully rushing out to meet her long absent brother.

"Why, Carrie," he exclaimed, after the first warm greetings were over, "how you have surprised me by such a plan of reception as this."

"Got up for your especial amusement, too," said Darlington, coming forward; "but you must present the actors to each other, Carrie," said he.

"Well, then, dear brother, this is the Mr. Darlington I wrote to you about, and this young lady is Miss Grace Winslow—perhaps you recollect her," said she, archly.

"I think I do, said Horace, presenting his hand to Grace; "and I hope too, she has not forgotten me."

"Everything is in readiness for the ceremony below; are you all ready here?" said a messenger at the door, at this moment.

Carrie and Grace both looked very beautiful in their ethereal white dresses, with sprigs of white blossomed roses in their hair; as they stood up for the ceremony, and they were the envy of more than one of the assembled belles of Saranaco; and the same might be said of the two gentlemen with regard to the beaux; though many wondered why they missed the bridegroom's splendid whiskers.

When the evening was somewhat advanced, and good cheer had opened the hearts and mouths of the company, Horace Howe said to the bride, with whom he was conversing:

"You wrote to me, Carrie, that I should find an old acquaintance in your intended, but somehow I don't seem to recognize him, though I knew two of his name in California."

"Indeed, then we'll have it explained," said Carrie, leading him to where Darlington stood, conversing with Grace and her brother.

"Horace seems to have forgotten your face or acquaintance. I don't know which," said she, smiling—"can't you sharpen his memory, a little?"

"It will need no sharpening, when I demand

his five thousand dollar bet of him," said Darlington, in a peculiar tone.

"What bet?" said Horace, with a curious look.

"Why the bet you made on that well-remembered Sunday morning, in our tent upon the Mokelumne, when we had that scuffle about your sister's daguerreotype, and you said she would as soon marry a wild Indian, or grizzly bear, as your humble servant—Paul Dorn Darlington."

"Dorn—Darlington! Do I dream?" exclaimed Horace Howe.

"Not now," said Darlington, smiling.

"But why this change of name?"

"O I took a fancy to be Paul Dorn in California, but when I came to Saranaco, to endeavor to win the bet, I didn't wish to sail under false colors."

"Ah, but you did, though!" said Horace, laughing; "and for that reason I shall evade paying it, for Carrie would never have consented to wed you, if she had seen you in that grim bearish goatee."

"There you are mistaken again, I assure you; for I wooed and won her consent to do so in that same beautiful appendage. This is the first evening she has ever seen me without it; and but for the interest it created in my favor, I fear I should never have won the bet; so now it's fairly mine, you see, and you'll own me for a brother, won't you?"

"With all my heart," said Horace, frankly, holding out his hand to him; "but as to the five thousand, I doubt whether you'll find as much among my baggage."

"No matter for that," said Darlington, turning to Carrie, "so long as it has been the means of my finding a more precious treasure."

"But I don't know about the treasures being bought and sold in such a scurvy manner," said Carrie, rather haughtily; "there'll be another voice in the bargain, I imagine."

"O there has been already," said Darlington, drawing Carrie up to his side—"for you mustn't forget what a martyr you've made of me, in sacrificing my pet whiskers, dear Carrie."

"And even that was all a ruse to deceive me a little, and Horace a good deal, till you won the bet," said Carrie, while Grace and Hubert laughed aloud.

"Well, I suppose I must own up, and ask pardon for my offences," said D. "But are you sorry that I have won it, Carrie," said he.

Whether Carrie was sorry or not, then, we are sure she does not look so now; for a happier pair than she and Darlington are seldom to be met with—and the same might be said of Horace and his pretty Grace.

COME AWAY.

BY EDITH BARRON.

There is a voice in each leaf of spring,
In each bursting bud and flower,
That whispers to the aching heart,
With wild and thrilling power.

It speaks in the winds of the earth,
Which amid the dark leaves play;
It murmurs in the laughing stream
Come away, come away.

Come from the haunts of men,
From their fears, their cares and pride;
Come to the lonely forest glen,
Come to the green hill-side.

Where the sweetest wild flowers
And the gentle sephyrs stray;
From the soul-corroding halls of gloom,
Come away, away, away.

Music more sweet by far,
Than e'er pealed from harp or lute,
Thou canst hear in the low wind's sigh,
When the fairest birds are mute.

Come, breathe the balmy air
Of incense breathing May;
The flowers have waited long for thee,
Come away, away, away.

REMINISCENCES OF CALIFORNIA.

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

MONTAIGNE has said "that the history of a great city is the history of its nation;" never, perhaps, was this more fully exemplified than in California.

San Francisco was settled in the year 1775 by the Franciscan monks, sent out from old Spain as missionaries to the Indians; but their "mission" was some three miles from the site of the present city, which, in 1846, was the little pueblo of "Yerbabuena" (sweet herb), so called, from the profusion of a kind of fern growing on the otherwise desolate soil.

For years, it had been scarcely known, save to the geographer, or eastern hide merchant, and only looked on as a convenient depot for the storage of hides; while the fine bay rendered the shipment easy. The town comprised some fifty houses, with perhaps a couple of hundred inhabitants. The buildings of adobes (sun baked bricks) straggled over a large space, fronted by the bay, and backed by a range of sand hills. In the centre of the place was the plaza, with an old one story adobe edifice, having piazzas on two sides, and some pretensions to

whitewash, though evidently of many years' standing; this was the custom and court house. The dusty, deserted, grass-grown streets, if streets they could be called, rarely evinced any greater sign of business than a native cart or two, lazily dragging their way, with vegetables from the mission, or hides for shipment. These carts were curiosities in their way; they had two wheels, cut from solid blocks of wood, with a hole for the axle, and being far from round, as they turned, the cart would sway from side to side; the body was a few boards, with the pole, or shaft, lashed to the horns of a pair of oxen. An affair of this kind would come lumbering into town with, perhaps, half a dozen water-melons for a load, brought as many miles.

In the bay, were one or two rusty ships, loaded with assorted cargoes, which they peddled out to the inhabitants at the very reasonable rate of three hundred per cent. profit. These were the stores of California; they monopolized all the trade, and when a signorita wished a new "reboso," or a young cavalier a pair of "calconcellos," instead of doing their shopping in town, they took boats for the harbor, carrying off the hides necessary for payment for their purchases.

An air of languor seemed to pervade all, and everything; it was typical of the condition of the entire country. Occasionally, a "Gente de razon," out for a "pasea," would dash through the streets with gaily caparisoned horse and jingling bit and spurs; and as the fresh breeze from the bay saluted him, he would pause, while puffing his cigarette, to gaze around, and then gallop off perfectly contented with the condition of affairs, and satisfied that no change could improve them for the better.

Alta California was divided among a few indolent rancheros, many owning immense tracts of land; some had sixty, and in one instance, eighty square miles. Very little of this was under any kind of cultivation; their herds of cattle running wild, afforded them, by their hides, all they required for their simple mode of life, clothing, and a few luxuries from the ships. For many years, the country had remained as nearly as possible in a primitive state. This was the position of California in 1846.

But the star of progress begins to appear in the east. War has been rumored; at first scarce believed, then deemed of so little moment, by the far distant Californian, that it is forgotten. The field, however, is opened; Fremont's account of the passage of the mountains has been published, and the route proved practicable; and western frontiers'-men, becoming crowded, shoulder their rifles and start for the mountains,

while the eastern Yankee, wishing for a change, but more cautious, takes ship round the Horn, firm believers all in "manifest destiny." California, they were confident, would follow and take her place by the side of Texas and Oregon.

So they began to drop in on our friends of the Pacific, from the plains, from Mexico, and by sea; the natives became uneasy; these Gringos troubled them with their restless manners. One day, a large ship, filled with armed men, sailed quietly into the bay of San Francisco, and dropped anchor; she had the first detachment of the Seventh Regiment of New York Volunteers. In a week, she was joined by her two consorts.

The Californians rode down to the beach and gazed with stupid wonder, while the troops (some eight hundred) disembarked, and then, as day after day the bowels of these huge monsters of the deep disgorged arms and stores and camp equipage and portable houses, sufficient for an army, they put spurs to their beasts, with a "Caramba, tan pendagos" (great heavens, what fools), "they come here as though to stay; why, we must not permit it." So Pico, and Manuel Castro, and one or two others, headed them to drive out these intruders; but the engagements at San Miguel, and Salinas, and San Jose, taught them a lesson they long remembered, and the war, of short duration, was soon virtually ended in California; outbreaks would occasionally take place, but they were soon quelled. These Yankees were pig-headed, they *would* stay; and, worse than all, would not conform to the beautiful and necessary "Cosas de paies;" no, heaven help them, they would labor in the hour for the siesta, and disturb those, who wished to sleep, by noisy hammer and saw. The "feastas," also, were violated; why, even the "weaning" of the holy and revered "San Grijalva" was treated as an ordinary day by the "Diabolos." They also interfered with the sacred law; no more could the alcalde, with a touching simplicity, decide in favor of the longest purse, or the nearest of his kin. No; they must have all the complexity of Chitty and Blackstone, and a jury, and drive one crazy with their interminable arguments; 'twas absurd! The Yankees, however, had a strange power of persuasion, and *generally* managed to have their own way in these matters.

The change was now a perceptible one. Houses, of a new style, were going up in all directions; a wharf, for boats, was in progress of erection at Clark's Point; a newspaper, about eighteen inches square, had appeared, called, very appropriately, the "California Star." It

was printed from a font of type found at the mission, and used for age, to give to the world manifestos of sapient "Jef de Politicos," or, gallant "Commandantes." The editor was a seceder from the Mormons. Shops were beginning to appear, where everything, from a California "lariat" to a Yankee washing-machine, might be procured. A ten-pin alley had sprung up, though where the material came from, was a mystery to all. Ships were moored in the bay; business was quite brisk.

The star is rising, but slowly; the new era has commenced, but awaits future events.

Eureka! Gold! pure virgin gold is discovered; and like a spectacle, when the fairy queen waves her wand, the scene changes.

O, Gold! potent enchantress, why are thy praises not sung? Art, science, woman, wine, each have received the praise of bards; while thou, the mistress of all, who founds an empire, or destroys a nation, who art sought by all, *thou* art reviled.

Gold is found in California; from clime to clime flies the news. From distant lands come those white-winged emissaries of commerce, laden with anxious men, and the treasures of the globe, to exchange for the yellow ore. Each land sends her choicest fabrics, and her noblest sons. The village has become a city; the country, as yet known only by a few adventurers, teems with the population of the universe; this new Exodus. The star has reached its zenith.

We have glanced at "Yerbabuena" in 1846; let us look at it after eight years. As one nears the coast, a bright light from the "Farrallones," a group of barren islands off the harbor, attracts his eye, first proof of the mighty change. It stands on these bleak rocks as a herald to proclaim the new era. Entering the straits, called the "Golden Gate," we see perched on the bold, precipitous rocks, where stood the old "Presidio," a fortress, bristling with guns, and over its battlements waves "the banner of stars." A pilot boat dashes alongside and delivers her welcome freight. As we pass up the beautiful bay, dotted with green islands, and stretching far up into the heart of the country, we see many changes; steamers are passing us, puffing away towards the rivers San Joaquin and Sacramento; the bay is filled with shipping; for miles it seems a dense forest of masts. At last, the town is before us; have we, like Rip Van Winkle, slumbered for a century, or has this fair city, a work of magic, sprung up in a single night? Where we but yesterday left a hamlet, we find a city that would seem the growth of years. We have lost our sense of locality; where now is

Clark's Point, with its rugged bluff! Where it should be, is a plain covered with blocks of warehouses; the little boat wharf has gone, but in its place are countless piers, stretching out into the bay, lined with ships and covered with merchandise. The "Plaza," with its adobe custom-house, is a fine square, surrounded by stone, and brick edifices that would do honor to New York; the streets are laid out handsomely and planked; the old ex-cart has given place to the omnibus and stage-coach, though the rats of the first are scarcely obliterated. Hotels that rival our Revere or Astor, stand where we left the little "pulperias." The bay has had to recede before street after street, and still they go out; where our boats had quietly swung at their anchors, are costly blocks, banking houses and dwellings.

More than thirty thousand inhabitants, eight daily and four weekly papers, three theatres, and sixteen churches, give evidence of the state of prosperity. And this in eight years. But this work has not been done without obstacles. Three times has the Fire King swept over the city, leaving desolation behind; but nothing can affect its growth and progress. Like the Phoenix, its emblem, it arises from the ashes rejuvenated. Floods come, but their hearts are stout, and they have plenty of boats; so they e'en live in the second story till the first is dry again. Like Mr. Tapley, they "thrive under adversity," and are not to be turned aside by mere trifles.

Society, also, has kept pace with all else. Instead of the rough "vaquero," or bare-footed "doncella," we find our own fair country-women siding to soften and civilize the land and people, and much have they done, and a great deal more will they yet effect by their presence. Husbands have now their wives to make home not merely one in name, lovers have found means to bring out their adored ones, sisters join brothers, and we find a home circle. Churches have been reared, and societies, as numerous and more zealous than at home, are brought together. A worthy shepherd, leaving his beloved flock to mourn his loss, comes out to establish Sabbath schools, the great object of his life, and succeeding far beyond his most sanguine hopes, returns, alas! to die. Illness contracted on the Isthmus hastens a chronic complaint, and the faithful servant, with the prayers of thousands, lays down his cross, to find his reward in another world.

The city, like the country, is cosmopolitan. The Frenchman cannot work to advantage in the mines, so he opens a "café" in the city, while his wife has a "lansquenet" table, to re-

lieve any whose pockets are plethoric; or, if he has no capital, he invests half a dollar in a brush and bottle of blacking, and with a stand for the foot, cleans your boots on the "plaza," as you would have it done on the "boulevard." The Chinese, exclusive, and shut off from the world, here is changed; rolling up his tail under a hat, he takes a reef in his trousers, and goes in for the laundry business, having a peculiar faculty for changing your linen shirts into cotton ones. Swiss, Dutch, Greek; and Russian, all, are here at home; gold has levelled all distinctions and barriers. The old mission church is now a store, and where the devout Mexican bowed to the shrine of the blessed Virgin, the puritanical Yankee, abjuring all idolatry, worships the almighty dollar.

THRESHING-FLOOR IN THE EAST.

We left the plain of Hinnis by a pass through the mountain range of Zernak. In the valleys we found clusters of black tents belonging to the nomad Kurds, and the hillsides were covered with their flocks. The summit of a high peak overhanging the road is occupied by the ruins of a castle, formerly held by Kurdish chiefs, who levied black-mail on travellers, and carried their depredations into the plains. On reaching the top of the pass, we had an uninterrupted view of the Subhan Dhan.

From the village of Karagol, where we halted for the night, it rose abruptly before us. This magnificent peak, with the rugged mountains of Kurdistan, the river Euphrates winding through the plain, the peasants driving the oxen over the grain on the threshing-floor, and the groups of Kurdish horsemen, with their long spears and flowing garments, formed one of those scenes of Eastern travel that leave an indelible impression on the imagination, and bring back in after years indescribable feelings of pleasure and repose. The threshing-floor, which added so much to the beauty and interest of the picture at Karagol, had been seen in all the villages we had passed during our day's journey. The abundant harvest had been gathered in, and the corn was now to be threshed for winter.

The process adopted is simple, and nearly such as it was in patriarchal times. The children either drive horses round and round over the heaps, or, standing upon a sledge stuck full of sharp flints on the under part, are drawn by oxen over the scattered sheaves. Such were "the threshing sledges armed with teeth," mentioned by Isaiah. In no instance are the animals muzzled—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out thy corn," but they linger to pick up a scanty mouthful as they are urged on by the boys and young girls to whom the duties of the threshing-floor are chiefly assigned. The grain is winnowed by the men and women, who throw the corn and straw together into the air with a wooden shovel, leaving the wind to carry the chaff, whilst the seed falls to the ground. The grain is then raked into heaps and left on the threshing-floor until the tithe-gatherer has taken his portion.—*Layard's Discoveries.*

I DREAM OF THEE.

BY EYTHE GRAY.

I dream of thee at eventide,
 When nature is at rest,
 When light, soft breezes whisper sweet,
 And in his leafy nest
 The robin's last sweet song is hushed,
 And moonbeams silver near;
 Then, then, it is I dream of thee,
 And wish that thou wert here.

I dream of thee when first old Sol
 Peeps o'er yon distant hill;
 I think, O will he think of me—
 The breeze whispers, he will.
 When night has thrown her mantle round
 The earth, and with a star
 Has pinioned it, then I dream of thee,
 And like a sweet guitar,

The words you spoke when last we met,
 Ring softly on my ear;
 O, shall we ever meet again?
 Shall, shall I ever hear
 Your voice speak to me yet once more?
 Dost ever think of me?
 It is at morning, noon and night,
 I always dream of thee.

THE BROKEN EAR-RING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"I AM glad you've called, for I have something I wish to show you," said Hester Harcourt to her friend, Isabel Leeds, who had run in for a few minutes, in a neighborly way.

"What is it?"

"Go with me to my dressing-room, and you shall see."

Having entered the dressing-room, Hester handed Isabel a pair of diamond ear-rings.

"Why, Hester," said Isabel, with a look and accent of surprise, "these are as handsome as Mrs. Pendleton's, and she gave three hundred dollars for hers."

"And I gave three hundred for mine. They are much handsomer than Mrs. Pendleton's, I think. Let me show you how well they become me."

Having placed them in her ears, she turned from the mirror to Isabel.

"What do you think? Don't they suit my style?"

"Exactly," was Isabel's reply. "I didn't think that the effect would be so brilliant. I believe diamonds never appear so splendid as when in contrast with black hair, dark, lustrous eyes, and cheeks—as the story-writers say—like the

heart of a red rose. For all that, Hester, I shouldn't care to lay out three hundred dollars for a pair of ear-rings."

"I am as well able to wear three hundred-dollar ear-rings as Mrs. Pendleton. And you wear embroidery of the most expensive kind. In that, you are more extravagant than I am. I don't think of wearing French embroidery, except on particular occasions."

"I never wear it on any occasion. I employ a young girl, who supports herself and her little sister by doing fine needle-work."

"Well, I don't want imitation French embroidery any more than imitation diamonds."

Hester was a little excited, and hastily removing one of the ear-rings from her ear, it caught in one of her curls, and became so entangled as to break the ring.

"How unlucky!" said she. "I must send and get it mended at once, for I wouldn't, on any account, miss wearing them to Mrs. Burford's party this evening."

She rang the bell, which was promptly answered by a little girl of nine or ten years old.

"Do you know where Wall Street is?" said Hester.

"I was there once, but am not certain that I can find the way."

"If I direct you which way to go, you can find it, stupid as you are, I should think."

"Perhaps I can—I will try; but I've been in the city so short a time."

"Hadn't you better go yourself, Hester?" Isabel ventured to say. "As the child may lose her way, I shouldn't think it prudent to entrust her with anything so valuable."

"Why, it is six o'clock now, and I've not yet concluded what dress to wear this evening."

"Let me go, then; I should like the walk."

"To confess the truth, I want you to assist me about a few little things which I have neglected to attend to, which you can do as well as not, as you've taken it into your head not to attend the party to-night. Come this way, Floy, and mind what I say to you."

The child timidly advanced to the table where Hester stood.

"Do you see this?" said she, holding up the diamond ear-ring.

"Yes, ma'am."

"It is broken, as you see, and I wish to have it mended."

She then gave her what she considered the necessary directions to enable her to find the shop where she was to get it done. "It is worth a hundred and fifty dollars," Hester went on to say, "and if you lose it, you'll wish yourself

back to the almshouse again, where I took you from, out of pity."

"If I lose it, shall you put me in the dark closet, where the great chest is, with the dead man's bones in it?" asked the child, turning pale.

"Yes, and shall keep you there all night."

"Please, Miss Hester, don't make me carry it then;" and tears started in the poor child's eyes.

"But I shall make you; and if you lose it, it will be because you are careless. Remember you are to wait till it's done. It won't take a great while to do it, and you must be back by seven o'clock, or a quarter after."

"Can she read writing?" Isabel inquired of Hester.

"I don't know—can you, Floy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Stop one minute, then," said Isabel; and taking a pencil from her pocket, she wrote on a slip of paper the directions Hester had given, in a clear, legible hand.

The child's face brightened as she looked at what Isabel had written, for she felt sure that it would enable her to find the way.

"What does she mean about the dark closet and the chest?" said Isabel, as soon as she was gone.

"La, Isabel," said Hester, laughing, "you don't suppose I keep a chest of bones, do you? I am not studying anatomy."

"No, but why should the child think of such a thing?"

"Why, I told her about the closet and chest of bones just to frighten her. There must be something to keep her in awe, or I shall lose all control over her."

"I should think it wrong to endeavor to excite a child's fears in that way. What is her name?"

"Florence Lisle."

"A pretty name—don't you think so?"

"Yes, pretty enough; but when associated with the idea of an almshouse pauper, it sounds to me rather ludicrous."

"Do you know anything respecting her parents?" asked Isabel.

"No, I didn't trouble myself about that."

"She has a sweet face, though there is a mournful expression in her large, dark eyes, which made me feel sad. There has been a time, I cannot doubt, when she was surrounded by comfort and plenty. Had she always been poor and friendless, so dark a shade of sorrow could not rest on her fair, young brow. It is by those who have seen better days that the misery, occasioned by want and its attendant evils, is

the most keenly felt. The poor little wretch, who has never known anything but poverty and unkind treatment, possesses in most instances a facility, truly marvellous, in throwing all its griefs to the winds, whenever its physical wants are temporarily supplied, and it can get beyond the reach of the heavy hand, so ready to fall on its luckless head."

"Well, Isabel, leave the subject of beggars and paupers to discuss some other time, and help me to decide what to wear this evening. If you will, I will promise to use all my influence in getting you appointed lady-principal of some orphan asylum. Here are three such lovely dresses, I don't know which to choose. At any rate, I want to wear the one which will best become me, for I understand that there is a gentleman going to be present who has been living in China several years, who is as rich as a Jew, and handsome as an Adonis."

"What is his name?"

"I couldn't ascertain. Mrs. Pendleton, who mentioned him to me, had forgotten."

While Hester and Isabel were examining the dresses, Florence, with a tiny box clasped tightly in her hand, was walking with all possible speed towards the shop where she was to get the ear-ring mended. When arrived, as she entered, a man decently dressed, who was walking leisurely by, stopped and looked in at the door. Florence, having raised the lid of the box, handed it to a man behind the counter, and asked him if he could mend the ear-ring. He could mend it, he said, and she told him that she was to wait till it was ready.

"It won't take long to do it," he said, taking the ear-ring from the box, and examining it. He then opened a door, communicating with a back apartment, and gave directions for it to be done without delay.

Though she was not detained more than half an hour in the jeweller's shop, Florence, when she commenced returning, found her progress retarded by the number of people she met on the sidewalk, there having been either a lecture or a concert near by. She had not gone far, before she was jostled so rudely by one among a number of men and boys, who suddenly turned a corner, that she was thrown down. In her attempt to save herself from falling, the box, containing the diamond ear-ring, escaped from her hand, though almost at the same instant, she regained possession of it. The man who had been the means of her fall, instead of hurrying on with the crowd, had remained behind, and taking hold of her arm, assisted her to rise to her feet.

"Are you hurt, my little girl," said he.

"Not any, thank you, sir," she replied; and raising her eyes to his face, as she spoke, she recognized him as the same man she saw standing at the door of the jeweller's shop, shortly after her entrance.

She, then, thought his face particularly repulsive, and now, though he spoke softly, and appeared kind, she did not like his looks, and wished, within herself, that he would not keep so closely by her side, and more particularly, that he would let go her hand, which he kept firmly clasped in his, lest, as he said, she should be again thrown down.

"How far have you to go?" said he, after they had proceeded a short distance.

"A good ways yet," she replied; and thanking him for his kindness, she told him she did not wish to trouble him to go any further.

"O, it is no trouble—none at all; and if I leave you, and you should be thrown down again, you may get hurt, and lose that little box you hold so tight in your hand. You haven't told me what street you wish to go to—is it Pearl Street?"

"No, sir—Bleeker Street."

"Then we had better turn down this alley. The distance will be much shorter."

"Miss Harcourt told me that I must go this way."

At this moment the clock of a church hard by commenced striking seven, and recollecting that Miss Harcourt told her she must be back at seven, or a quarter past, and recalling to mind the threatened penalty, should she fail to be there at the time, she inquired of the man how long it would take to reach Bleeker Street.

"That," he replied, "depends on which way you go."

"Will it take more than a quarter of an hour, the way we are going now?" said she.

He saw by the earnest way in which she made the inquiry, that she was anxious to arrive within the time she had specified, and shaped his answer accordingly.

"Yes," said he; "twice that time; but we can be there in less than ten minutes if we turn down the alley I spoke to you about."

She hesitated a minute, and then said:

"I believe I had better go that way, then."

Without giving her time to change her mind, he turned, still holding her by the hand, and soon they were hurrying through the narrow alley, which Florence expected would so materially shorten the distance. It terminated in a respectable looking street, but her conductor soon turned from this into another. Several

more turns were made, when Florence, with a feeling of alarm, found they were in a dirty-looking street, where the buildings were mean and dilapidated. She thought to herself how strange it was, that the handsome street where Miss Harcourt lived, should be near such a vile, wretched-looking place.

"Are we almost there?" she asked.

"Yes, we shall soon be there now," was his answer, and looking round to make himself sure that he was not observed, he unlocked the door of an old building, which he quickly entered, drawing Florence in with him. All this was done so suddenly and unexpectedly, that it was hardly realized by her, till she saw the man lock the door inside, and put the key in his pocket.

"There, sit down and rest yourself," said he, "and then you'll be better able to find that fine street, where you live."

"I am not tired. Please let me go, now. Miss Harcourt said I must be back by a quarter past seven, and if I don't get there at the time, she'll punish me."

"Well, it's more'n half past seven now, and as it is too late to escape the beating the fine lady will give you, you may as well be quiet, and stay here a while longer. I've got to go away now, and while I'm gone, you may go in back here, and stay with my sister."

He opened a door, and pushed her into a small back room.

"Now," said he, "I'll take charge of that little box you hold on to so tight, and if you're hungry, the woman will give you something to eat."

"O, don't take the box, sir!" said she, "for I mustn't stay any longer. Miss Harcourt is going to a party to-night, and must have the ear-ring to wear."

"There's no hurry about her having it; and in my opinion, it will be safer in my keeping than yours. Give it to me, and save your fingers a wrenching!"

"I can't let you have it, sir—I can't, certain. It is a diamond ear-ring, and is worth a hundred and fifty dollars. Miss Harcourt told me it was."

"That's more than I expected 'twas worth. Come, no more fooling. I mean what I say. Give it to me."

This was said with a look so stern, and in a voice of so much anger, that Florence, not daring to refuse any longer, gave him the box.

"There, that's right," said he. "That's havin' like a woman. I'm sorry that necessity drives me to this, for your sake, for you've as pretty and innocent a looking face as I've seen

this many a day. As for the lady, who's counting on dazzling some poor fool's eyes, I shall be glad to have her disappointed."

He then took the woman aside, who since their entrance had been busy about some household affair, and did not appear to pay much attention to them, and having interchanged a few words with her, so low as not to be heard by Florence, he left the house. When Florence found that he had gone, taking the costly ear-ring with him, unable to longer control her emotion, she burst into tears.

"Come, child, there's no use in crying," said the woman. "As soon as it is fairly dark, you shall go back to where you belong."

"I don't dare to go without the ear-ring. Wont the man bring it back by-and-by, and let me have it?"

"No, child—there's no use in deceiving you. You'll never see it again—he has a use of his own for it."

"What shall I do?" said Florence. "I can't go back to Miss Harcourt without it."

"She'll beat you, I suppose?"

"I don't think she will; but I had rather she would than to keep me in the closet all night with the dead man's bones;" and as she spoke a shudder crept over her, and her eyes dilated with fear.

"Well, I'm poor, and have done things which I had better not have done, but I've more feeling than to do such a wicked thing as that. If you don't dare to go back, you're welcome to stay here. You shall fare as well as my brother and I do."

Florence reflected a while, and then said:

"I thank you, but I mustn't stay."

"You'd rather go and be shut up in the closet you speak of. Well, as I told you, as soon as it is dark, I'll show you the way. My brother told me I could, if you wasn't content to stay."

"As soon as you are ready, I should like to go," said Florence.

Florence had decided in her own mind not to return to Miss Harcourt's, though she did not mention her decision to the woman. She knew that Isabel Leeds lived in the same street, and the kindness and consideration she had manifested towards her, made her determine to go to her, and beg her to let her remain at least for the night. She had, for a long time, been so little used to being treated kindly, that had not early moral culture taught her to shrink from associating with the vicious, the sympathy manifested by the woman might have tempted her to remain where she was.

"I suppose it is best that you should go," said

she, in answer to the wish expressed by Florence. "If I had a daughter as pretty as you are, I should know that this was no place for her."

"Do you remember ever being in this part of the city before?" said the woman, when it had got to be fairly dark.

"Never—I've not been in the city long."

"Well, it's time to go now. We must go out by the back door. My brother locked the other door on the outside, when he went away."

The night was cloudy and very dark, and her conductor, holding her fast by the hand, led her through what appeared to her a labyrinth of lanes and alleys. The truth was, she purposely chose a circuitous rather than a direct way. After a while they entered a well-lighted street. The woman did not speak, but continued to pass rapidly on through several others. At last she slackened her pace, and asked Florence if she knew where she was.

"In Bleeker Street, I believe," was the child's answer.

"Yes, and you can now find the way."

"I think I can."

"Good night, then, and remember that, bad as I am, I shouldn't have the heart to treat you as cruelly as the proud lady does, you live with."

Florence bid her good night in return—thanked her for showing her the way, and looking back, saw her turn a corner. She then walked slowly along, and soon came in sight of the large and magnificent mansion of Mr. Harcourt. The sight of it inspired her with dread, and turning quickly back, she inquired of the first person she met where Mr. Leeds lived. Fortunately, he knew how to direct her, and in a few minutes she had reached the house. Isabel Leeds, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, had just arrived from the opposite direction. The strong light of the lamp in front of the mansion fell upon Florence, and Isabel saw and recognized her.

"Why have you been gone so long?" said she.

"I couldn't come before. Miss Harcourt's ear-ring is gone!"

"How did it happen? How did you lose it?"

"I didn't lose it—a man took it away from me."

"What man?"

"I don't know."

"Come, we will go into the house. This should be attended to at once."

"My poor child," said Isabel, addressing the trembling Florence, when they had entered the

parlor, "come and sit down by me, and tell me all about what has happened."

Florence, whose agitation was in a measure soothed by the kindness of Isabel, related those particulars already known, in a manner so artless and unhesitating, that both Isabel and the gentleman present, whose name was Kingsley, were perfectly satisfied that what she said was true.

"I must let Hester know the fate of her earring," said Isabel, when she had finished. "If I don't, as she is waiting for Florence to return, she may be too late for the party. When I parted with her, half an hour ago, she was talking of sending to the jeweller's to inquire why Florence was so long detained."

"Are you going to send me?" said Florence, looking much alarmed.

"No, you may remain here for the present. I will send her a note."

In a few minutes the note was written, and on its way to Miss Harcourt. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Kingsley was told that there was a gentleman at the door, who wished to see him.

"If a friend, invite him in," said Isabel, as Mr. Kingsley left the room.

He soon returned, accompanied by a gentleman, whom he presented to Isabel as his friend, Austin Lisle, just arrived from China, where he had been a resident for several years. The moment Isabel had responded to his salutation, Florence approached him, and in much agitation, said:

"Uncle Austin, I thought you were dead! Mr. Byles told me you were."

"Why, this must be my little Florence, I parted with three years ago! But how came you here? I expected you were in the country. Is your mother here?"

"Mother is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, sir—she died more than a year ago."

"This is sad news, which I was not prepared to hear. Where have you been since she died?"

"In the almshouse till about six weeks ago."

"A daughter of Edward Lisle and Florence Linton been living in the almshouse! Why did you go there?"

"Mr. Byles carried me there. He said that all the money you let mother have was gone, and that I must be taken care of by charity."

"The last letter your mother sent me, and which I must have received about the time she died, said that she was amply provided for, for at least three years to come. This Mr. Byles, I suspect, is a dishonest man. He expected that I should remain abroad several years longer,

which tempted him, I'm afraid, to pocket the money which should have been appropriated to your maintenance. You were friendless, and he imagined he should escape detection."

At this moment the door was unceremoniously opened by Hester Harcourt. Mr. Lisle sat near the door, with his arm encircling the waist of Florence, who stood at his side. She entered the room in a manner so sudden and impetuous, that she passed on to the centre of the apartment, without being aware of their presence.

"I hope," said she, addressing Isabel, "that you didn't expect me to be imposed upon by the vile falsehood so cunningly fabricated by Floy Lisle, if you were. I never liked the child from the first. She pretended to be excessively delicate and sensitive, but I always thought that it was all mere pretence, and now I am certain it was. Where is the little thief? Have you taken her under your protection?"

Isabel had several times during this speech vainly attempted to interrupt her, and when she found her attempts unheeded, had endeavored by expressive signs to make her sensible of the presence of a stranger; but her mind was so much pre-occupied, and so disturbed by passion, she was unable to attract her attention.

"Have you taken her under your protection?" she repeated, with increased vehemence.

"Florence Lisle is here," said Isabel; "and previous to my sending you the note, I had made up my mind to let her remain here till I had an opportunity of a personal interview with you. Since then, she has unexpectedly found a natural protector, which will, in part, preclude the necessity of my interference."

"Yes," said Mr. Lisle, who rose and came forward, leading Florence by the hand, "I am the child's uncle, and am both able and willing to take care of her. I have yet to learn in what way she has excited your anger, and for what reason you call her by such an opprobrious name. The child of a mother so amiable and so exemplary as hers was, cannot be guilty of taking what does not belong to her. Will you have the goodness to tell me what cause you have to accuse her?"

"Uncle Kingsley," said Isabel, "you are acquainted with the circumstances—will you be so kind as to explain them to Mr. Lisle?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Kingsley; and as briefly as possible he made the necessary explanation.

"I promised my friend, Mrs. Burford, to attend her party this evening," said Mr. Lisle, after Mr. Kingsley had finished his narrative, "but I will send an excuse, and attend to this

affair immediately. The sooner the facts of the case are made known to the detective police, the better."

"You are right," said Mr. Kingsley; "and if you please, I will go with you."

When they were gone, Hester inquired of Isabel who this Mr. Lisle was.

"He has recently arrived from China," was her answer, "and is, I presume, the gentleman you expected to meet at the party this evening, on whom you were somewhat desirous to make a favorable impression."

"And you knew this, and yet permitted me to say what I did in his presence."

"I did my best to prevent you."

"I will not dispute the point—but, remember, that we are no longer friends."

Without waiting for Isabel to reply, she left the house, and stepping into the carriage which was in waiting at the door, she was soon on her way to Mrs. Burford's party.

By the vigilance of the police, the man who robbed Florence was arrested just as he was entering the shop of a pawnbroker, whose integrity, it was suspected, was not altogether unimpeachable. The diamond ear-ring was found in the man's possession, and quickly restored to its owner.

It is not improbable that a few months afterwards, when Isabel Leeds became the bride of the wealthy Mr. Lisle, who was in every respect worthy of her esteem, that Miss Harcourt regretted having treated the friendless Florence with so little kindness and consideration.

In her uncle's house, Florence found a home in the true sense of the word, and when, at a suitable age, she was introduced into society, there were few transcended her in beauty of person, and none in moral and mental culture.

EVIDENCE OF ILL-BREEDING.

There is no greater breach of good manners—or, rather, no better evidence of ill-breeding—than that of interrupting another in conversation while speaking—or commencing a remark before another has fully closed. No well-bred person ever does it, or continues a conversation long with any person that does. The latter often finds an interesting conversation abruptly waived, closed or declined, by the former, without even suspecting the cause. It is a criterion which never fails to show the breeding of the individual. A well-bred person will not even interrupt one who is in all respects greatly his inferior. If you wish to judge the good-breeding of a person with whom you are but slightly acquainted, mark such persons strictly in this respect, and you will assuredly not be deceived. However intelligent, fluent, easy, or even graceful, a person may appear, for a short time, you will find him or her soon prove uninteresting and insipid.—*Transcript*

A HUGE PILE OF SERPENTS.

Baron Humboldt says: "In the savannahs of Isacubo, Guiana, I saw the most wonderful and terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it be not uncommon to the natives, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passages, while I preferred to skirt the great forests. One of the men who formed the vanguard returned at full gallop and called to me, 'Here, sir; come and see serpents in a pile.' He pointed to something elevated in the middle of the savannah or swamp, which appeared like a bundle of arms. One of my company said, 'This is certainly one of the assemblies of serpents which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest. I have heard of these, but never saw any; let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near them.'

"When we were within twenty paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our approaching nearer, to which none of us inclined. On a sudden the pyramid mass became agitated; a horrid hissing issued from it, thousands of serpents rolled spirally on each other, and shot out of the circle their envenomed darts and fiery eyes to us. I own I was the first to draw back, but when I saw this formidable phalanx remain at its post, and appear to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode around in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy on every side. I then thought what could be the design of this assemblage; and I concluded that this species of serpent dreaded some colossal enemy which might be the great serpent or cayman, and they re-united themselves after seeing the enemy, so as to resist the enemy in a mass."

SKILFUL FINANCIERING.

Last fall, at the time when there was quite a panic about banks in Maine, a "rush" commenced upon a bank located in a town on the Kennebec. The principal director was absent at the time the "rush" began; but immediately on his arrival home he ordered the bank closed, and taking possession of the key declared he would devise a remedy, and that the doors should not be opened until his return. He then took a large parcel of bills, with abundance of securities, and started in the next train for Boston, where he bought about \$10,000 worth of specie, of the smallest denomination he could get, chiefly dimes, half-dimes, and three cent pieces. Having secured these, he started on his return. As soon as the bank was again opened, the "rush" was recommenced; but the cashier, acting under instructions, doled out the three and five cent pieces to the discontented bill holders. The operation was not a very rapid one, as may be supposed; but by the time several baskets full had been carried off, finding the supply still inexhaustible, the timid ones gave in, "acknowledged the corn," and to this day the bills of bank are counted good as gold, and the director reckoned the shrewdest financier on the Kennebec.—*Portland State of Maine.*

Some say that hurt never comes by silence; but they may as well say that good never comes by speech; for where it is good to speak, it is ill to be silent.

FAITH AND LOVE.

BY MARY GRENVILLE.

Go, tell me what is the highest joy,
That the soul of man can know?
And what the balm, with no harsh alloy,
That will soothe his keenest woe?
Say, what can quench his burning thirst,
When wandering far and long,
In deserts where no love-springs burst,
And toil-strife blinds it strong?

Does it know that joy when mirth beats high
To the winning notes of fame?
Or feel the balm when earth's lullaby
Soothes some smarting pang of shame?
Does it quench that thirst—the soulless light,
In beauty's dazzling eye;
While it bears like some rich dream at night,
The earth-chained senses high?

O the soul of man is a restless thing,
On the trackless flood of life!
Oft thrice 'twill fold its weary wing,
Ere it ends its search-worn strife.
And not till the breath of humble prayer
Plumes those wings with faith and love,
Can it bear the palm of peace so rare,
From the worlds of light above.

MRS. TIBBITS.

BY GEO. CANWING HILL.

EVERYBODY in the course of his lifetime has his adventure; Mr. Tibbits had his. He enjoyed it, too, in the evening.

"I want to go to the concert, this evening."

That was what his wife remarked to him—a by no means unprepossessing woman, by-the-by—just as he came home from business to supper.

"Well, you can't go," said he, with an emphasis, considerably above the middling.

She looked at him through a pair of eyes that made a great effort to express both fear and astonishment at the same moment.

"Can't go, Mr. Tibbits?" she repeated.

"No, Mrs. Tibbits, can't go!" said he, again, after her.

It appeared, then, that at last she fairly understood him.

"Now I should really like to know why?" she earnestly inquired.

Most women naturally would like to know that much, at least.

"There's reason enough for it," remarked Mr. Tibbits.

"That's no reason at all," said Mrs. Tibbits, in reply.

"I can't go, myself," he finally condescended.

"I've neither the time nor the money to spend at such a place to-night."

She studied his countenance closely, to see if his seriousness was beyond question. Something or another—she never could have told exactly what, assured her it was assumed for this particular occasion.

"Then that matter is settled," she persisted, with a true woman's spirit.

"It is settled," said he, in a tone that very skilfully combined the peculiar properties of aloes and vinegar.

Therefore she made an effort to compose herself to the disappointment that awaited her. Mr. Tibbits took his evening meal very much as usual, spent a brief time afterwards at his glass, and departed from the house again, as if to his regular avocation.

Mrs. Tibbits was not, as such matters usually go, a downright suspicious woman, though it must be allowed she kept her eyes open as wide as anybody else did. This she had a perfect right to do, even if she was married. No one will be presumptuous enough to deny that. She thought it something quite unusual for her husband to adjust his dress before returning to business for the evening, and accordingly determined to go up stairs, and institute a search concerning the matter for herself.

A clean dickey had been exchanged for his soiled one, and the latter lay on the floor behind a chair. He had furthermore dressed his neck with another cravat, and doubtless exerted himself over a tie that should answer the fastidious requirements of his taste. She ran over his wardrobe, determined to pursue the investigation just as far as it would bear. There! his old coat hung up there from the peg, and his very newest and nicest dress-coat was gone.

That settled the question for good and for all. She hurried down stairs again, seized hold of the young gentleman boarder just at the moment he was putting on his hat to go out, and whisperingly communicated so much of her plan as she thought at that moment necessary.

"I wish to claim your services this evening," said she to him.

"Certainly, Mrs. Tibbits," he answered, removing his hat and turning his face full to hers.

"Will you accompany me to the concert?"

"Most assuredly, Mrs. Tibbits, with the greatest pleasure in the world, ma'am."

"Another thing. I may not wish you to come home with me."

He looked rather blank for a minute, as almost any young gentleman would, under like circumstances.

"Don't be alarmed about it," added Mrs. T., "and pray don't be anxious to understand any more than just what I feel inclined to tell you. May I rely on your serving me, on such a condition as this?"

"I have already given you my word, Mrs. Tibbits. Pray, proceed to command me."

"Just please to wait in the parlor, then," she returned, "and I will make haste and get ready."

He went in and sat down, amusing himself with what few books lay scattered over the table, till she again made her appearance. This time in full dress and smiling most deliciously.

"I'm all ready," said she, "but mind that you say nothing of this little affair to any one."

"Nothing at all," protested he. "Not so much as a single word."

It was enough. Mrs. Tibbits gaily took his proffered arm, and they walked away from the steps with as much elasticity as if they were a pair of new and confiding lovers.

The concert room was jammed. It held a brilliant assemblage to greet a brilliant performer. The *vivas* and *encores* that rose from the packed auditory were a sweet offering to the female genius who stood and sang before them so rapturously.

And Mrs. Tibbits was carried away, too, with the rest; that is, with a very slight reservation. She would certainly have given the whole of her appreciation and critical attention to the songstress of the night, had she not felt compelled to bestow a very little of it in another direction.

Her eyes ran searchingly over the heads and faces of the assembly. Over and over again she scanned them all, and studied them all. Thus far, however, in vain.

But luck comes sometimes just when we are least on the lookout for it. She turned her gaze from the stage to the middle of the room, and there in an instant, it alighted on the long-desired object of her search. There sat the delinquent Mr. Tibbits, eagerly engaged in expressing his sentiments—whatever they might have been—most tenderly to a lady close at his side. Had his distant spouse been able just at that particular moment to reach his person, it is really entertaining too much charity for poor human nature to suppose that she would wind her arms about his neck in a transport only of affection.

It would be nothing to the purpose to tell how she colored in the face, and how the white chased away the red, and the red drove the white off the field again. These symptoms very naturally go along with a case of so peculiar a character. Nor to describe, either, with what a

nervous motion her hands seemed to twitch, especially when he leaned his head close down to his fair companion's face, as if those delicate members, now so neatly gloved, would like nothing better at that instant, than to toy with a few wisps of his black hair, or to just play ever so lovingly with the red rims of his long and narrow ears. All this is left with the reader's imagination to work over at its leisure.

Mrs. Tibbits's escort, however, availed himself of his situation to now and then look round in her face, and see how she was enjoying the evening. As he gazed at her this time, she happened, alas, to be very earnestly engaged in gritting her teeth. The evening melodies had lost their wonderful effect on her feelings, it seemed.

Well, to get along as fast as the story will allow, pretty soon the concert drew to its close. There was a great deal of whispering, and a great deal of flustering, and a great deal of general confusion consequent upon the winding up of the matters of the evening. In due time, however, all reached the door. Mrs. Tibbits, in a hasty whisper, had cautioned her companion against showing his face to her husband, and quietly recommended him to observe as closely as possible all her own individual motions. In case she might require it, it was her wish that he be ready to offer her his escort home again.

Accordingly, he did little else than observe her, keeping a few paces behind her, even as she kept about the same distance in the rear of her spouse. All entered the spacious vestibule in close array.

There was a fine spot for a little crowd, and for a great deal more of confusion; all which was duly taken advantage of by such as had the fortune to occupy the ground in season. Cloaks were missed and fancy hoods were ditto. Parties got sadly separated in the melee, and oddly mixed in with other parties to which they could never have belonged. It was a general stir up with them all. To add to the confusion of their prospects, the sky outside had, during the evening, become obfuscated with inky clouds, making the night dark beyond the help even of corporation gaslights.

"Come," said Mr. Tibbits, turning prettily about, and offering his arm to his female friend.

Mrs. Tibbits had carefully studied how she might best take advantage of the confusion of the moment, and was therefore quite ready to answer to his call. The other lady—poor, unfortunate thing, had got jammed far away into another quarter.

Mr. Tibbits's lawful wife it was, who took hold

gently of his arm, and walked forth with him as she should no doubt have done in the first place, into the street.

"How very dark it is," said he.

"Yes," was the faint reply, in a voice greatly disguised by affectation at that.

Mr. Tibbits took the lady's hand very tenderly in his own. Seeing it was only his wife's hand, what was there at all out of the way in that.

She responded to the gentle and repeated pressures his rather amatory nature inclined him to bestow, with quite as much warmth as he could reasonably have desired.

Mr. Tibbits muttered words of love—or something very like them—possibly to the stars, that were elsewhere that night to be seen.

Mrs. Tibbits on her part properly fetched long and deep sighs, as any lady in like circumstances would, or should—which is it, pray?

This did but add more fuel to the infatuated man's flame. As they passed along, they finally turned a corner on which a gas light flamed wildly above their heads, and immediately were plunged again into the usual darkness beyond.

The excited Mr. Tibbits felt himself waked up to a pitch of excitement that he could with difficulty control. He passed his arm very quickly around his fair companion's waist, and, bending forward with indescribable dexterity, rifled her ruby lips of a sweet, sweet kiss. And what was the great harm of that, I want to know, of a man kissing only his own wife!

The lady played her part admirably, and feigned a modest resistance for an instant, and then yielded herself up altogether to the conquest she could not control. Such a hearty kiss she had not probably got from her husband since the very earliest of their happy honeymoon days.

"Shall we go straight home?" asked he, after he had run on a long while with such other talk as his peculiar state of feelings inspired.

"I think we'd better," said she, still in a low tone.

The shrewd woman. She was itching at that moment to know where her husband's unknown friend dwelt. Off they posted, therefore, in the direction of the house desired. Reaching the door, which fortunately happened to be in the shadow, she appeared suddenly to hesitate. A moment she glanced at the name and the number.

"No, let's take a little longer walk," she broke out, as if she had changed her determination. And away her gay escort pushed with her again.

She piloted him this time, though she took much pains to have it all seem to be without the

least design on her part. And he walked along by her side, thoughtless utterly of his course or his destiny, so he but felt assured of her agreeable company. Before he knew it, he found himself in the immediate vicinity of his own house! The discovery cost him an involuntary shudder.

"This is pretty near home," he observed.

"I know it. But who's afraid now? I'm in for a bit of a frolic—I am. Let's ring the door-bell and then run."

And while he was trying to frame some polite sort of a protest, she fairly drew him along until she stood with him directly before his own door. Then she mounted the steps, still clinging to his arm, and whispered, as if in a gay frolic—"I'll ring now, let's see the fun."

He coughed up a hollow laugh, and secretly wished himself anywhere else in the wide world. Instead of rattling the bell-pull on the side of which she stood, she rattled her night-key in its proper receptacle, and all at once the door swung wide open! The lamp was still burning in the hall, and Mr. Tibbits had an opportunity to look full in the face of his wife. He stood appalled and speechless. A statue was never more dumb!

"Come, Mr. Tibbits," said she, pleasantly, "You'll not need to go home with Mrs. Maypole to-night. I think you had much better retire. It's getting too late to go out again!"

What followed next—how long it lasted—who came off conqueror—I have nothing to do with that; nor has the reader any claim on me for one single syllable about it. It is enough that the matter has been brought along as far as it has.

At all events, Mrs. Tibbits had finally got her husband home! That was something gained. When he next went to a concert, Mrs. Tibbits went along with him, and it is rumored in the circle where she is best known, that not long afterwards she fastened under her plump chin an elegant opera cloak and hood, for the purchase of which her husband had always, before said that his means were in no sort of a way sufficient.

THE JUJUBE TREE.

The seeds of this tree were imported a short time since from the south of Europe for experiment in the South. It grows in the form of a shrub, of middle size, bearing a red oval fruit about as large as olives, enclosing a stone of the same shape. They are sweet, but only eaten among us in the form of a paste. In Algiers the fruit ripens in the month of June, and is much sought after by the inhabitants, who consume large quantities, both fresh and dried, as well as in the form of a delicious paste.—*Washington Union*.

THE HOUSE OVER THE WAY.

BY H. O. WILEY.

'Tis a tall, white house, and stately,
Untouched by slow decay;
And crowds who walk the busy street,
Pass by its door each day;
But I know that house is haunted,
The house that stands over the way.

And those who dwell in that stately house,
I do know that ghosts they be;
And like shadows through the casements,
Oft their filmy forms I see;
I hear them revel at midnight,
And laugh in their ghouliah glee.

But well I know that they all are ghosts,
And though they seem to be gay,
They stop and shudder whenever they think
How short is the time they can stay.
They'll haunt that house for a little while,
And then they will go away.

THE GOVERNESS.

BY T. A. KIMBALL.

"WANTED, a Governess. Apply at No. 22, Melville Street, Baltimore."

"Shall I apply for the situation?" mused Ella St. George, as she thoughtfully laid the newspaper, in which was the above advertisement, upon the table; "my little stock of money will soon be exhausted; I must come to some decision quickly, and I may be fortunate enough to find a good home." And she fell into a painful reverie, and thought of the happy time when she had no care for the future, when a kind father had protected her from every ill, a fond mother had gazed with pride and affection on her, and her brother had lovingly twined his fingers in her golden curls.

The tears started to her eyes, as she thought, "where are they now?" From her little window, she could see the white marble that headed her father's and mother's grave. And she had never heard from her brother, or seen him, since the time, five years before, when, on the eve of his departure for Australia, he had cut off one of the locks she prized so much, and pictured to her the future, and the happiness that awaited them when he should have become rich.

Mrs. Allen had just settled herself in the library of her comfortable home, for a quiet morning, having given orders that she should be denied to all callers, with the exception of the applicants for the situation of governess. The servant opened the door, and ushered in a tall, graceful girl, apparently about eighteen. She

looked very beautiful as she timidly entered, her auburn hair hanging in rich profusion, her large blue eyes beaming with intelligence, and the purity of her complexion enhanced by contrast with the black habit she wore. Mrs. Allen arose in some surprise, and awaited the object of her visit.

"Madam, I understand you are in want of a governess?"

"Ah! yes; pray be seated. You saw my advertisement in the paper, I presume?"

"Yes, madam."

"Can you teach the usual branches of an English education, with the addition of music, Italian, and French?"

"I think I can, madam. I am a proficient in music, and can teach singing and the rudiments of French and Italian."

"Ah! Would you oblige me by singing, and accompanying yourself upon the piano forte?" said Mrs. Allen. "We will proceed to the drawing-room, if you please," and gracefully rising, she led the way.

Ella seated herself at the beautiful instrument, and commenced singing, with great sweetness, "The light of other days."

Mrs. Allen said, "you sing sweetly; that song is a favorite with me. I think if my terms suit you, I shall like you very well. My daughters are of the respective ages of nine, twelve and fifteen, and the salary I thought of giving is two hundred dollars a year."

Ella accepted the situation.

"If you like," resumed Mrs. Allen, "you can come this evening. You will take your meals in the nursery, with the children, with the exception of dinner. Mr. Allen insists upon the children coming down to dinner; of course, you will accompany them."

Ella assented, and taking leave of Mrs. Allen, promised to come at seven o'clock in the evening.

She now proceeded to the little cottage, where she had boarded since her bereavement, and busied herself the remainder of the day in making the necessary arrangements for her change of residence. Having completed these, and finding she had still an hour at her disposal, she strolled towards the little grave-yard that contained the remains of her parents, and she almost wished that her struggle in life was over, and that she was quietly sleeping beside them.

The time for her departure at last arrived; and stepping into the carriage she had ordered, was soon conveyed to the stately looking house that was, for the present, to be her home.

Mrs. Allen and two of her daughters had

gone out for the evening, and Miss Lucy, the youngest, was in bed. Miss St. George was informed that she was to share Miss Lucy's room, and was glad to retire at once. Lucy was sleeping, and Ella thought, as she gazed upon her fair, sweet countenance, that she would not have much trouble with her. Hastily undressing, she joined her little companion; and fatigued with the exertions of the day, she was soon in a sound slumber.

The next morning, Mrs. Allen entered the school room, accompanied by her two daughters, Ellen and Genevra, whom she introduced to Miss St. George. "You have already made the acquaintance of Lucy, I perceive," she said; "I shall leave them entirely to your own judgment, as my time is quite taken up, and I hope you will get on well together."

Twelve months glided away happily. Mr. Allen expressed himself highly gratified with the improvement of his daughters; and their mamma was glad to have the responsibility off her hands. They kept very little company, and with the exception of a Mr. Stanley, a constant visitor, Ella had not seen any strangers.

Herbert Stanley was a handsome, intellectual looking man, about thirty years of age, and possessed considerable property in the South. He had never had any chance of conversing much with Ella, as she left the room immediately after dinner, each day, with the two young ladies; but he was particularly attentive to her during dinner, and evidently admired her.

"Mamma, do you not think Ella very handsome?" said Lucy one day to Mrs. Allen.

"I don't know, child; what makes you ask?"

"Well, Mr. Stanley said to pa that he thought her a lovely girl—that she had the grace of a fairy, and the prettiest blue eyes he had ever seen. Pa said he thought so too, and so do I; don't you think so too, mamma?"

"I don't know what Miss St. George is doing, to allow you to plague me now," exclaimed Mrs. Allen; "go up stairs, directly."

"We have finished our studies for this morning, mamma."

"Tell Miss St. George to walk out with you, then."

Ella little dreamed of the storm that was brewing overhead, as she dressed to go out with her young charges. Lucy looked very sad, and felt afraid she had got her gentle governess into some trouble, though she could not see why her mamma should be so ugly.

It was a lovely morning, and they walked towards the old mill, gathering the wild flowers on their way; Genevra playfully insisted upon dress-

ing Ella's hair with the flowers, "just to see how they looked," she said, "as nobody would be coming that way to interrupt them."

They were thus pleasantly occupied, Genevra, in making her governess look like the "Queen of May," and Ellen and Lucy bringing her flowers, when they were startled by a deep toned voice, saying, "Good morning, ladies." Ella started to her feet, and the color rushed to her temples, as she perceived Mr. Stanley, smiling at her confusion. She tried to disentangle her hair from the flowers, but Genevra had fixed them in so well, that neither she nor her governess could get them out.

The gentleman proffered his assistance, though he said it was a pity to take them out, they were so becoming to her. They now began to think of returning to the house, and Mr. Stanley said he was going to dine with them, and with Miss St. George's permission, would accompany them home. Genevra smiled archly at her governess.

Mr. Stanley and Ella entered into a pleasant conversation, and his animated countenance showed how much he was pleased with his fair companion. They reached the house just as the dinner bell sounded, and she and her pupils hastily ran up stairs to arrange their dresses.

After dinner, the ladies retired, as usual, and Mr. Stanley strolled into the library, and through the door communicating with the conservatory. He had not been there long, when he was aroused by the sound of voices in the library, and he heard Mrs. Allen say:

"I insist upon your leaving my house this evening, Miss St. George. I thought, when I engaged you, that you were a respectable person, and not a detestable flirt."

Ella indignantly repelled the accusation.

"I tell you," exclaimed Mrs. Allen, "that your conduct towards Mr. Stanley was truly shameful, and he might well say, 'that you were a disgraceful flirt!'"

"Madam, I cannot believe that Mr. Stanley would say so, as he has not had any opportunity of judging; and as to 'flirting with him,' I cannot tell what you mean."

"Never mind that. He said so, and remember, you leave my house to-night!"

Ella answered haughtily, "let it be so then," and was about to leave the library, when Mr. Stanley entered, from the conservatory, and begged her to stay a moment.

"I am sorry to have to contradict you," he said, addressing Mrs. Allen, "but I think Miss Ella anything but a 'flirt,' and I think she is, indeed, not suitable for her present situation; she might fill a better one."

Mrs. Allen flounced out of the room.

"Miss Ella," said Stanley, as he seated himself by her side, "will you permit me to ask a few questions, in a spirit of friendship, without attributing it to impertinence?"

"Certainly."

"Where do you think of going, upon leaving Mrs. Allen's?"

"I have not decided; my dismissal has been so perfectly unexpected."

"My mother would be delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Ella, and you would be very comfortable with her for a few weeks. Do not let any feeling of delicacy induce you to refuse this temporary home. I am at present staying at a hotel, and would feel gratified if you would allow me to convey you to Evergreen Cottage this evening."

Ella felt uncertain what to do. She did not like to refuse Mr. Stanley's offer, he seemed so earnest and respectful in his desire to serve her, and she finally consented to remain with his mother for the present.

Stanley said he would come for her in an hour. Accordingly, at four o'clock (much to Mrs. Allen's annoyance), a carriage drove up to the door, and Mr. Stanley alighting, inquired if Miss St. George was ready. And, having taken leave of her young charges, and promising to write to them, Mr. Stanley helped her into the carriage, and they soon found themselves in the cheerful little parlor of Evergreen Cottage, his mother's pretty residence.

He introduced Ella, and explained the circumstances that had transpired at Mrs. Allen's. The old lady welcomed her with great cordiality, and assured her she would feel happy in her company as long as she would stay with her. She then rang the bell for tea, and soon after, Herbert, looking at his watch, said he had an engagement, and must leave them; but he would call in to see them in a few days.

When Ella came down, the next morning, she found Mrs. Stanley sitting at the breakfast table, waiting for her.

"Good morning, my dear; how did you sleep?"

"Soundly, madam. I hope I have not kept you waiting for breakfast."

"Not at all, my dear." Just then the servant entered with a beautiful bouquet, of the rarest flowers. There was a slip of paper attached: "For Miss Ella, with Herbert Stanley's compliments."

"O, how very beautiful!" exclaimed Ella; "how I love flowers!"

Mrs. Stanley smiled, and remarked that Herbert was always fond of flowers.

A week had passed away, and Herbert Stanley had not been to his mother's cottage, but each morning he had sent a bouquet for Ella. It was a fine evening, and the ladies were seated at the window, pleasantly conversing, when a barouche drove up, and Stanley bowed and smiled, as he alighted.

"Well, ladies, how do you get on? Ah! Miss Ella, you are ruining your complexion by staying in the house. Will you not ride with me, this lovely evening? come, it will do you good;" and coming nearer to her, he said, "I have something particular to say to you, and may not have another opportunity, as I leave for the South in a fortnight."

Ella's cheeks were rosy enough, as she left the room to prepare for the ride. She was soon ready; Stanley assisted her into the barouche, and waving their hands to Mrs. Stanley, were soon out of sight. For some time they rode on in silence; Ella admiring the scenery, and Herbert apparently lost in thought. At length, arousing himself, he said:

"Miss Ella, I told you I should have to go South in a fortnight; I shall probably remain two or three years; but I cannot go, without saying how much I esteem—how fondly I love you. Dear Ella, will you be my wife? the light of my southern home? If you refuse, life will indeed be a dreary blank;" and he looked anxiously for an answer.

Ella trembled, and said: "Mr. Stanley, you forget the difference of our stations in life. Your mother——"

"Will be delighted," he said. "Dear Ella, say at once that you will accompany me to the South, as my darling wife."

She was confused; but Stanley construed her silence favorably to his wishes, and tenderly drawing her shawl more closely around her, he turned the conversation upon indifferent subjects, and they were soon once more at Mrs. Stanley's. They entered the parlor together. Herbert's countenance was radiant with happiness. Ella was going to run up stairs, but he, gently detaining her, said:

"Dear mother, allow me to introduce you to my promised bride!"

The old lady was very much affected, and said: "God bless you, my children! May you ever be happy."

And now, need we say how beautiful Ella looked, in her bridal robe of pale blue satin and white lace, and the violets and lilies in her hair? Or how proud the handsome bridegroom looked of his lovely bride? and how the long lost brother returned to witness their happiness?

EXPLOIT OF A PRIVATEERSMAN.

A writer in the Salem Evening Journal is giving some interesting facts in relation to the marine of Salem in years gone by. Among other things, he gives the subjoined statement of an exploit of one of the Salem privateersmen in 1814.

December 5th, the Macedonian, Captain Penn Townsend, arrived with prize goods and twenty-two prisoners. The way in which the captain came at and captured one of his prizes, is fully elucidated in the following anecdote, the substance of which the writer had from his own lips.

It appears that just after he left the Western Islands, where he had stopped to recruit, and while he was cruising between those islands and Tristan de Acunha, a sail was discovered on his lee bow, towards which he immediately kept away.

Whilst running slowly down, with a light breeze, the lookout-man at the mast head was hailed from the quarter deck as follows :

" Mast head, there !"

" Sir ?"

" Do you see that sail now ?"

" Ay, ay, sir."

" What does she look like ?"

" She looks very large, sir. Guess she's either a frigate or Indiaman."

On hearing this, Captain T. took his glass and went aloft to satisfy himself in regard both to his enemy's strength and calibre. After doing so, he came down from aloft, luffed his vessel up in the wind, sent all his men, with the exception of nine or ten, below, hoisted Dutch colors and kept off again before the wind. Disguising himself so as to appear as much as possible like a Dutch skipper, and having transformed such of his men as remained on deck into very respectable Dutch sailors, Captain T. ran boldly down across the enemy's stern, and coming to under her lee quarter, was hailed as follows :

" Ship ahoy !"

" Hallo."

" What ship is that ?"

The name of some Dutch vessel with which the captain was well acquainted, but which we have forgotten, was given in reply, and then Captain T. in broken English, inquired :

" Vot ship ish dat ?"

In reply to this, the name of a noted Indiaman was given, with the following addition :

" We are last from Barbary, bound to London, and short of provisions—can't you supply us ?"

In answer to this, Captain T. replied in substance, that if the captain of the Indiaman would favor him with a visit, he would see what he could do about it, and in a short time he had the satisfaction of seeing a boat alongside his vessel with the English captain in full uniform, who immediately came on board.

With the utmost politeness and civility of manner, Captain T. invited the stranger into his cabin, as was customary in those days, to take a glass of wine. This invitation was of course immediately accepted, and the captains went below, where the first officer of the Macedonian, as had been previously arranged, acted the part of steward by placing on the table wine and such other refreshments as the larder of the vessel at the time offered.

Then the two skippers sat down to the table, and after pledging each other in a friendly glass of wine, entered into animated but general conversation, in the course of which the Englishman animadverted at considerable length and with much warmth, on the proceedings of a certain privateersman commanded by one Townsend who he solemnly averred was a regular Yankee devil.

At this point of proceedings, Captain T. gave the wink to his steward *pro tem*, who in a clandestine manner handed him a couple of pistols, one of which he instantly presented at the English captain, saying as he did so :

" Sir, you are my prisoner. I am that Yankee devil T. about whom you have been so freely speaking. Choose now whether you will have your brains blown out or surrender your ship."

Seeing in a moment that all resistance would be utterly useless, the Englishman said :

" I surrender."

Then he gave orders to his 3d lieutenant who had charge of his boat, to return to his vessel and haul down the colors which was immediately done. A prize crew was then put on board and the prisoners were transferred to the Macedonian, and the result was that one of the richest prizes taken during the war arrived safely in the United States.

EARLY EXERCISE.

Dr. Hall, in his Journal of Health, very decidedly condemns the practice of taking out-door exercise early in the morning, and with an empty stomach. The reason he gives for this opinion is, that the malaria which rests on the earth about sunrise in summer, when taken into the lungs and stomach, which are equally debilitated with other portions of the body from the long fast since supper, is very readily absorbed, and enters the circulation within an hour or two, poisoning the blood and laying the foundation for troublesome diseases ; while in winter the same debilitated condition of these vital organs readily allows the blood to be chilled, and thus renders the system susceptible of taking cold, with all its varied and too often disastrous results.

A YANKEE TAKEN IN.

An ingenious down-east individual, who has invented a new kind of "love-letter ink," which he has been selling as a safeguard against all actions for breach of promise of marriage, inasmuch as it entirely fades from the paper in two months after it is written, was recently "done brown" by a brother down-easter, who purchased a hundred boxes of the article, and gave him his note for ninety days. At the expiration of the time, the inventor called for payment, but, on unfolding the scrip, found nothing but a piece of blank paper. The note had been written with his own ink.—*Portland Transcript*.

YOUR CONVERSATION.—Of what character is it? Is it pure? Whatever it may be, be assured it is an unerring index to your heart. The tree is known by its fruit. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Let your words be words of truth and purity.

MY GRAVE.

BY H. H. HUDSON.

O bury me not mid the city pomp,
In the field of the loathsome dead;
Where the air with disease and death is rife,
Where the stranger will tread o'er my bed.
O bury me not in the deep, damp, vault,
Where the sunbeams bright ne'er fall;
Where the balmy breath of smiling spring
Ne'er stirs the dusky pall.

But bury me in some lonely wild,
Where the flowers bloom and die;
Where the forest boughs shall o'er me wave,
And the gentle zephyrs sigh.
O bury me where so oft I have roamed,
In childhood's happy hours;
As free, as wild as the little birds,
Amid their leafy bowers.

O bury me there, in that valley fair,
Where all is wild and sweet;
And the pure and sparkling brook I love,
Shall murmur at my feet.
Let no sculptured stone preserve my name,
Or mark the lonely spot;
For I would die with the summer flowers,
And be with them forgot?

HOW MRS. COLEMAN LEARNED WISDOM.

BY MIRIAM F. HAMILTON.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.—Prov. 21: 23.

It was one of the loveliest days in October. The sun shone into Mrs. Coleman's sitting-room, bathing the carpet in a glow of soft light, and causing the prisms of her solar lamp to perform all sorts of fantastic leaps and quiverings on the same carpet.

It was just such a day as is universally pronounced too pleasant to be spent in the house, and as Mrs. Coleman rose from her seat by the cradle and approached the window, her wistful gaze into the street proved that she at least did not differ from the rest of the world in that assertion; even pussy who had been sitting on the window sill, lazily opening and shutting her green eyes in the sunshine, and occasionally regaling herself with a hapless fly who ventured too near her paw, seemed possessed with the restless spirit of the day, for she jumped down, rubbed her back against her mistress, purring gently to attract her attention, then walked to the closed door and looked beseechingly back.

Mrs. Coleman understood her. "You shall go, puss," said she, opening the door, for "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and it was not without reason that our heroine had ac-

quired in the village the title of a gadder, since usually neither rain, snow nor hail could keep her in doors.

With a discontented look she again took her seat by the cradle and picked up her work that she had allowed to fall on the floor. It was a long seam that she was sewing, and she did not ply her needle with her accustomed swiftness.

"It is provoking," thought she, "that I should be tied down to this baby—at least I might take her out. Mr. Coleman is too old bettyish—the air would do her good, but here I must stay and slave myself, while everybody else is out enjoying themselves."

The baby stirred, tossed one little arm uneasily, and opened its bright blue eyes with a smile. That smile went to the mother's heart. It did not seem so great a hardship after all to stay at home with such a baby.

"Troublesome little comfort," said her mother, smiling back again, and taking her child in her arms, she began talking to it, in that broken, disjointed way, peculiarly called baby talk, and to which Miss Allie listened with her head perked one side, as if she had been really what her mother called her, "her birdie."

Just then the door bell rang, and in a few moments Bridget ushered in a lady visitor.

"Mrs. Green, I am delighted to see you!" exclaimed Mrs. Coleman, and her sparkling eyes and pleasant smile re-echoed her words of welcome. "Do take off your bonnet and stay to tea!"

"Thank you, I couldn't possibly, but while I do stay, I'll throw off my shawl," returned Mrs. Green, sniting the action to the word.

"It's a lovely day," she proceeded, taking her seat in the rocking chair which Mrs. Coleman offered. "It's altogether too pleasant to stay in the house."

"Just what I was thinking as you came in," replied her hostess, "but Mr. Coleman is so particular about Allie, that I can't get out half so often as I might. He would think it was a dreadful thing if I left her with Bridget, though she is as faithful as the days are long, and it must be just such a day, and Allie must be in just such a state of health, for him to be willing to have her go out. Now to-day he imagined that she had taken cold, and his last words as he went out after dinner, were, 'Sarah, don't take that child out this afternoon.'"

"It used to be just so with Mr. Green," returned her companion. "Men are always just so fussy. The baby will take cold, was his song from morning till night, till I got out of patience. I just took the reins into my own hands. I told

him that it was none of his business—that it was my baby, and I guessed a mother could manage to take care of her child without his help, that either he might take the whole charge of her or I would, but I wouldn't have any interference. That settled the matter. Now you had better do the same—just set up that you will do as you have a mind to.”

Mrs. Coleman shook her head, for she well knew that although Mr. Green might be awed by such a declaration of independence, on her husband it would either produce no effect, or quite the opposite from that which she desired.

“It would never do for me to try to drive my husband,” said she. “I can coax him to almost anything, but I verily believe that he wouldn't do a thing that he really wanted to himself, if I undertook to make him do it.”

“Well, I declare! What a difference there is in people,” replied Mrs. Green, and each lady drew mentally a comparison between the two husbands, and each in favor of her own.

“I am glad Mr. Coleman isn't such a hen-pecked, spiritless man,” thought the one, and “I'm thankful that Green is not such an obstinate brute,” thought the other.

But as neither hoped to convert the other to her way of thinking, by tacit consent they dropped the subject.

“How do you like your new neighbors?” suddenly asked Mrs. Green.

“O very well. They seem like nice people, at least Mrs. Ashley and Carrie. I don't know so much about Frank.”

Her tone said, “what I do know isn't in his favor.”

Mrs. Green's sharp ears detected it instantly.

“Rather wild, isn't he?” she suggested.

“I shouldn't hardly have liked to say so,” replied Mrs. Coleman, “but as you seem to know something about it, I may as well say that I have been afraid for some time past that he wasn't just what he ought to be.”

“What a pity,” said Mrs. Green, “when he might be such a comfort to his mother. He's her only support, too, I suppose, for what she and Carrie earn by sewing, can't be much—they must feel dreadfully, but perhaps they don't mistrust that he's so wild.”

“O yes, they do!” exclaimed Mrs. Coleman.

“What makes you think so?” eagerly asked Mrs. Green.

“O any mother could tell,” replied Mrs. Coleman, trying to evade the question, for she had been a little more unguarded than she had intended to be.

But Mrs. Green was not to be put off.

“Now Mrs. Coleman, you know something that you don't want to tell. Now just tell me. It need never go any farther. Two friends in their own houses can talk over these matters, you know, and nobody need ever to be the wiser.”

Thus urged, Mrs. Coleman proceeded to say, that knowing that Mr. Ashley had died of delirium tremens, she had watched Frank rather narrowly, fearing that he might have inherited his father's appetite for ardent spirits, and not a week ago, as she was standing at her window, who should she see but Frank, actually holding on to the door to steady himself, then Carrie helping him into the house, and putting cold water on his head, crying over him, too, she was sure, but all of a sudden Mrs. Ashley pulled down the curtain, and she could see nothing more.

“You don't say,” ejaculated her horrified listener. “Poor Mrs. Ashley.”

“Now don't breathe a word of this,” reiterated Mrs. Coleman, again and again. “It isn't generally known, and it seems so mean for neighbors to tell all they see.”

“O never fear me,” replied Mrs. Green; “some people can't keep their tongues still, but I'm thankful I know how to hold mine. There is Mrs. Lancy, now, whatever she knows, everybody knows. By the way the sewing circle met with her last week—you were not there, were you?”

“No, who was there?”

“Mrs. Harris, for one, and she was dressed beautifully, in a new silk that cost all of five dollars a yard, elegant laces and rich diamond ear-rings. Her husband came in the evening, and he seemed perfectly devoted to her; he couldn't keep his eyes off of her. I should think she must be perfectly happy.”

“All isn't gold that glitters,” replied Mrs. Coleman, with a wise look. “To be sure she has everything that money can buy, but if a man has such a jealous disposition as her husband has got, no money can make up for that.”

“O, I guess you must be mistaken about his jealousy,” returned Mrs. Green, wishing to draw Mrs. Coleman out.

The bait took wonderfully.

“No, I'm not, I assure you. Don't you remember that Mrs. Harris went to ride with Dr. Wood? Well, I happened up there, that day. Just as I was going in, Mr. Harris came out. He slammed the door after him with a bang, and looked as black as a thunder cloud. He hardly spoke to me but walked right by. Lucy was on the sofa—her eyes were as red as they could be.

She tried to appear as if nothing was the matter, but she couldn't deceive me. We were old school friends, you know, and finally she owned all about it. Mr. Harris was provoked to think she went to ride. She tried to excuse him, but I think and always shall, that he's a regular Bluebeard!"

"Well, now, I always thought Mr. Harris was one of the salt of the earth," returned Mrs. Green. "How little we know of people till we find them out."

"Very true," was Mrs. Coleman's rejoinder to this sage reflection. "Mr. Harris has some good points, but jealousy is enough to spoil any man. Who else was at the circle?" she continued.

"Mrs. Lewiston, and I must say, haughty as she is, she is the most fascinating woman that I ever saw. I always wonder when I see her how she came to marry her husband."

"Why, he was considered a great match for her, when she got him," answered Mrs. Coleman. "I knew all about it. He was a shoemaker and she bound shoes for him. He took a fancy to her and married her. He was a very respectable man, and she was from one of the lowest families in town. Mr. Lewiston got rich, and they moved away. They have travelled a great deal, and she has studied all manner of things since she was married. To do her justice she is really a fine appearing woman, but he is just about as graceful as one of his own rolls of sole leather, and always reminds me of one, when he undertakes to make a bow. She has tried to make a gentleman of him, but she might as well attempt to make a pair of cow-hide boots into patent leather, by blacking them, as to try to make anything but a clown out of him. As for her, with her grand manners, who would imagine, as she sweeps into a room with her silk stockings and satin slippers on, that she has seen the time when she hadn't a shoe nor stocking to her foot."

"This is all news to me," said Mrs. Green. "She needn't give herself so many airs nor hold her head so high. Have you called on her, Mrs. Coleman?"

"Yes, and after a long time, madam rode here in her carriage and left her card. I was so provoked I could have thrown it in the fire."

"One of her foreign notions, I presume," said Mrs. Green.

"I don't know nor care where she got her notions, but it was impudent in her at any rate. Why, when we were girls I was as much above her—why, I never used to speak to her when I met her in the street."

"Perhaps she is paying you in your own coin," thought Mrs. Green, but she made no reply.

She rose from her seat.

"Dear me, how the time has passed. I must hurry home," said she.

"O, it isn't late, don't be in haste," returned her friend.

"I should admire to stay, but it's impossible," replied Mrs. Green, as she resumed her shawl and kissed the baby.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Coleman."

"Good afternoon," and Mrs. Green was gone.

Two weeks had passed since Mrs. Green's call. Mrs. Coleman was again alone in her pleasant sitting-room, and was beginning to wish that somebody would drop in. Hardly had the wish arisen in her mind, when a visitor was announced. No less a person than Miss Carrie Ashley.

Mrs. Coleman greeted her cordially and was proceeding to inquire after the health of her brother and mother, when Carrie, who was laboring, evidently, under strong excitement, instead of replying, exclaimed:

"O, Mrs. Coleman, how could you be so cruel?" and burst into tears.

"For mercy's sake, Carrie, what's the matter?" asked Mrs. Coleman, from whose mind all remembrance of her chat with Mrs. Green had long since vanished.

"Tell me, dear child," she persisted, as Carrie still sobbed convulsively.

After the first burst of grief had subsided, Carrie explained that Frank had been on the point of securing a situation as book-keeper, in Mr. Green's store, when suddenly, without any apparent reason, Mr. Green had informed him that he should not require his services, and a few days since the story of Frank's supposed dissipation had reached them, not only that he had once been seen intoxicated, but that Mrs. Coleman said he came home drunk every day.

Mrs. Coleman indignantly denied this, and repeated with no little humiliation what she had said:

"I remember the day well," replied Carrie, "and how much we feared he might die. That was one of his attacks of vertigo, a rush of blood to the head, that he may sometime never get over. The doctor will tell you so," she continued, and again tears choked her utterance.

"O, Mrs. Coleman," she continued, "he is the best and kindest brother that ever lived, and he is so sensitive, that this cruel report has almost killed him. He says it is of no use for him

to try to be anything, if the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. He can neither eat nor sleep—and my mother—” again the tears that she tried to restrain, flowed over her cheeks.

She did not weep alone. Mrs. Coleman's sobs mingled with hers, and again and again she repeated: “I am so sorry.”

“What can I do?” was her next thought.

Her resolve was soon taken, and no sooner had Carrie gone, than Mrs. Coleman hastened to Mr. Green's store, where with sincere regret she confessed her unjust suspicions, gave Carrie's explanation, and begged him to give Frank the situation.

Mr. Green was quite ready to do his part towards repairing the wrong done poor Frank, and made some severe remarks on the gossip of women, under which Mrs. Coleman winced a little, though her joy at her success with Mr. Green, soothed her wounded self-love, somewhat.

With mingled joy and shame, she hastened to Mrs. Ashley's, begged Frank's pardon, and informed him that Mr. Green would be glad to receive him into his employ.

She had hardly reached home when Mrs. Harris came in. She did not offer Mrs. Coleman the usual caress, but seated herself rather stiffly.

She had not long to be kept in suspense. Mrs. Harris began:

“There have been some most ridiculous stories afloat concerning my husband and myself, and stranger than all, purporting to come from you, whom I had always thought my friend.”

“I should never have taken any notice of the gossip of a little village, but when it is stated that Mr. Harris and I are on the eve of separation, on the authority of an intimate friend, that is going rather too far. It is not confined to this village, either. Imagine my annoyance on the receipt of this letter from Louisa Wells, in which she speaks of my intended divorce as an established fact. I have taken pains to trace the story, and found that it all grew out of an exaggerated account of a quarrel between my husband and I. Not a quarrel, either, but a thoughtless act of mine, which his better judgment did not approve. I could not have believed it of you, Sarah!”

“I am sure,” replied Mrs. Coleman, “I never had the least idea of causing such a wild report. I only spoke of Mr. Harris's high temper, which you know, Lucy, was only the truth.”

“I do not deny that my husband has faults, Sarah, but he is one of the best of men, and it ill becomes a friend to make use of the advantages which her friendship gives her, to expose the foibles of those she professes to love.”

“You are severe, Lucy, you know I never meant to do any harm.”

“I believe you,” replied Mrs. Harris, “but nevertheless the result is the same.”

“I am really sorry,” said Mrs. Coleman, “and will contradict the story wherever I go, and however mortifying it may be, I will take all the blame. Will you not forgive me, Lucy? kiss and be friends, again.”

“Certainly, I forgive you, Sarah,” said Mrs. Harris, as she impressed a kiss on Mrs. Coleman's lips.

Then resuming her seat, she said, with some little embarrassment:

“You must not think hard of me for what I am going to say. Mr. Harris wishes me to say to you that he has no objection to our remaining on the footing of common acquaintances; but we can never be anything more. He says that he could never feel safe to have a person in the habit of coming frequently to the house, who would proclaim to the world all that passes within. He forgives you, but can never respect you. Do not be offended, Sarah; you know how outspoken he is, and he insisted on my telling you all this.”

“Well, then,” replied Mrs. Coleman, her eyes flashing fire, “tell him from me, that his forgiveness reminds me of the Indian's, who said ‘he would forget, and forgive, and always remember.’ Tell him that I don't respect him, if, when a fault is owned, he hasn't generosity enough to overlook it. I am not angry with you, Lucy, I shall love you just as well as ever.”

Mrs. Harris looked sad.

“I hope some day that you and my husband will understand each other better,” said she, as she bid her good-by.

Another ring at the door bell, and Mrs. Green appeared. She gave glowing accounts of a party which Mrs. Lewiston was about to give, and finished by asking Mrs. Coleman if she was invited.

No, she was not, she was obliged to confess, and when the next day, she met Mrs. Lewiston in her carriage, that lady did not deign to notice her bow. She felt sure that the haughty lady had heard her remarks, and had perhaps given this party for the purpose of slighting her.

Mr. Coleman set before the glowing fire and listened to his wife's narration of all this. He lifted a brand that had fallen, into place, and said: “It seems that one afternoon's chat has made you at least one enemy, and estranged a friend. Let it learn you one lesson, ‘that whose keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.’”

A PLEASANT LIFE IS THIS.

BY DE FLETCHER HUNTON.

A pleasant life is this, *Lizie*,
Sweet as the poet's dream,
And peaceful as the gentle breeze
That fans the rippling stream.
No darksome clouds of sullen gloom
Have gathered o'er the sky,
To hide the bright, propitious rays,
That shine on you and I, *Lizie*,
That shine on you and I.

We have a happy home, *Lizie*,
Where love will ne'er depart;
It is the place of all the world,
The dearest to my heart.
No marble walls are shining there,
Nor tapestry of gold;
Yet still beneath that humble roof,
Our hearts are never cold, *Lizie*,
Our hearts are never cold.

Through many a weary round, *Lizie*,
I've passed in years gone by;
Yes, many a cheerless day I've had,
And many a heartfelt sigh.
But some good angel has been near
My wandering steps to guide,
To bless me with a happy home,
Worth all the world beside, *Lizie*,
Worth all the world beside.

I am content with life, *Lizie*,
I know that I am blest,
And with an honest, earnest pride,
I hold thee to my breast.
O, why should I bow down to gold,
Or fickle fame revere;
Since thou art to this heart of mine
A thousand times more dear, *Lizie*,
A thousand times more dear?

JACK'S PROPHECY.

BY WILLIAM MELVILLE.

THE old "*Flyaway*," a ship of some eight hundred tons, lay at Trieste, where she had put in for a load of oil, almonds, and wine. The captain, whose name was Lot Sanders, was a good seaman, but quick in his temper, and revengeful in his disposition; and since we had left the States, quite a number of the younger portion of the crew had been flogged for one thing and another, but in most cases for "insubordination"—said insubordination being insolence to the captain; and in every case, I believe, this insolence had been the result of the captain's inordinate passion and harshness.

Jack Provost, and myself were walking up and down the larboard side of the waist on the second afternoon of our arrival at Trieste. Our ship had a small topgallant fore-castle, and beneath

lay a young sailor in irons. His name was Ben Greene. He was not over twenty years of age, and one of the best-hearted, truest men on board. When the ship was coming in, he and the captain had a "spat." Ben was stationed at the foretop-sail halyards by the first mate, and told not to leave until the yard was down. The captain saw him there and ordered him to go and stand by the main-brace.

"I'm stationed here," returned Ben, meaning no harm, and thinking none.

"O—you are, eh?—now go!" And he gave the youth a kick as he spoke.

In a moment of pain and rage poor Ben uttered: "You're a brute!"

At that instant, the pilot ordered the courses to be cleared up, and the captain smothered his vengeance. But as soon as the anchors were down, he ordered the mates to put Ben in double irons. "And," said he, in conclusion, "we'll give him just the sweetest taste of the cat-o'-nine tails when he comes out that he ever dreamed of!"

So Ben had been put in irons, and there he lay. We knew that the captain would keep his promise, for he was a man whom persuasion never moved.

"It's too bad!" said Jack, looking first upon Ben, stowed away on a couple of gratings, and then looking upon me.

"So it is," I returned, "and if any exertions on my part could help the poor fellow, I'd make it. But Captain Sanders is not the man to be turned from his purpose. If he has said he'll flog Ben Greene, then Ben may consider himself doomed."

"I know," responded Jack, thoughtfully, "but I've been thinking of something."

"Eh?"

"Yes," he said. "You know Sanders is very superstitious."

"Most men of his character are," I replied.

"But he is more so than any man I ever saw before," Jack resumed, in a low tone. "He would sooner go without his grog for a whole year than to have a storm-petrel killed by a man on board his ship. No power could induce him to go to sea on a day when the moon could be seen while the sun was up. I know him well, and I think if I could get on shore this afternoon, while the captain is there, I could prevent Ben's flogging."

As soon as Jack had whispered to me somewhat of his plan, I went at once to the mate and told him that I wished Jack Provost to go on shore with me. He hesitated a moment, and then gave me permission to take him along.

Jack had been in Trieste twice before with Sanders, and he knew all his haunts. Our first movement was to the shop of an old Jew, who kept masquerade costumes of every style, shade, cut and finish—from the full dress of a Mogul grandee to the habit of an Indian peasant. Jack selected a pair of deep blue Turkish trousers, which buckled about the ankle with a plated band; a robe of purple silk mysteriously figured over with all sorts of cabalistic characters done with silver thread; then he selected a wig of flowing white hair, with an enormous beard to match; and having procured some water-colors, he made me lay on a few false wrinkles and odd veins. Next came a hat with a tall crown, like a pyramid, figured with silver, and a rim very wide and stiff. After all this, he stepped into a pair of wooden shoes—and his disguise was complete.

Most assuredly I should not have known Jack Provost under that guise, nor would his own mother have dreamed that he was her son.

"You must disguise, so as to go and see the sport," said Jack.

I quickly consented, for I did not want the captain to know his supercargo that afternoon. I selected a peasant's dress; browned my skin with umber: put on false hair and beard, and was ready. Jack borrowed a very large parchment book, written in Hebrew characters, and a globe of the heavens, and thus accoutred, we set out, leaving our own clothes and ten dollars as pledges for our safe return.

We found Captain Sanders at the *café*, where Jack said we should, and, very fortunately, he was at a small table alone, with a glass in his hand. Jack walked slowly and totteringly towards him, and sat down upon the opposite side of the same table, and having rested the end of his huge book upon the marble top, he opened the volume, being careful to hold it so that Sanders could look into it. The captain did look into it, and when he saw the strange characters there, he was puzzled. The old astrologer—for so we must call Jack—bowed his head upon his hand, and at the end of some moments, he started up and uttered:

"*Americano!* America's son is here!" speaking in a most mystical idiom. In a moment more, he fastened his eyes upon Sanders, and added: "*Pardon!* I felt your presence!"

"Did you?" whispered Sanders, showing by his every look that he was deeply moved.

"Yes—I was reading the stars, and I came to the *fourteenth day of the year's first month*, and I saw a new star flash forth. That was the day of your nativity!"

(Jack knew that the captain was born on the fourteenth day of January.)

Sanders was astounded, and his lips trembled.

"Yours has been a dark, tempestuous life!" resumed the astrologer, solemnly, closing his book, and turning the globe upon its axis. "Two fair children lie buried in your native land. A wife now—"

"What?" grasped the captain, turning deadly pale, and trembling.

"She waits for you, and prays?"

Sanders breathed more freely.

"Shall I tell you more?"

"No—ye—yes!"

"All is not dark—you have seen much joy. But a cloud comes—a most strange and curious one. I can read it not from this," setting the globe aside, and taking up the book.

"What is it?" whispered Sanders, while Jack pored over the strange book in silence.

"This is passing all belief," uttered the astrologer to himself, still reading from the cabalistic characters of his book. "There is torture—but 'tis not for him! 'Tis for another—and yet he dies! *Wonderful!*"

And thus speaking, the strange man gazed fixedly into the captain's face.

"What is it?" hoarsely whispered the anxious, superstitious man.

"You are commander of a ship?" said the astrologer.

"Yes."

"Is there any one suffering there?"

"No!"

"Then there will be. 'T will not be you—and yet you will be the victim, for so 'tis written!"

"But tell me all! What do you see? What do you read?"

"Thus I read," answered the astrologer, in a voice that seemed to come from the vaults beneath the house: "There shall be the sound of woe and wailing, as of one in distress. A lash shall make sharp music in the air, and the waiting flesh shall quiver when it receives the stroke. The blows fall thick and heavy, and the suffering one shall bow in shame and grief. His pain of flesh will not equal his pain of soul. But yet I read that you are not that sufferer—and yet, *such shall be the scene when you die!* That is what I hold so wondrous strange! And yet my record never yet deceived me. Surely, sir, you must be connected with this in some way!"

"With what? How?" gasped the captain.

"With this scene I have described. I see the bared flesh—the lash—the wound—the oozing blood! I hear the wail and the groan! And

your death is there! You must read the rest, for the heavens tell me no more!"

"But wait—one moment! Answer me one question!" cried Sanders, now the very picture of terror. "Shall I die soon?"

"T is not so set down. You may live long for all that I can tell, for this dread scene I have found is not fixed,—it only appears as a cloud which threatens you. But be sure of this: When you see what I have described, then know your hour draws nigh, and then you must pray!"

Thus speaking, the strange man left the *cave*, and I followed him. In due time we reached the Jew's, exchanged our clothes, washed our hands and faces, paid two dollars for the use of the disguises, and before dark were on board.

On the next morning, Captain Sanders came off, and his first order was that Ben Greene should be set at liberty.

"Will you flog him?" asked the mate.

"No, sir!" whispered the captain, with a fearful shudder. "And mind you," he added, in a quicker tone, "let not a man be struck on board this ship without my orders!"

The men wondered much at this—all but Jack and myself. But the captain did not disappoint us. From that time forth no revengeful blow was struck on board our ship. He never knew how he had been deceived, and we meant that he never should, for many a poor sailor's back has been saved by *Jack's Prophecy*, and the captain's superstitious belief in its truth.

PLANTS IN OUR BED ROOMS.

Mr. D. Beaton, in the *Cottage Gardener*, remarks that "although it is quite true that plants do vitiate the air of a room to comparatively a fractional degree, it is equally well ascertained that they consume and destroy a very great deal of foul air; and that without foul air, such as would kill a man, plants could not be kept alive at all. We gardeners know this fact from our every-day experience; we cannot grow plants so well or so quickly, in the sweetest air, as in a stinking hotbed. All the animal creation vitiates the common air every time each one breathes the breath of life, or life-sustaining air; and were it not that all the vegetable kingdom depend on this vitiated air for part of their subsistence, and a great part, too, this world would have been at an end as soon as animals covered the face of the earth. Therefore, and without the shadow of a doubt, plants are the best purifiers of all the agents that have yet been known to cleanse the air of a bed room, or any other room in a house, provided always that such plants are not in bloom, or, at least, do not bear blooms with a strong scent."

Contradiction should awaken our attention and care, but not our passion; we should be on no side nor interest, but that of truth.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

It stands upon seven hills, which gives it the aspect of the largest city in the world. It is built in a triangular form, at the extremity of the Bosphorus, where it joins the sea of Marmora. There is a treble line of walls round the city, of about eight miles in circumference, flanked by a double row of houses. Constantinople contains 12 imperial mosques, 350 ordinary mosques, 30 markets, more than 300 fountains, and 109,000 houses. The population is about 600,000. The imperial residence may be said to form a city within a city, the walls being three miles in circumference, with twelve gates, and the number of residents is between 6000 and 7000. The marine arsenal is a fine establishment, built upon the northern bank of the harbor. The naval arsenal is near the quay, close to which the Turkish men-of-war are moored. A large and magnificent barrack for sailors is built near the dock-yard, in which there are large basins for the repair of ships. At Tophana is the barrack for the cannoners, and at Scutari, on the opposite or Asiatic coast, is an extensive pile of barracks, capable of accommodating 10,000 troops. The harbor, or Golden Horn, of Constantinople, is a quiet and safe anchorage of the length of 4000 fathoms, and the breadth of 3000 fathoms. Its depth is so great, the largest ships-of-the-line approaching the two banks, can almost touch the houses. The city is surrounded by a girdle of natural fortifications, and her position enables her to become the first naval and military port in the world.—*London Globe*.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

The following proof of canine intelligence and temper is related in a French paper: "Count de N—, living a short distance from Lisle, possesses a Newfoundland dog, formerly called Castor, but, within the last year, Menschikoff. A short time ago, the Count left his palace to proceed to Lisle, to carry to the Receiver General's office a parcel, containing notes and other securities to the amount of forty thousand francs. When starting, Menschikoff appeared resolved to accompany his master, who was at last obliged to beat him back with his cane. When the Count arrived at Lisle, he found that he had lost his parcel. Much alarmed, he proceeded to search for it on the road by which he had come. There, at a little distance, stood Menschikoff, gently wagging his tail, but not daring to advance, from his reminiscence of the Count's cane. In his mouth was the precious parcel, which he had picked up, and was faithfully carrying to his master."

AN ANCIENT NOVEL.

Many of the Chinese novels are very ancient. Some of those read in the shops in Sacramento street to-day were written a thousand years ago. One of them is the "Sam-kwok-chi," composed in the days of the emperor Constantine, about three centuries after Christ. But it appears we are to have some older still. It is said that Osborne, the Egyptian scholar, has published, or is publishing, a novel found in the tomb of an Egyptian, supposed to be by a scribe attached to the court of the Pharaohs.—*San Francisco Herald*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Those people who have long and strenuously advocated the cause of temperance in New England, have at length reached an important crisis in their career. Laws of the most stringent nature have been passed, and prohibition on prohibition enforced, until mere legislation can do no more. We have taken no part in this issue; we have the cause as much at heart as the most radical, but we have silently favored in our own bosom the moral, rather than the legal argument. The spirit is apt to rebel at what it conceives to be oppression, but kindness, like the warm sun, will melt the most obdurate. By force you can break ice, but it is ice still; but who ever saw frozen liquid or a frozen heart that gentleness could not subdue?

We much fear that if people are resolved to drink intoxicating liquors, they will find the means to possess themselves of it, let the law be what it may; but the potent and ever present moral effect of example strikes at the fountain head of this vice, by rendering it disgusting and disgraceful. Let it be rendered *unfashionable* to drink wine, and the growing generation will not come on to the stage wine drinkers. Let those high in social and political station leave off the intoxicating cup, and the masses will follow their example. Let the better class of the people *live* temperance, and they need not legislate upon the subject. Let *ladies* set the example to gentlemen by refusing wine on all occasions, and they will silently but potently preach eloquent sermons in behalf of the cause.

Forbidden fruit is sweet, and he who is told that he shall not do a thing, is apt to consider the matter little less than a challenge, and sets about to outwit by cunning, or out-general by force of arms, all opposition. Success with him becomes a virtue, because he is determined to conquer, and what should be his shame becomes his pride. Take away the prohibition from such an one, say to him, you are free, go on and disgrace yourself and your friends, if you will, and we rather think the purpose is so robbed of its chivalrous aspect, then, as to cease to be longer an object.

CHEAP.—Beef is selling in Texas at four cents per pound—here at *twenty-five*.

RATHER FRENCHY.

An old rag-picker died in Paris, in a state of the most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as servant with a green-grocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her slender means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was upon the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Susette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that their marriage must be deferred, as she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Susette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost at once her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of the savings for her wedding attire, but of all her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room, weeping bitterly, when the master of the faithless lover, a young, good-looking man, entered. "So, my good Susette, I find you have lost your place?" said he; "I am come to offer you one for life—will you marry me?" "I, sir?" exclaimed Susette; "you are joking." "No, faith, I want a wife, and I'm sure I can't find a better." "But every one would laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me?" "O, if that is your only objection, we shall soon get over it; come, come along; my mother is prepared to receive you." Susette hesitated no longer, but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle; it was a cat that he had had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal that he determined that even her death should not separate them, for he had her stuffed and placed upon the tester of his bed. As Susette took puss down, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. A thousand gold napoleons were concealed in the body of the cat; and this sum became the just reward of the noble girl and her disinterested lover.

ENGLAND, FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

Up to the period of this writing, the game of war as played in the Crimea by England and France, has proved a splendid failure. The two proudest nations in Christendom have been completely humbled before the stronghold of Sebastopol, and the enormous expenditure of life and treasures has been for naught. Sad as is the aspect of the case to the eyes of philanthropists, still we cannot regret the stern, steady check that the allies have received before the Russian fortifications. It is estimated that *sixty seven thousand souls*, from out the ranks of the besieging army, have either died of disease or fallen in battle since the expedition landed in the Crimea!

What a terrible sacrifice! How awful to contemplate! A few such months as have just passed, crowded with the same fatality, would blot out to a man the invading forces, while the immense outlay of money requisite to keep up such vain-glorious display, would impoverish the treasures of both nations. The allies are laboring at great disadvantage; far from home, they are in an enemy's country; that enemy, besides the enthusiasm of his religious belief, is fighting on his own soil, and for his hearth-stone. Russia has only to retire within herself, so to speak, and leave her enemies to follow, and they march to almost certain ruin. The world has not forgotten Moscow; the very name rankles in the breast of every French soldier.

It is affirmed that the general, commanding the French artillery, has written to the emperor to the effect that having, according to promise, kept up the bombardment for fourteen days, his task was accomplished; that the allies had not reduced the place, and were not in a condition to attempt the assault; that their guns, from the protracted firing, were completely unserviceable; and that it only remained for them to withdraw their troops in good order, and leave the guns as old iron in possession of the enemy. The English, however, declare that the suspension of the bombardment is but temporary, so as not to exhaust their ammunition, and also to await the arrival of such reinforcements which were expected. All this goes to show how little has been effected by the incessant discharge of five hundred pieces of artillery for fourteen days!

The telegraph has now brought Lord Raglan and the war office in London within four hours of each other, and even now the commander may be sending over the wires, "We have at last taken Sebastopol;" but we very much doubt whether it can be done by means of the tactics which have been adopted. In the first place, the fortifications have never yet been in-

vested, and up to the last intelligence received, the Russians were still throwing troops into the city, and ample stores of ammunition. We do not believe the end is yet; when the allies take this stronghold, it will cost them three-quarters of their army.

BATTERIES AT SEBASTOPOL.

In the bombardment of thirteen days at Sebastopol the guns of the allies performed as great service as is considered safe to look for in iron ordnance. In the United States service, one thousand rounds are as many as it is thought desirable to fire from these guns, although there are instances where twice that amount of service has been required of them. In these thirteen days, with one hundred and twenty rounds per day, each gun was discharged fifteen hundred and sixty times, and the effect upon the defences of the enemy was not deemed sufficiently great to warrant an assault. From experiments made by officers of the United States Ordnance Department, and more particularly from those of the late Captain Walbach, our service has acquired a much more thorough knowledge of the means of testing the strength of cannon than any other in the world.

LOBSTER TRADE.—It is estimated that there are consumed annually in and about Boston, about 700,000 lobsters, the prime cost of which is about \$80 per thousand. This makes the snug little sum of \$56,000. About 500,000 of these lobsters are brought from the State of Maine, and the remaining 200,000 are taken from Massachusetts Bay. About 700 men are engaged in taking the fish, and some 800 tons of shipping are employed to bring them to Boston, exclusive of what are brought by steamboat and railroad.

PLANTING TREES.—What better monument can a man have than the tree he has planted? Governor Stuyvesant's pear-tree, at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue, New York, still keeps his memory green. It was set out in 1639—more than two centuries ago.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The proper way to subscribe for a paper, and secure its regular receipt, is to enclose the subscription money in a letter plainly directed to the office of publication, and the paper will be sent by return of mail.

EXPENSIVE.—The cost of the Norwalk disaster to the New York and New Haven Railroad has been \$280,000, and there are still unsettled claims against the company, outstanding.

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

England and the United States are now about the only countries in the world—we except a few smaller States—where the press is entirely free, and where a man may write an editorial or a book without the fear of government officials using the scissors where he has used the pen, or suppressing his labor altogether. In Russia the press is a mockery—in Austria the same—in Italy a nonentity—in France, killed outright, stifled and strangled by Queen Victoria's friend, the new-made knight of the garter. The *auto da fe* which the curate, the barber and the housekeeper made of poor Don Quixotte's library, reminds us of the proceedings of the inquisitorial gangs of officials, who, in the despotic states of Europe destroy without remorse the labor of years, because it does not happen to square with the notions of the crowned minions who have the power to destroy what they have not the brains to conceive or comprehend.

Leo X. by a bull of 1515, completely established the ecclesiastical superintendency of the press. This was done to suppress heretical opinions. From time to time different councils published carefully prepared indexes of prohibited works. The ecclesiastical censorship was afterwards imitated and adopted by the secular authorities. If it was right to suppress heretical opinions, it was certainly right to suppress the views of political opponents. Sometimes local governments interfered with the tyranny of ecclesiastical authorities in behalf of a free literature and a free press. The censorship of the press in England, during the sway of the Stuarts, was confided to the infamous Star Chamber, and abolished in 1641. In Holland, in the 17th century, the press was almost entirely free.

The efforts of tyrants to suppress the truth was never completely successful even in Europe. Books prohibited in France are printed in some adjacent country where the same language is spoken, and find their way back in spite of the vigilance of frontier custom house officials and spies everywhere. Thus Victor Hugo's scorching pamphlet, "Napoleon the Little," printed in London, in French, finds its way to Paris, and is read by thousands who enjoy the moral flogging to which the brilliant and powerful author subjects his brutal enemy. His "Châtisements," printed at Brussels in a portable shape, infallibly glide into France, and pour poison into the ears of the subjects of the imperial scamp, and prepare them for the "good time coming," when all true lovers of their country will be called upon to rally round the throne, not for the purpose of upholding it, but

to upheave it, as the same people did that of Louis Philippe—poor fellow—quite a decent man, compared to the present "cut-purse of the empire."

In all the despotic countries of Europe, France included, there is now a rigid and general censorship of the book-trade and the press, and this supervision extends to foreign books imported into the above countries. The Holy Alliance of crowned scoundrels and fools, whom the battle of Waterloo and the arms of England set on their legs, have arranged this matter in the most beautiful way. They are the candle-snuffers of creation—their business being to put out the light and produce the greatest possible amount of moral and intellectual darkness. It is all done, however, decently, orderly, and according to rule and system. The following is the way in which Austria uses the extinguishers. She has four forms. 1. *Admittitur*—it is admit—which means that the books or journals referred to, are entirely free. 2. *Transat*—it may pass—signifies that the book or newspaper is free, but must not be advertised for sale. 3. *Erga Schedam*, signifies that the publication may be sold only to public officers, and literary men after they have procured a permit to purchase. 4. *Damnatur*—it is condemned—expresses entire prohibition.

We can hardly conceive of this state of things in a country where publication is free as air. Here there is indeed a censorship of the press—but it is the censorship of public opinion. Before the verdict of an enlightened public opinion—treason, fanaticism, scandal, immorality stand rebuked. Severe censure or withering neglect awaits those journals which are false to the spirit and the mission of the press—while success attends those who are true to their calling, and honest, sincere and eloquent in the expression of their opinions.

WHO WRITES THEM?—The endorsements on bank bills—such as—"my last dollar—now for the Prussic acid!"—"O, the gaming-table—my wife and children are now beggars, etc." We suspect some comfortable wags are the authors of these inscriptions.

SHORT ALLOWANCE.—Seven men on the wreck of the ship William Laytin, lately lived a week on a rat they found swimming in the bilgewater.

EQUINE.—"My prospects are going to *Brighten*," as the old horse said, when he took the Milldam road last Thursday.

MEMORY.

Memory has been defined as "that faculty of the mind which receives ideas presented to the understanding, retains them, and exhibits them again." Abercrombie, however, on the Intellectual Powers, says, "We remember the facts, and we can also recall them to the mind at pleasure. The former is *memory*, the latter that modification of it which we call *recollection*." Little is known about its operations, though many data and phenomena respecting it are susceptible of observation. In some cases it would appear as if both the impression of an idea on the mind, and its recollection, were involuntary. But in general, it may be said, that an act of volition is necessary to fix impressions. We remember only what we take an interest in—and hence memory may be said to be only another word for attention. When we say that memory may be strengthened almost indefinitely by exercise, we only mean that by practice we may obtain the power of enchainning the attention to whatever object or ideas we choose to contemplate—thereby fixing these images and ideas, whether they be concrete or abstract, on the mind—engraving them, as it were, too deeply to be obliterated. We are inclined to the opinion, that of late years the cultivation of the memory has been undervalued—the practice of verbatim recitations in schools is scouted as calculated to cripple the judgment. In youth, however, the judgment is inactive—the memory vigorous—it should be spent therefore in accumulating those facts on which the judgment may afterwards work as upon raw material.

Let us give a few authenticated examples of good memories. Cyrus the Great knew by heart the names of all the officers and soldiers; Otho, successor to the Roman Emperor Galba, knew the name of every man in the army in which he served, and used to call each man by his proper name. Each, therefore, supposed himself to be a special favorite, and did his utmost to invest Otho with the imperial purple. Modern politicians have made the same use of a verbal memory—though after success has crowned their efforts, they are invariably troubled with very poor memories! A French Jesuit, Father Meneestrier of Lyons, was possessed of a very remarkable memory. Christina, queen of Sweden, to test his powers, called on him, and handed him three hundred of the most uncouth words she could think of, written on a sheet of paper, and after a certain time the Jesuit was able to repeat them, not only in the order in which they were written, but backwards, or in any order in which the queen and her suite prescribed.

It was an extraordinary memory which enabled Mithridates, king of Parthia, to address the representatives of the twenty-two nations that he ruled, each in his own language. Cato the censor, by the help of a strong memory, learned the Greek language perfectly in a few months. Cæsar dictated to half a dozen secretaries in as many different languages at the same time, and a military officer of Louis XV., of France, named Marcet, could dictate to ten different persons in ten different languages at the same time. When the poet Campbell had finished the "Pleasures of Hope," he read it one evening to Sir Walter Scott. The next morning Sir Walter said to the poet, "Take care, Campbell, that no one steals your poem and prints it before you publish it yourself!" "How can that be?" asked Campbell, "when there is only one copy and that in my own hands?" "I willou," show y replied Sir Walter, and to the poet's astonishment, he repeated the long poem he had heard the night before, from beginning to end, without making a single mistake. Cardinal Mezzofanti spoke fifty-two different languages. He used to say, "I never forget a single word I hear or see once."

Seneca mentions a friend of his named Portius Latro, who remembered and could repeat word for word, all the speeches he had ever heard spoken by the orators of Rome. The orator Hortensius never committed a word of his voluminous orations to writing. He once passed a whole day at an auction room—at the close of the sale he was enabled to enumerate every article that had been disposed of, the price of each, and the amount of every bid and the name of every bidder. Klopstock, the author of the *Messiah*, could repeat the whole of Homer's *Iliad*. More wonderful yet was the achievement of Joseph Scaliger, who learned the whole of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in twenty-one days. Most of the persons above cited are said to have had great natural memories, but it is difficult to believe that they did not owe much to assiduous culture of their faculties. An indifferent memory may certainly be greatly improved by conscientious study.

THE CAMELS.—There is no doubt that camels may be domesticated and prove serviceable in this country. The camel is a native of the same country as the horse, and since the latter has flourished here, it follows that the "desert ship" may do so.

APOLLO.—Temperance and a clear sky are Apollo and the Muses.

A GREAT PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

The national (formerly royal) printing-office at Paris is the greatest establishment of the kind in the world. It was founded in 1640 by Louis XIII., and was located in the gallery of the Louvre. Two similar establishments, one at Versailles, and the other at the war department, were united in 1789. Its location has been changed once or twice since then. This printing-office renders important service to the cause of science and industry. It affords the printers of Paris and the departments special characters they do not possess, and they may, even, with the authority of the ministry, have elegant works set up which they have not the facility of executing at their own offices. Foreign nations do not hesitate to avail themselves of the typographical wealth of this establishment. Here the king of Prussia had the catalogue of the Chinese works in the library of Berlin printed; the Pacha of Egypt had his account-books printed here; the London Bible Society has Turkish, Syriac and other Bibles printed at this establishment. The annual receipts exceed the annual expenditures by several thousand dollars. The collection of type cannot be matched by any other establishment in the world. There are fifty-six fonts of oriental characters, comprising almost all the known languages of the Asiatic nations; and sixteen fonts of characters belonging to European nations who do not employ the Latin types we make use of. Besides that, there is a vast collection of Chinese characters engraved on wood for the reproduction of the innumerable graphic signs of the Chinese language. Five hundred and sixty-four men and boys and two hundred women are employed. The foremen, ten in number, receive 6 francs per diem; the compositors 5 francs, 50 centimes; pressmen and type foundry 4 francs 50 centimes. Two per cent. of the wages is retained for a relief and pension fund. The male workman, when disabled by sickness, receives 1 franc (20 cts.) and a female two-thirds of a franc (15 cts.) a day. After thirty years' service, a workman is entitled to a pension of 400 francs; and after thirty-five years, to an annual pension of 500 francs. The women receive a third less—their salaries averaging a third less than the males.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK.—The travel between these sister cities may be estimated from the fact that passengers pay \$800,000, and freight \$500,000 per annum.

HOMŒOPATHY.—There are about two thousand and homœopathic physicians in the United States Calomel is going down.

DANDIES BY THE MONTH.

There are conditions of existence, says a French editor, which successively disappear. To carve well at table was formerly a talent the possession of which procured a man not only invitations to the best tables, but the certainty of eating the tit-bits. Now carving is no longer performed at table—it is confided to servants. The *élegant*, or dandy, for a long time enjoyed great success in society. The conditions of his part were very difficult. They have successively been very much simplified. Yellow gloves have been substituted for white hands; wit, smartness, politeness, knowledge of the world and tact, have given place to the "frigid air," the "English air;" a well cut pair of pantaloons takes the place of a well-formed leg. A company has been formed which undertakes to furnish dandies at three dollars a month. The company furnishes the subscribers with so many hats, so many patent-leather boots, and so many overcoats a year—the whole wardrobe conforming to the most authentic fashion plates; an eye glass or opera glass is thrown in. You pay your three dollars a month, and there is an end of your trouble. The company makes you a dandy, a fashionable man, a regular lady-killer. You pay in advance, of course—a necessary precaution to secure the association against loss. You must renew your subscription before its expiration, otherwise you are exposed to the fate of Cinderella, who on leaving the prince's ball after midnight, found herself reduced to the garb of a scullion. If you do not choose to renew your subscription, you are transformed to your former man—you resume your well brushed beaver, your seedy coat, your shabby boots. You resign your opera glass—and society—that is, fashionable city expels you from its brilliant circle. The peacock becomes the jackdaw. The lady who polked with you at the court ball, passes you by without a smile of recognition—Prince Prettyman has become a chimney-sweep.

APOCRYPHAL.—In Paris they are getting up an establishment for suicides. The following is the tariff of charges—it appears reasonable—"use of rope for hanging—two francs; pan of charcoal and close room, two francs; Prussic acid—one franc; use of rain water cistern—one franc. Remains carried to the morgue gratis." There is a higher charge for those who prefer to throw themselves from the fourth story window.

SIX-PENNY SAVINGS BANK.—There are 6000 depositors in the New York Six-penny Savings Bank and deposits vary in amount from five cents to over \$2000.

THE FASHIONS.

There used to be such a thing as rationality in costume; a man's birthplace could instantly be distinguished by his dress, as the Turk by his turban and caftan, the Spaniard by his cloak and sombrero, the Scotch Highlander by his plaid and kilt, and the natural integument of his lower limbs; but now-a-days, all nations dress alike, and France imposes the fashion of garments on the entire world. The dress of our exquisites is the same as that of the Parisian *elegans* who flaunt on the Boulevard Italien, and the troops of the Sultan Abdul-Medjid wear the French infantry cap. The Spaniard has abandoned his cloak for a *paletot*, and the Scotch Highlander has submitted his stalwort limbs to the restriction of a garment cut after the French model. France, the *arbitrator elegantiarum* has had its fashionable revolutions which have kept pace with its political ones. With the old French revolution the three-cornered hat disappeared forever. The minister Roland one day presented himself before Louis XVI. with a round hat—such as we wear now. The master of ceremonies approached Dumouriez with an uneasy air, and said: "He hasn't even buckles in his shoes." "Ah," replied Dumouriez with a sardonic laugh, "everything is lost." And so it was—down went diamonds, plumes, satin gowns and trains, embroidered coats and spangled vests—and down went the throne and the aristocracy. The Jacobins appeared in wooden shoes, and carried knotty clubs for canes. Then came the Greek and Roman mania. Some of the women wore flesh-colored stockings and sandals. Not a few appeared dressed as savages. Under the empire of Napoleon, the greatest revolution of all was effected—small-clothes gave way to pantaloons. During the latter part of Napoleon's reign, women wore a sort of military helmet, called the *Casque a la Clorinda*, and a regular jockey cap with an imitation of epaulettes on the shoulder. Somewhere about 1820—if we remember rightly, the leg of mutton sleeve came into vogue—it was of enormous dimensions, and accompanied by monstrous bonnets, short waists and short dresses. The costume was perfectly hideous, and yet all the fashionable world thought it charming. For about twenty years the male costume has remained nearly stationary—a little longer or a little shorter waist, a little ampler or a little tighter pantaloons, a broad skirt or a swallow-tail—these are mere modifications. The cut and color vary, but the main features of the dress are the same. There is a tendency towards a reproduction of the dress of the middle ages, and some signs of rationality in the leaders of fashion. Hats are

less absurd, and better adapted for the purposes for which they were designed—coats are easier. Perhaps, on the whole, there is less attention to dress, and dandies are fewer and farther between than formerly—but still we are all of us far enough from the picturesque, and more or less slaves to fashion.

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

The New York Times is rather severe upon well-dressed persons in New York. It says, "This is true: the best coats in Broadway, at this time, are on the backs of penniless fops, broken-down merchants, clerks on pitiful salaries, and men that don't pay up. The heaviest gold chains dangle from the fobs of gamblers and gentlemen of very limited means; costly ornaments on ladies indicate to eyes that are well open, the fact of a silly lover or a husband cramped for funds. And when a pretty woman goes by in a suit of plain and neat apparel, it is the presumption that she has fair expectations and a husband who can show a balance in his favor. For women are like books—too much gilding makes men suspicious that the binding is the most important part."

RUINS.—"Very fair—very fair, indeed," said a cockney, who was "doing" the Hudson River from the deck of a steamboat, by the aid of a lorgnette applied to his gooseberry eye. "Quite well got up; very Rhenish; but you have no ruins." The laws of the Romans provided that the queen of cities should not be dishonored by ruins—

Ne ruinas aspectus urbis deformetur,

and we thank Heaven that there are no ruins in America. They may be picturesque, but they don't pay.

DEATH OF MRS. NICHOLS.—The recent death of Mrs. Nichols (formerly Miss Bronte) at Harworth, England, is a sad loss to literature. Her first work, "Jane Eyre," is one of the most powerful—if not the most powerful novel of the nineteenth century. It will be immortal.

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS.—Seventeen years ago, the first Atlantic steamship, the *Sirius*, arrived in New York harbor in the morning; the *Great Western* going up the bay a few hours later.

SALERATUS.—Mrs. Stowe thinks that one reason why the ladies of England are so much healthier than ours, is that they don't use saleratus.

Foreign Miscellany.

A ship lately sailed from Liverpool for Australia with a cargo of 262 unmarried females.

It is said that France intends to take possession of the whole Turkish territory.

Ten thousand of the Chinese insurgents have lately received Christian baptism.

The recent discoveries at Pompeii have been described and illustrated in a French work.

The British allow the purchase and sale of Chinese servants at Hong Kong.

About sixty cases of Assyrian antiquities from the excavations of Mr. Layard, Mr. Rassam and Mr. Loftus have arrived at the British Museum.

At Weimar, counterfeit autographs of Schiller have been made use of in an audacious manner. The heirs of the poet are amongst the dupes.

The estimated population of England and Wales in 1854 was 18,617,000; the number of births, 634,506; of deaths, 438,339; and of marriages, 159,000.

Dogs are henceforth to be taxed in France; a law has just been passed by the Legislative body, levying a duty, varying from one to ten francs per head yearly, on these animals.

A letter from St. Petersburg states that the Emperor Alexander intends to visit Helsingfors, with his brother Nicholas, before the commencement of operations in the Baltic.

Samuel Rogers the poet, is greatly improved in health, and is now enabled to take carriage airings daily. The venerable poet enters on his 93d year in July next.

A tribunal of honor, consisting of five members, is to be chosen at Madrid every month, to arrange personal disputes between gentlemen of the press in that city.

Moore's "Last Rose of Summer," in his own handwriting, was recently sold by auction for two guineas. Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," on the same occasion, brought \$20 10s.

One of the largest distilleries in Scotland, the Leith distillery, where 1,200,000 gallons of whiskey used annually to be made, has just been converted into a flour mill.

A speculator named La Tour, who had lost the whole of his own and his wife's fortune on the Bourse, and incurred liabilities to the extent of 200,000*fr*, which he could not meet, committed suicide at Versailles recently.

A post-office is established at the Crimea by the British government. A postmaster and three assistants are stationed there, and eighteen horses and mules are required for the transportation of the mails.

There are 962,898 persons in the United States over 21 years old who cannot read or write. Of these 6819 live in Vermont, and 27,539 in Massachusetts. New Hampshire has the least of any State, 2957.

It is intended to hold a "Grand Bazaar" in London to promote the movement now making to extend the use of free labor in cotton goods, with a view to the discouragement of slavery in the American States.

There are 50,000 Free Masons in Turkey.

There are 315,000 native Roman Catholics in China.

There are over *ten thousand* emigrants in Liverpool, waiting for passage to this country.

The Emperor of France was 51 years old on the 21st of April.

The subscriptions opened in Holland for the relief of the sufferers by the late terrible inundations, amount to \$190,000.

Several parties in Naples have been arrested and imprisoned for allowing their beards to grow. Barbers must be popular there.

Over 100,000 copies of Barnum's Autobiography have been sold in England, without the slightest advantage, however, to the author.

In France, a method of distilling alcohol from *saw dust* has been discovered. Woodsawyers may now get "high" on their own dust.

A treaty has been concluded between the United States and the Kingdom of Hanover, for the mutual extradition of fugitives from justice.

London extends over an area of 76,029 acres, or 122 square miles, and the number of its inhabitants, rapidly increasing, was on the day of the last census, some 2,362,286.

The town of Lissa, in the Grand Duchy of Posen, has manufactured for the Universal Paris Exhibition a magnificent fur carpet, formed of 8542 pieces of fur indigenous to the country.

More whisky was drank in Scotland last year than in 1853, or almost any year preceding; and much more was spent on whisky in Scotland last year than in any preceding year whatever.

A rumor of the day, is the existence of a secret understanding between Russia and Austria for the signal partition of Turkey, on the model of that of Poland, in case the war results in the final defeat of the allies.

The town of Cheltenham, Eng., recently witnessed the departure of a delegation of men and women, converts to Mormonism, who are *en route* to Utah. Several of them are persons of respectability.

A French priest has discovered that cholera, war, famine, and pestilence, are nothing more and nothing less but the direct lineal offspring of that most lascivious dance, "polka," and of that "last sigh of expiring virtue, the waltz."

They are making excellent fuel in England out of refuse coal-dust. The process adopted is merely heating and pressing this dust into molds or bricks, when the fuel is found quite equal in all respects to the coal from which it is produced.

The King of Belgium is a Protestant, though his subjects are mostly Catholics. The King of Saxony is a Catholic, though the greater part of his subjects are Protestants. The King of Greece is a Catholic, though most of his subjects are of the Greek Church.

The monthly returns of deserters from the army, navy, and militia of Great Britain, show a large increase in the number of defaulters, the total being 646. Of these, 280 are from the regular troops, and 276 from the militia. From the navy there were 74 deserters, 15 stragglers, and one person discharged with disgrace.

Record of the Times.

One farmer in Illinois planted ten thousand acres of corn this year.

Die Clapperton, a famous race mare, has been sold in North Carolina for \$2500.

Col. P. T. Shaffner has presented the Czar of Russia with a cane cut from Jackson's Hermitage.

The electric telegraph shows that all great storms in this latitude move in one direction.

Eighty patents were granted in one week at the United States patent office.

Some of the gambling tables in San Francisco, yield a monthly revenue of \$5000 or \$6000 each.

The Chinese have got an opera at San Francisco. The music is unearthly.

There is a club house in New York city which cost \$200,000.

McCormick's claim to the patent right for making the reaping machine, is sustained.

A Poor Boy's College has been established in the town of Blackstone, Mass.

The Maryland lotteries will be broken up in 1859, the Constitution of the State forbidding them after that time.

Eighteen dollars a gallon was the price which the Otard pale brandy of 1820 brought at the sale of Mr. Hope's liquors in New York.

Mrs. Green Wormely, of Memphis, fainted and died immediately, upon a young man telling her, in jest, that her husband had been run over by a cart and injured.

Boston issues 113 papers, with an annual circulation of 54,000,000; New York, 104 papers, circulation 73,000,000; and Philadelphia 51 papers, circulation 48,000,000.

The grand jury of Orange county, Florida, in their general presentment, made at the late term of their court, mentioned the fact that, out of a population of 600 in the county, there has not been a single death in twelve months.

Emigrants to Western Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, are coming in as they used to do in the days of the "Platte Purchase," fifteen years ago, and our Western borders are now fast making up the loss incurred by the California fever.

Cuttings of the prune, received from France, have been distributed by the department at Washington to Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and other northern latitudes, to be engraved on the plum tree.

The Pittsburg (Pa.) Despatch says that a Hungarian named Kossuth, a nephew of the illustrious Louis Kossuth, ex-Governor of Hungary, and employed as a coal-digger in Snowden township, was crushed in a horrid manner, recently, by a falling mass of coal, and killed almost instantly.

It is quite fashionable now in Albany for pleasure parties to charter some small steamboat and take a short excursion for exercise and fresh air before breakfast. A steamer is always ready to fire up every pleasant morning at a rate only a little higher than the price of a horse and buggy.

A gentleman of Maryland lost \$100,000 at the N. York faro tables, and tried to kill himself.

They say Queen Victoria is ill-tempered, beats her children, and snubs "Halbert." Hawful!

Our Philadelphia friends are going to have a new opera house—cost \$200,000.

An apothecary in New York put up a tartar emetic instead of belladonna, and killed a child.

The new New York steamer for the Havre line, has been named the "Arago."

Hon. C. C. Hazewell is now the editor of the Boston Chronicle. He is an able scholar.

Military parades and visits are now the order of the day. Present arms!

Mexico is still in a broil, as it always is and will be.

The selectmen of Watertown and Woburn are trying to detect incendiaries, by rewards.

The new city government steamer is called the "Boston Pilot," and registers 350 tons.

John W. A. Scott, a Boston artist, lately sold more than fifty landscapes at auction.

Four or five Cincinnati houses have made by a rise in sugar, \$100,000 each.

Imprisonment for debt is still provided for by the Massachusetts statutes.

The pollen of the Alanthus tree is said to be certain death to the rosebuds.

Some of the Lake fisheries have been very productive this spring. The gross shipment from Saginaw alone will exceed 3500 barrels.

The fishermen about Cohasset have had "hard luck," this season, on account of rough weather, but have lately made very good hauls.

So long as we stand in need of a benefit, there is nothing dearer to us; nor anything cheaper, when we have received it.

Every man has his chain and his clog; it may be more loose and light to one than it is to another; but he who takes it up is more at ease, than he who drags it.

Lucinda C. Nevers, of Longmeadow, Mass., has recovered \$5249 34 of Samuel C. Boothby, for injuries received by the bite of a dog some months ago.

Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, thinks mankind are rapidly growing worse, and nothing but a miracle can save them. This is true of some, at least.

The officers of the board of health, of Philadelphia, recently seized eighteen milch cows that were penned up in unwholesome quarters, and fed upon distillery slops.

A fine hospital, recently erected by the Jews of New York city as a testimonial to the memory of the late Judah Touro, was lately consecrated with much ceremony.

A new kind of guillotine has been brought into use at Gallatin, Mississippi, where a negro man was standing on the lever of a cotton-gin, with his chin resting on one of the arms of the main wheel and his back to the horses, when, as he passed under one of the cross beams above, his head was caught and cut off smooth, just above the ears.

Merry Making.

"Ours is no common lot," as the toads said, when they got into the clover field.

Love is a theatre in which women distribute the checks.

When does a man look like a cannon ball? When he looks round.

"Come, rest in this bosom," as the turkey said to the stuffing.

Why is a man who never lays a wager, quite as bad as one who does? Because he's no better.

Might not a publican who, having been unfortunate in business, had reopened his house, be termed a "republican?"

Bill Brown says that his Shanghai rooster is so tall, that he has to get down on his knees to crow.

A Vermont Yankee has invented a pump by which horses and cows pump their own drinking water.

Dobbs says he would have died of cholera in August, if it had not been for one thing—"the doctor gave him up."

A genius in New Bedford is fitting up a steamer for the purpose of towing icebergs to India, where they sell for six cents a pound.

People are apt to complain of the vile tunes that are played about the streets by grinding organs, and yet they may all be said to be fond of the music of Handel.

A Picture—A tall ladder leaning against a house—a negro at the top, and a hog scratching himself against the bottom. "G'way—g'way dar! You'm 'makin' mischief."

The man that started for a walk in the "field of speculation" lost his way for the want of land marks, and after a diligent search by his friends, was restored to the bosom of his family.

A young lady being asked whether she would wear a wig when her hair turned gray, replied with the greatest earnestness, "O! no, I'll dye first!"

At the Printer's festival at Lowell, the following definitions were given: *True Progress*—Subscriptions in advance. *Old Foggism*—Owing a printer's bill.

The cheapest kind of a horse is a saw-horse. It supports itself and a good deal of fuel. Besides, it isn't dangerous to children and the ladies.

"Why is a Laplander like an umbrella maker?" asked Snooks, of his wife. "D'ye give it up? 'Cause he derives his support from the rain, dear (reindeer)."

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a pair of sunken eyes, wrinkled face and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

The world is progressing. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," is now rendered—"A flower is capable of exerting the same titillatory influence under any and every cognomen."

"That's my impression," as the die said to the dollar.

"If you bite me, I'll bite you," as the pepper-pod said to the boy.

The young lady who "took the eye of everybody," has been arrested for stealing.

A quaint writer has defined time to be "the vehicle that carries everything into nothing."

Since the passage of the new liquor law, the motto of Maine is generally spelled "Dri-I-go."

A Jew dealer in very tattered garments is apt to be named Mordecai (more decay).

Ducks enter the water for *divers* reasons, and come out for *sun-dry* motives.

Some persons take more trouble in looking for pins than they would for stars.

The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye is requested to return it.

We have met with a very curious sort of lady, which we scarcely expected. An advertisement runs thus: "Lost, a purple and black lady's bag."

Napoleon said in 1812: "In my dictionary the word, impossible, cannot be found." At a later date, he probably procured a more perfect copy.

A young lady declared in our hearing the other day, that she would marry no man who could not keep a carriage and horse. We presume her favorite air is—"Wait for the wagon."

Doctor Charles Wilson has written a volume of some hundreds of pages, to explain the pathology of drunkenness. Diogenes defines it in two syllables—*zig-zag!*

A woman's life is made up of "five minutes," for she never takes more to put on her bonnet, change her dress, go out shopping, order the dinner, or do anything else.—*Punch*.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vell, dis is a ting that I seldom don't like to talk about, but ven I does, it seems so long as it never vas."

Printers are said to be intellectual smelters, who receive the dross for their labor, while the world gets the metal; and editors the locomotives of society, which cannot go ahead without them.

It is found that women make the very best clerks for the electric telegraph. Very rarely, indeed are they at fault. The only difficulty is, to prevent each young lady at either end of the line from having the last word.

Bayard Taylor delivered a lecture, recently, at Kalamazoo, Michigan. Next day a lady was asked her opinion of the lecture, when she replied: "O, it was excellent; he has such a sweet moustache!"

Our army has been so long trying to march into Sebastopol, that one would almost imagine it had come to a stand-still under the influence of a lame commander, in the shape of a "General Halt."—*Punch*.

As the sun in all its splendor was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising!" His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered—"What would you think, my dear, if I had my new silk gown on?"

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WHOLE No. 8.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

MR. ABRAHAM GUNTER was very rich. When a mere youth, he moved from the State of New York away to the far West. As a trapper, no one had such luck, for every spring he had a small sized sloop full of furs. Then in his latter days, he had speculated some, and to a wondrous advantage. In a small book that he carried hidden away within the bosom of his vest, was set down sums which he had now invested and secured, drawing all the way from five to seven per centum. And that column of figures was footed up, and in the result one would read something after this fashion, \$1,400,000,00.

Abraham Gunter had now seen his fifty-fifth summer, and of kindred known to him, he had only one daughter. His wife and four other children had been lost by the burning of a prairie. So now, Abraham's love all centered in his sweet child. For Mabel Gunter was a beautiful girl. During six years that her father had been speculating in Texas lands, she had been in New York, living with a friend of the old man's whom he had met on the Mississippi. So Mabel had become polished, but not enough to wear away any of her real worth. Only the crust had been taken off, for she had been in true hands, and the jewel was not even marred.

And Abraham Gunter had come to Saratoga. His daughter had fairly dragged him there. He had been in his native State only six months, and though his ways were rough and strange, yet his companionship was pleasant, for he was

full of fun and anecdote; and then people had discovered that he was one of the golden ones. To be sure, his wealth was not exactly known, but then people had their opinions about the matter.

Is it a wonder that Mabel was the centre of attraction? She was the loveliest girl at the Springs, for she had abundant health and native modesty to enhance her personal charms. But none of the thousand butterflies could make their way around the old man. He detested them. And yet Mabel was not an indifferent maiden. Far from it. A young cadet from West Point, was stopping at the Springs. His name was Philip Barrows, and he became acquainted with Mabel while she was living in the State before. He was a nephew of the very man with whom Mabel had lived during the six years that her father was in Texas.

But poor Philip dared not look the old western nabob in the face, he was penniless, and he feared to subject himself to the old man's scorn. His uncle, the very one with whom Mabel had lived, was paying his tuition and expenses at the military school, and that was his all of worldly expectancy. Yet Mabel saw Philip often, and they walked and talked together, whenever they could find opportunity. And the foolish things talked of love, and sighed, and vowed eternal fidelity, and such sort of stuff.

Among the crowd at Saratoga, was one who had not yet approached Gunter nor his daughter, but who had watched them sharply. His

name was entered upon the register of the hotel as Rodolphus Gustave. He was somewhere about thirty years of age, dressed in the height of fashion, and sporting an immense quantity of jewelry, most of which had more show than substance. This individual made all the inquiries about Gunter he saw fit, and at length he resolved to "dive into the old gentleman's affections." He put off all his jewelry, procured a plain suit of hunter's clothes, a velvet short coat, fox-skin vest, buck-skin pants, top-boots, etc. And one pleasant morning he asked admission at the old man's door.

"Ah, Mr. Gunter, I believe," said Rodolphus Gustave, handing his cap to the servant, and bowing politely, but using not one of those foppish airs which had become so natural to him.

"My name is Gunter, sir," replied Abraham, looking up. He seemed pleased with the young man's appearance at first.

"I am very happy to see you, sir," resumed the visitor, seating himself.

"And your name?"

"Rodolphus Gustave. Funny name, isn't it?"

"Why—yes. I always thought *Gustave* a Christian name."

"So it is—so it is, my old friend. I have reasons for keeping the other name to myself."

"What may that be?" bluntly asked the old man, but without any shade of suspicion.

"Answer me a question first," said the young man, lowering his voice, and speaking very feelingly. "Had you not once a very dear friend?"

"Yes—several."

"But one more beloved by you than the rest?—one whom you left when you both were young?—one whom you have not heard from since?"

Abraham Gunter gazed fixedly into his visitor's eyes for some moments, and then he looked upon the carpet.

"Yes," he said at length. "I did once have such a friend. Brown, his name was—Jack Brown."

"And do you know what became of him?"

"No. I have never heard from him since I went away. That's a'most forty years."

"I can tell you," resumed Rodolphus Gustave, in a very sad tone. "He moved away to the South, and there he married. He had but one child—a boy. He lost his wife soon after his boy was born, and never married again. Six years ago, he died!"

Rodolphus took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes, as he ceased speaking, and the effect was very good.

"But the son?" asked Abraham.

"I am that son, sir. Ah! I have heard my father speak of you often; and once, about a month before he died, he bade me, if I should ever see you, to tell you that he never ceased to love the one best friend of his youth."

Rodolphus Gustave sobbed convulsively, and even Gunter's eyes were moist, for he now remembered his former friend more particularly.

"But," said the old man, after a pause, "why do you thus leave off his name?"

"Ah," returned the young man, smiling through his sadness, "I do it for my own peace. Let it be known that Rodolphus Gustave Brown was here, and I should be beset by every unmarried female and scheming mother in the place. A million dollars is a great bait!"

"Ah! then your father prospered?"

"Most excellently. Now, if I had your coolness and strength of reserve, I shouldn't care; I'd as lief they'd know me and my wealth as not. But as it is, I have no idea of being taken in for my money."

Abraham Gunter was delighted. He caught Brown by the hand and bade him welcome to his board and his heart. After this, the two conversed awhile there, and then they walked off alone together in the fields and gardens. The young man soon found all Gunter's vulnerable points, and he attacked them carefully, but bravely. He went into raptures over hunting and trapping, and swore that his old friend should visit him in the South.

"Ay, my noble soul," he exclaimed, "you shall make your home with me in the genial, sunny South. You shall there find a resting-place for your wearied limbs, and the evening of your days shall be spent among those who will care for you. My purse you shall use, and my home shall be your home. My father's best friend shall be a second father to me. If you want help here—now—I pray you tell me so. Perhaps your purse is low. You may have grown old, with no money to support you. Tell me truly if you are in need, for I would help you with joy."

"No, my kind friend," returned Abraham, with warm tears filling his eyes. "I have enough—more than I can ever use. But I thank you nevertheless."

"Then half my hopes of joy are gone," cried Rodolphus Gustave, half sadly. "But yet that won't prevent you from coming to my home."

Just before they reached the hotel the young man pulled Abraham by the sleeve, and stopped him.

"One word," he said, very lowly and tremu-

lously. "You will not speak to your daughter of my wealth."

"Eh?"

"Excuse me, but I am under a most solemn vow that until I am married my wife shall not know that I am rich. You will not wonder that I have looked upon your sweet child with more than common emotions. Already do I love her, and at this moment would I place my all in her hands. I have long sought for one whom I could love and respect—one who could bring the smiles of peace and joy to my sumptuous home, and whose virtue should be her brightest portion. In Mabel I know I have found that being. O, intercede for me, if you can! O," and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he went on, "turn her heart to me in love, if it lays in your power! Her smile and love alone can make me truly happy!"

"By the blessed Mother of Waters!" cried the old man, in enthusiasm, "you shall have Mabel, if you say so. She shall be yours!"

"But she may object to me, you know?"

"What!—and disobey her father? You do not know her, sir."

Gustave was very happy, and in half an hour afterwards, he was in one of the bowling saloons, drinking cheap brandy, and rolling for "sixpence a string."

Poor Mabel was very unhappy. She had spent one evening with Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Brown, and when he went away her father informed her that she was to become that man's wife. At first she would not believe it; but ere long she was not only convinced that he meant what he said, but she knew that her father never backed out from one of his plans, unless he could see that he had been mistaken. Mabel argued and wept, but the old man would not listen.

"Pshaw!" he uttered, "this is all mere whim. You haven't picked out a husband, have you?"

"No, sir—not yet," retorted the maiden, without looking up.

"Then it's high time you had one, for I want to see some of my grandchildren before I die. Mr. Brown is just the best man in the world, and he will make you the best husband. You understand. I have given him my word, and now, if you live one week longer, you will become Mrs. Brown."

"Then I must be married here?"

"No. Mr. Brown wants the ceremony to be performed in private. He objects to these big parties, and so do I. He does not want it known here that he is going to marry, for then he will

be bored by a thousand butterfly-friends. He has kept his family name a secret, so that people should not know him, and thus know his vast wealth. But I ought not to have told you of this, for I promised I wouldn't. However, it's too late now. Ha! ha! ha! he wanted you to think him poor, so that you might love him for himself alone. But you won't let him know that you have his secret."

That evening, by some strange coincidence, Mabel and Philip Barrows chanced to meet in one of the gardens, and the poor girl told her whole story.

"Brown—Brown!" murmured Philip.

"Rodolphus Gustave," explained Mabel.

"O, I have seen him with your father, and I wondered at it at the time. He is one of the deepest villains in the country! His name is not Brown. I have seen him before, when his name was *Springer*. How did he work himself into your father's favor?"

Mabel told Philip all about it, for her father had told her. She told him about her father's old friend, and how this young man represented himself as that friend's son.

"I see—I see," said the cadet. "It is a deep-laid plot for getting at your father's purse."

"He told my father he left off the name of his family here, because he did not want to be bored by the females and needy males. He said if the people knew his real name, and that he was worth a million dollars, he should have no peace."

"A million dollars! Why, the villain don't own the clothes he wears!"

"And," added Mabel, "he made my father promise that I should not know of his wealth, for he wanted a wife who should love him for himself alone."

"O, the double-dyed villain!" exclaimed Philip. "He works his card well. By my soul, I don't wonder he wanted the matter kept quiet here, for he knows that many of the people know him, and that they would not see him carry away a poor girl into misery and shame. But you shall not suffer from him."

"No," uttered Mabel, while her heart beat with hope, "I will at once tell my father all."

"Stop," interrupted Philip, thoughtfully. "Let's think of some surer plan. If you tell your father this, he will not believe you; and if you tell him that I told you he may mistrust our secret, and then swear that I have done it all for revenge. You know what the old gentleman is. If he takes a notion you won't move him. Does this fellow know how much your father is worth?"

"No, no one here knows save me."

"But they guess."

"O, yes. They feel sure he is worth over a million."

"Now mark me. This *Mister Brown* wants a wife who shall love him for himself alone. So you tell your father that you want the same kind of a husband. Get him to promise you that for once he will help you deceive this suitor. He cannot refuse you this, for surely he should have as much care for you as for him. You say he would have kept *Brown's* secret, had he not let it slip by accident?"

"Yes, he meant to have kept it."

"Then get your father to help you plan for *Rodolphus Gustave*. Make him believe that you will have nothing—that your father has only about enough to support himself, and then you shall see. And—I'll whisper a secret into your ears. I knew the *Mr. Brown* who was your father's friend. He died in New York—and he was my uncle. He was a brother of my mother, and I am sure your father knew her, too. My Uncle *Willis*, with whom you stopped six years, married another of his sisters, so *Willis*, you know, is only my uncle, by marriage. But I wonder how this scamp found out about *John Brown*?"

"He did not know anything about him, I now believe, until my father first told him," said *Mabel*. "He first asked my father if he had not once a warm friend—one whom he had not seen, nor heard from, since youth? Then when my father mentioned *Jack Brown*, as he called him, of course the wicked man was safe in claiming to be his son, and then owning the rest of his name."

Philip saw it all, and he laughed at the absurdity of the thing; and *Mabel* laughed, too, for she had lost most of her fear.

"Now, be sure," said the cadet, as the two were upon the point of separating, "and treat *Rodolphus Gustave* as though you accepted him freely. You will know how to proceed. Do not let your father suspect. Good night."

There was a pressure of hands as the two lovers parted, but *Philip* dared not claim a kiss.

On the next day *Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Brown* spent several hours with *Abraham Gunter* and his daughter, and *Mabel* was all life and animation. Both her father and *Rodolphus* were delighted.

Later in the day the father and child were alone.

"Father," said *Mabel*, speaking with considerable earnestness, "would you let my hand go

to a man who you knew wanted me for my money alone?"

"No, by the Mother of Waters, I wouldn't!" exclaimed the old man, vehemently.

"And suppose *Rodolphus* should want me for your money alone?"

"Pooh! The thing's impossible, child. He's got a million of his own."

"Then he would be a sordid wretch indeed, if he could want me only for more money," said the fair girl.

"He'd be a contempt—But, nonsense! What put such stuff into your head?"

"Just a little plan of mine. He wanted me kept in ignorance of his wealth so that he could prove my love. Now you should be as kind to your child as you meant to have been to him. Why can't you help me deceive him?"

"Deceive him?"

"Yes. He does not *know* that you are wealthy, does he?"

"No."

"Then why, to please me, won't you help me deceive him? and if he proves himself to love me for myself alone, I will marry him without a murmur."

The old man laughed—then pondered—then laughed again—then hesitated—and then, just as his sweet child put her arms about his neck and kissed him, he promised to do anything she wanted.

That very evening, somewhere about ten or eleven o'clock, *Mr. Gunter* and his daughter returned from the ball-room, and *Rodolphus Gustave* accompanied them. Some remarks were made upon various topics, and finally the young man sat down by *Mabel's* side and took her hand.

"Angel of my life," he said, "I am happy, for I believe you have listened to my suit. You will accept the poor hand and heart I offer you?"

"Yes, sir," returned *Mabel*, trembling for fear her plan should not work.

"O, joy!" gasped the lover. "And you love me for myself alone. You know I am poor?"

"Poor?" uttered *Mabel*, starting.

"Yes. I have no money—no property, save health, strength and talents."

"O, I am glad of that," cried the maiden, with sparkling eyes, "for now there will be no deception. Now I shall not feel that I owe my husband support. We will work together, and by industry and prudence we may prosper. If I have been backward in giving my hand, it was because I feared that I might be accused of having sought a rich husband. Perhaps you

might find a wife with money, but I do not believe you can find one more willing to work for you and aid you."

"You are—are—poetical!" said Rodolphus Gustave, with an uneasy, anxious look. "Surely I—I— But—ha, ha, ha—ho-ho-o-o-h-e-e-e—your joke is excellent. No money—ha, ha ha."

"I knew you would love me full as well when you knew the truth, and so I told my father," said Mabel, ingenuously. "I feared you might have heard the whispers and surmises which have been started here about my father's wealth; and though I would take no pains to undeceive those who care nothing for us, save for our supposed title to wealth, yet I cannot let you rest under such deception, though mayhap you never heard of it?"

"Really, Miss Gunter, I do not fully understand you."

"Why, my dear Rodolphus Gustave, it's all very plain. You are poor, at least, so says my father—and I am poor; so through life we shall have nothing to feed our pride but the noble emulation of who shall best work for the other's welfare."

"Do you mean that you are not wealthy? not rich—not—not—Mr. Gunter," the fellow added, turning to the old man, "what is all this?"

"My daughter has told you, sir," answered Gunter, not a little surprised at his young friend's manner.

"But you are reputed to be a wealthy man, sir?"

"So I am. That noble girl is a store of wealth."

"But you have money, sir?"

"A very little."

"You told me you had more than you could ever use."

"So I have, sir, for I can't use it. It lies in swamp lands in Texas that won't sell."

"But, you—you—have something?"

"Perhaps five hundred dollars will be left after my debts are paid, and I get clear of supporting Mabel."

"Then, sir, I have been most grossly deceived!" uttered Rodolphus Gustave, rising from his seat.

"Now, sir?" cried the old man, "arn't you going to marry my daughter, and give me a home beneath your roof at the South?"

"Take two beggars on my hands?" exclaimed the young man, indignantly. "No, sir."

"But remember your father—"

"My father be—"

"But my daughter is all that you could ask,"

said Gunter, mastering his indignation with one mighty effort. He saw through the gentleman now, and he meant to punish him. "You told me you only wanted the wife, to love and to honor."

"I am not in the habit of honoring beggars sir, nor do I wish to connect myself with them. Your deception has been very pretty—very pretty, indeed! Perhaps you thought your daughter's husband would pay your bills at the hotel?"

The stout old trapper came very near raising a chair at that moment, and if he had, Rodolphus Gustave would have suffered some; but he overcame his anger, and in a strange, sarcastic tone he said:

"I do not think you fully understand what manner of deception we have practised, sir. You wished to know if my child loved you for yourself alone; and you know the means you adopted for proving it. Now my little Mabel took the same freak into her head, and I agreed to help her. You have seen how her plan worked. Perhaps after all my debts are paid, I should have five hundred dollars left, I told you, and I think I should, with perhaps a million and a half added to it."

"Ah—a—I—ha, ha, ha—" laughed and stammered the young man, strangely. "A fine joke, decidedly. 'Pon my soul, my old friend, you did it well; but you must admit that I drew the truth out of you most keenly. Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho—e-e-e— You thought I was in earnest. Good. Capital! Mabel, light of my soul—"

"There is the door, sir!" pronounced the old man rising to his feet, the whole truth having worked its way through his mind.

"But, ah—my old friend—"

"You are not wanted here, sir. I think you told my child the truth."

"I did—I did."

"When you told her that you were penniless!"

"Eh? No, no. O, no. I am—"

"A villain, sir! There is the door!" cried the old man, now showing his anger plainly.

"But my father—"

"Your father be—just as you wished him a few moments since. If you go soon you will save me the trouble of placing my hands upon you," said the old man, resolutely.

Mr. Rodolphus Gustave very sadly turned towards the door which his host had opened, but before he reached it, Mabel spoke:

"Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Springer—"

The villain started at the sound of that name, and turned pale as death; and the parent was astonished, too. But Mabel went on:

"If you had not told us the truth as you did,

I might never have thought to try this test upon you."

"What truth?" asked he.

"That you are poor, penniless. For the future I would advise you to stick to one thing. If you will live in falsehood, never shame truth by speaking it. Yet I would hope that you might so far reform as never to speak falsehood more."

The rest of that night, Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Springer spent in drinking brandy and cursing his own fate.

Three days after the events last recorded, two police officers visited the Springs, but they did not stop long. When they went away, they had persuaded Rodolphus Gustave to accompany them.

"By the great Mother of Waters!" ejaculated Abraham Gunter, after he had seen the hero marched off, "I'll never again pretend to say who my girl shall marry. I believe her own instincts are sharper than my eyes; and in the matter of husbands, bless me, if I believe a right down sensible woman needs any help."

On the next day, Mr. Nathan Willis arrived at the hotel. He was the man who had kept Mabel so long. In the evening Mr. Willis presented his nephew, Philip Barrows.

"You remember Lizzie Brown?" said Willis, after he had introduced Philip.

"Lizzie! Why, she was Jack's sister?"

"Yes."

"Of course I remember her!" uttered the old man, warmly. "Little Lizzie—she was one of my warmest friends. But she's gone now!"

"Yes, and this is her only child."

"What—Philip?" cried the old man.

"Yes."

Abraham Gunter grasped the young cadet by the hand, and when Mabel saw the energy and affection of her father's greeting, she turned away her head to hide her emotions.

"And you are Lizzie's child?" uttered the old gentleman, still shaking the youth by the hand. "Now, Mabel, we've found one of the pure stock. Go and talk with my daughter, sir. And you, Mabel, may tell him all about Mr. Rodolphus Gustave, while we old folks find out the news."

Philip and Mabel talked to some purpose, for in one week the cadet asked Abraham if he might have his child.

"Ask her," said the old man.

"I have, sir."

"And what did she say?"

"She said—if you were willing."

"What does your uncle say?"

"He says I'm a fool!"

"For what?"

"To think you'd give your child away to a poor, penniless fellow like me."

"You go and tell Willis he's a f—— But no. He shall come to the wedding. But you won't go back to West Point any more?"

"No, sir."

"You'll settle down and stay at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then Mabel's yours."

Shortly afterwards people knew very nearly how much Abraham Gunter was worth, but he was free from annoyance, for Mabel was the only channel through which his vast wealth could be reached, and she was his to dispose of no more, for Philip Barrows had fixed his own name upon her for life.

The old man still lives with his children, almost—perhaps quite—as happy as before that dreadful fire swept down the prairie; and be sure if you visit him, and sit one hour in his presence, you will have to listen to the story of Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Springer, *the Fortune Hunter*.

LENGTH OF HUMAN LIFE.

Those who are anxious to live long, will find consolation in the speculations of M. Flourens, whose book has lately excited great attention at Paris. He says: "I propose the following natural divisions and natural durations for the whole life of man: The first ten years of life are infancy, properly so called; the second ten is the period of boyhood; from twenty to thirty is the first youth; from thirty to forty the second. The first manhood is from forty to fifty-five; the second from fifty-five to seventy. This period of manhood is the age of strength, the *manly* period of human life. From seventy to eighty-five is the first period of old age, and at eighty-five the second old age begins. These periods all shade insensibly into each other, so that, in an actual life, we can hardly tell where the one ends and the other begins. They vary in length, also, in different individuals, and most men now-a-days become old and die while they ought still to have been in the period of early manhood."

The limits thus assigned by Flourens to the several periods of life are not wholly arbitrary, like those we generally talk of; on the contrary, a more or less sound physiological reason is assigned for each. Infancy proper ceases at ten years, because then the second teething is completed; boyhood at twenty, because then the bones cease to increase in length; and youth extends to forty, because about that time the body ceases to increase in size. Enlargement of bulk after that period consists chiefly in the accumulation of fat. The real development of the parts of the body has already ceased. Instead of increasing the strength and activity, this latter growth weakens the body and retards its motions. Then when growth has ceased, the body rests, rallies, and becomes invigorated.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY C. C. SAWYER.

Some birds are with us but for a season,
 While summer is shedding its soft, blissful ray;
 But when winter o'er us its cold wings is spreading,
 They'll soar high above us, and soon fly away.

And so with some friends! they will hover around thee
 While fortune is smiling, and light is thy heart;
 But when the dark clouds of adversity gather,
 They look at us coldly and soon all depart.

But there is one who will never desert thee,
 While she on earth is permitted to stay;
 If cold storms of sorrow or care should assail thee,
 A mother will for thee more fervently pray.

Then let us always remember our mother
 Comfort and keep her from sorrow and gloom;
 And when she at last leaves this dark world of trouble,
 With tears of affection we'll moisten her tomb.

THE YARN OF THE WATCH.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

EIGHT bells had struck on board the ship *Almeda*. The watch had been relieved, and as all sail was set, and there was every appearance of pleasant weather for the next four hours, at least, the men comprising the starboard watch, all gathered round one of their number, an old gray-headed salt, and urged him to spin them a yarn. The old sailor took a long look to windward, then helping himself to a huge chew of tobacco, seated himself on the fore-castle deck, and began as follows:

"Well, shipmates, seein' as how you want a yarn, and have pitched on me to reel it off for you, I s'pose I can't refuse, though it's a little out of my latitude. So, if you like, I'll give you a few scraps from my log-book, as nigh as I can remember. But the second mate is coming forward, and I guess there's work to be done; so I'll wait till we see what he wants."

The officer came forward and glanced at the head-sails, ordered a small pull at the flying-jib halyards, then went aft again—merely remarking to the man on the lookout, to "keep a good lookout ahead, there."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the response.

Old Bill again seated himself, and began as follows:

"Well, do you see, I was at one time one of the crew of the ship *Argonaut*, of and from Boston, bound on a voyage round the world. We were to stop at San Francisco to discharge our cargo, which consisted of most every kind

of merchandize useful in that market, from dry goods to stage coaches; then proceed to China, take in a cargo of tea, and return home by way of Cape Good Hope.

"The *Argonaut* was a new craft, this being her first voyage, and proved to be a remarkably crank ship, which was a source of great annoyance to the old skipper, for when the wind was abeam, he couldn't crack sail enough on her to suit his fancy, without danger of upsetting her. Howsomever, she was a fast sailer, and when we were eighteen days out, we had overhauled and run away from everything in our track, including some of the crack ships from New York. The skipper had begun to think by this time that there wasn't another craft afloat that could sail with her before the wind, and calculated on about an eighty days' passage to California. But the next morning, when we were washing down decks, we sees a large clipper ship right astern of us, standing on the same tack, and overhauling us rapidly. The wind was very light, and what little there was, was dead aft. We had studding-sails set below and aloft, on both sides, and every stitch of canvass that could be carried to advantage, was set, and we were not making more than two or three knots at that; but she gained upon us every minute.

"The captain didn't think strange of this at first, for he reckoned the stranger had got a better breeze than we had; but as she came nearer to us, the old man swore enough to sink the whole ship's crew to the bottom of the ocean. We set taut on all the halyards, and hauled home on the sheets, and everything that could be done, was done, to make the *Argonaut* sail, but it wasn't no use; the stranger came right upon our starboard quarter, and hailed us.

"She proved to be the *Sea Witch*, of Baltimore, bound to California, and was then only eleven days out from New York, while we were nineteen days out from Boston, and had all the breeze we could stagger under until that morning. She kept alongside of us a few minutes, till our captain had got the latest news from home, then walked away from us as easy as if we'd been lying at anchor, and the last I see of her was at two bells in the afternoon watch, hull down ahead of us.

"Well, this made the skipper awful cross for a good while; for he hadn't calculated to be out-sailed by anything the whole voyage round, and here he was beaten handsomely at nineteen days out. He declared that if it wasn't for being superstitious, he should think the ship was really a *sea witch*, under the special patronage of old Neptune.

"Well, we had a fine run down to the cape, and passed several clipper ships, but found nothing that could hold their own with us, excepting the Sea Witch. We had a fair wind all the time until we were within fifty miles of the cape; but our good luck wasn't always going to last. One day in the afternoon watch, it became suddenly calm, which is something so unusual for these latitudes, that I knew we would have to catch it before long. I was standing at the weather rail, looking to windward, when the captain came along, and says he, 'We'll smell Cape Horn to-night, Bill, or I'm no sailor.' I turned round to see who he was speaking to, for I thought it couldn't be me, it was something so uncommon for him to speak to a foremast hand, unless it was to 'curse his eyes,' when I see in a minute that the old man was half-seas over in more ways than one, for he was one of that kind of skippers who never *drink* anything, but *pour* it down; and, as little Ned Frost used to say, he thought he made such a rum-cask of himself, he'd float if he should happen to fall overboard.

"When I seed the condition he was in, I bid good-by to all hopes of any comfort till after we got clear of Cape Horn; for in all probability he wouldn't be sober again as long as we had bad weather. He always made it a rule, which I never knew him to break, to get drunk on the first appearance of dirty weather, and keep so till it got through blowing. Then look out for falling spars, for the way he'd carry sail on her was a caution to sober men. Well, sure enough, we did smell Cape Horn that night in earnest. The gale began in the dog-watch, and for forty-five days it blew a regular Cape Horn snorter, right in our teeth, with hardly an hour's cessation, and in the whole time we didn't make a mile on our course. The ship stood it well for a few days, considering that there was a press of canvass on her all the time; for the skipper swore he would drive the masts out of her before he would take in a rag of it; and carried studding-sails on her when he ought to have been under close-reefed topsails. But nothing of any consequence was carried away, except studding-sail booms.

"One afternoon I was standing just forward of the fore-rigging, when the fore topmast studding-sail-boom went in two, and the outer end of it came in-board, carrying away the rim of my tarpaulin, and making a hole clean through the deck. The skipper came forward to order another boom rigged out, but when he was just abreast the fore rigging, she pitched her bows clean under water, and the sea swept her decks fore and aft, and washed all hands clean back to

the quarter-deck. The captain picked himself up, and started once more to go forward, when she went under again, and washed him clean to the taffrail. He'd been a goner this time, but the end of the mizzen royal clewline happened to be off from the belaying-pin, and the old sinner caught hold of that just in time to save him from going overboard. This sobered him a little, and he ordered the studding-sails taken off from her, and the topsails reefed. The reef tackles were hauled out, and the men were laying aloft to reef sail, when a sea struck her broadside, and stove her weather bulwarks into kindling wood, quicker than you can think.

"After that the old man was a little more careful about carrying sail for a while, but a few days after the weather moderated, so that we shook the reefs out of the topsails, and set the top-gallant sails. But it soon began to blow again bad as ever, and while we were furling the foretop-gallant sails, little Phil Low, a youngster who had shipped as ordinary seaman, was on the weather yard-arm with me, when the sail flapped back over our heads, and knocked Phil off the yard. He struck on the fore yard, and rolled off into the sea. The ship was put about as soon as possible—but it was no easy job, for there was a nasty sea running—and the quarter-boat lowered; but it swamped before it got its length from the ship, and all hands came near being drowned. Life-preservers and hen-coops, and everything handy that would float were thrown overboard in hopes that Phil might get hold of one of them, and keep up till we could take him off. We lay about there for an hour or two, but seeing nothing of him after he first touched the water, we finally gave him up as lost, and the ship was again headed on her course. Phil was a good swimmer, but we supposed he must have been hurt when he struck the fore yard, so as to disable him. Nothing of any account happened after this during the passage to California. We had a tedious passage, and instead of eighty, were one hundred and forty-five days on the route.

"When our pilot came aboard, the first question we asked him was, if the Sea Witch had left there. He said there had been no such ship in that port that year. We were all taken aback at this, for we supposed from her great speed that she must have got in and gone out again before this time.

"We come to anchor in the bay that night, and the next morning hauled up alongside the wharf. We had just got all fast, and the decks cleared up, when we sees a big ship coming up the harbor, in tow of a steamer. She hauled up

to the next wharf with us, and a pretty-looking mess she was, too. Her foremast was gone close to the deck, her bowsprit carried away chock to the knight-heads, and her starboard bulwarks were gone. So I goes over to see what craft it was that was used up so, and come to find out 'twas the same Sea Witch that had given us the go-by so handsomely. She had a good run down to the cape, when she took a heavy gale, but instead of lying-to, the captain piled on the rags, and swore he'd drive her round. But the very first night, he run foul of a Spanish schooner that was hove-to, and sunk her with all hands on board. The Sea Witch was very much damaged, and leaked badly; but the skipper called all hands aft, and told them they could have their choice, either to let her sink, or take her up to San Francisco, for he was bound not to put into any port this side of there.

"While I was looking about her decks, who should I see come up from the forecabin, but Phil Low, the chap we supposed was lost off the cape." Here Bill was interrupted in the yarn by the second mate. The wind was hauling abeam.

"Haul in the lee fore brace," was the order given.

"Ay, ay, sir," was quickly responded, as the willing tars sprang to the work.

The yards were soon braced up, and the watch again seated on the forecabin-deck to listen to the remainder of Bill's yarn. Stowing away a fresh quid in his capacious mouth, he begun:

"Well, shipmates, I don't exactly recollect when I was cruising where I left off, but I believe it was where I see Phil Low coming up out of the Sea Witch's forecabin. I thought it was either his ghost, or else I was very much mistaken. Any way, I couldn't believe it was him, because I see him go overboard off the Horn; but shiver my timbers if he didn't steer right up to me, and hail me:

"Well, Bill, says he, 'what's the news aboard the Argonaut? How long have you been in?' and forty other questions he asked before I could answer a thing.

"Why, Phil,' says I, as soon as I found tongue, 'I thought you were overboard off the Horn.'

"Well,' says he, 'I was; but I had a chance to ship in this ere craft, and finding that a hen-coop in a heavy sea, wasn't the best sea boat that ever was, I come aboard of her. But I've most wished sometimes I'd stayed aboard the hen-coop, for you see this craft aint exactly in a condition to keep a foremast hand comfortable;

and then, I was captain, mates, and all hands on the hen-coop.'

"Well, as soon as I'd answered his questions, we went ever aboard the Argonaut. As soon as our chaps see him, they were scared eenamost out of their senses; but when they found it was Phil himself, and no ghost, a jollier set of fellows never was seen aboard one ship than the Argonaut's crew, for Phil had been a great favorite with all hands. It appeared that when he fell overboard, he was not much hurt, but as soon as he rose he struck out for a hen-coop, which he managed to get hold of. He hollered as loud as he could yell, but we could neither hear nor see him. He was washed off the hen-coop twice, but managed to get on to it again, and seeing a bit of rope hanging to it, made it fast round his waist. He floated about in this way till he was almost dead, when the Sea Witch came along and picked him up.

"Well, we layed in California a little more than a month. The stevedore and his gang discharged our cargo, and we had nothing to do but go ashore and spend our time and money as we saw fit. The cook of our vessel, a Chinaman, on the passage out, ran away in California, and we shipped a big darkey in his place. He was, without any exception, the strongest man I ever saw aboard a ship. One day, on the passage to China, he caught a big shark, and hauled him in board as easy as if it had been a dolphin. Another time, when the men were carrying a kedge anchor from the mainmast forward—there was four of them hold of it, and they couldn't but just stagger along with it, a little ways at a time,—he come along and looked at it a minute. Then says he: 'Get away, and let dis nigger hab a lift.' The men stood back, and he took the anchor, and throwing it over his shoulder, carried it clear forward, and laid it down. 'Now,' says he, 'any time you want any anchors moved, don't strain yourselves liftin' 'em, but jes let dis nigger know, and he will move 'em for you d'rectly.'

"When we left San Francisco, the Sea Witch was lying there, just as she came in. They had not done the first thing towards repairing her, and in all probability, she could not be got ready for sea in less than a month. We made a good run to China, and was there about a month, taking in our cargo, and getting ready for sea. Phil Low didn't go in the ship to China. He said he wouldn't ship twice in a craft he couldn't go the whole voyage in.

"When we were four days out on the homeward bound passage, and right abreast of Hong Kong, we saw a large clipper ship standing out

from the land. She soon came up on our weather quarter, and spoke us, and as true as I'm a sailor, 'twas that everlasting Sea Witch. We were all hands taken aback, for we had a very quick run to China, and when we left California she was lying there a wreck. Well, in spite of all we could do, she run away from us again, and we saw no more of her at present.

"When we got down to the Straits of Sunda, we stopped there to trade with the Malays for yams, sweet potatoes, etc., and to take in fresh water. While we were bartering with the natives, some of our chaps bothered them, and they went off mad. Just before we got ready to sail, I, and three or four of our chaps, takes a boat and goes ashore after another cask of water. We hadn't got a great ways from the boat, when a whole posse of Malays run out of a clump of bushes, and pitched right in among us, and as we had no arms but our sheath-knives, we thought the best course we could steer was to cut and run. The other chaps all got to the boat safe, but being in something of a hurry, I hit my foot against a big stone, and fell head foremost, and before I could gather myself up, the beggars were upon me. But I wasn't taken prisoner easily. I fought like a tiger, for I knew they wouldn't show me any mercy, if they didn't kill me on the spot. The way I flourished my old knife was a caution. Once I got clear from them, and got to the water's edge before they overtook me, but the boat was then some distance from the shore, and making for the ship. I should have plunged into the water, and tried my luck at swimming, but I saw several ravenous-looking sharks waiting to receive me, if I did; so I was taken prisoner at last, and had the pleasure of seeing the ship put to sea without me.

"Well, the first thing the lubbers did was to strip me of all my valuables—which consisted of a broken knife and an old tobacco box,—then run me back a little ways into the bushes to a big log that lay there. They laid me flat on my back on the log, then lashed me fast, and went off and left me. I certainly hadn't any objections to their leaving, for I thought when they were tying me to the log, it was all day with old Bill; but I wasn't at all pleased with the situation they left me in. Being lashed flat on one's back on a log, is not altogether the most enviable position a fellow can be placed in. I'd lain on deck many a time, watching the stars, but then I could get up when I got ready. But there I was tied so tight that I couldn't start neither tack nor sheet, and I was obliged to see stars, or close my toplichts. I expected every minute the lubbers would come back, and either

cut my windpipe, or knock me over the head with a cudgel; but such wasn't the case, for my cruise wasn't up yet. Well, I lay there till after dark, when it began to rain. This didn't make things any more comfortable for me. Being aboard a log, with one's face upwards, in a rain storm, aint quite the thing, now I tell you. I should rather have been aboard a hen-coop off Cape Horn, for then I could have the satisfaction of knowing that if some craft didn't come along and pick me off, I should die a kind of a natural death, any how; but to be killed here by these bloody Malays was entirely agin my principles, and something I wouldn't put up with, without making an attempt to get away. I wriggled and twisted as much as I could, but instead of getting loose, I sprained my starboard wrist badly, so I give up trying for the present, and waited as patiently as I could under the circumstances, for morning. Morning came at last, and with it Malays enough to man a seventy-four gun-ship; but they only came and tried my lashings, and seeing they were all fast, cleared out again, all the while keeping up a bloody pow-wow, and making more noise than a whole ship's crew, singing, "Storm along, stormy," of a windy night.

"I thought it was mighty unkind in them not to bring me a little grub of some sort, for I hadn't had a mouthful of anything since I was pressed into their service, and somehow I got the idea into my head that they was going to leave me on the log to starve to death, for I hadn't a might better opinion of them than that. While I was calculating the chances of getting away, and considering which would be the most agreeable—to be starved to death, or roasted alive,—three or four of 'em come back and cast off my lashings, and stripped every rag of clothes off of me. But when I sees they were calculatin' to lash me to the log again, I concluded I wouldn't submit, without making another attempt to get away; for, to tell the truth, my back was getting a little lame. So I pitched into 'em, and if it hadn't been for my sprained wrist, I'd whipped the whole four of 'em, and got clear. But I soon found they were too much for me, for my starboard flipper was almost useless; so after a little persuasion in the form of blows, I give in, and was tied to the log again.

"Well, says I to myself, after they had cleared out and left me alone, here we are again, all the way from Shanghai. I tried to persuade myself that it was all for the best I didn't get away from the tawny rascals, for if I had, I couldn't got off the island until some vessel come along, and it

was no ways probable I could have cruised about that vicinity a great while, without being taken again.

"Well, I was there four days, without a mouthful to eat or drink. My wrist was swollen badly, and pained me dreadfully. On the fourth day, just at night, I heard some one talking good English, and saying something about me, too. I knew in a minute that some vessel had stopped there, and the crew were ashore. I yelled as loud as I could for my life, but the kind of food I'd lived on for the last few days had weakened my lungs, so I couldn't make noise enough for them to hear me, though they passed by, laughing and singing, within a few fathoms of me. They hadn't been gone more'n half an hour, when I hears an awful racket a little further up ashore, and I knew in a minute the sailors were having a row with the bloody natives. Pretty soon after the noise begun, two big Malays come running up to my log, and untied me, and took me farther back into the bushes; but we hadn't got but a little ways, when we met smack, right face to face, about thirty of as smart sailor chaps as ever used a marlin'spike. My Malay friends let go of me, and tried to run; but it want no use. A few gentle taps over the head with a handspike, in the hands of one of the sailors, hove them to directly. The men all flocked round me and untied my arms, and there happened to be an old shipmate of mine among them. He knew me in a minute, and hailed me:

"'Well, there,' says he, 'may I never eat another mouthful of salt beef, if there aint old Bill Bowers! I was talking about you not half an hour ago, and telling about our cruise in the Polar seas, in the old Columbian. But, Bill, what in the name of all that's salt, brought you here among the bloody pirates? You haint turned pirate yourself, have you?'

"'Not exactly,' says I.

"As soon as I'd told my story, they took the two chaps that had me in tow when they come across me, and tied 'em both on the same log that I'd been aboard of, and gagged 'em. Then says I, 'If you've got a ship hereabouts, I'd like to go aboard of her; for to tell you the truth, boys, I'm eenamost used up.' They took me and carried me to their boat—they wouldn't let me walk a step, and in a few minutes more, I was safe aboard the ship *Messenger*, of Boston. When I'd got some clothes on the outside, and a little gruel inside, I felt much more like a seaman than I did any time during my stop ashore.

"It was a week after I went aboard the *Messenger* before I could stand my watch, and when I did get round again, bad luck seemed to fol-

low in my tracks, and everything went wrong about the ship. The skipper told me one day, he believed I was a regular Jonah. The *Messenger* was a noble craft in every respect. She could not sail as fast as the *Argonaut*, but she was a much better sea boat; and I didn't care much for extra speed, for I wasn't in any hurry to get back to the States."

"But didn't you hear nothing more from the *Sea Witch*, Bill?" broke in an old salt.

"That I did," resumed Bill, "and you shall have it all in good time. But I guess from the appearance of things, I shall have to belay this soon, for I believe the wind is hauling ahead."

The old sailor paused, and scanned the horizon away to windward. In a moment more, came the order for going about.

The other watch was called, and while they were preparing to obey orders, the braces were thrown from the pins, and strung along the deck, the mainsail was hauled up, and everything got in readiness for going about. In another minute the men were at their stations, and the order was given to put the helm hard-alee, and as the ship came up into the wind, her yards were braced round, the jib and staysail sheets shifted over, the mainsail set and the bowlines hauled out, and the old ship was soon standing off, close hauled, on the other tack. By the time the ropes were coiled up, it was eight bells—time for the starboard watch to go below. So old Bill had to belay, and make all fast till the next pleasant night, when he again resumed his yarn:

"Nothing happened worth relating on the passage to Calcutta. The captain found orders there to go to Shanghai for a part of his cargo. On the passage up, a most narrow escape happened on board the ship. We were tarring down, and a Spaniard, by the name of Antonio Martin, had gone up to tar the main-royal lifts and foot-rope, and while he was laying out on the yard-arm, his feet slipped off the foot-rope, and down he come, tar bucket and all. Antonio fetched up on the main royal yard, but the bucket of tar kept on down to the deck, spattering the larboard clew of the mainsail all over. Just that minute the steward was going from the galley to the cabin, with the captain's dinner, when the bucket come, bottom side up, ride on to his head. His skull was so thick that no serious damage was done; but the captain's dinner got pretty well seasoned. Poor Antony was scared half to death, and well he might be, for if he'd fell to the deck, he'd never gone on to a royal yard again. It was almost a miracle that he didn't, but the ship was before the wind at the time, and

the main top-gallant yard happened to be braced in a little, and to this carelessness in trimming the sails, Antonio owed his life; for if the yard had been squared in with the rest of them, he must have fell to the deck. When the mate first see the mainsail spattered with tar in that shape, he swore awfully; but when he came to look at Tony, he couldn't help but laugh—for there the fellow stood, covered with tar, and swearing away in choice Spanish about the old diving bell, as he called the ship.

"While we were in the China Sea, we were struck by a typhoon, which carried away our flying jib-boom, the fore and main top-gallant masts, and the mizzen topmast. She was thrown on her beam ends, and the second mate, who was going along to windward, was thrown across the deck, and against a spare topmast that was lashed to leeward, with so much force that he was disabled for the rest of the voyage. The cabin boy had just come up out of the cabin, and he was pitched clean down the after hatchway, into the between decks, bruising him badly, and breaking his left arm.

"After this, things went on pretty smooth for a while, and we had fine weather until we were within a day's sail of Shanghai. Perhaps some of you chaps never cruised in these parts, so I'll describe the lay of the land a little. Shanghai lays on the Woosung River, about twenty miles from the sea, and right at the mouth of the river lays a little town, called Woosung. A few miles below the mouth of the river, there's a sort of cape running out into the sea. Well, this cape aint much of itself, but the shoals there stretch out quite a piece from the shore. We made this cape one morning, and calculated to come to anchor in the river, at Woosung, that night, and the next morning lay up the river to Shanghai. But the old Messenger never went into that river. For two or three days there had been an English barque a little ahead of us, on our lee bow. The wind was pretty fresh on our star-board beam, and we could just keep to windward enough to double that cape, and stand clear of the shoals. But as we neared the cape, the barque stood up a little more to windward, and our skipper thought if he kept the ship off a little to leeward of her, we should get round and get into the river first, although we were then as near the shoals as we could safely go. Orders were given to the man at the wheel to keep her off a couple of points. The mate remonstrated with the captain, and told him he'd certainly have the ship on the rocks if he kept her on that course a great while; but the old man didn't take any notice of what he said. The wind by

this time had increased to a gale; but we didn't take in a stitch of canvass. The Englishman had taken in all his light sails, and was now taking a reef in his topsails; so we were gaining on him every minute.

"The captain stood on the quarter-deck close to the man at the wheel. Once or twice the man, as a sense of the danger we were in came over him, luffed her up a little; but as soon as the captain saw it, he ordered him to keep her away, and stepping to the rail, took out an iron belaying pin, and held it over the man's head till we were within a few fathoms of the shoals, when he ordered the ship put about. But it was too late, she missed stays, and went stern foremost on to the rocks.

"The English barque got round safe, and came to anchor in the river that night; but there we were, fast on the rocks, almost in sight of port, and all for the captain's obstinacy in risking his ship, rather than be outsailed by Johnny Bull, as he expressed it.

"When the ship first struck she stove a hole in her bottom, and the water was fast coming into the hold. The sea was breaking over her, and the wind blowing a hurricane; so we knew that she must go to pieces before morning. There was no possibility of getting her off, as every sea that struck her drove her still further on the rocks; but we stayed aboard till a little after midnight, when we lowered the long boat. It was almost as dangerous to attempt to go ashore in her as it was to stay by the ship, but there was no alternative; so we all got into the boat, except old Davis, the carpenter, who said he'd rather take his chance with the ship than undertake to go in the boat. I took the helm, and by some good fortune that has always followed in my wake when I have been in great danger, I succeeded in getting her within a cable's length of the shore, when she struck on a point of rock that was under water, and tore half the bottom out. The next moment we were in the sea, without so much as a plank under us. The men were all good swimmers, but out of twenty-seven that were in the boat, only seven of us got ashore, and we were dreadfully cut and bruised. We had scarcely crawled back out of the reach of the waves, when the old ship went to pieces. The captain was among the missing, and we all thought it was about as well for him to be drowned, for the mate swore that if he came ashore alive, he'd murder him, and we didn't any of us feel much better towards him, for there we were, wrecked in a foreign country, and everything we had lost—besides so many men being drowned—all owing to his obstinacy.

We lay out on the coast till daylight, when we made the best of our way to Woosung. We found the English barque lying there, and her captain gave us a passage up to Shanghai. We got there at noon, and immediately presented ourselves at the American consul's office, to see if there were any vessels up for the States. We learned that there was a fine little barque, called the *Huntress*, lying there, that would clear for New York in a week; so we went right aboard of her, saw the skipper, and signed the articles forthwith. She had already shipped her officers, so the chief mate and myself shipped as common seamen. The skipper advanced us some money to get some sea clothes with; for we had no clothes or money, since the wreck.

"The greatest thing I see in China, was the way the Chinamen catch wild geese. The river at Shanghai is full of 'em most all seasons of the year. When the old Chinaman sees a flock of 'em light in the river, he goes up above 'em a little ways, and drops pumpkins in the river, and they float along down among the geese. It scares 'em a little at first, but they soon get used to seeing 'em, and don't mind it at all. Then the Chinaman takes a big pumpkin and scoops out the inside, and makes a little hole in the top for an air-hole, then puts it over his head, and wades out into the stream up to his neck; then he wades along slowly down towards the geese. They don't take any notice of him, for they can't see anything but the pumpkin. When he comes in reach of a goose, he reaches his hand up under and grabs him by the legs, and hauls him under water into a bag he has hung to his side; then goes to the next and serves him in the same way, and so on till he gets his bag full. Then he wades a little farther down stream, so as not to scare the geese, before he comes out. He repeats this operation till he has either got the whole flock, or they fly away."

"Now, Bill," said one of the listeners, "if I was to believe this story, there'd be one great goose aboard this ship, I'm thinking."

"Upon my honor, shipmate," returned Bill, gravely, "it's as true now as ever 'twas."

"But I'm getting out of my latitude, so I'll steer a little straighter, or you won't get the whole of the yarn this watch. I've lost my reckoning, but I was somewhere aboard the barque *Huntress*, bound from China to New York. The captain was as fine a fellow as ever walked the quarter-deck. The barque being in good trim, there wasn't much to do but to work the vessel, so he gave us watch and watch the whole passage, and a fine time we had. We were a hundred and two days out, and never lost a spar.

"One morning when we were running down the coast of Africa, and laying pretty close into the land, one of the boys who had been sent up to reeve the foreto'gallant studding-sail halyards, come down to the deck in a great hurry, and reported a curious looking object on the lee bow. We all brought our top-lights to bear in that direction, and we sees something black coming out from the shore, and making for us. It was then about half a mile off. Well, I runs and gets the harpoon, and bends a rope on to it, and stands in the bows, waiting for it to come up; for I was determined, whatever it was, that it shouldn't pass by without coming inboard and reporting itself, for, d'y'e see, I'd a great curiosity to know what it was, for in all my following the seas, I never see anything that swum top of water, and made so much fass about it as that did.

"While I was waiting for it to come up, the captain came on deck, with his spy glass, and after taking a long look at the crittur, lowered his glass and began to laugh as hard as he could laugh, and says he, 'Bill, I guess you may as well unbend that rope, and put the harpoon back into the locker, for that black thing coming up there aint no sea animal, but a regular live nigger.' Then he sung out to lower away the quarter boat. Well, I takes another look at the animal, and just then I heard him holler, so I knew it must be some poor fellow that was overboard, but how he come there was more'n I could make out. I run and put the harpoon back in the locker, and goes aft to get into the boat, but when I'd got on to the quarter deck, they'd got her lowered, and was shoving off from the barque; but I was bound to go in the boat, so I gives a leap overboard, calculating to strike in the boat, but they was a little too far off, and I went splash into the water. As soon as I came up and began to blow the water out of my mouth, the old skipper, who was mightily tickled, sung out, 'There she blows! Hand me that harpoon.' I thought he'd burst himself laughing, but I said nothing, and struck out for the boat, but just as I was going to put my hand on her, the crew, thinking they would have a little fun at my expense, gives a long pull at the oars and shoves her out of my reach, and I'm blowed if they didn't make me stay there in the water, till after they'd got the darkey aboard.

"Well, when I got into the boat, and got a sight at the darkey, I hope never to go up rigging again, if it wasn't Frazier, the big cook that shipped on the *Argonaut*, at San Francisco. We couldn't get a word out of him, till we got aboard the barque, and he'd rested a spell; but soon as he got in shape for talking, I asked him

where the Argonaut was. 'Dibil a bit does dis nigger know about her,' said he. 'Las' time I seed nofn of her, she lay at St. Helena.' He told me she put in there for water, and that he went ashore. He had a little more brandy aboard than was necessary to make him feel good natured, when he met the captain as he was going back to the ship. The old man called him a 'black devil,' and told him to go aboard, about his business. On that the darkey knocked him down, and, says he, 'afore I lef' him, I guess dis nigger wasn't no blacker about the peepers than he was.'

"After that, Frazier didn't dare to go aboard, but kept out of sight until the ship sailed. He soon after shipped in an English man-of-war that was cruising on the coast of Africa, and staid in her till the night before we came along, when he slipped over the side and swam ashore. The night was dark, and nobody saw him from the ship. The next morning, the man-of-war wasn't in sight, but seeing our barque, and thinking she was an American, he swam out to her. 'And now,' says he to the skipper, 'if you wants the services of dis nigger aboard your barque till you gets to New York, you can have 'em, free gratis, for nothing; if not, I'll go ashore agin directly. And I'se much 'bleeged to you for lowerin' your boat, besides. Dis man can tell you whether I'se good for nothing or not,' pointing to me, 'he and I'se been ship-mates.' 'Not very loving ones either, I guess,' said the skipper, 'by the way he made for the harpoon, when he see you a coming off.' 'How's dat?' said the darkey, rolling his eyes round to me. They told him all about it, and ebony was so tickled, he lay down on deck and rolled. 'Well, dere,' says he, 'dat's de fust time in his life dis nigger ever had so much notice took of him.' I testified to his good qualities, and the skipper told him he could stay aboard the barque, but he'd have to go before the mast, for he'd got one cook already.

"After Frazier come aboard our vessel, nothing of any account happened till we got within a few days' sail of New York, though we had a great deal of fun; for I lost no opportunity of playing a trick on the fellows that kept me in the water so long, off the coast of Africa. One night, I managed to tie the whole lot of 'em down to their bunks, so that when the watch was called, not a man of 'em could get up, till some one had cast off their lashings. I knew nothing about it, of course, but I knew they mistrusted me, so I hauled in a little, till one day, just before we got into port, we was painting the barque, and it happened that some of the fellows that I owed

the grudge against, was sent over in a boat to paint the outside. They didn't take any oars into the boat, but the painter was made fast to a belaying pin aboard the barque, and when they'd painted as far as they could reach, some one would cast it off and haul 'em along a little. As soon as I saw they hadn't got any oars in the boat, I thought it would be a fine chance to play a trick on 'em. I was painting on the bulwark inboard, and when they got abreast of me, and nobody was looking, I draws out my old knife, and cuts 'em adrift, then put it back into its sheath, and kept on painting. It wasn't but a minute before some one in the boat sung out, 'Aboard the barque, there, ahoy! throw us over a couple of oars, for we've got adrift.' All hands ran to the rail and looked over, and there the boat was loose and drifting away from the barque. The second mate got a couple of oars, and the first one he threw didn't go anywhere in the same latitude with them, so he threw the next one with all his might, and when it struck, it came endways, and I'm beggared if it didn't go clean through the bottom of the boat, making a hole bigger than a man's hat. This was something I hadn't bargained for when I cut 'em adrift; but I wasn't altogether sorry, for before another boat could be lowered, the boat sunk, and left 'em all kicking about in the water, and that was just what I wanted. I was one of the first to help lower another boat to pick 'em up, but somehow or other, the tackles was afoul, and the more I tried to get 'em clear, the more they was snarled up, so before we got the boat lowered, the chaps had all had a pretty good soaking, and I concluded I was about even with 'em. So after this, I let 'em rest. They all knew well enough who set 'em adrift, but they never liked to say anything about it, and the captain didn't know but what 'twas all an accident. But he told me, after we got into New York, that he guessed I had a finger in the pie, for he noticed I looked mightily pleased all the time they was in the water.

"The day after this adventure, the same Sea Witch that had spoken the Argonaut, when I was in her, came up on our weather quarter, and hailed us. She was homeward bound from Liverpool. It was my watch below, when she spoke us, but I came on deck to see what ship it was, and as she came along up, on our starboard side, who should I see, walking her deck, but the captain of the Messenger, who we supposed was drowned in the China Sea. There he was, walking the deck, with a cigar in his mouth, as important as if the lives of nineteen men, and a good ship, hadn't been lost for his carelessness.

What ever became of him, after he got into New York, I don't know, but I afterwards found out, by inquiring aboard the *Sea Witch*, that just before she sailed from Liverpool, he had come there in a vessel from China. It seems that he got ashore safe, when we were wrecked, but kept out of our sight, and finally made his way to Liverpool, where he shipped in the *Sea Witch* for New York.

"One day, after we sailed for California in the *Argonaut*, I put some dirty shirts on to a tow line and hove 'em overboard, and let 'em tow awhile. When I hauled 'em in, I happened to think that I left my bosom pin in one of the shirts, and it had washed out. I felt bad to lose it, for it was a present from a friend that I thought a great deal of. A few days after we got into New York, when I went ashore for the first time, as I was going along up the wharf, I stopped to look at a big merchantman that lay a little further up at the same dock. As I stood looking at her, and admiring her build, who should step over her gangway, on to the wharf, but Phil Low. The minute I set my eye on him, I saw that bosom pin. I thought by the build of it, it must be mine, so I asked him where he found so much brass. 'Which do you mean,' says he, 'the brass in my face, or in this ere bosom pin.' 'In the pin, of course,' says I. 'I know how you come by the brass in your face.' 'Well,' says he, 'in the passage home from Shanghai, just after we got through the Gulf Stream, we hooked a big shark, and hauled him inboard, and come to cut him up, I found this pin nicely stowed away in his locker. After a little rubbing up, it looked as well as new, so I brought it along.' He handed it to me to look at, and on the back of it I saw the first letters of the person's name that gave it to me. Then I knew certain it was mine. 'Young man,' says I, 'privateering aint my business, but I shall be obliged to take that pin off your hands.' So he gave it up, and I've got it now!

"A few days after this, Phil sailed in the *Atalanta*, for Valparaiso, and I haint heard of him since. As for my colored friend, I met him, shortly after, swelling down Broadway, with a flashy suit of shore clothes on. He told me he had got a situation as waiter, in one of the first class hotels, and was a gentleman now. 'And,' says he, 'I shan't go to sea any more, for they doesn't show respect enough to colored individuals.'

"As for the *Argonaut*, nothing was ever seen of her after she left St. Helena, and it is probable that she went down and all hands were lost. So it proved well for me, after all, that she left

me at the straits, and after that, I've always thought that everything that happens is for the best, though I'm beggared if it always seems so at the time."

"Now, shipmates, you've heard my story, and if you haint been interested, 'taint my fault, for I told you, before I begun, that I wasn't going to spin a yarn made up for the occasion, but I've given you a few scraps from my log book, as nigh as I can remember."

A SHREWD CALCULATOR.

The consequence which ignorance often assumes, after a trip to Europe, or a seat in some State legislature, is happily hit off by the anecdote told of the old savan, when it was, first reported that Professor Morse had been successful in conveying intelligence between Baltimore and Washington, through the wires of the Magnetic Telegraph. The old fellow had been his own schoolmaster and a member of the legislature, and gave it as his opinion that the report was "a humbug." In fact, from his knowledge of "astronomy," he said, he *knew* the thing could not be done! Shortly after, O'Reilly's men were seen setting up the poles directly by the old man's dwelling. One day he joined the crowd, who were witnessing the operation of stretching the wire. Upon being asked what he thought of the matter then, he hesitated a moment, assuming an air of importance, and then replied: "Well, gentlemen, while in the legislature I gave the subject considerable attention, and after much investigation and reflection, I have come to the conclusion that it *may answer very well for small packages, but never will do for large bundles—never.*"—*New York Express.*

"RUSSIAN ENERGY.

The head engineer at Sebastopol is a young man named Todleben, who at the commencement of the siege was a captain and almost unknown. When the siege commenced, Prince Menschikoff, it is said, asked the then head engineer how long it would take to put the place in a state of defence. He answered two months. Todleben stepped forward and said he would undertake to do it, if he had as many men as he required, in two weeks. He did it in twelve days, and was made colonel. Since that time he has had the direction of everything in the way of building batteries, defences, etc. The other day the grand duke called upon his wife, who is residing in St. Petersburg, to congratulate her upon her husband's promotion, for he is now general and aide-de-camp to the emperor. The Russians adopt the common sense practice of taking the man who will do the work best.—*Letter from the Crimea.*

There are men who may be called "martyrs of good health;" not content with being well, they are always wanting to be better, until they doctor themselves into being confirmed invalids and die ultimately, you may say, of too much health.

TOUCH NOT THE SPARKLING WINE.

BY JOHN K. THOMAS.

Touch not the sparkling wine, though red,
Though glittering in a silver-bowl;
Touch not the fiery serpent's head,
For at the last 'twill sting the soul.

O many a form of noblest worth,
With fond ambition's highest aims,
Have passed forever from this earth,
A victim, whom no prayer reclaims.

Ask wretched mothers, left to moan
Their husbands' doom and misery,
What caused their almost ceaseless groan?
Their answer is,—“Wine's flattery.”

Ask dying orphans, cold and thin,
The reason of their forlorn state?
The tears flow fast, their eyes are dim,
“Alas, my father drank too late.”

Go to the drunkard's, view his home;
The squalid misery there spread out,
Was caused by Wine's fell sting alone,
That it was so, say, who can doubt?

Methinks the ghastly forms of yore,
Enshrouded in the grave's dark gloom,
Come forth with conscience stricken sore,
And utter harshly, “drunkard's doom.”

O youth, let not thy future life
Be filled with sorrow and regret;
Let not the first cup lead to strife,
For then the last you'll never get.

And silvery crowned old man of age,
Impart a lesson to the young;
Tell them, “Beware the red wine's rage,
For from it fearful ills have sprung.”

A PASSAGE

IN THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN DOOKS.

BY FREDERICK WARD.

MR. JOHN DOOKS is a gentleman of fifty, and a bachelor. From the early age of seventeen he has held the honorable post of clerk in a banking house, yet notwithstanding the long period in which his services have been faithfully performed, he, from some inexplicable cause, has never been promoted a single step beyond the original desk at which he first seated himself thirty-three years ago; others, who entered the establishment long after he had become a permanent fixture, progressed, and in due course of time became tellers, cashiers, and one of them even became the president of the concern; yet among all these, Mr. John Dooks remained a fixed star in the constellation of employees.

Mr. John Dooks being a bachelor, of course boards. He has occupied the same room, the same seat at table, and been in possession of the same latch-key—for which he has no possible use—that he purchased on the first day of his clerkship.

It is a queer, old-fashioned boarding-house where Mr. Dooks resides. It has been kept as a boarding-house for nearly fifty years. When it was first established by the mother of the present proprietress it made pretensions to being very select and fashionable, and gave itself airs. The lady boarders appreciated the intense respectability of the establishment, feeling a proper degree of contempt for the lady boarders of other houses of less pretension; and elevating their select noses, in proportion as the houses at which their lady friends boarded could be compared with theirs.

As time passed on, the house became older—so did the furniture, and so did the boarders. Other boarding-houses were established, which eclipsed it in the magnificence of its furniture, the selectness and gentility of its boarders, and it became a quiet, old-fashioned boarding-house; but one attempt has ever been made to restore its original splendor.

The old proprietress, after several ineffectual attempts in the shape of fits, finally succeeded in dying, much to the satisfaction of the undertaker, and surprise of her boarders, who seemed to think it very strange that a quiet, methodical woman, like Mrs. Stebbings, should so far forget herself as to create a scene among such respectable people.

The house now came into possession of her daughter, Miss Lucretia Stebbings, a lady dangerously near the verge of old maidenhood, who resolved to make a desperate effort to restore the fashionable reputation of the house, and get a husband for herself at the same time.

A great commotion consequently ensued. Immediately after the funeral had taken place, the old house was turned completely out of doors; new paint, new paper, new servants, everything was to be entirely new. “She was tired,” she said, “of the old things,” including her name; though this last was not said, but acted; as being more emphatic than mere words. New Brussels carpets went down, and gaudy damask curtains went up; new patent fire-grates were put in, and the old boarders were put out; so much put out, indeed, that they left in a body, and the old house was quite deserted for a while; but a new set soon took their places, and one of the new boarders was Mr. John Dooks.

Altogether, the lady had succeeded quite as

well as could have been expected; all was accomplished which she had undertaken, with one exception; that one, however, was of great importance—Miss Lucretia had not succeeded in getting a husband. The frantic effort she had made was like the desperate flurry of a wounded whale, putting forth all its energy to accomplish something before resigning itself to its fate—failing in which, it dies quietly. So it was with her; feeling that any future effort must be equally unavailing, she settled down into a respectable, scandal-loving, boarding-house woman; and the new furniture, and the new landlady grew old together—the lady having much the advantage in the race.

Mr. John Dooks is considered a remarkable man by all the inmates of the boarding-house; he occupies the seat of honor at the end of the table, opposite the landlady; carves the fowl, helps to the pudding, and accomplishes various other feats during the dinner hour, in a manner that procures for him the admiration and respect of the whole household. At home, he is an oracle; every disputed point is referred to Mr. John Dooks, and from his decision there is no appeal; but without the limits of his own dwelling, he sinks into the veriest shadow of insignificance.

Mr. John Dooks's great fault and misfortune through life has been his unconquerable diffidence; this it is which has prevented him from rising in the bank, this which made him a bachelor, and it is this which has and will frustrate all his undertakings, of whatever nature they may be. Every one knows Mr. Dooks for a bashful man; he shows it in his looks, in his walk; his very clothes have a timid look about them.

You probably have seen Mr. Dooks, either as he was going from his house to the bank, or from the bank to his house. He always wears a black dress-coat, black pants, black vest, buttoned close up to his chin, and a black silk hat of last season's style, from under the rim of which his sharp, black eyes are looking furtively in any and every direction but one in which he would be likely to catch the eye of another person. He walks with a quick, shuffling, uncertain step, dodging about with the greatest agility, that none of the other pedestrians upon the sidewalk may be incommoded. After executing one of these manœuvres, in order that the apple woman, who wishes to pass him, may have the inside walk—for Mr. Dooks is scrupulously polite—he hurries on with downcast eyes, evidently wishing that there were no such things in existence as hands and arms, for he can find no pos-

sible use or employment for his; first diving them into his pockets, as if in search of something which he feared was lost, then as quickly withdrawing them with a jerk, impressing a spectator with the idea that his pockets are red hot; or he rubs his hands together as if in ecstasies of delight at something of which the rest of the world know nothing.

As you are going down town to your office of a morning, hurrying along with rapid strides, for you are something late, in turning a corner you run plump into little Mr. Dooks. Now although the fault was wholly your own, Mr. Dooks is overwhelmed with confusion, and blushing clear up to the crown of his hat, stammers some inarticulate apology, and hurries on again, not daring to look behind him, for he has not the least doubt that every person in the street noticed his clumsiness, and is at that very moment talking of it, and making disparaging remarks about himself.

Mr. John Dooks is not a bachelor at heart; on the contrary, he is a most enthusiastic admirer of the fair sex generally. It never was his intention to remain a single man through life, but he never yet has been able to put the decisive question; his miserable little shadow of confidence always deserting him at the critical moment.

At the time of his paying his addresses to Miss Masilda de Smith, I had great hope of him; but although he called upon her once a week for four years, and knew that the young lady's parents were desirous the match should be made, he never dared to approach nearer to a declaration than sundry vague hints, which no young lady of proper spirit would be willing to accept as a genuine offer of marriage.

At that time he used occasionally to go to church with the family of a Sunday afternoon. As my pew was directly opposite the one occupied by the de Smiths, it afforded me much amusement to watch him during the services. I am convinced that at such times he never understood a single word of the sermon. I remember one Sunday in particular. He was alone in the pew with Matilda, and having conducted himself much more like a man than I had ever known him to before, a malicious thought took possession of me, that I would try how far he had gained in confidence. The width of the aisle only divided us, so taking a large prayer book, I slyly dropped it over the side of the pew. The sound produced was much louder than I had calculated upon, and drew the attention of the majority of the congregation to that part of the house from which the noise pro-

ceeded. I fixed my eyes attentively upon the clergyman, looking as unconscious as if I had been deaf, until the excitement had subsided, when I glanced out of the corners of my eyes at Mr. Dooks. Never shall I forget the expression of agony which overspread his scarlet countenance; I had serious fears that an attack of apoplexy might supervene. To crown all, before he had half recovered from this visitation, a couple of ladies walked up the aisle, and stopped opposite the door of his pew. He sprang up with the agility of a school boy suffering from the effects of a carpet-tack placed upon his seat, and darted into the aisle. Admitting one lady, he hastily followed her into the pew, and closed the door, leaving the second lady standing in the aisle. Upon perceiving this horrible mistake, he made another plunge for the aisle, trying to make amend for the oversight by making a very low bow. But this only increased his misfortunes, for in bowing to the lady entering the pew, he bowed directly against another lady passing behind him, nearly destroying her equilibrium. This was the finishing stroke for the rest of that day; Mr. John Dooks would thankfully have exchanged places with a muskrat.

It was a great shock to him when Matilda de Smith married Mr. Samuel Sampson, although he acknowledged there was no one to blame but himself; and I happen to know, as I was formerly quite intimate with Matilda, that she would have much preferred Mr. Dooks, if there had been any possibility of his ever coming to the point, than to have taken up with Mr. Sampson, which she did wholly to spite Mr. Dooks.

A few days previous to his last visit to Matilda, he told me, in confidence, that he intended to bring matters to a focus, and should at the very next call he made upon the de Smiths, ask Matilda de Smith to become Mrs. Dooks. This being communicated to me in the strictest confidence, I of course lost no time in informing Mr. Artaxerxes de Smith, and Miss Matilda, his daughter, of Mr. Dooks's intentions, in order that there might not be the slightest impediment to the accomplishment of this daring enterprise.

As the eventful day approached, Mr. Dooks seemed to become more fully aware of the awfully momentous nature of the undertaking in which he was embarked. His appetite forsook him, he became excessively nervous and fidgety, and seemed to take a gloomy sort of delight in reading and talking of persons who had committed suicide for the purpose of escaping punishment, of avoiding anticipated troubles and reverses. The effect produced upon him was so

alarming, it was with a feeling of real relief that I saw him, after spending the whole afternoon at his toilet, walk up the stone steps of a four story brick house, and nervously jerk a silver-plated bell-knob, inscribed with the romantic and imposing name, "de Smith."

Upon entering the house, he found the whole family assembled in the parlor—much to his relief, as it put off the terrible moment a little longer. Mr. and Mrs. de Smith used their utmost endeavors to make Mr. Dooks feel at ease. Mr. de Smith, particularly, surpassed himself by the inimitable manner in which he related his time-honored stories, and cracked his venerable jokes; the tact and skill which he displayed in making the anecdotes of his own courtship apply to the case of Mr. Dooks, would have done honor to a veteran diplomatist, and the boisterous "ha! ha!" with which he wound up nearly every sentence had an indescribably inspiring effect; in fact, Mr. Dooks, himself, said, "not one of the many times he had heard Mr. de Smith relate the same stories, had he known him to succeed half as well as he did upon that night."

Mrs. de Smith, in the early part of the evening, hurried off the little de Smiths to their beds, and Mr. de Smith, under pretence of having letters to write, soon followed, leaving Mr. Dooks and Miss Matilda alone in the parlor. The decisive moment had now arrived, and Mr. Dooks felt the terrible importance of the occasion.

Miss Matilda sat at one side of the fire (the de Smiths always used cannel coal in the parlors), busily engaged in knitting. Mr. John Dooks sat at the opposite side attentively examining the toes of his boots. Five minutes had elapsed since they had been alone, but Mr. Dooks could think of nothing to say. Making a desperate effort, he opened his mouth to speak, but, as it occurred to him he had nothing to communicate, he turned it off with a cough.

"Did you speak, Mr. Dooks?" asked Miss Matilda.

"No."

"O, excuse me."

"Certainly."

Miss Matilda resumed her knitting, and for the next five minutes, Mr. Dooks appeared to be wholly absorbed in the contemplation of a pair of cast iron angels, which decorated each extremity of the fender.

The fire was burning brightly, and the gas was neither too high nor too low. Mr. Dooks had meditated a remark about one or the other of these subjects, but as they were both in perfect order, there was of course nothing to be

said. Just then the sound of carriage wheels was heard approaching the house; this broke the silence, which was quite a relief to Mr. Dooks, who listened with as much apparent interest, as if he had been a condemned criminal, and hoped the carriage brought a reprieve; as the sound died away in the distance, he returned to the interesting study of his boots.

"I understand Mary Jones is going to be married," said Matilda, in despair of Mr. Dooks ever saying anything.

"Yes, so I heard two or three months ago. Ha! ha! you don't say so! I'm astonished. Singular circumstance indeed—very singular!"

Miss Matilda looked surprised. Mr. Dooks looked as if he did not know what he was talking about."

"Quite a long courtship, I believe," continued Matilda.

"Yes, I believe they have been some time at it," replied Mr. Dooks, fidgeting about on his chair. "Lucky fellow, that Thompson. I wish I was in his place."

"I did not know that you were so fond of Mary Jones," said Matilda, apparently astonished at Mr. Dooks's avowal.

"No—yes—no, not exactly Mary Jones, that was not what I meant. I mean that I should like to get married to somebody else; he! he! he! somebody else."

"Then I should think you would marry, Mr. Dooks. I have no doubt that there are plenty of young ladies who would willingly become Mrs. Dooks."

"I suppose all young ladies want to get married, don't they?"

"I believe that is the case generally," said Matilda, continuing to knit violently.

"Was you ever—that is, do you want to—I mean, should you like to get married?" and Mr. Dooks looked about as comfortable, and very much the color, of a half boiled lobster.

"Why, what a question, Mr. Dooks?" said Matilda, making a frantic effort to blush; but the thought occurring to her that it was only Mr. Dooks, she concluded not to exert herself.

"I should," continued Mr. Dooks.

"Then why don't you."

At this moment, Mr. Artaxerxes de Smith entered the room, and before the significant looks and winks of Matilda could send him out again, Mr. Dooks, thinking quite enough had been said, and feeling that his nervous system could not bear another shock, seized his hat and retrated.

Mr. Dooks firmly believed he had made a declaration of love, and asked Matilda to marry him; the poor fellow had been so confused, that

he did not know what he had said. I tried to persuade him to go and see her once more; but this he would not consent to do, saying, "that she knew what his intentions and wishes were, and if she was willing to marry him, would certainly write."

It was in vain I represented to him that matters of this kind were not conducted in such a manner, and that such an epistle would amount to the same thing as a proposal from her. But he would not be convinced, and persisted in the belief that her silence indicated a refusal.

Three months after that eventful night, Miss Matilda de Smith ceased to exist, and at the same time Mrs. Samuel Sampson set out upon her wedding tour.

Thus by his criminal bashfulness and timidity, were the whole lives of two persons rendered unhappy; his life, by being passed in single blessedness,—hers, by being tied to such a man as Mr. Samuel Sampson, who, I am sorry to say, did not prove to be the most exemplary of husbands. After making his wife excessively uncomfortable for a number of years, he finally took it into his head to die, leaving Mrs. Sampson very much in the condition of the widow of the late lamented Mr. John Rogers, who, it will be remembered, was burned at Smithfield some years since. That is to say, the resemblance held good as far as the nine small children were concerned; but here the analogy ceased, for, whereas Mr. John Rogers, having been thoroughly baked, by order of the government, has probably been cooling off ever since; while Mr. Samuel Sampson did not begin to cook, until that time, after his decease, when Mr. Rogers began to cool; and as Mr. Sampson was usually considered what is commonly called a "tough customer," it will probably take a very long time for him to be done completely through.

Another point of difference being, that while the descendants of Mr. John Rogers consider the fact of his being burned as an honor to themselves; the descendants of Mr. Samuel Sampson, compared with whom Mr. Rogers was only slightly singed (such is the inconsistency of the world), consider that the less said concerning the salamander like existence of their ancestor, the better.

Mr. John Dooks, although quite as sincerely attached to Matilda as he dared to be, has so far recovered from the effects of his first love, that a proposal for his hand (either or both of them) from any young lady, who would be willing to dispense with the tedious preliminary of courtship, would be thankfully received, and promptly attended to.

A PRAYER.

BY EFFIE GRAY.

Whilst sailing on the sea of life,
When clouds and storms arise,
I pray for help from him on high,
Who rules all 'neath the skies.

I pray my bark will guided be
By truthfulness and love,
And even if by storms beset,
Arrive at peace above.

THE HEIR OF ALBURN HOUSE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

By the death of his father, Percival Alburn came into the possession of a very large fortune. Hitherto the young heir had been subjected to the discipline of teachers who curbed his restive propensities, and kept him under continual restraint; but now he resolved to throw off the yoke, and in gaining his liberty, devote himself to the pursuit of pleasure.

Percival did not neglect to pay a proper respect to the memory of his father, who was one of the best of men; as soon, however, as the days of mourning were over, he gathered about him a number of gay companions, whom he chose for their pleasantry, and their devotion to the enjoyment of the moment.

For a short time, in the absence of all care and reflection, the young heir was happy. Field sports by day and revelling by night, occupied his time. Percival Alburn prided himself in keeping the best horses, the best dogs, the best guns, and the choicest liquors which were anywhere to be obtained. His table was the wonder of the country, and his house was hospitably thrown open to all his friends. The old country seat of the Alburns appeared to have undergone a change, metamorphosis, so wildly did the hilarity of the heir contrast with the sobriety of his father. Percival was the moving spirit of the whole, and he was, as I have said, very happy for a time. But the gayest life soon becomes monotonous; the young heir wearied at last of the excitements which were no longer novel or pleasing to his taste.

Percival desired a change.

"It is very plain," said he, yawning when he should have been gay, "a man cannot enjoy himself in the country, where there is no novelty. The city is the only place worthy to become the residence of a man of leisure and means. Let us get away from this dull spot as soon as possible."

Another change came over the old country residence of the Alburns. The revellers had all departed, and only the servants remained. The days were once more quiet, and the glare of light and the sounds of mirth no longer invaded the darkness and stillness of night.

Percival mixed with the gay throngs of the metropolis. In seeking the enjoyments of life he suffered no scruples of conscience to deter him; he drank deep of every fancied source of happiness—exhausted the old pleasures and invented new.

At the end of the year, Percival was more thoroughly disgusted with the city than he had been with the country. He even considered the monotony of the latter preferable to the selfishness, vanity and deceit which corrupt the former. But the thought of returning to the home of his fathers was repugnant to him, and he resolved to travel.

"Complete happiness," said he, "is not to be found in any one spot. It must be sought in a variety of places; it must be obtained through a knowledge of the world."

Young Alburn selected a few travelling companions, noted for their gaiety, intelligence and wit, and set out on his pilgrimage. He sought for happiness in Paris, but he found only a glittering counterfeit, which proved to be hollow. He sought for it then amid Alpine scenes, but it was not there—nor in luxurious Italy, nor in sunny Spain. Neither the north nor the south, nor the east nor the west, nor sea nor land, nor the old world nor the new, afforded him the gem he coveted. Sure, he often saw it in the possession of others, but it was not for him; and whenever he flattered himself that he had seized it at last, it vanished from his grasp.

At length, weary of his fruitless pilgrimage, and sighing for repose, Percival Alburn thought him that he had never been so near the enjoyment of what he desired as when he entertained his friends in the Alburn House.

"I will return to it," he said, bitterly remembering the waste of life he had made during his voluntary exile; "I will make the most of what happiness remains for me there."

Ten years from the day of his departure, the heir of Alburn House returned to the mansion of his father, a disappointed, melancholy man. The old servants scarcely recognized in the dark brow, hollow cheek, and cold piercing eye of the traveller, the features of the once careless and hilarious heir.

And now Alburn felt that he had entered a dreary wilderness, so cheerless seemed the halls of his fathers. To live alone in such a place was

impossible; he would have died of ennui. Accordingly, once more the heir of Alburn gathered around him gay companions, who were quite ready to live upon his bounty, and endure his caprices with never-failing good humor.

Again Alburn House resounded with revelry and mirth. The friends of the heir exhibited a great power of facetiousness in the vain endeavor to make him laugh. He only smiled—bitterly. They drank his wine with unaccustomed zeal, and became intoxicated, all for his good. The heir of Alburn was as sober as ever. They rode his maddest horses, leaped fences, walls and chasms, and sometimes periled legs and arms, and even their heads, merely to gratify him—all without avail. True, when Dan Fleetflyer broke his neck in a fox chase, Alburn actually appeared entertained, but in six hours he was as melancholy as before. By following Dan's example, the heir's twelve companions who were left, could, at that rate, have kept him in good humor only three days; and the bare idea of contributing four necks a day to his amusement, was not certainly very encouraging.

Now, when Dan Fleetflyer was comfortably under the sod, and the pleasant excitement attendant on his exit from the world was over, Alburn remembered that he was the hardest rider, the hardest drinker, and the most fastidious reveller of all his comrades, and consequently his most valuable man.

"What did that ungrateful wretch want to break his neck for?" growled the heir, on returning one morning from a dull and unsuccessful hunt. "I would rather have lost any six fellows of the devil's own picking. Nay, Dan was worth more than all of you, with your vast stomachs, red noses, and insipid nonsense."

These words were overheard by the heir's companions, but so far from taking offence at them, they sought to restore his good humor by praising boisterous Dan, and repeating some of his most admired sayings. Alburn was only the more angry.

"Don't exaggerate my loss, or I shall send some of you to keep Dan company!" he said, with an oath.

So the heir's followers were silent; and he, with wrath and desperation in his heart, led the way down a long hill, in the direction of the Alburn House.

At the foot of the hill was a small humble cottage, standing on the Alburn estate, with its doorway fronting the south. As the heir passed by, the happy voice of a female grated harshly on his ear. She was a plainly clad woman of middle age, and she was singing a lullaby to the

baby, in the cottage door. On lifting her eyes, and perceiving the dark scowl of the heir of Alburn, she ceased singing, and with an involuntary shudder, clasped the infant to her heart.

Muttering a curse, the misanthrope passed on, only to meet with another source of annoyance, which angered him more than the first.

The husband of the woman was sitting under a stock of corn, tearing the husks from the ear, which he threw into a basket. When the basket was full, he emptied its shining contents into a crib near by, singing all the time merrily as a cricket. Hard at work, in his stained and patched garments, he appeared as happy as a mortal could possibly be.

Every day, when he had passed that way, the heir of Alburn had seen that man working and heard him singing the same, but he had never remarked him so closely, and with such bitterness in his heart, as on this occasion.

"What stupid boor is that," he growled, "who has found in a hovel what I have sought for the world over in vain? Why is he so happy in his dirt and rags, when I am so wretched in luxury and splendor? He enjoys himself better alone than I with my sporting companions. To him labor is pleasure, while to me pleasure is labor. I will follow his example. I will dismiss my companions, and make my own happiness."

Accordingly the heir sent away the company of revellers, and for a month afterwards did nothing but hate the world and meditate on suicide; while all the time the poor cottager worked and sung as happily as ever.

One day the heir of Alburn, in his most bitter humor, called his steward to him and said:

"Who is this clown that lives under the hill, singing forever and ever?"

"Surely, sir," replied the steward, "you have not forgotten Joe Jarvis?"

"I did not call you, to have you ask me whether I have forgotten this man, or that man," answered the angry heir. "Tell me who and what is this man?"

The steward, too well accustomed to his employer's humors to be disturbed by them, replied in a quiet tone:

"His name is Jarvis, and I thought you must remember him, from the fact that he once saved the life of your father at the risk of his own. This was when he was a boy, but your father rewarded him as if he had been a man. He gave him yonder cottage to live in, and the twenty acres around it to work, as long as he lived, rent free."

"And the fellow never pays any rent?"

"No, sir—I never supposed you would think of doing differently by him from your father—"

"How dare you dictate to me!" thundered the heir of Alburn. "Go—bring this happy man to me!"

Alburn was sitting in the room which had been his father's study, in the midst of the long neglected books, when poor Joe Jarvis appeared.

The misanthrope looked up from the wine glass, in which he had been trying to drown the blue devils which haunted his brain, and scowled darkly upon the cottager.

The latter, holding his faded and bruised straw hat in his hand, bowed respectfully, and stood waiting patiently to know what service the heir of Alburn desired at his hands.

"You did me the honor to send for me, sir," said he, after a long silence, which the heir filled up with a scowl of hatred.

"I did," replied the latter, in a sepulchral voice; "and you have no more respect for me than to make your appearance in a ragged coat."

"Indeed, sir," rejoined Joe Jarvis, smiling ruefully at his working day garment, "I know very well I am not dressed or genteel society; and I assure you, sir, I should have run to the house and put on my Sunday coat—which I never wear except to meeting and on great occasions, and I have had it now six years—but Mr. Peters said you was in a hurry to see me."

"Well, well! I can excuse your dress; but do you mean to say you have only two coats?"

"I had three, sir—but since my wife cut up my old black one for Billy, I haven't but two; and, in fact, I do very well without any more, for I never wear one in the summer, though in coolish weather like this, when I go to a raising, or to town, I sometimes feel as if this shiny and patched old thing was hardly good enough to wear, while you know I couldn't afford to put on my best one. So I sometimes say to Polly—that's my wife—'If I only had a kind of a second best coat.'"

"And is there nothing you want more than a coat?"

"Indeed, sir, there are a great many things. I sometimes think it would be convenient to have—"

"Well, Jarvis," said Alburn, eyeing the cottager sternly, "what are those things?"

"O, it's no use to speak of them, or think of them, so I am contented without them; but since you have done me the honor to ask me, I may say I should like very much to have a new axe to cut wood with, since Billy has badly

nicked the old one, by striking it into the ground; I would like to get little Polly a pair of new shoes for winter—and to be sure the weather is growing too cold now for the poor child to go barefoot—"

"Pshaw! don't mention these little things; tell me do you never desire a carriage—fine horses—a splendid house?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the good-natured man, "how would I look in a fine house? What would I do with a great carriage? No, no; I was not brought up to these things, and though I've no doubt but they would be very pleasant, I don't desire them."

Alburn's brow contracted.

"So you are contented with what you have?" he muttered.

"I think I should be a wretch to complain," replied the cottager. "Thanks to your kindness, in giving me those twenty acres rent free, I and my family have enough to eat and drink."

"My friend," said Alburn, bitterly, "since you can be so happy with so little, you must do with less. I have called you here to tell you that from this day I can spare you only ten acres."

A shadow crossed the poor man's brow, but a moment after he smiled, with a tear still in his eye.

"Indeed, sir," he said, in a trembling voice, "I can only thank you for having given me the use of the land so long, and you are very kind to leave me the other ten acres still. True, Polly can't have the new gown she was going to buy, and I shan't be able to send Billy to school this winter—but I am sure it will all be for the best in the end. I thank you, sir, from my heart."

"Come, you have said enough!" growled the misanthrope. "Go!"

The cottager bowed respectfully and retired.

Alburn, enraged at seeing a poor man so much happier than himself, and at having for a moment, felt a glow of human sympathy in his heart, struck the table savagely with his fist, and called his steward, to whom he gave orders to have the cottager's land divided.

Feeling a fierce joy in the thought that this act must certainly curtail the poor man's happiness, Alburn rode by the cottage a few days after, to exult in the anticipated change.

Jarvis had that morning found a tree, which the autumnal gales had blown down on Alburn's land, and now, with the permission of Mr. Peters, the steward, he was cutting it into fire wood for the winter. Not observing the heir as he rode by, the poor man stopped to rest, and began to whistle in the most cheerful manner.

At the sight of such happiness, the misanthrope was more enraged than ever, and he immediately gave orders that the cottager should be compelled to pay rent for the ten acres which had been left him.

This was a hard blow for the poor man; but instead of complaining, he resolved to make the best of it, look on the fairest side of the picture, and frighten care away with singing.

Now the cottager had a large family, and the heir of Alburn knew that it must take everything he had to supply their more urgent wants, and pay his rent; but angered at seeing the poor man so much happier than himself he remorselessly allowed them to suffer. In the depth of winter Jarvis was compelled to sell his cow; and the proprietor of the estate was one day informed that the poor man's neighbors had actually been obliged to come to the assistance of his family which was very much in want.

"Peter," said Mr. Alburn, on the following morning, "send for Jarvis, and employ him to shovel out the snow from the paths."

The misanthrope rejoiced in the thought that now, if never before, he should have the pleasure, if such the feeling might be called—of seeing the poor man cast down with his misfortunes. As Jarvis approached, wading through the snow-drifts with a scoup on his shoulder, Alburn watched him with a dark scowl, and a lip curling with savage triumph.

To the rage and disappointment of the misanthrope, however, poor Joe Jarvis began to sing, keeping time with his scoup, as he threw up the snow. Alburn stamped his foot fiercely upon the floor, and ordered the cottager to be brought before him.

It was a cheerful apartment; a bright fire blazed on the hearth; there were books and newspapers on the shelves and desk, and wine on the table. The cottager smiled as he entered, for poor as he was himself, he was glad to think the son of his benefactor must be happy in the enjoyment of so comfortable an apartment. Alburn's gruff voice startled him.

"Are you a mortal man?"

Jarvis opened wide his wondering eyes, and returned Alburn's scowl with a look of amazement.

"If you are," muttered the proprietor of the estate, "you are an exception to the human race!"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but—if you will be so good as to tell me—what is my fault?"

"Your fault? Why you are always happy!"

The misanthrope spoke in a terrible tone of voice, as if he had been accusing the poor man of some horrid crime.

"So I am, I believe, now I think of it," replied the cottager, with a guilty look. "I am pretty generally in good spirits, and I hope you will pardon me since I never had any idea of giving offence. Really, I am a poor man, and I suppose have no right to be always happy; and if it displeases you, sir, I will try and not be so happy in future."

"I forgive your insolence," growled the misanthrope, imagining Jarvis to be a great deal more satirical than the poor man had any idea of being. "Sit down, sir, and tell me your secret."

"My secret?"

"Yes, Jarvis."

The cottager scratched his head. Alburn gathered his words.

"Indeed, sir, I have no secret," said the former, frankly.

"The secret of your happiness, Jarvis—tell me what makes you always so happy?"

"O, sir, indeed, sir—excuse me, but I can't tell, I never thought of the thing before."

"Listen to me," said the heir of Alburn House in a suppressed voice. "Twelve years have I spent in search of what men call happiness. Sometimes I have thought it was found at last; but howsoever fair the fruit, it was turned to ashes on my lips. I am weary of everything—even my jovial comrades, who make it their study to counterfeit happiness, I have dismissed in disgust. I have tried books, but they do not interest me. I take no pleasure now in the society of women, and wine has ceased to warm my heart. Friend Jarvis," added the wretched man, earnestly, "I have made you a confidant of my sorrows, that you may teach me the secret of happiness. Do it, and name your reward—if it be to take my place here in this magnificent house, and to give me yours, and *happiness*, in the cottage under the hill."

The cottager was much embarrassed. He scratched his head and screwed up his mouth in a great variety of shapes; and at length he said slowly and thoughtfully:

"I don't know what to say, sir, unless I tell you when I am happiest, and when I am least happy. If I am idle, or allow myself to envy anybody, or to desire anything I cannot have, then I feel uneasy like, and if I suffer myself to speak unkindly to Polly or the children, I am sure to be miserable afterwards. Now I'll tell you when I am happiest—that's when I am busy at something useful—when I feel that I am doing all I can to make others happy—when I am thankful for what God gives me, and contented with my lot. So I should say, if there is a secret of happiness, that secret is to keep your con-

science clear, and to love and labor for the happiness of others."

Alburn cast down his eyes before the open, cheerful and animated countenance of the cottager.

"With my experience in the world, I am satisfied, my friend, that you have given me the true secret of happiness; and although it may be too late for me to profit by it, I will reward you with any boon in my power to bestow."

"O, sir," cried the cottager, quickly, "I ask, I desire no reward; only let me see you happy, and I shall consider myself richly repaid for anything I could do for you."

"And if you do *not* have the happiness of seeing me happy?" suggested Mr. Alburn, searching the open face of the poor man with his piercing eyes, "then you will not be repaid for your trouble."

"And have I not been warming myself by your beautiful fire all this time?" replied Joe Jarvis—"and haven't you been impressing on my mind a truth which I am sometimes near forgetting?"

"And what is that?"

"That happiness does not depend on wealth and station, and that it is often better to be a poor peasant than a powerful prince."

"Jarvis!" exclaimed the heir of Alburn House, earnestly, "you are an honest, sensible fellow, and more of a philosopher than all these dusty, calf-skin pedants that encumber these shelves!"

"O, sir!"

"For my part, I have deserved to be unhappy. My selfishness has been its own punishment, I have even hated you, my friend, because I saw you happy! I ask your forgiveness."

"I forgive you with all my heart!" cried the cottager.

"And from this day," added the heir of Alburn House, "the twenty acres of which I have cruelly deprived you, are yours again; and here, my good friend, is something to make your children happy."

Poor Joe Jarvis would have refused the purse of gold, but Alburn urged it upon him, and would not permit him to go away without it. The cottager almost wept for joy and thankfulness.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I told Polly it would all be right with us in the end."

Having dismissed the cottager, Alburn passed the remainder of the day in meditating on what he had heard. I need not say how much he regretted the twelve years he had thrown away in a worse than fruitless search after happiness,

and how ardently he desired to profit by Joe's philosophy.

"But it is too late!" he said; "dissipation, selfish pursuits and misanthropy have unfitted me for happiness!"

Yet Alburn experienced certain feelings of satisfaction, such as he had not known before for years. The thought that he had done Joe Jarvis a kindness, produced a comfortable sensation in his heart, which surprised him; and had it not been for the bitter remembrance of his past career, Alburn would that night have been comparatively happy.

Resolved to forget himself, and to occupy his time in some interesting and useful pursuit, Alburn, on the following day, bethought him of a number of poor families in the neighborhood, who, report said, were suffering from the severity of the winter. Going to visit them and relieve their wants, he became deeply interested in the novel task, and the night came before he had scarcely thought of the noon. That evening Alburn drank less wine and ate more substantial food than he had done for many months; and on retiring to rest, he said to himself:

"Joe Jarvis has revealed to me the secret of happiness, after all!"

And feeling a quiet joy stealing into his heart, he sank into a genial slumber, from which he was awakened by the crowing of the cocks on the following morning.

That day Alburn paid a visit to the cottager's family, which he could not sufficiently admire for its order, neatness, unity and happiness. Another long and serious conversation with Jarvis strengthened him in his resolution to waste no more time in selfish pleasures, which are only the counterfeit of bliss.

In order to prosecute his good works to the best advantage, Alburn associated himself with an old man named Fisher, distinguished for his public spirit and his kindness to the poor, but whom the heir formerly shunned, with the repugnance which gaiety and folly are apt to feel towards sobriety and wisdom. Delighted with the sentiments Alburn expressed, the old man gave his hand a hearty shake, and proceeded at once to make him a confidant of all his plans of benevolence, and to give him necessary and useful counsel. From that time Alburn and his new friend were united in nearly all their operations; the former became interested in the churches, the schools and in all the public works, and, in a few months, he found himself engaged in politics, not from any low ambition, but from an ardent desire to do good.

So completely was Alburn's mind absorbed

in his new pursuits, that he quite forgot to ask himself whether he was happy, until to his surprise, he discovered that he was as nearly so as he could expect to be in his present position in life. So complete a change had his ideas of life undergone that he was now convinced that *domestic bliss* was the most perfect form of all earthly happiness.

"As I have no mother, nor sister to cheer my hearth and home, I must find a wife, whom I can love, and in whose happiness I can take delight."

Now Mr. Fisher had a daughter whose cheerfulness and good sense were subjects of remark. Albarn had seen enough of her to be assured that report had not exaggerated her virtues, and to feel that she might exert an all-powerful influence over his heart. He sought her society; he portrayed to her the despair he had conquered, the aspirations he had conceived, his weakness, and his need of help. Her interest was awakened—then her sympathy—then her love; and in the course of time, they were married.

Everybody remarked the contrast between Albarn House, of the bride and bridegroom of Albarn House, of the days of hard riding and hard drinking—all was peace and happiness, where once was revelry and discontent. Percival Albarn loved his amiable wife, and from that time he was safe from the demons which selfishness fosters in the soul; but it was not until he was surrounded by children whom he loved, that he felt all the truth of Joe Jarvis's definition of the *secret of happiness*.

Keep your conscience clear, and love and labor for the happiness of others.

RABBIT SOUP.

Many of the Sophomore Classes in Yale College, in the winter of '29-'30, will remember, unless the reminiscence sickens them into forgetfulness, the delicious lunches in Church street, on rabbit soup. The delightful fragrance of that soup, for weeks, nightly greeted the olfactories of as hungry a set of students as ever "boarded in commons." It was a wonder, to some, how so tame a country produced so much wild game, but the "Sophs" paid for rabbit soup, and grew fat, until, most unluckily for the windows and crockery of the restaurateur, one night, a pile of heads, with short ears, divulged the fact, that where such rabbit soup was made, *cats were scarce*. Cat soup passed into a proverb.—*Cleveland Herald*.

"Patrick," said a lady, to a slip of green Erin, who was officiating in the kitchen, "where is Bridget?"

"Indade, ma'am, she's fast asleep lookin' at the bread bakin'."

TYPOGRAPHICAL.

While working at the Clarendon printing-office, a story was current among the men, and generally believed to be authentic, to the following effect: "Some of the gay young students of the university, who loved a practical joke, had made themselves sufficiently familiar with the manner in which the types are fixed in certain forms and laid on the press, and with the mode of opening such forms for correction, when required; and when the sheet containing the marriage service was about to be worked off, as finally corrected, they unlocked the form, took out a single letter, *v*, and substituted in its place, *k*, thus converting the word *live* into *like*. The result was, that when the sheets were printed, that part of the service which rendered the bond irrevocable, was so changed as to make it easily dissolved, as the altered passage now read as follows: 'The minister asking the bridegroom, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's holy ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor her, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall *like*?' To which the man shall answer, 'I will.' The same change was made in the question put to the bride. It was said the change was not discovered till all the sheets were printed off, and was then detected by the compositor who distributed the types. The whole of the sheets had accordingly to be cancelled; but the real culprits were never discovered till they left the university; and then, when they were beyond the authority of the proctors, they voluntarily confessed what they called their 'lark.'"—*Buckingham's Autobiography*.

A SIGHT OF A GREAT MAN.

Goethe, like many other celebrated men, was somewhat annoyed by the visits of strangers. A student once called at his house, and requested to see him. Goethe, contrary to his usual custom, consented to be seen; and, after the student had remained a short time in the ante-chamber, he appeared, and, without speaking, took a chair, and seated himself in the middle of the room. The student, far from being embarrassed by this unexpected proceeding, took a lighted wax candle in his hand, and walking round the poet, deliberately viewed him on all sides; then, setting down the candle, he drew out his purse, and taking from it a small piece of silver, put it on the table, and went away without speaking a word.—*Traveller*.

RAILROADS IN FRANCE.

Travellers through France, from Paris to Marseilles, were obliged only two or three years ago to perform part of the journey by diligence, and many have very lively recollections of the slow and tedious progress. The entire distance between the two cities is now easily passed by rail. The link between Lyons and Valence was opened three weeks ago—a distance of sixty-six miles. Calais and Marseilles, the English Channel and the Mediterranean, are now connected by railroad.—*Railroad Journal*.

GIVE ME SWEET MUSIC.

BY T. D. WILKINS.

Give me sweet music, for there is a spell
Of magic power in the melodious strain,
Whose soft-toned accents still so gently swell,
And find an answer in the heart again,
Like to some flower which casts its breath around,
While all who breathe its air remain spell bound.

Give me sweet music—when the heart is sad,
When sorrow fans us with her raven wing,
It comes to make the weary spirit glad,
Relief and comfort to the heart to bring:
To chase away the clouds of care and fear,
And charm the hours when its sweet strain we hear.

Give me sweet music—when in pleasure's throng
We mingle in the festive concourse gay,
Then let me hear the swelling tide of song,
That makes old Time fly swifter still away—
It lends a rapture to the hours of night,
And makes the forms of beauty seem more bright.

Give me sweet music—when I seek to sleep,
Let its soft strains persuade the heart to rest;
While guardian spirits watch around me keep,
My mind will stray to Fancy's regions blest—
While still in its imaginings it seems
To hear the voice of angels in its dreams.

Give me sweet music ever as I stray
With lagging footsteps down the course of life;
Let it illumine the darkness of my way,
And cheer me through each varied scene of strife:
A gentle balm the wearied heart to please,
To soothe in grief, and charm my hours of ease.

WILD KATE.

BY EVA CARROLL.

"LITTLE elf-child! What shall we do with her?"

This Mrs. Willard asked of her husband, with a look of real anxiety on her face. Mr. Willard continued to puff his cigar, and leisurely tipped back his chair, and lifted his feet to the railing of the piazza, while he eyed, with a smile, the strange and fantastic performances of a little girl, who was flitting about on the lawn, now rolling over and over in the long grass, now dancing away with odd gestures, and now, to her mother's horror, actually climbing the great elm which overshadowed the piazza, and swinging to and fro on its high branches, all the time singing, or shouting, in the highest glee imaginable.

"What shall we do with her?" repeated Mr. Willard. "Let her alone. She is acting out her nature. Kate was never born to be such a saint as you are."

"But if her natural inclination is wrong, ought we not to check it?"

"Bah! she is not wicked, she is only roguish. Let her act as she pleases. I like to see her raise the very old Nick!"

"Yes, you like it very much when it does not come in your way. Don't you remember how angry you were, and how severely you lectured her, when she threw your inkstand into the well, and several of your unanswered letters with it?"

"And what good did my lecture do her?" said Mr. Willard, laughing. "Didn't she, within half an hour, send down a box of pens to keep company with the ink? No, Mary; scolding will never tame that child."

"Poor girl!" sighed the mother, "I am afraid she has a hard lesson in store for her. But I shall try to correct her while she is young."

"I'd like to see you do it," said her husband. "But, I tell you, Kate is no common child, and the common way of governing children would spoil her. Let her alone. Experience will teach her more than you or I can ever do."

"See her now on that high branch!" exclaimed Mrs. Willard.

"That must be stopped," said Mr. Willard. "Kate, come down, instantly!" he cried, sternly. "That limb is not strong enough to hold you. Come down!"

"Mother, may I jump?" said she, suddenly standing upon the bough, and clinging, with her tiny hands, to the twigs above her.

"My child, you will be killed! You will kill us all! Come down, Katie, dear Katie, do come down!" and the mother held up her hands beseechingly to the child, who only swung faster, and glanced roguishly and wickedly at her mother's pale face.

"Father, may I jump? Speak quick!"

"Are you crazy, Kate? If you do jump—"

He did not finish the sentence, for the little creature gave a wild shout, and let go of the branch. He sprang toward the tree, and just succeeded in catching her by her white dress, or she would have fallen to the ground. Before he could find words to express his surprise and anger, she had slipped from his grasp, and ran, laughing gleefully, down the lawn. He looked after her in mute astonishment for a few minutes, then shook his head gravely, and turned to his wife:

"It is of no use, Mary," said he. "Scolding will never tame her."

There was one room in the pleasant homestead, on a lovely June day, which was darkened by closed blinds and drooping curtains. The shadow of death was there. Mrs. Willard, the gen-

the mother and true-hearted wife, was breathing away her last hour on earth. Her husband was standing by her bedside, his head bowed, and his strong heart bowed within him; and gathered around were the few friends who loved her best. But where was the little Katie, who should have been nearest the dying one?

"My child!" cried the mother, clasping her husband's hand. "What will she do when I cannot watch over her? Who will try to guide her wayward feet as I have tried? Promise me, my husband, that you will talk to her of me, when she is yielding to her wild and rash impulses. Tell her that, even in heaven, I cannot rest, if she is going astray on earth."

"I will do all I can," whispered Mr. Willard.

"Little, wayward thing," continued his wife, "I tremble when I think I must go from her, for she is not fit to be motherless. But all will be well, I trust, if you will only love her always, and be very patient. The world would deal roughly with her if you should neglect her, and, poor girl! I fear she would deal roughly with the world. Be patient, my husband, for though you cannot change her nature, as I once fancied we might, she can be influenced by your forbearance and love."

At this moment the door opened, and Katie Willard, grown a little taller than when she jumped from the elm tree, but with the same wild, fearless eyes, entered the room, her face flushed with running. She had a whole apron full of wild flowers, and a wreath of them twisted around her head, which gave her a singular picturesque appearance.

"Come here, my daughter," said the father, solemnly, drawing her to the bedside. "Your mother is dying."

A strange light came into Katie's eyes as he spoke, and she bent eagerly over the bedside.

"Is it true, mother? Are you going where the flowers are always in bloom, and where the Jesus, you have told me of, is living? Let me go, too, mother! O, do let me go! Here," she cried, dashing the flowers on the bed, "take these with you, and give them to the angels, and perhaps they will come after me!"

The mourners, who stood around, shuddered.

"She has never seen death," they whispered.

"She does not know what it is."

"Be still!" she cried, passionately. "I do know what death is; for mother has told me that it is an angel that comes to take us to heaven. Now he is coming for mother, and not for me. O, I want to go there, too!"

"Be good, my darling, and you *shall* come to me."

These were the last words that her mother spoke.

When Kate was told that her mother was really dead, she wept so violently that she almost terrified the mourning friends, and tearing her flowers passionately, she scattered them all over the white face of the dead. With much difficulty her father took her away and led her to his own room. There he succeeded in calming her, and tried to impress her with a right idea of death. But it was a hard task, for her restless mind would not stop to consider the truths which he presented to it. As she glided away, he thought within himself, "In a little while she will be calmed and subdued by her grief, and then I can influence her to become all that we have wished."

But time passed, and though whenever her mother's name was mentioned she seemed overwhelmed with sorrow, yet in not one respect had she changed, except that, freed from her mother's watchfulness, she broke away more and more from all rules and customs. She was indeed a wild, impetuous creature, restrained by neither respect or affection for teachers or friends. Her father sometimes almost repented of his promise, but the pleading voice of his wife could not be forgotten. So he was patient.

Kate was very beautiful. Strangers would often stop and gaze at her when she danced along the roadside, and all who knew her saw a rare beauty in her face and form. Whether her beauty was wholly external or not, they never could discover, for Kate had always managed to keep her feelings hidden when she chose, though free enough in expressing all the odd fancies which came into her mind.

At twelve years old she was not yet developed in any one point of mind or character, but her friends, seeing in her only ungovernable wildness and almost malicious roguishness, rather dreaded the fuller development which years would bring.

"There's no good in *that* child," was often spoken in despairing terms.

Thank Heaven that there is good in every human soul, and that sooner or later it will be revealed!

So Kate grew to maidenhood, more beautiful than any of her companions, but none so little loved as she. Among the gentlemen acquaintances that she was accustomed to meet in society and in everyday life, she had not a single admirer, for, to tell the truth, they were all afraid of her.

The husband-seeking girls were never jealous

of Kate Willard, for she so often shocked the world's nice sense of propriety, that her beauty had never won for her the admiration which many inferior girls received, nor had ensnared a single lover. But there came a change.

One day Kate put on her gipsy hat, and, with her flower-basket on her arm, started for her favorite haunt in the forest which stood not far from the village.

That haunt of hers was a beautiful place. It was a bower, covered with rich green vines, deep in the woods, before which the river rolled gracefully on. There was always music there, of the waters, and the leaves, and the birds in the branches, and Kate loved music dearly, and loved to dream away a day in this pleasant place.

But to-day, as she walked slowly towards it, Kate thought it looked as if it had been disturbed by a stranger's presence. Of this there were several tokens. A little wild flower, which she had transplanted the day before, had been trampled on, and the remnant of a cigar lay on the leaves near it. Coming nearer, she peeped cautiously through the vines, and discovered a stranger, reclined on her favorite seat, and, with a book open before him, reading, as if he had made himself quite at home.

She took a good look at him, saying to herself the while—

"Ahem! You are very well contented, stranger, and are, no doubt, having a most comfortable time on my premises. But you are trespassing, and must be informed of it. Very well contented! But you have given me a surprise, and I must return the compliment."

She darted away with a roguish smile on her lips, and made great haste to fill her basket with the wild roses which grew plentifully around.

Some freak had certainly taken possession of her mind, for she sprang from bush to bush like a butterfly, until the basket was overloaded, laughing and talking to herself all the time. When this was done, she dipped the basket into the river, and, holding it under the water a few minutes, lifted it up all dripping, and ran with the speed of a young fawn to the arbor.

A glance showed her that the stranger had not moved, and, climbing to the bank behind the arbor, she dexterously parted the vines on the top, and, turning her basket over, dropped the wet contents on the very face of the reader, at the same time clapping her hands with a glee which she had no disposition to control.

The stranger started up in great amazement, looking around, beneath and above him with an air of great perplexity. Nor was it to be won-

dered at, for probably the gentleman had never before met with a similar reception in any place where he had chosen to rest.

"Some roguish boy," he muttered, and started out to see if there was any one near.

To be sure there was, but instead of a bare-footed, ragged urchin, there stood a beautiful girl, laughing roguishly, and returning his gaze of amazement with one of merry defiance.

"Where did that shower come from?" he asked, as if deeming it impossible that she was the cause of it.

Kate pointed to the top of the arbor. "Showers *always* come from above, don't they?" she asked.

The gentleman looked exceedingly confused, which delighted Kate more than ever, and she laughed outright.

"Did you think it came from beneath your feet?" she said. "O, no! It was a very strange thing, no doubt, but not so strange as you may think."

"Are you a water-nymph?" he asked. "Yes, that it must be, and you rose out of this river and showered your wet flowers on me. But for what reason?"

"You were trespassing," she answered. "See my little daisy which your foot has crushed. See that stump of a cigar, and my arbor all scented with smoke."

The gentleman looked around him. "It is true," he replied. "I confess my fault, and humbly beg your pardon. Water-nymph, will you grant it?"

"On one condition."

"And what is that?"

"You must promise never to shadow this bower with your presence again."

"You are too severe. I cannot promise," said he, with a smile.

"Then remain unforgiven!" she cried, and, springing away, quickly disappeared among the trees.

For days after Kate watched for the stranger with an interest fascinating in itself, because so novel to her. One day she stole down into the woods, and had the satisfaction of seeing him there, with the book open before him, but his eyes turned away. She sat a half hour and looked at him, all the while so still that he did not dream of her presence. She was strongly tempted to fling a handful of flowers on him when she went away, but for once, and perhaps the first time in her life, she resisted the impulse.

The very next day she chanced to see him go by her father's house, and hastily pointed him

out to the neighbor who was calling on her, at the same time eagerly inquiring who he was. Fortunately the old lady was one of those favored people who know everything and everybody, and was all ready to give the necessary information. She said he was a younger brother of the village lawyer—that he resided in the south of Pennsylvania, was wealthy and learned—and, in conclusion, was spending a little time with his country brother, for health's sake.

Moreover the good dame added sundry things in his favor. "He's none of your high-headed folks, that can't notice an old lady," said she.

As soon as her guest had gone, Kate walked directly to the arbor. She did not go really conscious that she was seeking the stranger. She was purely a child of nature, and, without any other motive, feeling attracted towards him, she went to him. She had always followed the quick impulse of her heart, and she followed it now.

As she expected, she found Mr. Gregory there, with his inseparable companion, the book. Raising his eyes from its pages, he suddenly beheld her standing before him, her black eyes fixed upon him with a searching glance, the more striking because of the peculiar expression they always wore. He rose and held out his hand to her.

"Have you returned, water-nymph, to grant the pardon I asked?"

"I am *not* a water-nymph," she ejaculated. "I have left the river, and am living with mortals, on shore."

"Wood-nymph, then, will you grant me pardon?"

"Do you expect it while you continue to disobey? Twice I have seen you here since I forbade your presence."

"Twice! I have seen you but this once."

"No matter. I saw you through the vines, two days ago. You had a book in your hand, but were not reading. I don't believe it is interesting. You only hold it for the sake of looking learned."

Mr. Gregory laughed. He liked her wild, free ways. There was a freshness and originality about her which had charmed him from the first moment, and for an hour every day he had haunted the forest, hoping to meet her again. He already desired to study her character, and see if she was as beautiful within as without.

"If not reading, what was I doing?" he asked.

"Thinking, I suppose. Perhaps of the show-
er of flowers."

Kate turned aside, and began to gather wild

flowers for her basket, half-singing, meanwhile. Mr. Gregory watched her with interest.

"I wonder if she knows how unlike other mortals she is," thought he. "Beautiful, untamed creature! I have seen many who were lovely, but not the loveliest of them has interested me as much as she has done."

"You are a very strange girl!" he said, aloud.

"I know it," she replied, without turning her face toward him.

"Has any one ever tried to make you different?"

"Everybody that cares for me, but I like my own way best."

By this time she had gathered a bouquet, and sat down in the arbor to arrange it. Mr. Gregory stood by her and talked until the sun began to sink. Kate made no effort to interest him; she was too simple for that, yet interest him she did, and in that little hour he contrived to draw out much of the hitherto unrevealed richness of her mind and heart. The frankness and freshness of her whole nature charmed him. His mind, weary of the frivolity and affectation of the world, was refreshed by her presence.

He was a traveller passing over a dry and dusty road, unsatisfied by the stagnant waters he had been compelled to drink, and she was a cool, sparkling little fountain, gushing up before him and offering him rest and refreshment.

Poor Kate! For a long summer-time she had been basking in the sunlight of a sweet, dreamy love, of which she was unconscious, until another heart had been laid open before her, and then, and not till then, had she awakened to the deep life she was capable of enjoying. How her whole being had expanded, and her better nature been aroused! How gladness had sprung up in her soul; how it had blossomed and borne fruit; and now the same hand which had sown the precious seed tore up the full-grown vines.

Yet Mr. Gregory had not acted cruelly or unkindly. Her heart absolved him from all this, and only loved him the better for what he had done.

She sat in her own fairy-like chamber, the evening after bidding him farewell. Her hand was yet warm from the parting grasp of his, and his familiar voice yet sounded in her ears. His presence was all around her, and she felt that she could never again step out from the shadow of that presence.

It is well for you, Kate, that you cannot!

"He said that I was dear to him," mused

she, "and I know it is true, for all this long summer he has been patient with me, and he alone has been always kind. But even his patience was exhausted. I see it all now. How wild and reckless I have been! It is only strange that he has borne with me so long. How could he, so calm and thoughtful, endure my heedlessness and impetuosity? He could not do otherwise than weary of me at last. I am thankful he was with me so long."

She hid her face in her hands, and for a long time was silent. Suddenly she looked up with an eager, excited countenance, and began to talk to herself again.

"It was not for any fault of mind or heart, he said. He believed me to be good and innocent; he believed me capable of becoming a noble character, far above the poor, common-place creatures that so often reprove me. But he could not bear with my rudeness and my fickleness."

"O, I have a thought! In another year he must return, he said, and meanwhile I will make myself worthy of him; then when we meet he will forgive all the past. It will be a hard lesson—hard for me to restrain my sudden impulses and to act from reason and principle instead. But I will try to do it."

"This thought does me good," she continued, walking up and down the room. "It gives me strength. I will be worthy of him."

Up in the heavens the great stars trembled into life and light, making earth radiant beneath them, but in the heart of the maiden a greater star had risen. It was the star of a new hope, and her whole being was illumined. Love was performing the work which no other teacher had ever accomplished. It was *taming* her, and moulding her character into its true proportions.

A year passed, and another summer came, bringing with it bloom and sweet winds. It had been a year of no common experience to Kate Willard, and very plainly could the result of that experience be traced in her countenance, as she leaned one evening from the pleasant bay window, looking upward thoughtfully and watching for the first star.

Her large, black eyes wore no longer the fiery brightness which had made them so weird-like in days before, but a softer brilliancy played in their depths. There was a firmness, too, on her closed lips, giving her the look of one who has struggled and overcome. Yet her face had lost none of its beauty; on the contrary, it had gained immeasurably, for now she looked a creature who could be loved with the whole heart, and no longer half-loved, half-feared.

Kate had become, what she willed to be, another, yet the same.

So felt one who stood very near to her, gazing earnestly upon her, though she was unconscious of his presence. Mr. Gregory had entered the room unnoticed by her, and was glad to read her face before that peaceful expression should pass away, for he expected that as soon as he should speak the old waywardness would return.

He did not know how she had striven and triumphed. He had returned, thinking she must have forgotten him, and *hoping* that he had forgotten her, but that sweet, calm face conquered him once more.

Suddenly he bent over her, and showered a whole handful of flowers on her upturned face. She started, and meeting his smiling glance, sprang to his side.

"You surprised me, once. I have come back to surprise you," said he. "Wood-nymph, am I trespassing now?"

The glad glance of her eyes was all the answer he needed.

"But you shall not go again!" she cried. "I have not been idle all this long year. I have been working, O, so hard! to make myself worthy of you. And now I will never try your kindness and patience again. Will you not forgive me?"

"Working for me, Kate!" said he, gazing wonderingly upon her. "O, I see it all now! Forgive me; my own loneliness has sufficiently punished me!"

"No; there is nothing for me to forgive," said she. "All has been for the best. In this year of our estrangement, I have been learning the best lesson of my life, which neither kindness nor severity ever taught me before."

"In fine, wild Kate is *tamed*," said Mr. Gregory, caressingly placing his hand on her head. "And love has done the good work."

Kate Willard soon became Kate Gregory, and as her father placed her hand in that of her husband, and consigned her to his care, on leaving her home, he said:

"Love has made Kate human. Before, she was always, as poor Mary called her, an 'elf-child.'"

COURAGE.—True bravery is sedate and inoffensive; if it refuse to submit to insults, it offers none; begins no disputes, enters into no needless quarrels; is above the little, troublesome ambition to be distinguished every moment; it bears in silence, and replies with modesty; fearing no enemy, and making none; and is as much ashamed of insolence as of cowardice.—*Ogden*.

THE PRIZE LEAP.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

MANY years ago there lived in one of the loneliest villages of old Virginia a maiden whose uncommon beauty attracted to her scores of admirers. The father of the fair girl in his early youth was distinguished for his athletic feats. He wore upon his breast three medals which were the pledges of his victorious achievements. His daughter was now a blushing Hebe of eighteen years, besieged with lovers; but the parental obedience which her father demanded led her to defer all to his choice. Still, she had her peculiar favorite in Harvey Carroll, who was the most accomplished and intellectual young man in all the country. But the old father of the maiden, possessed of a perfect monomania upon the subject of leaping, suggested the following singular mode of selecting a husband for his daughter from her numerous proposals, viz., he invited all the declared suitors who had avowed themselves lovers of Amabel to meet at his house, and made to them this announcement: "Young men," said he, "you have solicited my child each of you to become your bride. She is comely and pure. She will prove as fair a gem as she appears. I have money to give her, but you see I don't care about money, nor talents, nor book knowledge, nor military renown, but I want her to marry a man of skill and strength. I obtained the mother of my child by jumping for her. A party of my own age were assembled and my father-in-law avowed that the one who could leap the farthest should be the winner of the prize. My old woman, lads, was worth the effort. I was the successful man, and my daughter shall be obtained only in this manner. Here is the green sward, and there is Amabel—the one that jumps the farthest on the dead level shall win the prize." Amabel clung closely to her father and looked upon her array of lovers with no unmeaning glance. Still her eyes rested on one more lovingly than the rest, and that was Harvey Carroll.

A crowd of spectators were present to witness the feats. The loom and the quilting frame was deserted, the children left their sports, the old men forsook their pipes, and gray-haired, spectacled old dames forgot their spinning wheels, in the excitement of the hour. The avenue allotted for the contest was a level space in front of the village inn, directly in sight of Amabel's home. Exercises of a similar kind were then much in vogue in the Old Dominion, and the green was often used for such sports. The father of Ama-

bel now came forward with his blushing daughter, attended by those patriarchal judges who were to determine by actual measurement the precise length of each leap.

The signal was now given, and each young man in turn took his place in the arena.

"John Watkins," cries a bystander appointed to announce their names,— "John Watkins, fifteen feet two inches."*

Watkins retired, somewhat mortified at his ill success.

"Edward Keyson, eighteen feet one inch."

The merry shouts of applause here commenced. Many prophesied Edward had won the prize; Amabel, however, looked pale and dissatisfied.

"James Haynes, nineteen feet precisely."

Huzzas rent the air. Everybody loved James; everybody but Amabel.

"Richard Rush, twenty feet two and one-half inches."

Dick replaced his coat very coolly, as if not aware of the shouts which made the air resound with acclamations of joy.

"Henry Pettes, nineteen feet." But he cared not to win the prize. Amabel stood unmoved. Two other young men refused to leap for the prize, and Harvey Carroll was the last upon the roll. He marched into the arena with a firm step.

"Harvey Carroll, twenty-three feet one inch," was announced, and he took the prize!

Amabel rushed into the arms of her devoted lover, to whom of all others she gave the special preference. Congratulations were exchanged—"the handsomest couple in old Virginia" was passed around—"the best match in the country," cries the multitude—when suddenly a young man of most prepossessing appearance presented himself as a candidate for the prize. He had just alighted at the village inn, and hearing the shouts of victory, came forward and inquired of Amabel's father if the ground was still open for competition? The old man having leisurely surveyed the stranger's features, and then looking at Amabel who was resting in Harvey's fond embrace, now looked wildly and wonderingly on the scene. Harvey wore a troubled countenance, for he saw the stranger was athletic and wore a lofty, manly air.

"George Washington, twenty four feet," cried the man of measurement. He had fairly won the prize, but listen to his words:

"My friends, I am a stranger among you, and for mere sport, I have tried my skill at jumping. The prize, which is adjudged to be mine, I relin-

*This was what is called the flying leap, where the competitor runs and springs forward.

quish to him who has a prior claim. Lovely though she be, yet her affections cannot be engendered by a stranger. Harry Carroll, the prize is yours," so saying, he left the arena, while a louder shout than ever rent the air. The stranger retired to the inn, and the next day pursued his journey.

Harry Carroll and Amabel were made one in the village church the next morning. Toasts were drank in honor of the stranger who so generously surrendered his prize, and the newly married pair offered fervent prayers for his future prosperity.

In the course of events, many sons and daughters were born of this happy wedlock, and Harry Carroll became distinguished in revolutionary memory.

One evening, when Harry returned from a hard day's campaign, and was resting beneath the vine-clad piazza of his beautiful country house, a stranger drove up, of commanding appearance, and inquired "if he could be entertained there for the night?" Harry had just stepped into his summer house in search of Amabel, whom he found trimming a rose-tree. She had now become dignified and matronly; her beauty was of another type from girlhood, still it was none the less captivating. She still glowed with the rose of health upon her cheek, and with a queenly air presided over the domestic hearth; her heart, too, was open to all generous impulses, and she stepped forward and bade the stranger welcome. She then quietly withdrew, to superintend her own repast, leaving Harry to entertain the man of such pleasing exterior, who had become a stranger guest.

The meal was soon made ready, and Mrs. Carroll presided at the well-spread board. She looked at her guest and suddenly dropped her fork; she looked again—a shudder ran over her frame—she recognized the same man, though a little seared by time, who was the successful young leaper that won her as his prize and generously surrendered his claim. It was George Washington!

The general stared; he, too, had a faint remembrance of that face, for once seen, it left an impress. And how, when the mutual recognitions were made manifest, they discoursed of what had befallen each in their journey, may be imagined. The general, though courteous and polite in speech, uttered no regrets that he did not avail himself of the prize—for he had found another, without making a fatal leap. He was proud of her virtues, and in due time Mrs. Carroll visited Washington, and was there most hospitably received, and a lasting bond of friend-

ship was created, until they were separated by infirmity, and finally by death.

We smile at the record of leaping to obtain a prize; but would not the encouragement of such athletic feats among the young men of our age do away with that sickly effeminacy which rejects all manly, vigorous exercise which tends to develop the nobler faculties, and instead of growing dwarfed and made into the proportions of a dandy, might we not admire the lofty and graceful carriage of men strong and brave, such as made the heroes of the last century, and won the hearts of maidens who were run in nature's nobler mould?

FAREWELL TO THE EAST.

Farewell to the gay gardens, the spicy bazaars (exclaims Bayard Taylor, on leaving the Orient), to the plash of fountains, and the gleam of golden-tipped minarets! Farewell to the perfect morns, the balmy twilights, the still heat of the blue noons, the splendor of moon and stars! Farewell to the glare of the white crags, the tawny wastes of dead sand, the valleys of oleander, the hills of myrtle and spices! Farewell to the bath, agent of purity and peace, and parent of delicious dreams—to the chibouque, whose fragrant fumes are breathed from the lips of patience and confinement—to the narghileh, crowned with that blessed plant that grows in the gardens of Shirez, while a fountain more delightful than those of Samarcand bubbles in its crystal bosom!

Farewell to the red cap and slippers, to the big turban, the flowing trousers, and the gaudy shawl—to squatting on broad divans, and sipping black coffee in acorn cups—to grave faces and *salaam aleikooms*, and touching of the lips and forehead! Farewell to the evening meal in the tent door, to the couch on the friendly earth, to the yells of the muleteers, to the deliberate marchings of the plodding horse, and the endless rocking of the dromedary that knoweth his master!

Farewell, finally, to annoyance without anger, delay without vexation, indolence without ennui, endurance without fatigue, appetite without intemperance, enjoyment without pall!

SIR HENRY BISHOP.

This celebrated musical composer, who has just died, is said to have been the greatest musical composer England has produced, excepting Henry Purcell. He was Director of the Concert of Ancient Music, Director of the Philharmonic Society, Professor of Music in the Universities of Edinburgh and Oxford, Member of the Royal Academy of Music, and was knighted by the Queen in 1842. He married, about 1836, the lady who is now widely known here as Madame Anna Bishop. The union did not prove a happy one, and a separation soon ensued. Madame Bishop was a fine vocalist, and had been educated at the Academy. It was said that she desired to appear in public, which Sir Henry opposed. Two children, a son and daughter, who are both living, were the issue of this marriage. —*Musical World*.

SUMMER.

BY MARY DELL.

Summer is here, the air is mild,
 The leaves are on the tree;
 The flowers are gay upon the bank
 And o'er the freshened sea.

The busy bee, the wandering bird,
 Are passing to and fro;
 But where are they, our dearest friends?
 Cold, silent, death-laid low.

Can we bid welcome to the time,
 As gaily as of old,
 When life was young, and every hour
 Of love and friendship told?

Ah no! we cannot greet the hour
 With gladsome melodies,
 When bird, and flower, and sunny sky,
 Call up sad memories.

THE GIPSEY GIRL.

BY M. M. BALLOU.

AT the date our story commences, about the year seventeen hundred and forty, there resided in the west riding of Yorkshire, England, a family of ancient pedigree and great wealth. This was the family of Sir George Pasely, a gentleman of the old English school—proud but kind to his numerous retainers, hospitable and liberal to the fullest extent of charity, but as a justice he was also austere and rigid, imbued with those strict notions that actuated the early puritans, our own parents, who were descendants of the same stock as Sir George himself. Justice Pasely, as the peasantry were accustomed to call him, lived in the old family mansion of his ancestors, of whose long and honorable line he was the only living representative.

Sir George was married, but not until he was already a bachelor, but his wife was a young and lovely being, of tender age compared with his own, for when she became Lady Pasely she was but nineteen years of age. Sir George doted on her, and indeed she was worthy his fondest regard, being everything in person and in mind that the heart could wish. But alas! the destroyer death came, and the same hour that made him a father, took the gentle mother and fond wife to her long home. Sir George was a philosopher, but what does cold, methodical theory weigh when the heart is touched? He wept over his bereavement like a child, and while he pressed his infant daughter to his breast, swore to love it with a redoubled affection, and thus make up in part for the want of a mother's en-

dearing care. Time rolled on, and the sweet child grew daily more and more like to what her mother was, while Sir George loved her with a deep and absorbing affection.

There was a young man, a wild and reckless spirit, that claimed to be next of kin to the Pasely family with Sir George, and who would, doubtless, from some peculiar causes known to law, be able to establish his right to the estates now holden by Sir George, provided he should die without issue. Therefore the birth and future growth of the little Louise Pasely was watched with jealous care by Earnest Renwood, who hoped one day to possess the broad Pasely estates for his own. The child presented an insurmountable barrier to this expectation, and each day that added strength and fresh life to the bright-eyed and lovely Louise, rendered the dark-spirited Renwood more desperate. And yet to cover the feelings that prompted him, he was in the daily habit of communion with the family and household of Sir George, and the little Louise even had no warmer friend, apparently, than the dark and wicked souled Renwood.

Four years had passed since the birth of Louise, who proved to be a sturdy and beautiful child, when Renwood saw that he must bring his designs to an issue, nor leave any longer his hopes to chance. He therefore formed the resolution of adopting some expedient to rid himself of her, for, as we have seen, she stood between him and the rich lands he so much coveted. He was not naturally a hardened villain, but that powerful incentive to evil, that most thriving agent of the evil spirit, avarice, was goading him on to the brink of perdition; and he had no power whereby to resist, for he was an orphan, and had been reared, lacking the fostering care and goodly counsel that forewarns and forearms youth against the temptations of manhood.

It was late one mild summer's night, when he came to this conclusion; he recalled to his mind that at a wild and secluded spot, some two miles from the immediate neighborhood of Sir George's estate, there were encamped at that very hour a band of gipseys, who he at once conjectured might be of service to him in the plan he proposed to execute: viz., to rid himself of the little Louise Pasely, heiress to the estates that he was determined to possess. Renwood had wrought himself up to a pitch of desperate determination, and he scouted at the means by which he was to gain his purpose, so that he might but succeed in his grand object. Step by step he had come to this, as we always progress in evil, for there never was a hardened villain who became so at a single move. Therefore is

it that we should guard the first advancement. Earnest Renwood was soon at the gipsy camp, and ere long in close conversation with the leader of the troop, a man who had villany engraven on his forehead, and rascality looking out from every expression of his wrinkled and weather-beaten countenance. It is singular how thoroughly a man's calling will mould his physical system into its express image. This man was the chief of the gipseys, and his form and every look said the same. He seemed to have been formed by nature to fit the space he filled; and yet no mortal could tell the untoward circumstances that had made him that which he now was. Circumstance had moulded him to its purpose, not birth, for I could point you to signs there that bespeak intelligence above the class in which he now moves: but we wander.

Renwood explained his business at once; which was that of the child's destruction. He knew his man, and made it a plain business transaction, offering the gipsy a reward that might have tempted a more honest man. All was arranged to his satisfaction. The gipsy contracted that on the following night the child should be stolen from her own room while sleeping, the doors being left unlocked through the agency of Renwood (who, as we have seen, had free access to the house), and its life sacrificed before another day should dawn upon them; and for this the gipsy was to receive five hundred pounds sterling. This fixed upon, Earnest Renwood turned to seek his home, moving with the stealthy tread that cleaves to the feet of the guilty. It was a fearful night to him, though the elements seemed all to slumber, for he had contracted for the murder of a human being!

The gipsy was faithful to his contract; the little Louise disappeared on the subsequent night, and on the following morning, when her absence was discovered, consternation filled the hearts of all. The father, Sir George, was almost delirious with anguish. No means were left untried to explain the mystery, but in vain was all search. The gipsy band were examined but no intelligence was gleaned from them. They appeared to be all at their encampment as before, and all search seemed only deeper to envelope the whole affair in mystery. A sadly dark cloud then settled over the household of Sir George, for even the domestics fully participated in his grief, so great a favorite had the bright-eyed and beautiful child been with all.

Time never lags, let whatever contingency occur; and still it passed on, but it healed not this second wound in the heart of Sir George Pasely, and all the attempts instituted by his

friends to divert his mind were in vain. He joined in the politics of the times, became a member of Parliament, contested the palm with some of the most powerful minds of the day, and with success, too, for he was a man of brilliant talents and general acquirements; but all the while did the festering sore of grief canker in his heart, wrinkling his brow and dimming the light of his eye. In the sweet little Louise, he seemed to have lost everything that was dear to him in life. She still held the same place in his heart, and he daily pictured her gentle little form to his imagination and wept over the remembrance.

Twelve years, with all the changes that so long a portion of time brings, have passed since the loss that had so wrung the heart of Sir George. He had grown gray, and many a wrinkle crossed his manly brow. Fatigued and disgusted with an employment in which he felt no interest, he determined upon a partial retirement from the political arena, as a course more congenial with his feelings; therefore it was at the expiration of the time referred to, that he was again at his home in Yorkshire, where he resumed his seat as a justice of the county. Leaving Sir George Pasely with a heart softened from its native sternness by the sorrow it had so intimately known, we will turn to another part of our tale, begging the reader's patience.

Turn with us then, so please you, to the south of sunny France; it is the vineyard season, and the racy grapes, bloated with over ripeness, are being gathered. A gay time this among the French peasantry, and these gipseys know it well, for see, in this little post town, it is nightfall, and the laborers of both sexes, each with a richly loaded basket of the generous product of the vine, are coming in from the neighboring fields. Here before the small post house and tavern on the little green, the laborers pause to witness the dance of the gipsy tribe. While the rest throw themselves lazily upon the greensward, forming a wild and picturesque group, to whose countenances the twilight and reflections of the western sky lent additional interest, by clothing them in strangely vivid hues, two of the gipsy tribe, a male and female, commenced the dance together upon the greensward.

The girl coupled her light and graceful movements with the notes of the merry castanets, while the young man accompanied her upon the gay ringing tambourine. The girl might have been sixteen years of age, and her companion perhaps a couple of years her senior, both evincing the healthful vigor that the gipsy's life, so near to nature, is sure to induce. The fostered and delicate child of wealth could only envy such

charms as the gipsy girl exhibited, she could not possess them. Art may imitate, but it cannot equal nature. Minnitti, the danseuse of the gipsy tribe, was a queen in beauty, and many a queen would have envied her.

What brilliancy in those eyes of black, and how round and beautiful the outline of that form and face. How thrillingly lovely the expression of her speaking countenance, how graceful her light and airy step. The dance over, she advances to the crowd, who have stood mute and entranced with the scene, and holding the tambourine taken from her companion, solicits in eloquent silence a few francs in payment for the exhibition. And stay, even the crabbed old post keeper thrusts his hand into his pocket. It must be enchantment that can move him. The gipsy danseuse has all the ruddy complexion that her exposed life induces, but still there is a delicacy in her skin, a native refinement in her manner, that seem to announce her as being above the rude companions who surround her. Her dress resembles the Castilian style, and her companion wears the costume of a Spanish mountaineer. Had fate ever placed two beings more appropriately together? Each seemed the counterpart of the other, and grace and beauty the share of both.

"Friend," said the landlord of the little inn referred to, addressing the leader of the gipseys, a dark, tall man, with a most forbidding countenance: "Friend, whither do you travel?"

"We are bound for merry England."

"And from whence, master?"

"Here, there, and everywhere," replied the gipsy, vacantly; and then as if arousing, said: "We have travelled these many years upon the continent, and are now about to try English ground."

"Where do you stay for the night?" asked the landlord, eyeing the beautiful person of the danseuse, who had evidently warmed into life what little soul the old man had left in his bosom.

"In the outskirts of the village, where our tents are pitched."

"Does the danseuse sleep under a tent with the rest of you?"

"Where else should she sleep, monsieur?" asked the leader, now turning his shrewd and suspicious eye upon the speaker.

"I would fain give her lodgings free in my house for the night; she seems too delicate to lodge without better shelter."

"There is no better shelter than the heavens," said the gipsy, turning coolly away, and making a signal for the band to follow.

A month subsequent to this scene upon the greensward in France, the gipsy band were in the west riding of Yorkshire, England, and the beautiful danseuse Minnitti, with her handsome companion, were performing to the delighted villagers of the country. It does not escape the inquisitive eyes of the spectators, that her companion, Fernando, watches with a loving eye each motion of Minnitti. Both seem to be all in all to each other, while they danced day after day, apparently happy and content, until at last trouble beset their path, and of which we must tell you, gentle reader.

The little town in the environs of which the gipsy band were encamped, was one day thrown into commotion by one of the inhabitants declaring that an article of considerable value had been stolen from his house. The article stolen was a valuable jewel, and as a matter of course the gipseys, who had now been in the neighborhood for some days, were charged with the theft. One of the inhabitants even remembered to have seen a female of the tribe near the door of the house from whence the jewel was missing, on the day of its loss; while another, thus aided and prompted by the declaration of the first, was ready to make oath that he had also observed the person, and moreover that it was none other than Minnitti, the danseuse of the band!

This was quite sufficient, and upon such strong circumstantial evidence, the beautiful girl was seized and rudely carried before the justice of the county, for examination. Poor Minnitti! How she drooped under the rough charge and consequent mortification, even as a budding flower withers under the influence of an untimely frost. She hid her face in her hands, and wept like a child, while the gaping crowd wondered how a gipsy could cry at all. The justice listened with official dignity to the charge brought against the gipsy girl, and after hearing the evidence that was also given, he was forced to send her to prison. In vain was all the proof offered by the tribe as to her innocence—no court would heed a gipsy's evidence,—and the justice was forced, though compassion was in his heart—ay, and beamed broadly from his countenance, too—to commit the girl.

Immediately after the justice had pronounced the sentence, and the weeping girl was about to be borne away by the officers of the court, a young man stepped suddenly forward from the crowd, and said, while he thrust aside the rough hands that were extended to seize Minnitti:

"Stand back, if you would not have me take your lives! The girl is innocent! I stole the jewel! Why should you charge this upon that

gentle being, innocent and pure—ay, purer than the best of ye? It is I who am guilty!”

“Thou?” cried the gipsy girl. “Impossible Fernando!” for it was her companion of the dance. And the gentle girl, rejoicing to find one friend so near her in this fearful moment, threw her arms about his neck, and wept upon his breast.

“Even so, dear Minnitti,” he replied; “but fear not for me, I shall soon be released again. Keep up a brave heart, dear girl.”

As he said these words, the justice directed the officers to release the girl, and commit the young man to prison, glad of an opportunity to clear one whom he could not find it in his heart to commit. With anguish speaking in every line of her beautiful face, the gipsy girl bid Fernando farewell, and turned, weeping, towards the encampment.

“My good girl,” said the justice, calling after her, “come hither; I would speak with you.”

Minnitti obeyed mechanically.

“What is thy name, child?” asked the justice, in a gentle tone, intended to soothe her wounded feelings.

“They call me Minnitti,” she replied, sadly.

The justice looked kindly upon her, and conferred in a low tone with the clerk at his side for a moment, then asked:

“And this young man, who is he?”

“His name is Fernando, and he is one of our people.”

“Though he was guilty, it seems he was too honest to let thee suffer for him,” continued the justice.

“Sir,” said the gipsy girl, a virtuous indignation beaming from her bright eyes, “he is not guilty.”

“Not guilty, girl? Why, he acknowledges the charge freely.”

“Still he is innocent.”

“What is his object, then?” asked the justice, more interested than ever in the conversation, and the subject of it.

“To save me from prison, sir,” said Minnitti, while her bosom heaved with sobs that well nigh choked her.

“Do you know this to be true?”

“What other purpose could he have in view?”

“True, true—if he be not guilty in fact. Say, is this Fernando thy lover, girl? Speak!”

The gipsy blushed (another wonder to those around, that a gipsy could show the color of virtue) and hid her face.

“Well, well, child,” said the justice, kindly, moved even to tears by the scene before him, “I will think over this matter, and, perhaps, if

neither of you is guilty, it may be made so to appear;” and signifying to the gipsy that she might depart, the court-room was soon cleared, and the crowd dispersed.

The justice was Sir George Paesty, and that same night, while he sat alone in his study, musing upon the examination of the gipsy, and the singular circumstances relating to it, a servant announced that a stranger desired to see him. He was admitted, and the tall, gaunt person of the gipsy leader was before him. Sir George motioned him to a seat.

“Judge,” said he, at once, “I am a man of few words. I have come here on a matter of business, and, with your permission, will speak at once to the point.”

“Go on, sir!”

“Twelve years ago,” continued the gipsy, “you lost a child!”

The old man sprang like an infuriated animal upon the person of the gipsy, and seizing him by the throat, had nearly thrown him upon the floor before the gipsy sufficiently recovered himself to release his neck from Sir George’s grasp.

“Stay!” said the gipsy, casting off the justice with an ease that showed at once his superior physical power, and with a degree of composure that proved him to be no stranger to scenes of personal conflict. “No power on earth can make me speak unless I choose. Now deal with me like a man, and I will do so; resort to force, and I am dumb forever.”

“Speak, then!” said the old man, trembling in every limb. “Speak! What of my child?”

“As I said before, this is purely a matter of business on my part,” continued the gipsy. “Will you give me five hundred pounds if I will return your daughter to you?”

“I will have you confined until you do speak!” said Sir George, reaching towards a bell to summon a servant.

“Stop!” said the gipsy. “If you resort to force, I tell you again, this secret shall die in my breast. Deal honestly with me, and I will keep my word to the very letter, and your child shall be restored.”

Sir George sunk back in his chair, overcome by the exertion he had involuntarily made, bidding him go on.

“The check, sir,” said the gipsy. “Draw me the bill for five hundred pounds, and I will then go on.”

Without a word further, Sir George drew a bill upon his banker for the amount specified, saying to the gipsy, as he exhibited the draft, honestly drawn and filled up:

“Now, sir, speak; and if you give me faith

ful intelligence, upon my honor, the draft and money shall be yours."

"Enough; I am satisfied. Now, Sir George, the girl that was tried before you to-day, charged with theft, is thy daughter!"

"My God!" exclaimed the agitated parent, scarcely able to contain himself; "bring her to me at once."

"Stay, sir," continued the gipsy. "First let me explain to you my own agency in the affair."

"No matter, no matter—I forgive you. Bring me my child!"

"But I ask no forgiveness; first let me explain. I learned this secret in a distant land, from a man who had been paid to destroy your child, but who, taking a fancy to her, preferred to save her life, and adopted her. When I learned this from him, he was on his death-bed. I promised him to bring her to you. I have done so, and now only demand payment for my expenses."

Saying which, he coolly placed the draft in his pocket, saying that the girl should be sent at once to her father.

Part of the gipsy's story was true. He, who had stolen Louise from her home, was dead. The present leader of the tribe did not come to Sir George, however, until he ascertained that Renwood was deceased, and that nothing was to be made by keeping the secret. So had he in part spoken truly.

At the expiration of an hour, during which Sir George could hardly conquer his impatience, Minnitti, the lovely danseuse, entered the justice's apartment, and was at once clasped in his arms, with barely a word, that told her all.

"O, Heaven!" said the father, while he alternately pressed her to his heart, and held her from him, that he might see more clearly her womanly perfections, "I thank thee for at last returning her to me, so beautiful, so gentle, so loving—ay, and so pure; there can be no guile or deceit in that face."

And Sir George was almost beside himself with joy and delight.

"Louise," said he, the tears streaming from his eyes, "dear, dear Louise!"

"I do remember that name," said she, musing. "It comes over me like a dream, long, long forgotten!"

"Ah, my child," said Sir George, "nothing on earth shall again separate us from each other!"

"But father—dear father," said Louise, bewildered and over-happy, "will you release Fernando?"

"Ay, at once! The brave fellow who would

have saved thee at the expense of his own liberty, shall be suitably rewarded."

As he spoke, he wrote an order for his immediate release, which was despatched forthwith by a servant, with directions to bring the gipsy to Sir George's apartment. In the meantime, Louise's early history was crowded upon her astonished ears, almost in a single breath, while Sir George wondered that he had not at first discovered the likeness of Louise to her mother, which was now so apparent at a glance. Rarely is there such a quantum of joy crowded into one single hour, as filled the one we have cited. It was no longer mere time, but swift-winged seconds.

Fernando came at last, little dreaming of the denouement that was awaiting him. He was surprised to find Minnitti in the company of Sir George, and at once rightly conjectured that his release was owing to her intercession; but his astonishment was beyond description when the true position of the matter was explained to him. Suddenly he became sad, and a tear even trembled in his handsome eye, when the justice asked:

"What grieves you, my friend?"

"To realize, sir, that Minnitti's finding a father must be the cause of our separation."

"How so, sir?"

"Would one of your blood and standing in the world, marry a child to one of the proscribed race?"

"Ay," said the justice, "Louise should be yours if you were the—the—I won't exactly say what, after the proofs of affection you have shown her. Why, she tells me that for a year, ever since you first joined the band in Spain, you have been like a brother to her, having a care for all her wants, protecting her from insult and injury, in more than one instance, at the peril of your life. Here, sir," said Sir George, "the world may call me a fool if it chooses, but give me your hand, and yours, too, Louise. There," placing them together, "you have a father's blessing; may you be happy."

Fernando pressed the tearful girl to his breast, saying:

"Dear Louise, blessed be the power that overrules us all!"

"Dear Fernando, how happy we shall be now, with every opportunity for improvement. And all the fine things you have taught me, to read, to write, and everything, I can improve them all, and we will be very happy together; shall we not?"

"We will, indeed," replied Fernando. Then turning to the justice, he said: "The trial is

passed, and now I, too, will speak. One year since, I made a vow, on quitting my studies, that I would seek a wife who should love me for myself alone. Being of noble birth—nay, start not, it is true—I assumed these rustic garments and determined to wear them until I found a heart, and proved it worthy of my love. I saw Louise as a gipsy. I loved her at once; yet I determined to keep my oath. I tested her affection in every reasonable way, and learned to love her for her purity of mind, as well as her extraordinary beauty of person; travelled with her, danced by her side, slept in the same camp, and when the time had nearly come for me to take my gipsy wife to my bosom, lo! I find her of gentle birth like myself, while each has truly proved the other's love."

"And such faithful love Heaven must surely bless," said the father, wiping the big tears away from his furrowed cheeks. "O, spare me from any further disclosures!" said Sir George, "lest I find the next shall awake me, and prove all this joy but a dream."

"It is too tangible for mere fancy," said Fernando, again embracing Louise, "for see, I hold thee, dearest, to my heart."

"God is great," said the justice, raising his hands to heaven; and while they knelt there, the gray-haired old man poured forth a prayer which was redolent of the overflowing of a heart filled with gratitude and joy.

Fernando de Cortez was indeed born of the blood-royal of Spain, and in this romantic way had he chosen himself a wife. We might make our tale more complete by adding to it, but still we could only show that happiness was the future lot of **THE GIPSEY GIRL**.

MAY BE MISTAKEN.

The Boston Evening Gazette, illustrating the text, "judge not, lest ye be judged," tells an anecdote of a lady residing in a boarding house, who sympathized most deeply with a poor little woman, who occupied the room above her, on account of the late hours her husband kept. She heard him come in at all hours of the night, rarely before midnight, and was surprised to see the injured wife wearing so pleasant a smile. The worm however, she concluded, was gnawing at her heart. The husband she classed among the fiends of society, who, forgetful of their marriage vows, indulge in dissipation and licentiousness. The couple, however, appeared very happy, and on Saturdays were rarely separated. On inquiry, she found that the husband was a sub-editor on a daily paper, and that his late hours were to be attributed altogether to his duties, especially on steamer nights.

Imitations please, not because they are mistaken for realities; but because they bring realities to mind.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE CZAR.

An incident has been related, which is highly creditable to Nicholas. Passing, on a winter's evening, by one of the guard houses in St. Petersburg, he had a curiosity to see what was going on in the interior. The officer on duty was seated near a table, tranquilly sleeping, but with helmet on, sword at his side, and accoutrements irreproachable. The Emperor made a sign to the sentinel to let him enter, and, approaching the table, he perceived on it a paper, on which the following memorandum was written:

State of my expenses and of my receipts.

DEBT.

Lodging, maintenance, fuel, etc.,	2000 roubles.
Dress and pocket-money,	2500 "
Debts,	3000 "
Alimentary pension to my mother,	500 "
Total,	8000 "

CREDIT.

Pay and other receipts,	4000 "
Deficit,	4000 "

"Who will pay this sum?" This question terminated the account, and the officer, unable to find any answer, had fallen asleep with the pen in his hand. The Emperor approached him, and having recognized him as one of the best-conducted amongst his guards, took the pen gently and wrote beneath the appalling question the significant name of "Nicholas;" he then quietly withdrew, without awakening the officer, or having been seen by any other of the soldiers on guard. The surprise of the guardsman may be imagined, who, on waking, found the Emperor's signature on the paper before him, and learned the mysterious visit with which he had been favored. The next morning, to his further surprise and delight, he was presented, by an orderly, with a letter from Nicholas, in which he was admonished to choose for the future a better time and place to sleep, but to continue, as in the past, to serve his Emperor, and to take care of his mother.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce*.

INGENIOUS.

Our landlords are getting mighty particular about their tenants, as well as their rents. If a body has half a dozen children, and of course more need of a house than if he had none at all, he is very coolly told he cannot have the premises.

"Have you children, madam?" inquired one of these sharpeners, of a lady in modest black, who was looking at one of his houses, just finished and in perfect order.

"Yes," said the gentle mother, "I have seven, sir, but they are all in the church yard." A sigh and the dew of a tear gave impressiveness to the painful remark, and without farther parley the bargain was closed. Her little flock were waiting for her in the church yard, round the corner, and were delighted to hear that she had found a snug house so speedily. The landlord says he shall never trust a woman in black after this.—*Portland Transcript*.

WHY THUS SAD?

BY A. GREWIN STAPLES.

O, why thus sad to-night, my love,
Am I not by thy side?
And do I not for thee alone
Stem life's tempestuous tide?
Does not thy every smile, love,
Awaken in my breast
A pride to know thou art my own—
And I am ever blest?

O, why thus sad, when all around
Are joyous, wild and gay?
The zephyrs sport among thy locks,
And with thy tresses play.
Sweet perfumes from the scented bowers
Are wafted on the breeze,
Yet thou art sad to-night, my love,
And seeming ill at ease.

O, why thus sad?—can sorrow find
Its dwelling-place in thee?—
Or, does some memory of the past
Bespeak thy misery?
The stars their silent vigils keep,
The silent moon gleams bright;
All, all is mirth and gladness, love—
Still thou art sad to-night.

O, yes, I'm sad to-night, my love,
For joys can't always last;
And though I'm thoughtful now, 'tis not
From memory of the past.
These zephyrs sporting with the leaves,
Whisper a tale of woe—
Of death, which bids me to prepare
Far hence from thee to go.

THE TAILOR'S WISH.

A TALE OF THE ORIENT.

BY MARTIN S. WING.

ONCE upon a time, in those good old days when genii roamed unrestricted over the earth, meddling with the affairs of men and influencing their deeds for good or evil as humor or passion dictated, there lived in the renowned city of Bagdad a certain Haroun Kadoran. A quiet man was he—a tailor by trade—and respected by his neighbors for his correct and amiable deportment and his devout performance of the daily duties required by the Prophet.

As we have said, he was a quiet man and contented. Being very industrious, he earned a comfortable living for himself and family, and he wished for nothing more—not even another wife, although he had but half the usual number allowed by the Mussulman faith. They were as beautiful as he could afford to buy, and he believed them virtuous. He had two children, a

boy and a girl. What more could he wish for? One evening as he was rambling through the city, he fell in with one whom he judged by his dress and conversation to be a merchant from Damascus. With a courtesy peculiar to the East, and especially distinguished in Haroun Kadoran, he invited the stranger to his humble dwelling and entertained him hospitably.

On the following morning, as the stranger opened the door to depart, he accidentally stumbled against an artisan who was carrying with great care a large porcelain vase, causing the man to drop the article, which was dashed in a thousand pieces on the pavement. The man by his loud outcries soon drew a large number of his neighbors to the spot, who seized upon the stranger and took him before the Cadi. That personage, after hearing the case, decided that the stranger should pay to the artisan thirty pieces of silver, which was the value of the vase, or otherwise be imprisoned for several months. "Alas! your highness," said the stranger, "I am a poor man, and have not so much money in the world. My caravan was robbed on my way hither, and I have now but these five pieces of silver wherewith to return home." But the Cadi declared that he must go to prison.

Haroun Kadoran had been much edified by the wise conversation of the Damascene while at his house the night before, and was now exceedingly moved by his misfortunes; and accordingly he himself paid the thirty pieces of silver, although he was obliged to sell part of his stock in trade to obtain the means to do so. The stranger on being released publicly thanked him and walked home with him. When they arrived at the shop of the tailor, the stranger, taking a seat, after a few moments spoke as follows:

"Haroun Kadoran, you think me to be a merchant of Damascus, such as I appear. You are deceived, as are other mortals, by my appearance. I am one of a large band of genii who are continually wandering over the earth, habited in the guise of mortals, seeking amusement and profit by observing the whims and intrigues of mankind. Possessed of the great powers of our race, we seek out the benevolent and amiable, as well as the wicked and intriguing of your kind, and reward or punish them as they deserve. I observed with delight your generosity to day, and will now reward you by granting any request you may make of me—but first here are the thirty pieces of silver you loaned me; I return them as a matter of justice. I will give you a week to decide what you most wish for. Farewell!" And before the tailor could recover from his astonishment the spirit had vanished he knew not

whither. He was almost inclined to believe it a dream, but there lay the thirty pieces of silver, and although neither door nor window had been opened, his guest was invisible. He was forced to believe his senses.

That night he slept but little. Like a prudent man, as he was, he had confided his good fortune to neither of his wives, and consequently was not disturbed in his cogitations. By morning he had decided that he would wish for great riches—wealth that would exceed the brightest visions of the Sultan—and for almost three hours of the next day he was impatient for the week to pass away. Then he began to think where he should keep his treasure when it was in his possession, and he could not decide upon any plan that exactly suited him. At first he thought he would bury his money, but then he remembered how one of his friends who had saved a small sum had lost it all—thieves having discovered and made way with it after it was hidden in the earth. Investing his money in goods was next thought of, but with it came the dread of robbers and of various mishaps by sea and land. Many other thoughts by turns occupied his mind during the day, but at night he retired dissatisfied, and dreamed of persons murdering him for his wealth. In the morning he awoke unrefreshed, but with a good resolution half formed in his mind. "Away," said he, "with all these dreams of wealth. If the very thought of riches renders me so unhappy, how could I live in possession of them!" So the object of his supreme wishes was yet to be found.

For many days he wandered about in a state of uncomfortable indecision. Various indeed were the visions which appeared to him of pomp, and power, and glory—of beautiful women who acknowledged him as their lord, and of brave men who called Haroun Kadoran their leader—which might be realized simply by wishing for them. But he weighed and considered them all in his mind, and imagined they would not add to his happiness. At length it was the evening previous to which the genie was to re-appear, and he was still undecided. He lay awake, endeavoring to fix his mind, when it occurred to him, what a fine thing it would be if he could know the *thoughts* of every one. The more he considered the suggestion the more it pleased him, and he at length resolved that *that* should be his wish.

The genie re-appeared and demanded of him what he would ask for. The tailor fell on his knees and said, "O most mighty spirit, I pray that power may be given to me to read the hearts

of mankind. That they may be unto me as the written pages of the Koran."

The spirit replied not for several minutes, but at length said, "Be it so, but it is a strange wish, and a dangerous power I grant to thee. Unless wielded with more than human discretion, it will bring upon thee much trouble. Should you ever desire to recall your wish, you have simply to swallow the contents of this vial and I will appear to you and withdraw my dangerous gift." So saying, he departed, leaving a small vial filled with a red liquid upon the couch on which he had been reclining.

In a few moments a rich merchant of Bagdad came to the shop of the tailor to purchase some cloth, and Haroun Kadoran was delighted to find that all the thoughts of his customer were revealed to him. While they were engaged in trade the daughter of the tailor, more beautiful than the day, passed through the shop. The tailor perceived that the merchant was bewildered by the charms of the maiden, and was even then thinking how he might obtain possession of her and make her his slave. Greatly enraged, he seized the merchant by the hair and beating him severely thrust him from the shop. The merchant raised a great outcry, and the tailor was borne before the Caliph, where a complaint was made against him and at the same time several pieces of gold were slipped into the hand of the Caliph by the merchant, which so influenced him that before hearing the defence of the defendant he resolved to decide against him. Haroun Kadoran, perceiving what was passing in his mind, tore his hair and exclaimed, "O, most unworthy Caliph! whose mind is corrupted by gold, and whose heart is filled with deceit. Even now hast thou decided against me in thy mind, and art thinking not of justice but of gold." Then was the Caliph greatly enraged, and he ordered his slaves to strip the tailor naked and drive him from the city with whips; all of which was done, and the poor tailor wandered naked and bruised beyond the walls. At last he came to the house of a rich man, who clothed and fed him and sent him from the house with his pockets lined with gold. But the wanderer looked into his heart and found it was not charity that dictated the kindness but the desire of displaying his generosity before his friends. But this time the tailor wisely kept silence. He journeyed on, and at length came to a grand and beautiful city. It was a holiday in honor of the birthday of the Sultan, and a magnificent procession paraded the streets. There was the Caliph seated on a beautiful horse and surrounded by numerous guards, and his Vizier was by his side. The tailor read

the heart of the latter, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "O, most base and unworthy servant of the Prophet.. Thou ridest beside his highness the governor of the city, with smiles on thy face and sweet words flowing from thy tongue; but thy heart is filled with corrupt and wicked designs, and lies without end pour from thy mouth. Even now thou art plotting against the Caliph and thinking how thou mayest best injure him with the Sultan. Thy greatest pleasure would be to wait upon him with the bow-string, that thou mightest take his place."

The crowd looked upon the man and wondered at his boldness. The Caliph looked suspiciously upon his minister, and believed the accusation. The Vizier turned red and white by turns, and in a voice of thunder commanded the guards to seize the defamer and cast him in prison, and then endeavored to allay the suspicions of the Caliph. Haroun Kadoran was thrown into a dungeon. The Caliph was satisfied of the innocence of his Vizier, and that night the latter respected gentleman died very unexpectedly. His funeral was not largely attended. The tailor lay in the prison for several weeks before he was liberated; indeed, every one seemed to have forgotten him. He made some remarkably good resolutions respecting the propriety and advisability of keeping a more strict watch over his tongue. Hardly was he once more free, when seeing a rich man riding on a magnificent horse and preceded and followed by numerous slaves, and reading his thoughts—struck with horror and forgetting his recent mishaps, he cried out, "O citizens, behold in your midst a vile robber—a base villain—a perjured ingrate—who now wishes to add to his other successful crimes the destruction of a poor man by accusing him of theft before the Caliph. He wishes, O citizens! to add the small piece of ground belonging to the poor man to his vast possessions. He intends—" but he was allowed to proceed no further, for the rich man, greatly enraged, ordered his servants to beat him severely, and the citizens joining in the work, he was driven, followed by a hooting mob, in disgrace from the city. He was so sore that he could proceed no further than a little grove, where laying himself down, enraged at himself, and cursing his ill fortune, he resolved to rid himself of his unfortunate gift as quick as possible. Just as he was about to swallow the contents of the vial he perceived two men quarrelling violently. Wishing to know the cause of their disagreement, he almost involuntarily looked into the heart of the person nearest him and saw that the subject of the dispute was an ass which each claimed, and without reflection he said

aloud, "O man! thou who standest next to me; why dost thou wish to disturb that person in the possession of his property, when thou knowest that thine own ass fell dead on the road at the distance of three hours' journey from here, and that thou hast no more claim to that animal than have I?" Then was the man he addressed greatly enraged, and cursing him for a villain and a liar, threatened to beat him to death with his club. But the other man, who was greatly pleased at this unexpected assistance, interfered and swore that the tailor should not be molested, but that he would take him home on his ass and clothe and feed him. But Haroun Kadoran grown suspicious, looked into the heart of the man to see if sincerity was there, and found that he was but a common thief, who had stolen the ass, and would rob him of what small possessions he had about him; and in a voice of passion he said, "O most miserable robber! To you no more than the other man does the ass belong, but to the widow in the city which you see yonder, from whom thou hast stolen it!" Then the robber, enraged, joined the other man in beating him and they left him on the ground senseless. But they acknowledged to each other that what he had said was true, and agreed to sell the ass at the next town and divide the money equally.

On recovering his senses the first act of the tailor was to swallow the contents of the vial, and the genie immediately appearing to him, he exclaimed, "O most potent spirit, I beseech you to deprive me of that mischievous power you have bestowed upon me. Already has it brought upon me three beatings and an imprisonment. I perceive that it is a dangerous gift in the hands of an ignorant man; therefore I pray you to recall it." The genie granted his prayer, and told him that if he wished for any other power or acquisition in place of that he had so willingly resigned, he had but to name it and it was his. But Haroun Kadoran, inspired by a holy horror of supernatural gifts, replied that he wished for nothing but restoration to his former mode of life, and from that time forward the tailor was noted as the most contented man in Bagdad.

A justice of the peace, in Ohio, has adopted a novel mode of putting the test to all persons who are brought before him under charge of having taken too much stimulus. He has procured a long narrow plank, which is elevated from the ground by means of a brick at each end. This the accused is made to walk—or rather to attempt to walk. If he succeeds, he is at once discharged, and the constable saddled with the costs; but if he falls off, it is taken as *prima facie* evidence against him, and the sentence of the law is forthwith pronounced.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Home of my youth! still fondly I love thee,
 Though years may elapse ere I see thee again!
 The dear ones I loved may all be departed,
 And the last link be broken in friendship's sweet chain.

O, why am I left, a lone exile to wander,
 Away from my country and all I hold dear?—
 With memory forever upholding before me
 The scenes of the past, and the last parting tear.

Sadly I wander from city to country,
 And strive in their changes to banish the past;
 'Tis useless, 'tis vain—it will be with me ever,
 And cling to my heart while a life throb shall last.

THE RUSSIAN SERF.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTIRE.

ONE of the villages in Kostroma was mostly owned by a man, named Soltikof. This Soltikof was very wealthy, and, like most of the Russian gentry, looked upon gold as the chief good of earth, and to fill his coffers he hesitated at nothing which the laws of custom would allow him. Not far from Soltikof's principal estate, was one of those small schools which had been established for the children of the free peasants, and which was well attended and well governed. When Nicholas ascended the imperial throne, he found that these schools, which had been established by Alexander, had gone into almost entire disuse. Most of the school-houses were closed, and the grass grew rank and tall in the threshold paths. But the new czar took hold of the work with a will, and ere long the teachers were again at work, and education began to flourish in the empire. Of course that education was far below our common school standard, but still it was a vast improvement for Russia, and the people found it so.

Among the serfs upon Soltikof's estate, was an old peasant, named Faudof. This Faudof had a daughter, seventeen years old, named Anne, and it made his heart ache to see her grow up in ignorance, while the children of other peasants were attending school. So he went to his master, and begged that his child might attend school one third of the time; but Soltikof said *no*.

"I will work for you harder," said Faudof. "Let my child go to school, and I will put more money into your purse than you can make by keeping her out."

"How?" asked the master, ever ready to lis-

ten to any project that promised to put a few additional roubles into his purse.

"Let Anne attend school, and I will give you all my work for the six days of the week which she goes."*

Anne was employed as a servant in Soltikof's own dwelling, and he liked not to give her up; but he soon convinced himself that he should make more money from the stout peasant's three days' work than from the maiden's six, and he finally consented that the girl should go to school.

Anne was one of the most beautiful girls in the town,—of medium size, with brown, curly hair, deep blue eyes, a very fair skin, features not only regular, but lovely in their mould, and dimples upon her rosy cheeks and chin, which helped her eyes wondrously in giving charm to her warm smiles. She fairly cried for joy when she learned that she was going to school, and in the fulness of her heart she kissed her master's hand, as though he had been most magnanimous in this grant. She donned her best attire, and when she entered the school, with downcast eyes and trembling step, not one of the scholars felt vexed to see her there; for, serf though she was, all loved her for her beauty and gentleness.

Olga was the teacher's name. He was the son of a wealthy merchant of Veluga, and only two-and-twenty years of age. Of course he had taken the school more from the love of teaching than from the desire of pay; for the scanty pit-tance allowed him for his services was as nothing to him, since his father was willing to supply his every want. But Olga liked to teach, and it was a source of recreation, as well as a means of information; for he had much opportunity to study human nature in his little school.

Anne stood in the middle of the floor, and she wondered if the teacher would receive her. Olga saw her standing there, and he approached her and asked what she wanted. She raised her large blue eyes to the speaker's face, and they were filled with tears.

"You will not reject me, sir," she uttered, in a sweet, tremulous tone. "I am a serf, but my master has granted that I may come here and study."

"You are Soltikof's serf?"

"Yes, sir."

* By the laws of Russia, those serfs who support themselves on land allotted to them for that purpose, have to work for their masters only three days in the week, and such serfs cannot be sold away from the land thus occupied. If the master causes the serf to work for him all the time, which he is at liberty to do, he must feed and clothe him. In manufactories this is done, and also in the case of body servants, etc.

Olga seemed surprised, for he knew the character of the avaricious burgher, and he wondered that he should thus give away the time of one of his servants. Anne's quick eye detected the look, and she knew its meaning.

"My father works all the time, sir, while I am here," she said.

Olga smiled upon his new pupil, and assured her that he should teach her with pleasure, and then gave her a seat. The poor bond-maiden was happy now, and she took hold of her studies in earnest.

One month passed away, and during that time Anne had made such progress as caused both teacher and scholars surprise. Olga devoted much time to her, and he seemed never to tire in hearing her sweet voice, and in noting the bright sparkle of her eye as idea after idea became developed to her mind. And during that month the beautiful serf had exhibited her character fully, and Olga was not surprised to find that all her mates loved her fondly. Only one thing annoyed him. Among his scholars was a youth, not far from nineteen years of age, the son of a free peasant, and this youth was very intimate with Anne, and his eye would sparkle, and the warm blood mount more freely to his face, when she smiled upon him. Olga saw this; for his vision had become very keen in watching Anne's movements, and it troubled him. Strange that the son of the rich merchant should have felt thus!

One day in autumn, when the weather had grown cold, and the foliage of the earth had become sear and crisp with the frost-touch, Anne sat in her seat, and her face wore a sorrowful look. Ever and anon a bright tear would start from her eyes, and glisten a moment upon her long lashes, and then fall upon her book. Olga saw it, and his own countenance seemed troubled.

That night, after all the rest of the scholars had gone, Olga bade the bond-maiden remain.

"Anne," he said, when they were alone, "you have been sad to-day. Why is it?"

There was something so kind in the speech of the noble young teacher, that the girl burst into tears.

"Why is it?" repeated Olga, softly, taking her hand in his own. "Tell me, for you may surely trust me."

"The time draws nigh when the school will close," she said, "and I may never come again."

"But there will be another school."

"I know it, sir; but I am not—"

"Speak on."

"I meant that I am not free to come and go as I will."

"And you would like to be free?"

"Free?" uttered the maiden, while the rich blood mounted to her temples, and her whole frame quivered. "No, sir," she whispered; "I think not of it, for 'twould make me very miserable."

Olga drew the fair girl nearer to him, and now his own voice was sunk to a whisper.

"But you would like to be free?"

"How could I help it?"

"And would you live with me if I could make you free?"

Quickly the maiden withdrew her hand, and with a shudder she started back. For an instant the blood rushed wildly to her face, and then it all fell back to her heart, and she was pale as death.

"What ails you?" Olga asked, with alarm.

"Let me go, sir," she murmured, half turning away.

"But stop. Have I offended you?"

"I am not offended, sir. I am but a poor serf, but—but—I am not so poor as to sell my soul for the liberty of my body!"

Olga gazed a moment into the fair girl's pale face, and then he comprehended her meaning. Kindly he reached forth and took her hand again, and when she was once more drawn to him, he said:

"I will not be offended that you know me so slightly as to misunderstand my meaning; for I know the things you have seen among the burghers who have power. But listen to me now. I have seen enough of life to know that true worth belongs to no particular station of life, and in searching for a companion who should share with me the joys and trials of life, I must find a soul pure and elevated, a heart true and faithful, and a disposition kind and forbearing. I have found it all in you, for I have watched you well. Now will you come and live with me, and be my own true and lawful wife?"

Anne would have sank down senseless had not the teacher supported her, for the strange words she had heard, with their startling import, sent such a thrill to her heart that its motion was, for the while, stopped. But she soon revived, and Olga repeated his question. It was sometime before she answered, and when she did, she bade him to do what he liked in honor and truth.

On the next day a rich old merchant came from Veluga to visit the school. He was a kind, benevolent-looking old gentleman, and Olga introduced him as his father. The visitor called Anne up, and examined her carefully; and then he called up others; but none of the rest did he examine as he had Anne. That evening the teach-

er smiled, as he walked a short distance by the maiden's side, and he told her that his father had granted his request.

Olga sought old Faudof's cot that very night, and when he had told his wish in plain language, the poor peasant wept with joy. In the fulness of his gratitude, he caught the youth's hand and sank down upon his knees.

"God bless you, sir!" he ejaculated. "O, she is mine only child, and she will be free! Her children will be free,—and so shall my descendants on earth not weep that I gave their mother to life from my loins!"

And yet Olga wished not to buy his own wife. He bade Faudof go and ask of Soltikof his price for Anne. The old peasant did so, and the master wondered much at the servant's question.

"Why do you ask me that?" he said.

"Because I hope to see my daughter free."

"And have you the money to buy her?"

"I hope I can raise it."

The avaricious man pondered for a while, and he suspected near the truth; and he named ten thousand roubles as his price. Faudof returned in despair, for he feared the youth would not pay so exorbitant a sum. But he was mistaken. On the very next day Olga brought eleven hundred gold imperials, which was considerable more than the sum demanded.

"Here," he said, as he handed it to the old man, "this is yours. Go, now, and buy your daughter, and you shall give her to me free."

Faudof knew how delicate was the feeling which prompted this gift, and he wept anew with joy.

Soltikof was in his dwelling when his serf, Faudof, came with a bag of gold. The master took it, and poured it out upon the table, and his eyes sparkled admiringly as he saw the bright yellow pieces.

"Is this all yours, Faudof?"

"Yes, my master. You may count out the ten thousand roubles, and let me have the rest."

"Never mind the counting. I'll keep the whole."

"But there are more—"

"I'll keep it safe for thee, Faudof."

"Then give me a receipt. Give me some bond for my child," uttered the old man, not daring to dispute about the money.

"In time I will. Go to your cot now, and I will confer with Anne. Go!"

"But—"

The master raised his staff, and the old peasant went away.

The sordid wretch now resolved that he would keep both the maiden and the money, for they

both were his; and on the next day he went to seek Anne, but she had gone to school. He had learned that 'twas Olga who wanted her, and he feared the youth would take her away; so he hastened off to the school house to bring her home, for he meant to keep her for himself!

Just as the school master came in sight of the school-house, he saw Faudof entering, and before he could get there, the peasant had told Olga all that had happened. But Soltikof came boldly in, nevertheless, and ordered Anne to accompany him home.

"But, sir," said Olga, "her father has bought her of you."

"Her father has had no money to buy her, sir," returned the master.

"He did, for I gave it to him, and I know he gave it to you."

"You forget, young sir," retorted the wretch, with a demoniac look, "that all Faudof's earnings belong to me. If he earns money more than he needs to support life, it is mine, and I have it safe. I do not think you will deny that Anne is mine!"

Olga saw that his money was lost, for Soltikof spoke the truth. But before he could make any reply, some one knocked at the door, and in a moment more, two strangers entered the school-room. The one in advance was a tall, powerfully built man, in the vigor of life, and with a modest, frank bearing. He wore a long pelisse of fine fur, fastened about the waist by a girdle of silk, and his boots and bonnet were of the same kind of fur. His companion was dressed in the same manner.

"I have come," said the stranger, "only to see how your school appeared, for I feel a deep interest in education. I suppose you admit visitors."

"Of course," returned Olga, striving to check his wild emotions, which had been called up by the scene just opened.

Poor Anne had striven to control her feelings when the strangers entered, but she could not. The hot tears would burst forth, and her sobs were low and deep. The stranger—he who had entered first—noticed this; and he noticed other things, too. He could not but see Faudof's agony, and the young tutor's distress. And in a polite, careful manner, he asked what it all meant.

"I'll tell you, sir," answered Olga, after a moment's hesitation. "This weeping maiden is this old man's child; and they are serfs of John Soltikof, whom you see before you. This old man asked his master for what price he would sell Anne's freedom, and the master told him ten

thousand roubles. I gave Fandof eleven hundred double imperials, meaning that he should have a hundred of them for himself, and that with the rest he should buy his child. He accordingly carried the whole sum to his master, and asked him to count out the sum required for his child, and return the rest. But Soltikof kept all the money, and now swears that he will keep the maiden."

"A most strange case, truly," said the stranger; "but I suppose the master thinks the law is on his side."

"Of course it is," responded Soltikoff, quickly.

"And yet," added the other, "I should hardly think your course an honorable one."

"How, sir! Do you dare to call my honor in question?" cried the master, in a rage.

"Do not get angry," said the stranger, with something like a smile upon his lips, but yet such a smile as few liked to see, who knew its import. "You received eleven thousand roubles from your serf?"

"I did not count it."

"But 'twas a large sum in gold?"

"Yes."

"And you had told him that he should have his child for ten thousand?"

"No, sir! I merely told him that was my price."

"Ah! a very nice difference, I must confess. But," continued the stranger, turning to the teacher, "why did you not buy the girl yourself? All this difficulty would have been avoided, then."

"I will tell you, sir," frankly replied Olga, moved to the confession by a strange confidence he felt in his unknown visitor. "I meant to make the noble girl my wife, and I chose to relieve her from her father's hands."

"That is laudable, at any rate. But have you a father?"

"Yes, sir; and he came here to see the maiden, and he was so well pleased with her that he placed the money in my hands at once. She is a—"

"Enough!" interrupted Soltikof. "The maiden will go back with me, and when she is gone, you, sir,"—to the visitor—"can examine the school to your heart's content."

The stranger raised the heavy staff he carried, and with a quick blow, he felled the sordid wretch to the floor. His dark eyes flashed fire, and his whole face was for a moment black with intense passion. But in the next moment he was calm.

"Young man," he said, turning to the teacher, "I admire your frankness, and I honor you

for the noble choice you have made for a wife. She is yours, sir, and I only hope that you will ever honor and respect her, for, be assured that the love and honor bestowed upon a faithful wife, will be returned to you in peace and joy ten fold."

At this juncture, while the scholars, the teacher, and the old peasant were lost in astonishment, Soltikof arose to his feet.

"Now, dog!" uttered the stranger, turning towards him, "you shall retain ten thousand roubles, and one thousand you shall give back to this old man, together with his freedom. I shall pass this way in three days from this, and if you have neglected to do my bidding, then you shall suffer."

"Tell me, sir, who you are," tremblingly uttered Olga, while Soltikof fell back.

"Only Nicholas Paulowitsch," returned the man, with a smile.

"THE EMPEROR!" cried Olga, sinking upon his knees.

"*The Emperor!*" gasped Soltikof, turning pale as death, while his knees refused to support him.

"Yes, sir," returned Nicholas, looking the wretch in the face. "And you have heard my orders. I shall see you on the third day from this."

Thus speaking, the Emperor turned and left the school-room, but before he closed the door behind him, he turned towards the young teacher, and said:

"I will visit your school when I return."

He was not fond of such scenes after the climax had passed, so he got away as soon as possible.

Shortly afterwards, Soltikoff crawled away from the school like a whipped cur, and on the next day both Fandof and his daughter received their freedom. At the appointed time, Nicholas returned and examined the school, and when he learned that Olga had kept it only out of love for the task, he praised him highly. But the czar did not visit the master, as he had promised. He found that his orders had been complied with, and he only sent an officer to demand of Soltikof the ten thousand roubles which he had received for the girl. He took them from him, as punishment for the base crime he would have committed, and bestowed them upon Anne for a dowry. All this was done while Nicholas was in the school, and when the officer had returned with the money, and the same had been passed over to Anne, he left to visit other schools in the circle.

Soltikof was informed by the officer who

came with the Emperor's order that he could seek such redress at law as he saw fit; but he knew full well that Nicholas was at the head of all law, and he wisely hid his shame in his silence.

And Olga and Anne became man and wife, while the kind and grateful old peasant came to spend the evening of his life with them. The older Olga grows, the more does he love the gentle being who has become his partner of life; and they both, with their growing children, judge of Nicholas only by the bright spots in his character.

A LUXURIOUS AUTHOR.

In this broiling month of July, I use every method in my power to guard against the heat: four servants constantly fan my apartments—they raise wind enough to make a tempestuous sea. My wine is plunged in snow and ice till the moment I drink it; I pass half my time in the cold bath, and divide the other half between an orange grove, cooled by a refreshing fountain, and my sofa; I do not venture to cross the street but in a coach. Other people are content with smelling flowers, I have hit on the method of eating and drinking them; I protest that my chamber smells stronger of perfume than Arabia Felix; and I am so lavish of rose-water and essence of jessamine that I actually swim in it. While my neighbors, at this sultry season, are overloading their stomachs with solid food, I subsist almost entirely on birds fed with sugar; these, with jellies and fruit, are the whole of my diet. My house is neither so elegant nor so costly as Fontainebleau; but it has a charming wood behind it, which the solitary ray cannot penetrate, and is admirably calculated for an invalid with weak eyes, or to make an ordinary woman tolerably handsome. The trees, covered with foliage to their very roots, are crowded with turtle-doves and pheasants; wherever I walk I tread on tulips and anemones, which I have ordered my gardener to plant among the other flowers, to prove that the French strangers do not suffer by a comparison with their Italian friends.—*Balzac.*

HORRORS OF WAR.

What a fearful glimpse of the horrors of war do we get in this brief description of night in a Balacava hospital: "A singular feature is the extent to which the patients rave. During the day little of this is heard, but when all is silent, and sleep has settled down upon the occupants of each ward and corridor, then rise at intervals upon the ear sounds which go straight to the heart of the listener. Now it is a wasted skeleton of a man who fancies himself in the trenches or on the blood-stained ridges of Inkermann valley, contending for dear life and the honor of his country. That ceases, and through the stillness comes the heavy moaning of another sufferer, at grips with death. By and-by a patient in deep consumption has a fit of coughing; and thus through the dreary hours the ear is arrested by expressions of suffering, which, heard in these huge establishments, have an awful significance."

FINALE TO A COURTSHIP.

"Flora—ah! dearest Flora—I am come—to—O, you can decide my fate—I am come, my Flora."

"I see you, Malcolm, perfectly. You are come, you tell me; interesting intelligence, certainly."

"O, Flora, I come to—to—"

"To offer me your heart and hand, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, do it like a man, if you can, and not like a monkey!"

"Plague take your self-possession," exclaimed I, suddenly starting from my knee, upon which I had fallen in an attitude that might have won the approval of Madame de Mailard Fraser; "you make me ashamed of myself."

"Proceed, sir."

"You like brevity, it would seem?"

"Yes," said Flora.

"Then—will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"Will you give me a kiss?"

"You may take it."

I took the proffered kiss.

"Now, this is going to work rationally," said Flora; "when a thing is to be said, why may it not be said in two seconds, instead of stammering and stammering two hours about it? O, how cordially do I hate all *naiserie*," exclaimed the merry maiden, clapping her hands energetically. "Well, then," said I, "humbly apart, what day shall we fix for our marriage?"—*New York Dutchman.*

THE LAWYER'S RUSE.

This story is related of a lawyer, who has since attained eminence in his profession. A case in which he was engaged as counsel for the defendant came on a certain day. As he was insufficiently prepared, he was anxious to have the case postponed for a few days, that he might have further time for his purpose. Unfortunately, there was a great press of business, and he knew that his motion would be over-ruled, unless some extraordinary reason was alleged. Under these circumstances, he bethought himself of an expedient. Rising, with his handkerchief to his face, he addressed the judge in accents of emotion:

"May it please your honor, I have just been informed that my mother is at the point of death. My emotions are too great for me to proceed in this case. I move that it be postponed until day after to-morrow."

This request would have been granted by the court, whose sympathies were strongly excited in his behalf, but at this moment, to the discomfiture of the lawyer and the amusement of the audience, the shrill voice of his mother was heard issuing from the gallery:

"Ichabod! Ichabod! how often have I whipped you for lying!"—*Transcript.*

"'Tis strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself."

LOVE.

The human heart—it is a fearful thing,
 And we must touch it tenderly. If you
 Have friends who are true and tried, and you would cling
 To them forever, remember that they, too,
 Have hearts. The storm sweeps swiftly o'er the flower—
 'Tis stronger when the sunbeam comes again,
 And for the drooping ear a brighter hour.
 Life should not be all joy and smiles, for then
 We should not know the contrasts of our being,
 We should not know the depth of human hearts.
 We know of love by hate; and 'tis by feeling
 Sorrow, laughter-loving joy imparts
 A smile and dimple to the cheek, when wild
 Exultant pleasures move us as the child.

CURING A JOKER.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

NOR a thousand miles from where I live dwelt a man named Sam Peabody—or at least, so I shall call him—for he is a good man now, and might not like to have the evil deeds of his youth made known among strangers. Sam was an inveterate joker—what is denominated a "practical joker," and though he never meant any real harm, yet he often caused much mischief by his pranks. On one occasion, when he had gone out at night enveloped in a white sheet to frighten some girls, he started to the roadside at the approach of a chaise, and frightened the horse so that the chaise was smashed up, and one of the occupants severely injured.

Sam had been talked with, and argued with, but to no purpose. He could not be made to see the wickedness of his pranks. Sometimes he would fasten lines across the sidewalk and thus trip up pedestrians; he would ring folks up in the night, and ask them if they had plenty of bedding. Once he called the doctor out at midnight to come and attend a man who had very bad fits. The good old doctor arose and followed Sam till they came to Adam Snip's little domicile, and here the joker called up the little bow-legged tailor, and the moment Snip poked his head out at the window, Sam cried: "There, doctor, is a man who makes the *worst fits* you ever saw!" and with this he ran away and left the doctor and tailor to settle the matter. This was serious business in one sense, but it set the whole town in a laugh, and Sam was delighted.

But Sam's last practical joke was near at hand. At the edge of the village lived a man named Jerry Smith. He was a stone worker by trade, and as strong as an ox. One evening Jerry's wife had been to see a neighbor, and in returning she had to pass over a place where the road was built along upon a sort of morass,

with willow trees upon each side. When she entered her house she was pale and trembling, and sank into a chair almost out of breath.

"What's the matter?" asked her husband.

"I've been frightened," gasped the woman, as soon as she could command her speech.

"But how? Where?"

"Out by the willow trees. An ox, with great horns and fiery eyes, came out at us walking on his hind legs!"

"By thunder, it's Sam Peabody!" exclaimed Jerry. "He killed an ox this morning."

"I knew it was Sam as soon as I had time to think," returned the wife, "for his voice was plain; but I was so frightened at first that I liked to have fainted."

Jerry was angry. It did not suit his fancy to see a defenceless woman thus treated. He took his hat at once and went over to a small house on the opposite side of the street where lived his partner in business, another stout, iron-corded man, named George Tyler.

"Look here, Tyler," cried Jerry. "Sam Peabody is out in the willows, rigged up in his ox-skin, frightening poor women. Come with me, and we'll punish him."

Tyler hesitated not a moment, but taking his hat he followed Jerry over to the other house. In the first place Jerry took a fireboard, and with some marking paint he painted out a flaming placard, with letters large and distinct. Then he got some of his wife's dresses, and bade Tyler put one of them on. "For," said he, "if he sees two men coming he may run."

The dresses were thrown on after a fashion and pinned to the other clothing, and then the men donned each one a bonnet. They then procured a lot of stout cord, and taking the fireboard they sallied forth. As they approached the willows, they began to giggle and twitter in squeaking tones, and ere long the fearful non-descript made its appearance. With a low, deep bellowing it walked into the road, and stood directly in front of the two pedestrians.

"Oo-oo oo-oo!" bellowed Sam.

"Mercy!" screamed Jerry.

"Ah-oua-oo-oo!"

"Save me!" squeaked Tyler.

The ox-hide approached another step, and Jerry leaped forward and seized it, and on the next moment Tyler was by his side.

"Now, Mr. Peabody, I reckon you're safe," uttered Jerry, giving him a grip like a vice.

"Don't—don't!" cried Sam.

"Don't what?"

"Don't hurt me!"

"We won't hurt you if you keep quiet, but if

you make any resistance you'll run the risk of getting your head broken."

Sam knew that it was Jerry Smith's wife whom he had frightened, and he knew that Jerry could handle him as a child. He begged and prayed, but to no purpose. The two stone-cutters backed up against one of the willows, and then proceeded to bind him to the trunk of the tree. They lashed his hands behind him, then lashed his ankles together, and then they bound him to the tree at the shoulders, waist, knees, and feet, and they did it securely, too. After this they took the fire-board and placed it against the tree above his head, securing it by nails which they had brought for that purpose.

"Mercy!" shrieked Sam, "you aren't a goin' to leave me here?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jerry, "You have had your share of joking long enough, and now we'll have ours. I would rather had you tie my wife as you are tied than to have had her frightened as you came near frightening her. Mind you, Sam, we only mean this for a joke."

And with this, the two men went away, taking no heed of the joker's cries and protestations. But they did not go far away until they were sure there would be no more passing on that road for the night.

On the following morning, Jerry set the news a going of Sam's present situation, and in half an hour after sunrise, a hundred people were collected around the willow tree. There stood Sam just as he had been left the night before, shaking and shivering with cold. The ox-skin had been fixed so as to fit him nicely, and he did really look like an ox fastened up there. He had sewed up the hide so that his legs and arms fitted into the skin of the ox's legs, and his own head was where the original caput had been, while the horns arose majestically above the whole. Just above him appeared the broad fire-board, and it bore the following announcement, in characters which could be read with ease even at a great distance:

"This is Sam Peabody, the great joker. And this is one of his own jokes in which he got trapped himself."

Jerry took down the board and let Sam read it, and then put it up again.

"Ha, ha, ha! Vot a joke," cried one.

"He came out here in that rig, to frighten poor women!" said Tyler.

"Sam, how's beef?"

"I say, Sam, can't you give us a horn?"

"What a long tail!"

"Who ever seed a hox wear boots afore?"

These, and like exclamations issued from the

crowd, and all the while poor Sam was begging for some one to come and take him down.

"In the name of mercy," he groaned, "wont somebody let me go?"

"Can't think of it yet," returned Jerry Smith. "Your joke is too good to be lost. You must have taken a good deal of pains to make that dress fit so nicely, and I should think you'd want folks to see it."

"By jingo," screamed little Adam Snip, going close up to the victim, "you have a worse fit now than I ever had! Shan't I send for the doctor?"

At this the crowd laughed uproarously. They would have had pity for any one else in town, to have seen him in such a situation, but for Sam they had none, for they knew that for years he had been annoying all whom he could; and now, since he was caught in a trap of his own setting, they thought it best to punish him. At nine o'clock nearly all the inhabitants of the village were out there, and by this time Sam began to cry. Even Jerry was touched now, and going up to the victim, he said:

"Now, Sam, I'll let you down on one condition: Promise that you'll never attempt to perpetrate a practical joke again?"

"I never will."

"Of any kind or description. You'll never annoy a human being again, if you can help it?"

"Never—never. I never will, so help me God!"

So Jerry untied the cords, and in a few moments Sam was free. He was too stiff to run, and for a while he could walk but with difficulty. But Jerry gave him his arm and helped him to his own house, and there let him remain until the crowd had dispersed.

Towards noon Sam went home, and for over a month he stuck closely to his shop, never appearing in the street save when absolute necessity required it. He kept his promise faithfully, for to this day he has not attempted to perpetrate another of his practical jokes. And people love him now, for he is one of the jolliest old men in the country, and his presence is sure to dispel anything like the sulks or blues. And among all his stories, there is not one over which he laughs more merrily than over the one wherein is contained an account of that practical joke which was so summarily turned back upon himself.

It often happens that the best persons in a community are most virulently assailed by scribblers, as boys will throw stones at the best apples on the trees.

HOME.

BY SARAH KINGAID.

Home! 'tis the spot to which our spirit turns,
No matter where we are, or how appears
The scene through which we move when gay and bright,
As well as when our path is "traced in tears."

No sunny clime with all its charms can e'er
Win our heart's love from our dear native home;
Wild were the hills, and lonely were the glens,
Where, in our childhood's years, we loved to roam.

'Neath the clear skies, in this fair southern land,
Where nature e'er appears in mildest guise,
We pine for home—home near the mountain stream,
Where the wild flowers grow on the precipice.

The sephyr's lightly play, the rivers flow
So slowly, placidly on to the sea—
But O, to be again where the free winds
And rushing waters make wild melody.

The balmy fragrance of the southern air
Throws a soft languor o'er the south's sweet child—
Unlike the bounding life and joyous glaze
Found in the native of the northern wild.

We'll seek the hills once more—perhaps again
May come the spirit of our childhood's day.
Farwell, ye fairy scenes, ye pensive shades,
Where fountains murmur, and soft sephyr's play!

THE ROBBER BARON.

BY PHILIP LEE, JR.

THERE was not a maiden in all Calabria fairer than the beauteous daughter of old Herr Von Arnheim. For, being brought up from infancy in the free air of the forest, she possessed all those natural graces which are so fascinating when unrestrained by the formalities of fashion. Her father was a tenant on the manor lands of the young baron, Lord Eldred de Gottingen. The fair Lizetta possessed a buoyant spirit, which threw a gleam of happy joyousness around her father's humble cottage. She had never known a mother's maternal love, for she had died when her daughter was but a few days old, leaving her babe in the care of her husband. Though he was a rugged mountaineer, yet he possessed a father's feelings, and he loved his daughter tenderly. And no wish of hers remained ungratified which came within the scope of his humble means. Hitherto her life had been one unobstructed stream of happiness; and her love for young Lorando Ruric was soon to be consummated in marriage. But she was loved by the Lord Eldred, who had seen her one day in the forest, in one of his hunting excursions, and from that day he resolved to win her, by fair means or foul. With the intention

of winning her regard, he had often contrived to meet her during her rambles in the forest; for she had an inquiring mind after knowledge, and enthusiastically appreciated the beauties and sublimities of nature spread out everywhere before her view. When they had met, she had always repulsed his address courteously yet firmly. During one of these rambles she was disturbed in her contemplation of the majestic grandeur of the scenery around her by a figure which emerged from among the trees and confronted her. One glance sufficed to show her the form of Lord Eldred. She would have fled homeward, but he laid one hand on her arm and held her fast.

"Ah, my pretty bird, have I got you at last, though much you have tried to elude my vigilance. I now desire to know my fate from your fair lips."

"Unhand me, sir!" cried the maiden, at the same time struggling vehemently to free herself from his grasp. "By what right do you treat an unprotected maiden in this manner?"

"By what right? Ho, my pretty one, by the right any one would another when their love is repulsed. But I have the happy announcement to make, that you are to become my wife."

"Me your wife!" cried the maiden, looking at him in alarm. "You dare not do it. Unhand me, sir, or I will cry for help."

"Your cries here will be of no avail. The forest will only return the echoes of your voice, in mockery to your appeals for help. And as to your becoming my wife, we will see what effect a confinement in the lowest dungeons of my castle will have on your decision. And you need not think that Lorando Ruric will come to your rescue, for he but yesterday fell on the battlefield."

Having given this consoling information, he placed a bugle to his lips and blew a long, shrill blast. This was quickly answered at a distance in a similar manner; and in a short time a party of armed retainers issued from the mazes of the forest and stood in waiting for the commands of their chief.

"Here, Beppo," cried Lord Eldred, addressing one who looked as if he commanded the party by his air of authority, and withal a villainous looking personage, "take this refractory bird to the castle, and put her in the lowest dungeon of the prison, and have her strictly guarded until I order otherwise."

"Ah, ah. I'll do it with a right good will," answered the worthy personage mentioned above. "And if she escapes, my head may answer for the consequences."

"Never mind your head," said the baron, "for I guess it's of no consequence; but do as I bid you."

The band then, at a sign from Beppo, seized Lizetta, and, in spite of her shrieks and entreaties, bound and gagged her, and then moved silently off towards the castle.

From the incidents already recorded, the reader will probably conclude that the character of Lord Eldred was not wholly unstained by those vices which were so prevalent in the times of which we write. And in such surmises he will be correct. For, from his earliest boyhood, he had followed unrestrained the bent of his own inclinations, unchecked by the dictates of reason or prudence; consequently, he grew up with an obstinate or headstrong will. Therefore, in his love for Lizetta, he was not to be foiled by her refusal, even if he had to resort to stringent, if not more dishonorable, means.

But to return to the maiden. When the cavalcade arrived at the castle gate, at the sound of the horn the portcullis was lowered, and the whole party was soon within the castle yard. A few minutes only elapsed, and then she was conducted to a low, damp dungeon, in the left wing of the castle, where she was left to her own reflections, and they were not of the most comfortable nature, as she pondered over her future prospects. She was now in the power of a man whom she loathed as the reptiles which crawl upon the earth. But she resolved to die rather than submit to any of his propositions. And then the death of her lover. Could she believe it? and yet it was probable, for the war had lately become more sanguinary in its character than at first. She also thought of her father, how, if he knew of her retreat, he would fly to her rescue, or die in the attempt. But, alas! no one friendly to her knew of her retreat. She was surrounded by the retainers of Lord Eldred, who were ready to execute his commands, no matter what they might be.

A person now came in with some refreshment, and informed her that the baron would visit her on the morrow. She made no reply, but only gave the attendant a despairing look. The door then closed, the key grated harshly in the lock, and she was once more left alone.

Slowly the hours wore on, and not a sound broke the stillness save the measured tread of the sentinel, as he paced up and down the dull corridor. But at last the castle clock tolled the hour of one. The moon had risen in unclouded splendor. The tread of the sentinel had died away, sleep having obtained the predominance over vigilance; and universal stillness reigned

throughout that vast pile. Lizetta still sat in the same position she had assumed on her first entering the cell, with her eyes fixed despairingly on the walls of her prison-house. Suddenly a ray of light entered a crevice in the wall, and fell on the floor at her feet. She started up, and gazed through the interstice. As she gazed a sudden idea seemed to strike her, and so overcome was she with the suddenness of the thought, that she sank down on the floor and covered her face with her hands. She remained in that position for some minutes, and when she at last arose to her feet, she was calm and her face wore a look of fixed determination to effect a purpose which had so suddenly crossed her mind. It was no less than a hope of effecting her escape which had animated her to action. That part of the castle in which the cell was situated was in a great state of dilapidation, and as Lizetta approached the wall through which the light entered; she with joy beheld a great part of it ready to crumble down at the slightest touch. She listened awhile, but no sound broke the solemn stillness which prevailed. She then cautiously approached the tottering mass, and gave it a slight push, when a portion fell with a noise that reverberated through the dim corridors with fearful distinctness. However, the noise did not appear to have disturbed any one, so she proceeded, but with great caution, as there were obstacles still to be encountered which seemed almost insurmountable; but, by dint of great perseverance, she got over the wall. But even now her prospect of escape seemed hopeless, for, though she was now in the open air, the way was thickly strewn with broken columns and large stones, while the thorns and briars grew in rank profusion around. But delay was dangerous; for the noise of the falling wall had waked the drowsy sentinel, who, after listening for some moments, concluded to enter the cell to see what was the matter. But he opened his eyes with astonishment, when he perceived that the bird had flown.

But to return again to the fair prisoner. After emerging from the wall, she hurried on as fast as difficulties would permit. For the castle was now thoroughly aroused; lights were flashing on the walls, the culverin was belching forth its hoarse notes, and the castle bell sent forth its deep-toned notes of alarm. Lizetta had now entered the forest shades, and soon after entering, she suddenly came to an opening in which the moonbeams shone with the softest radiance.

And here, to give the reader a better idea of the locality, we will briefly describe it. It was the ruins of one of those large castles which the

barons erected during the prevalence of the feudal system, and behind whose frowning battlements they had sometimes even opposed the power of their sovereign. The owner of this once impregnable castle had fought and died in the Holy Land during the Crusades. From that time the castle had sunk into ruins, and, among the peasantry around it, had the reputation of being haunted. And many were the stories told of dark forms having been seen moving up its dark corridors, and shrieks and groans being heard from its walls. But, perhaps, the beaming of the moon from under a cloud, or the wind howling through its dim aisles, might have offered a solution of its mysterious character. But the superstitions of that age were deeply rooted, and no explanation would have been accepted, as the marvellous was loved for its very fearfulness. There were, however, a few, who, being more intelligent, were not so superstitious as the mass. And among them was our heroine, who approached the ruins without any fear, though she could not restrain a feeling of awe, as she contemplated the majestic grandeur of a sight so imposing, gilded as it was with the moonbeams lighting up its old gray columns and crumbling terraces with a flood of soft light. But the danger behind her was increasing. She could hear the clear notes of the bugle ringing out on the clear night air. She could hear the portcullis come down with a crash, and the clatter of horses' hoofs thundering over the stone pavement, as they dashed out in pursuit of the fugitive. All these came with fearful distinctness to her ears. How was she to evade pursuit? The night air blew with biting keenness, and she had endured hardships in effecting her escape which her frame would have sunk under on ordinary occasions. Besides, she knew not in what part of the forest she was, for, though she had often heard of the old haunted castle, she knew not its exact location.

She was just on the point of giving up in despair, when she saw a figure moving among the ruins, and which riveted her attention, for it was coming directly towards her. But, as it came forward, a sudden tremor came over her, for she recognized the form of her lover. The thought flashed quickly through her mind: could he have risen from the grave? For she did not suspect that Lord Eldred had deceived her. The hardships of the night, combined with the emotions she now felt, were too much for her weakened frame; she sunk into a swoon.

When she came to a consciousness of her situation, she was held in the arms of her lover, who appeared to be bona fide flesh and blood, and he

was gazing down intently on her face with anxious solicitude.

"O, dear Lorando!" she exclaimed, "this is a happy, happy moment; for I have been persecuted since your absence until I was weary of life. O, how glad I am you have returned!"

And the maiden wept from very happiness.

"But, my dear Lizetta," said her lover, "how, in the name of all that's wonderful, did you come in this situation?"

"Why, the Baron Eldred sought to force me to become his wife, and I but a short time since escaped from his dungeon. But were you not severely wounded on the battle-field, for the baron told me that you were killed?"

"Did he tell you that? Ha! ha! the perfidious wretch! But be not alarmed for my safety, for I received only a slight wound on the arm."

"O, let us fly from hence!" cried the maiden, as the trampling of horses' feet were heard not far off. "For the minions of the baron are already on my track."

"Then, by the holy cross," exclaimed the youth, energetically, "I will meet him, and chastise him for his insolence."

Saying this, the young officer (for he had received a high post in the army about two weeks previous) placed a small hand-trumpet to his lips, and blew a low but shrill note.

In a moment, as if by magic, a large number of soldiers, in the imperial uniform, came out from behind the old ivy-covered pillars, and approached them.

"Be not surprised," said the youth, as he noticed the bewildered look of the maiden, "for I have lately received an appointment in the army. And I was sent to these old ruins to-night, with my regiment, to surprise a band of banditti, who are supposed to have their rendezvous within its old walls. And I have obtained indubitable evidence of the Baron Lord Eldred de Gottingen being the leader of this terrible band, which has so long infested this forest, and been a terror to travellers in these parts."

He then conducted the maiden within the shade of a large pillar, at some distance off, where she would be safe from harm during the expected conflict. He then returned to his men, in order to place them in an advantageous position for the approaching combat, which he did by dividing them in two parties, and placing one on either side of the road.

Hardly had the preparations been hastily executed, when the party appeared in sight, at a short distance off, coming at a moderate pace; for the broken columns and walls, together with

the brambles and thorns which grew thickly about, presented a strong impediment to their faster progression. As they proceeded, every hedge and projecting column was searched. But when they caught sight of the soldiers, drawn up in such formidable array to receive them, they all drew rein, as if by common consent. The baron, who rode in front, turned pale with a guilty consciousness that his schemes, whatever they may have been, were discovered. But his confusion was but momentary, for, turning to his men, he gave a few orders in a low tone; when the whole party wheeled around, and started off from the place.

But this was only a feint of the baron's to divert the attention of his antagonists, so as to set them in pursuit, and then suddenly charge on them. But in this he was disappointed, for they remained unmoved, no doubt suspecting his design. Seeing the scheme frustrated, they wheeled around, and charged with terrific force. But the disciplined soldiers received them with undaunted bravery, and many a horse, bounding riderless away, testified to their prowess.

For an hour the fearful drama lasted, and when at last the retainers of the baron, or, more properly, the robbers, were subdued, the sun had arose, throwing its beams over the scene of combat. Those who were not killed were securely bound. Among the latter was the baron, who was not taken without a stout resistance, and many imprecations against the leader of his captors. But they were of no avail; so the whole party started off with their prisoners towards the city, where their quarters were.

Lizetta was mounted on one of the horses, for her lover resolved to take her to the city with him, the more effectually to protect her from danger, her father's house being a long distance off in the opposite direction.

The trial of the baron and his men was soon in progression, when overwhelming evidence appeared, showing that he had been the leader of a band of robbers for several years. He was, consequently, sentenced to death, and a day was appointed for his execution. Previous to his execution, he made an attempt to escape, but was foiled in his design. Soon after, the remnant of his band, comprising those who were not in the melee recorded above, formed a desperate design of attempting his rescue, even on the scaffold. They were a band of reckless, daring marauders, whose delight was in danger, and they had a desperate purpose to effect.

The morning appointed for the execution dawned, and at an early hour thousands came pouring in. The martial tread of the soldiers,

the gilded trappings and gay caparisons of the steeds, and the waving of casques and plumes, gave the scene a feature of strange and thrilling interest. Scattered among the groups who surrounded the scaffold, were a party of men dressed in the habiliments of peasants of the interior, who would hardly have been noticed from the mass who surrounded them. But a keener scrutiny would have seen that they took more than a common interest in the scene. As the time drew near, they came in a body to the foot of the scaffold. Just then the clarions announced the approach of the procession. As the headsman and prisoner ascended the block, a shout burst from the multitude. The peasants threw off their outside garments, and disclosed a band of ferocious-looking men, armed to the teeth, who rushed on the soldiers, and a desperate conflict ensued. One robber, more gigantic than the rest, rushed on the scaffold, and bore the robber-baron off in his arms. The robbers fought with the bravery of despair, but were all killed or wounded to a man. The baron was recaptured, and again conveyed to the block. Then came the whizzing of the axe through the air, a rush of dark blood on the scaffold, and the robber-baron was no more.

Lorando Ruric received the badge of knighthood, and when the war was ended, received a reward from the emperor for his services, besides the honor and esteem of the people. He was soon married to his beloved Lizetta, and they retired to a spacious mansion on the banks of the Lech, where her father lived with them. Here, in rural occupations, their lives passed in quiet happiness.

THE CITY OF MYSTERIES.

Rochester, New York, is now known as the "City of Mysteries." It was here that, many years ago, the plans were matured for the mysterious disappearance of William Morgan, whose fate to this day has never been satisfactorily ascertained. Out of this Morgan affair, a political excitement was evolved that swept like a hurricane all western New York, and prostrated the Democratic party of the State. Here, also, was first printed the Book of Mormon, by the prophet, Joe Smith, who pretended to have dug the golden plates from a sand hill, near Palmyra. The result of this wonderful imposture is now seen in the strange developments in Utah. It was in Rochester that the Fox girls brought out the mysterious sounds known as the "Rochester Knockings." From this germ sprung the modern spiritual system, numbering Judge Edmonds, Senator Tallmadge, and other eminent men among its votaries. The most recent Rochester mystery was the disappearance of Miss Emma Moore, in November last, and whose body was recently found in a mill-race, under circumstances which deepen the mystery.—*New Yorker*.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

BY J. C. GARDNER.

When the sun is fast declining
O'er the valleys in the west,
And the peaceful shade of evening
Calms the troubled soul to rest:
When the hill-tops and the mountains
Are tinged with brilliant hue,
And the moon in magic splendor,
Doth its silent course pursue:

When the welcome, gentle sephyr
Cools the heated, feverish brow,
And with music, sweet and plaintive,
Doth the rippling rivulet flow:
When the wind is calm and pensive,
And the breast no anger moves—
When all vengeful thoughts and passions
The virtuous heart disposes:

Then, with fond and fresh emotion,
The enraptured soul will roam—
And the mind, with true devotion,
Turns to home—my boyhood home.
Now I feel the fond caresses
Of a mother—on her breast
Still my aching heart reposes,
And my soul is haled to rest.

None doth know how sad and dreary
'Tis to live, and hope in vain;
To breathe the fragrance sweet and pleasing,
Of our native hills again.
None doth know th' increasing fondness
Of that hallowed love of home,
THU, like me, a stranger, lonely,
'Tis his fate afar to roam.

[KATY'S HUSBAND.]

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

SUNSHINE, the rich, red sunshine of the early morning is drifting brightly into the broad valley where merry Katy Ingels lives; resting goldenly on the quaint, steep roof of the old farmhouse; running laughingly along by the border of the deep wood, whose bosom is heavy and dense with eternal shadow; or laying lazily upon the green before the cottage door, where clusters of bright king-cups and purple violets grow thick among the short, tender grass.

Yonder, at the foot of the long lane, where the oak boughs meet and cross each other overhead, and where great spangles of dew glisten among the nibbled and trampled clover-knots, is the fair Miss Katy herself, sitting on a low stool beside her favorite brindle, and humming a pleasant air, that seems to have something of a slower and sadder tone than her usual rippling trill. The little bonneted head is bowed demurely at

her task, shutting out even a glimpse of the pretty face, with its full, pouting lips and sparkling black eyes, except, now and then, when Brindle stretches her neck impatiently forward, and snuffs longingly at a fresh sprig of grass beyond her reach, and then a musical voice calls out, "So, so, Brindle," in the gentlest of tones, and the uplifted head reveals a tear or two on the bright face, and a very troubled look in the restless eyes.

What can have clouded Katy's sunny spirits? Katy, the wildest, merriest gipsy in the whole village—who is never tired of saying and doing odd things for everybody's amusement, and never so happy as when planning extravagant games, to be played off at some unfortunate offender's expense! Sprightly, laughing, roguish Katy—disturbing the gravity of staid mammas and spectacled papas, and upsetting the propriety of prim, young ladies, and bringing low the pride of the cane-flourishing, checked-pantalooned young sprigs of the neighboring town! Everybody's sunbeam, everywhere welcome, the universal favorite among the old and young of Upton, what can make Katy unhappy? And if she isn't unhappy, what is the meaning of that rueful visage and quivering lip? It is strange. Poor Katy!

Perhaps that most petulant and ill-natured of bodies, Katy's step-mother, has been overturning the phials of her hatred upon her devoted head, and making her the victim of some newly-devised plan of injustice or unkindness; but no! that cannot have saddened Katy, for she always laughs when her step-mother storms, and keeps quietly about her duties, growing merrier and more mischievous than ever. So, once more, what can have made Katy unhappy?

Just as busily she keeps at her task, humming the same pleasant, half plaintive air, and minding nothing for our curiosity; so we are not likely to learn the secret from her. But perhaps the handsome youth, with the fine hazel eyes and curling locks, who is leaning thoughtfully over the rails yonder, and looking so tenderly, and, it seems to us, regretfully, at busy Kate, in her modest gown and sun-bonnet—perhaps he can explain the mystery of the clouded face and tearful eyes.

Ah! yes, we have it now. It is a love affair, dear reader—a real love affair, our word upon it, for no less a power than wicked Cupid's could have wrought such mischief with merry, wayward Katy. There is confession in the very raptures of the young man's gaze, as his eyes are bent so fixedly, and with a look of such tender sadness, upon the little form before him.

Yes, yes, it is all plain enough now; he it is who has stolen into the fold of Miss Katy's affection, and the sombre face, with its funeral-like aspect, is in one way or another ascribable to him, we're sure of it, and, in good sooth, we do not wonder, for he is a country youth, with an honest, intelligent face, and an air of graceful ease, that speaks of cultivation and good breeding.

Suddenly a movement of Katy's arouses him, and placing his hand on the topmost round of the rustic bars, he springs lightly over, and steals cautiously up behind the unwary damsel, in whose shiny tin pail the foamy milk is rising higher and higher, till now it is almost overflowing.

As Katy pushed aside the rough stool, and stooped to lift the brimming pail, a quiet "good morning, Katy," was spoken in the richest of voices, just by her side, and a hand, stronger and browner than hers, relieved her of her burden.

"O, Ben, how *could* you frighten me so sadly?" said startled Katy, with a woefully deprecatory look, which ended with a smile and a blush that made her tenfold more bewitching than before. "But where are you going?" she added, looking wonderingly at the nicely-starched linen, and fine holiday suit, in place of the accustomed straw hat and checked frock of the farmer.

The young man looked grave, in spite of a prodigious effort to appear cheerful, and drawing his fair questioner aside, under the shadows of the great trees that bordered the lane, said, hastily:

"Katy, I have come to bid you good-by. In half an hour I shall be on my way to New York, to take passage in the first steamer outward bound for San Francisco."

There was a slight pause, and Katy's face grew very pale, and her voice had a tone of reproach, as she asked:

"Why didn't you speak of this last night, Ben?"

"Ah, my child, 'twas for the very purpose that I wished you to meet me at the beech grove, intending to tell you all, but whenever I touched upon the subject—as you know I once or twice did—you grew so sad and silent that my heart misgave me, and I was fain to go away with all my bright plans unrevealed, and the farewells, which more than all else I had come to utter, unspoken. But we will not let that trouble us now, Katy. My lack of courage to say what my heart would have bidden me, has perhaps spared us both a deal of unnecessary trouble. We have no time now for useless regrets, and it is, no doubt, better that it is so."

And the young man tried to look philosophical and resigned, but the traitor hand which smoothed the short, crisp curls of the little bright head that lay on his shoulder, had a quick, nervous motion that betrayed every whit of the agitation he was struggling to conceal.

"Promise me once more, dear Katy, that you will not be sad when I am gone—that nothing, not even the mistaken kindness of a father, shall turn your heart from me; and let me return to find you the same true, loving Katy that I now leave you."

"I do, I do!" sobbed Katy; and folding her for a moment to his breast, the farewell kiss was given and received, and with a murmured "God bless you, my child!" the young man turned quickly away.

Re-crossing the bars with a light bound, and resuming his valise—which he had left under the shadow of the wall, he soon gained the main road, and then walked briskly forward towards the nearest railway station.

Meanwhile, Katy, who dared not to be absent from the morning meal, bathed her swollen eyes in the rude drinking-trough, where Brindle had just plunged her brown nose, and hurriedly drying these with the corners of her apron, lifted her full pail, and walked wearily up the lane.

Presently the unmusical voice of her step-mother screamed forth a shrill "*Kat-ee*," and quickening her steps, she soon passed under the low archway of the old wood-house, and disappeared at the little back door.

Farmer Ingols was a plodding, practical, old-fashioned body, treading reverently in the steps of his father before him, and never venturing out of the path in which he had walked. Knowing little of the outward world, beyond the rustic pale of the simple village where he lived, he set his face resolutely and decidedly against whatever bore the stamp of modernism, and looked on with placid contempt as one after another of the old landmarks were swept down, and improvement upon improvement crept up to his very door.

Out of the way as he was of the great whirl of tireless action, where change succeeds change with the rapidity of thought, and invention and discovery are continually crowding out the old; it was scarcely strange that the ripples of this ceaseless outer-current, which stole in upon the quaint neighborhood of Upton, and gradually spread wider and wider about him, should be regarded with surprise and suspicion; yet, with the primitive notions that seemed to have grown up with the man, till they formed part and par-

cel of his nature, had he lived in the very heart of progression, with the din, and rush, and jostle of the onward movement around him, he would still have steeled his heart, and closed his eyes, and gone on in the beaten track, feeling that any deviation therefrom would be a reflection upon the venerated wisdom of those who had been pioneers in the way.

Thus obstinately conservative was Farmer Ingols; yet he was kind hearted and generous natured, and withal an upright and honest man—rigidly correct in principle, but weak, unsound and wavering in judgment—easily biased and overborne, yet in his prejudices, strong, bitter and unrelenting.

Such a man was the father of Katy Ingols. Long ago, while Katy was a golden-haired baby, ere Ingols Farm had as many broad acres and smiling orchards as now, the wife of his early choice, his guide and counsellor, and guardian angel, from whose tender pleadings he never turned aside impatiently, and to whose gentle voice and look of love he yielded all the sternness of his nature—she was gathered from his bosom, her hand was stayed in its labors, and her smile was darkened away from his heart, leaving him a lonely, sorrowful widower, and Katy—little, unconscious, baby Katy—a motherless orphan.

Years crept on, and when the leaves of seven autumns had faded and drifted into lonesome furrows over the buried Mary, and another came to the old farm-house as the wife of its master, and the mother of his darling Katy, who had grown a laughing, roguish maiden, people gossiped and wondered, and found it passing strange that he should have given the place of the gentle being, whom he had loved and lost, to one so widely unlike her; for the now Mrs. Ingols was a cold-hearted, scheming, ambitious woman, whom many accused of manœuvre and deceit in securing her position as mistress at Ingols Farm.

Certain it is that her strange self-will, joined with great perseverance, gained for her many contested points, as Farmer Ingols soon discovered, to his sorrow; for what with her unconquerable energy of purpose, and irresistible violence of temper, the reins of government very shortly passed from his hands into her own. But O, how different was the power which ruled him now, from the mild, persuasive influence to which he had once yielded himself as to the guidance of an angel!

Ah! very little affection did the new wife waste upon her husband, and still less upon the innocent orphan, Katy, who danced in and out

of her presence like a sunbeam, for in her heart she hated the sweet child, whom she had sworn to cherish and care for, even as a mother, because she was more beautiful and sprightly than her own little girl, the offspring of a former marriage, who was scarcely a year younger than Katy, but whom an injurious system of diet and over-indulgence had made pale, sallow, and nerveless.

Many were the bitter words and unmerited reproofs that Katy suffered, and oftentimes the disobedience and misconduct of the little Adelaide were attributed to her, and punished with cruel severity; but Katy was too sunny-tempered, and too careless and happy, to mind much for her step-mother's injustice; and so she lived on, flitting like a butterfly from year to year, till at last she was grown a pretty young lady, the pride and belle of the neighborhood, and, at the opening of our story, the pledged wife of the richest and most gallant young farmer in the whole country.

But *he*, handsome, gay Ben Miller, just at this interesting stage of affairs, had, oddly enough, conceived a strange whim to try his fortunes in the golden land of California, and such a mania did it become, that no amount of persuasion nor entreaty could induce him to abandon the design. His aged mother, widowed and alone, with only him left to comfort and support her, pleaded vainly that for her sake, he would relinquish so insane a scheme.

His friends ridiculed his cupidity, thinking, in their honest simplicity, that one who was superior in point of possessions to all the thriving yeomanry round about, needed nothing more to complete the measure of worldly wealth.

But Ben had tired of the hum-drum life of a farmer, and if success attended this new project, as he firmly believed it would, he resolved to relinquish it forever. Besides, he had a keen relish for the novel, and a fearless, daring spirit, that courted rough seas and rude gales, rather than the placid wave and the calm sky, and there was something irresistible in the thought of the wild, free life of hazard and hardship that he would lead away among the rocks and rivers, and savage fastnesses of that untamed land, where, in imagination, he had so often pitched his tent.

There was but one bitter drop in the cup which he raised to his lips, and that was the thought of leaving the little sunny maiden, who had wound herself so closely around all the fibres of his heart; but he reflected that he would soon return, with wealth, that rare auxiliary of worth, sufficient to place her in a situa-

tion better suited to her gifts and graces than the one she now occupied, and this thought reassured and gave him new courage.

Yes, he had set his heart upon going, and he *would* go; so, seeing his determination, and feeling that it would be useless to oppose it, Miss Katy wisely resigned herself to his caprice, and even favored it with her approval, because she knew well that so long as his love of adventure remained ungratified, he would be restless, discontented and unsettled; and, although this sage conclusion of Katy's clouded her bright spirits for many a day, yet she felt it to be for the best, and had too much good sense to yield to fruitless repinings or regrets. Not so with Katy's father!

What *could* be more directly in opposition to all his ancient conservative prejudices than this present movement of the young man, upon whom he had so recently smiled as the favored suitor of his daughter? He was amazed and horror-stricken as he listened to a recital of Ben's intentions, and assuring the youngster that he must be quite out of his wits, positively refused the paternal sanction to his union with Katy unless he remained at home, cared dutifully for his mother, and kept at work like a rational man, to improve the lands which he had inherited!

Many were the wise maxims which Farmer Ingols quoted to sustain his point, ending at length with the firm declaration that he, to whom he gave his daughter, must be a man of steady, industrious habits, in whose future sobriety and prosperity he could feel entire confidence.

Of course this stipulatory consent was a very serious matter with Ben, until Katy, herself, assured him of her conviction that a successful trip to the mining regions, resulting in the acquirement of a few additional thousands, would do wonders towards dissipating the very violent prejudices of her thrift-loving parent, who, like most matter-of-fact men, had a great leaning towards the substantial and the palpable, and a profound contempt for whatever appeared visionary, or in the least unreal.

Thus assured, Ben proceeded at once to make arrangements for his immediate departure, which, however, he found could not be as speedily effected as he had hoped; for there were tenants to be secured, and directions to be given, and disposals to be attended to, and provision to be made for his mother's comfort. But at last all were completed, and with a few kind words of parting, uttered hurriedly under the shadow of the great trees in the lane, and one long kiss on Katy's quivering lips, he had gone, and Katy

went busily about her morning duties, crushing back the gathering tears, and hiding her sorrow away in her heart, wickedly resolving that she would be just as gay, and wild, and merry, as though there were no such bodies as truant lovers in the world!

Now and then there flitted a little shadow over the sunshine of her face, and now and then there was, to be sure, a dreamy look in her eyes, as she replied to some question of her step-mother's with an answer quite foreign to the subject; but it was scarcely noticed, or, if at all, no one suspected its cause, and when the dinner-hour arrived, and she seated herself in her accustomed place, it was with a comfortable feeling of relief, like that of the actor-novice, who has played successfully his first part. Mistaken Katy! Little did she know how unseasonable were her congratulations! But the hour of trial was yet to come!

"Waal," commenced Farmer Ingols, as with fork plunged to its horny handle in the smoking meat, and carving-knife dexterously insinuated between the obstinate bones, he sawed away very vigorously upon the steaming shoulder of mutton; "waal, they say young Miller has cleared out, after all! *Run away, I should call it; as good as that! People ginally—so Captain Busybody says—don't think he'll ever come back agin. He's hired Parson Goodman and his wife to live up there with his mother, and take care on her two years sartin, and I guess folks don't know how much longer!*"

Here the worthy old gentleman seated himself, and commenced deliberately filling the six empty plates that were successively passed to him, as he continued:

"He's showed himself to be a silly, wuthless feller, anyhow, leavin' a good home like hisn, and one that he could allers be sure on, to go clean off to that humbug California, amongst the Injuns and bears. It tells just what he is, though. I don't *want* to know him no better'n I do now!" said he, stirring his tea with considerable energy, and gradually warming with his increased interest in the subject, as he proceeded; "Here he's got the best farm in Upton—everything about in fust rate order—buildin's and fences in good repair—owns the best stock of cattle in the country, and there's nothin' to hinder him from bein' independently rich if he'd only stay to home and tend to his business like an honest man. But I'm proper glad I squared off matters pretty even between him and Katy, here, and," as he helped himself to a very large potato from the bowl standing just by her plate, he looked with an expression of immense self-

commendation full in her face, which was crimson with tell-tale blushes, belising the apparent unconcernedness with which she listened. But Farmer Ingols was quite blind—wilfully so, perhaps—to her agitation, and added, decisively: “No gal of mine shall ever marry sich a rakish, unsidly feller as he, with *my* consent!”

“You’d better thought of that and *said* it long afore, I guess,” sharply remarked Mrs. Ingols, with an air of majestic indifference. “I allers told ye no good would come of him,” and so, indeed, Mrs. Ingols always had; for how could she be expected to see any merit in a young gentleman who could pass by her own attractive lady-daughter, to pay his court to such an unwomanly romp as Miss Katy?

Yes, Mrs. Ingols had always raised her voice against him; for it was an exceeding bitter disappointment, both to her maternal love and pride, that the pretty white house yonder, in the valley, and its handsome owner, over both of which she had once fondly hoped to see her idolized Adelaide mistress and manager, should have been virtually surrendered to the possession of another; and she never forgave either Ben or her step-child, that they had so ordained it. It was in part through her influence, perhaps, that Farmer Ingols had been led to a just appreciation of the worthlessness of the young man’s character, so manifested in his unfortunate inclination to forsake the employment of his father’s, and, in defiance of ancient custom, go abroad! At all events, however, little interest she suffered herself to manifest in the matter; she secretly rejoiced in the knowledge of the young man’s departure, involving, as it did, the refusal of Katy’s hand by the obdurate parent; and she hoped, by clever management, to ensure its early bestowal elsewhere, that thus she might provide at last a chance of securing the returning Californian for her dowdless daughter!

So she reasoned, as she addressed herself diligently to the well-filled plate before her, now and then pausing, and gravely sipping her fragrant Souchong—for the Ingols had always preserved the time-honored practice of serving up tea at dinner—and the remainder of the meal was completed in silence, much to the relief of poor Katy, who stole quickly away from the table, and gliding unobserved from the house, was soon hidden among the heavy shrubbery, midway down the lane, where, but a few hours before, she had been fondly clasped to the manly bosom of her lover, and leaning her head against the mossy trunk of an old tree, and burying her face in her hands, she burst into a passion of tears, which she could no longer restrain.

A few months had gone by, and Katy was again in the wildest of spirits, overflowing with mischief and merriment, and just as rosy and roguish as though she were not, twenty times in a day, compelled to listen to some ill-natured jeer in open reference to “the renegade lover of hern,” and as though her obstinate father had not, in the faithful discharge of what he considered his duty to himself, persisted in first reading, and then burning, the only message which had yet reached her from the wanderer, without vouchsafing to her even so much as a glimpse at its contents, but firmly assuring her that all subsequent communications, from the same source, would meet with the same warm reception at his hands, as he tossed it impatiently behind the blazing back-log in the enormous old-fashioned chimney. But most unaccountably, to be sure, none of these things had power to disturb Miss Katy in the least!

She had stolen a saucy glance at the post-mark on the unfortunate letter, and (as what woman under like circumstances would not?) straightway found means to communicate privately with her lover, and, wickedly enough, was very happy in the thought of the unfilial plans she had devised to defeat the wise purposes of her father! Perhaps, indeed, from her natural relish for mischief, and her inherent Eve-like propensities, she was even happier in the delightful consciousness of the quiet enjoyment of forbidden fruit!

However this might have been, she was never more gay or giddy than now, and there was no end to the wild plans by which she contrived to punish the presumption of the enamored Upton youths for taking unfair advantage of Mr. Ben’s absence, to urge their own unsuccessful suits; or to the quaint, arch drollery with which she teased and bantered the jealous damsels who envied her unconscious power.

Just at this juncture came Uncle Lenox, from the city, with his elegant carriage and splendid bays, and a retinue of baggage that was really formidable, and a smiling, good-natured face, that said very plainly, as he shook hands warmly and heartily with the whole family, from Farmer Ingols, who was his only brother, down to the little dirty chore-boy, with his wide grin and awkward air, “Yes, yes, I’m welcome; I know I am—don’t trouble yourself to say so—I shall make myself quite at home with you. Am glad to see you all, and mean to enjoy my visit amazingly!”

And so he did, jolly, kind-hearted old gentleman that he was—not, however, by sitting moped up in the cheerless parlor all day, where Mrs. Ingols tried to imprison him, but much to that

worthy lady's horror and scandal, by playing at hearty games of romps, hither and thither, with merry Miss Katy, joining with a true relish in her maddest frolics, and now and then laughing uproariously as he caught her unsuspectedly by popping suddenly round a corner, or dodging from behind an unclosed door.

O, rare sport had Uncle Lenox with his wayward little niece, and right well did he enjoy it, too, and never did weeks whirl by with such charmed swiftness as the four that he spent at Ingols Farm, bringing, almost unconsciously, the hour for his departure.

He had been kind, and frank, and social with all—he had been good-naturedly bland to the sharpness and oftentimes rudeness of Mrs. Ingols—blind to the insipidness and shallow affectations of her daughter, and blind to the unfortunately obstinate defects that marred the otherwise noble character of his brother, whom he loved with all the warmth and freshness of boyhood. He had brought the most costly and appropriate gifts for *all*; rich shawls and glittering brocades, and fine furs, for the ladies; and soft cloths, and handsome garments, *a la mode*—a novel dress for Farmer Ingols!—for his brother, and no one could detect a trace of partiality in their bestowal. Yet it was, nevertheless, evident to all that Katy was his favorite, his pet, his pride—and so she was; and how could he think of leaving her behind him, of depriving himself of her sunny presence, of going back to his splendid home, where there were none to welcome him but those who served for him, and of sitting alone in his great, magnificent library, where there was no sweet, young voice to make music to his heart, no light, young foot to flit over the soft carpets, and give life and brightness to the sombre rooms, and no merry, gushing laugh to respond to his own happy humor?

No, no! this dismal picture should never be realized. He had found a treasure in Katy—a sunbeam to gladden his bachelor home; and so, to the astonishment of everybody—even Katy herself—who had never dreamed of such marvellous good fortune, the morning of Uncle Lenox's departure found her in the neat travelling habit, which had been among the number of his gifts, seated beside him upon the soft cushions of the great, easy carriage, laughing and chatting in her lively, rippling way, that reminded one of the gush and gurgle of a June rivulet, and rolling pleasantly away to her new home in the great city.

For once, Farmer Ingols had been induced to yield his prejudices—not so much from the entreaties of his brother, or the persuasions of his

wife, as from his own settled conviction that nothing could so effectually obliterate from Katy's heart any regretful remembrances of her lover, or place her so completely beyond the reach of his power, as thus to remove her from all the influences which might act in his favor, or from any possibility of direct communication—so, with many earnest, secret charges to Uncle Lenox, touching that “scapegrace of a feller,” and urging the watchful care which he would be expected to exercise in that particular direction (to all of which the good man listened quietly, with now and then a mischievous twinkle in his fine gray eye), he hopefully resigned Miss Katy to the guidance and protection of his brother, rejoicing, as he did so, in the thought that his plans for defeating her persevering suitor were now secure of their accomplishment!

Mrs. Ingols, too, very warmly seconded her husband's decision, and strongly sustained his belief in regard to the probable result of Katy's removal—doing so, however, from motives altogether foreign to Katy's interest, but with an eye to the advantages which her absence would confer upon her own precious child, to whom the field would be unreservedly yielded in the event of the unfortunate young lover's return!

Miss Adelaide, who was languid and listless, and seldom burdened herself with opinions of any kind, thought very little, and cared very little about the matter, except to thank her stars that there would be no one to tease her now, and no one to spoil her cozy morning naps by calling her at unseasonable hours,—and so, it was with quite a pleasant feeling of satisfaction, among all parties, that the leave-takings were concluded, and the group on the porch of the old-fashioned farm-house stood watching the handsome carriage till it disappeared round a curve in the winding road.

“Wife!” exclaimed Father Ingols, as with great deliberation and composure he re-folded and placed upon the table, by his side, the letter which he had just been perusing, “wife!”—a pause of momentous import succeeded, and then, while a look of proud satisfaction rested upon his usually immovable features, he added, impressively—“*Katy is married!*”

“She aint, though,” jerked out that lady in a tone of surprise that labored with ill-suppressed joy at the announcement, “why, how sudden! Who is he?”

“That's what I don't know, yet; but hear what Uncle Lenox says about him,” and unfolding the letter, he read:

“I think you will be pleased with your new

son-in law, and approve of my selection, for which I take upon myself great credit. I believe he possesses, to an eminent degree, all the qualifications which you would desire the husband of your daughter to possess. He is looked upon as one of the most promising young men in our city—of good habits, active, talented, refined, rich, and withal, a rare good fellow! Let me congratulate you, my dear brother."

"There," said the old gentleman, warmly, "I allers knowed Katy would make out smart in the world, if I could get her away from that good-for-nothing Miller! She may thank me for putting my foot down that he should never have her, and sendin' her off with Uncle Lenox; if I hadn't, ten to one if the sneakin' scamp hadn't managed to carry her off, unbeknown to me, afore this time!"

"Well, it's a leetle strange, isn't it," interrupted Mrs. Ingols, wearing a pleased look, in spite of the disagreeable reflection that *would* occur to her, that Katy had married a rich husband, after all, "it's a leetle strange that Miller is expected home to-morrer!"

"How'd know?" said the farmer, looking doubtful.

"Parson Goodenow told me, this mornin', as he stopped to git a drink o' water at the well; he says they had a letter from him last night that was mailed to Boston, so he's on his way, and a'most here, that's sartain."

"Humph! Well, wonder if his mother wasn't obleeged to send him money to git home with. I alters prophesied she would. See," he added, musingly, "how long's it been since he went off?"

"Jest two year the fust of last month," said the wife, who, from some unaccountable cause, had preserved the real date with scrupulous exactness.

"Well, if he comes, let him come. I'm glad Katy's clear on him, though. But it's curis that she should be comin' the same day, aint it?"

"*She* comin' the same day!" echoed Mrs. Ingols, unable to proceed farther.

"Sartain! But I haint read that, have I?" and turning again to the letter, he continued:

"Expect us all at Ingols Farm to-morrow! We shall be a merry party, I predict, for I am just beginning to realize that I am one of the happiest old fellows in existence, which sets me in high good spirits, you must know, and then the new groom and bride are not one whit behind their old uncle, and when escaped from city restraint, I cannot answer for the infringements we may make upon the sober order of your quiet house."

"Turn everything topsy turvy, I warrant it," and Mrs. Ingols, in the height of her vexation, flounced from the room, without waiting to hear another word.

The shrill shriek of the locomotive started up sharp echoes among the neighboring hills, as the afternoon train came dashing and rushing along into quiet Upton village.

Farmer Ingols, in his best clothes and double wagon, into which were harnessed old black Peter and the bay Jilly, had repaired to the depot at a seasonable hour, and returned with Uncle Lenox, Katy, and his new son-in law, in whom it was plain that he already felt a deal of fatherly pride, as he presented him to one after another of the family. And really, it was a justifiable pride, for the glowing picture that Uncle Lenox had painted of Katy's husband was more than realized in the elegant and gentlemanly Mr. Burkley, who united, with the most prepossessing exterior, a faultless manner, and singularly fascinating address.

Genial, witty and graphic, with seemingly exhaustless resources, he was the person of all others to attract and engage the delighted old gentleman.

For more than an hour, Farmer Ingols listened, with the most intense interest and admiration, as the young stranger discoursed, in his charmingly fresh, piquant style, upon all the various topics of the times, passing so easily and naturally from one subject to another, that the transition was scarcely noticed.

Meanwhile, Katy and Uncle Lenox had stolen out of the low window that opened on the porch, and were romping, like children, under the trees in the great front yard.

Mrs. Ingols, who had only bowed stiffly and distantly to the young Mr. Burkley, and welcomed the new comers in a rather crusty manner, had gone immediately from the room, and not yet re-appeared.

Miss Adelaide lounged dreamily in an easy arm-chair, into which she had sunk as soon as the ceremony of introduction was over, and thought it very stupid to be compelled to sit and listen to the handsome visitor, who, to her understanding, talked on the driest of subjects in the dullest of manners, and yet she had not sufficient energy to remove herself beyond reach of the annoyance. But she was spared the trouble of exerting herself to be relieved of the infliction, for just as the speaker was growing animated in the discussion of a favorite theme, a pretty knot of freshly-gathered flowers shot in at one of the open windows, and struck him full

in his face, while at the same moment, Katy's clear, laughing voice, outside, said, saucily :

"Benjamin Burkley ! Uncle Lenox and I are going down to the barns to hunt hens'-nests, and should be extremely happy to be honored by your distinguished presence, if agreeable ! Take your father along with you, if you haven't gossipped sufficiently." Here the bright curly head popped suddenly behind a cluster of lilacs, just in season to escape the flowery missile from the window, which whizzed through the air and lodged harmlessly at her feet.

"Jest the same old sixpence," laughed Farmer Ingols, as he watched her light form flying, like a bird, over a neighboring pasture-ground, with Uncle Lenox in full chase. "Jest sich a giddy-headed mad-cap as she used to be—nothin' can sober her—but," he added, seeing that the young man had risen, and stood, hat in hand, preparatory to going out, "you'd better be a leetle careful, and keep on the look-out, if you're goin' to venter into them barns with that creetur ! She's got *some* game brewin' to play off on you, you may depend ! She'd like nothin' better than to git you up on the high beams, and then slide you down, head first, and you might break your neck, like enough. Presume you aint much acquainted with sich places as farmers' barns ?"

"O, yes, sir," returned the young man, smiling, "I was born and bred on a farm."

"Was you, indeed ?" said the old gentleman, with a vast deal of surprise in his tone. "O, waal, then you'll be safe enough."

"But you will accompany us, will you not ?"

"No. I rather guess I wont, this time ; I'll go out with you, after supper, and show you over my farm, if you like."

Of course, Mr. Burkley expressed his satisfaction with the arrangement, and bowing politely, passed out.

"Waal," said the farmer, with a pleasant sparkle in his eye, as he walked into the kitchen, where Mrs. Ingols, with a very ominous frown and nervous motion, was busy in preparing supper, "Katy's done waal ! I tell you what 'tis, wife, he aint nobody's fool, this Burkley aint ! 'Taint every day you see sich a feller as he, depend upon it, wife, and I feel proud on him, if I do say it," and here the old gentleman rubbed his hands in great good humor, and took two or three hasty turns up and down the spacious room.

"Waal, waal, I'm glad if she's got somebody that's good enough for her, and you're suited, that's all," replied the lady, rather snappishly, and in no very congratulatory tone, and then, as she gave the sieve a more vigorous shake, preparatory to returning it to the flour barrel by her

side, she added : "Perhaps if you had 'em to wait upon, and all the vittels to git, this hot weather, you wouldn't think it was quite so fine to have 'em all quartered *here*, at any rate ; but it is little you care about it, as it is. That's allers the way—the men can set in the parlor and take their ease, while their wives are a slavin' and drudgin' in the kitchen to wait upon their fine company ;" and in the heat of her indignation she wiped her angular face, and fanned herself vigorously with the great gingham handkerchief which she had just unpinned from her neck.

'Twas of no use for Farmer Ingols to remind his amiable spouse of the successive "helps"—the Marys and Susans and Betseys—that her turbulent temper had driven from the house, till there was no longer any one who could be induced to serve her for "love or for money." No ! 'twas of no use to urge this unpleasant fact—she would not listen, and Farmer Ingols wisely retired from her presence.

'Twas plain that this accession to her family was by no means agreeable to the worthy hostess, and as her only practicable method of revenge, she seemed determined upon making every one about her as uncomfortable as possible, to which end she took great care to aggravate her unhappy mood by the most irritating reflections—trying steadily to persuade herself, in spite of her own convictions to the contrary, that she was really the most ill-treated wife in the world, and had just cause to complain and look tartly, and be ungracious and inhospitable to the intruding guests.

But, in spite of all her efforts to be miserable, one solitary thought, a redeeming source of consolation, would keep suggesting itself with the most obstinate pertinacity. Her mind would keep wandering away from her grievances, and the biscuit she was kneading, to the handsome white house in the valley, and, naturally enough, from the house to the handsome owner, who had, probably, ere that hour, returned to his inheritance—and there, how could she repress a malicious looking grin of satisfaction that the interesting Mr. Burkley had put a veto upon Katy's rivalry, and that there was now no hindrance in the way of her own and Miss Adelaide's success ! She *couldn't*, of course, and was looking quite amiably savage, when Katy danced in at the old back door, with her sprightly step and sunshiny face, and holding fast, with both her hands, a hat full of "precious eggs," of which she had robbed every attainable nest within and without the barns.

"Why, mamma, haven't you any one to help

you?" said she, sympathizingly. "O, what a rare chance to display my culinary abilities," and in another minute, the flowing muslin skirt was tucked demurely about her waist, the pretty sleeves gathered above the dimpled elbows, and the active little sprite tripping lightly in and out at the pantry door, preparing tea, mixing tarts, and spreading the cloths, with all the ease and skill of an accomplished house maid.

"Guess you haint forgot what I taught you, if you have got to be a fine lady," growled Mrs. Ingols, in acknowledgment of her services, as they passed into the supper-room; which remark, considering that Katy's accomplishments in that branch of domestic education were all of her own acquiring, without the benefit of *any* body's instruction, was rather an equivocal compliment—but Katy did not reply, except with a quiet smile, and was soon chattering away as merrily as a bird, paying no heed to the ill-humor of her step-mother, who poured the tea with a stiff dignity, and answered in frigid monosyllables when addressed.

Notwithstanding her chilling influence, however, the table-chat was pleasant and free from restraint, and as soon as the meal was completed, Farmer Ingols rose abruptly, and turning to Mr. Burkley, said:

"Now, sir, I guess we'll walk a spell," if you please—or, mebbe you'd rather *ride* round the farm?" he added, inquiringly; "you can jest as waal."

But Mr. Burkley declared he greatly preferred walking, and the two set off in advance of the rest of the party (which was to consist of Uncle Lenox and Katy only—Mrs. Ingols and Miss Adelaide declining to accompany them), with the promise that they would follow, as soon as Katy had assisted in setting the "tea-things" to rights, and Uncle Lenox had completed his accustomed Havana.

"And whose is the little white cot, just here at our feet?" asked Mr. Burkley, as the two gentlemen paused on the height of a gentle slope commanding a broad view of a fine portion of Ingols Farm, as well as many of the neighboring lands.

"O, that belongs to a vagabond of a feller, who was jest shiftless enough to leave all this handsome property, and go rovin' off to Callforny. He wanted my Katy, I s'pose," said the farmer, with a confidential smile, to his companion, "but when I see what his habits was, I set him adrift pretty sudden, and managed so that *she* could keep clear on him afterwards."

Here he proceeded to give his son-in-law a *rather* account of his successful efforts to pre-

serve her from the foul clutches of Miller, but stopped short, as one of Katy's clear laughs, and the heavier, but no less hearty, "ha, ha, ha!" of Uncle Lenox, rang out just at his elbow, and in another instant, Katy was dancing at a good rate down the slope, followed closely by her hatless lord, whose beaver she had most skilfully captured, while he stood profoundly absorbed in the story of her former lover's discomfiture. As they neared the little white cottage, however, the hat was restored, and somewhat to the good farmer's astonishment, both disappeared at the open door.

"Ah!" said he, after a moment's pause, with an audible chuckle, "I'm glad they're gone in there; they say young Miller's to be home to-day, and I guess it'll punish his impertinence some, to see her with that splendid husband of hers! I should like to see the meetin'!"

"Suppose we call, then, and get a glimpse of the fun," suggested Uncle Lenox.

"So we will, so we will, brother," and as they were shown into the pleasant sitting-room, they caught the murmured words—"Ben, my dear son Ben, God bless you!"—and saw good, kind old Mrs. Miller clasped fondly in the warm embrace of Mr. Burkley!

Close by, stood Katy, looking very conscious and very wicked, and smiling roguishly, in spite of her tears; but her smile grew still more mischievous, as she turned, with great deliberation, to her father, standing, "a monument of open-mouthed amazement," and begged the pleasure of presenting her husband—Mr. Benjamin Burkley Miller!

"What! who!" sputtered the farmer, as he half accepted the proffered hand of his smiling son-in-law. "You—Mr. Burkley—*Ben Miller*! How, in the name of wonder"—but his astonishment was interrupted by an explosion of merriment from Katy, and a roar of laughter from Uncle Lenox, who, having been chief manager in the plot, of which this was the result, could smother his excessive enjoyment no longer.

We leave the reader to *imagine* the indescribable wrath of Mrs. Ingols, when she discovered the actual appropriation of the pretty cottage and owner; but it is necessary to say, that since the *mists of prejudice* have been fully dissipated, Farmer Ingols looks with great complacency and pride upon *Katy's Husband*!

Mackintosh says: "It is impossible to look into the interior of any Christian sect without thinking better of it." Byron gives this idea something of a sentimental turn, when he says:

"And even the faintest relic of a shrine
Of any worship, wakes some thoughts divine."

QUESTIONS ON LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Is it not the god of love
That gives me this unrest,
O tell me, what it is that sends
Such pangs unto my breast?
And if 'tis love, O tell me, pray,
How can this holy thing,
So pure and good, possess for all
A deep and mortal sting?

If love is evil, tell me, pray,
Why are its pangs so sweet?
Why do we pine away with grief,
When a fair maid we meet?
And, O, that some magician great
Would tell me of the power,
That causes them who love, to live
A life-time in an hour.

If when I love—how can it be
Without my own consent?
And if I yield, why is it, pray,
I suddenly repent?
Why is it, that unto myself,
My wishes are unknown?
And that I blush and turn aside,
When first my love I own?

Ah me, ah me, love is a bark,
The sport of every breeze;
And they who in it take a berth,
Look for a life of ease.
But soon, alas, the waves of life
Rise up upon the deck,
And soon the fragile, painted bark
Becomes a hopeless wreck.

THE MYSTERIOUS CREOLE.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

DIDST ever winter at Cuba, gentle reader? That island of perpetual summer, the land that first blessed the eyes of the adventurous discoverer of the western world, Columbus? Hast ever breathed the genial air of the West-Indian seas? Didst ever hear the rough challenge from the Moro Castle as you glided from the open sea at once into the port of Havana? Hast ever eaten, fresh from their native growth, the orange, the cocoa-nut, and other rich fruits of the tropics? Didst ever see the rich, glowing sky, the fervent sun, the soft foliage and velvet-like verdure that thrive in Cuba?

Yes.

Then picture again to thyself all its peculiarities, its inhabitants, its indolent Creole beauties, its few, but lovely Spanish dames. Imagine thyself again at the "Poor Man's Opera," in the "Plaza de Armas," or watching the crowd of rich volantes with their gaudy trappings and

sable postilions driving in the "Paseo," or crossing over the bay to Regla; witness again the bull fights of old Spain, save that they are less skilfully and more cruelly done.

An thou hast never seen all these, gentle reader, take our word for it, Cuba next to Italy, should be our home had we the choosing of it.

Now, so please you, follow us in our tale. The Spanish Creoles who form the principal inhabitants of Cuba, are a singular race, combining much of the national character of the Spaniard at home, with many peculiarities of their own. They are a race who love high living, sporting, gaming, and are much addicted to the passions, and yet is rare, very rare that you find one given to intemperance in the use of ardent spirit. *Aqua ardienta*, or the rum which is distilled on the island is very cheap, but used rarely, except for internal applications, for bathing purposes, etc. The only really intemperate habit prevalent among them is the use of tobacco. They are naturally cruel, loving the bull-fights, cock-fights, and all sports of the arena.

While the rules of Creole etiquette are of the strictest character, and a lady seen even riding in a volante with one of the other sex, is proscribed as dishonored, still in their private life, they approach perhaps as nearly to the opposite extreme, and here, as in Italy, particularly in the cities of Florence and Boulogne, it is not the sin that is so loudly decried, but its discovery.

Night after night had I sat at the opera in Havana, not to listen to the sweet tones of the prima donna, nor to enjoy the play—I had learned that by heart—but to feast my eyes on the beauty of a young Creole, who as punctually took her seat opposite the box I engaged, as did the prompter's call sound in the ears of the expectant audience. She was a member of the household of the governor-general, under whose protection I learned she was placed. Her father, a wealthy planter on the north side of the island near Matanzas, being a personal friend of the governor, designed to give his child the advantages of such society as she would be likely to meet at the house of government in Havana.

I had carried such letters of introduction on my first arrival in the island, as had given me access to the best society, both of the foreign and native population. But I was puzzled to obtain an introduction to Donna Vallenza, the lovely Creole I had so often seen at the opera. A part of my commission to Havana was of a national character, and I had thereby formed some slight acquaintance with his excellency, the governor-general, with whom I was on the best of terms. Well, by—but it matters not how, suffice it that

I gained an introduction to the loveliest female in all Cuba, under the most favorable auspices, and by a *coup de main*, upon the ingenuity of which I flattered myself not a little.

Donna Vallenza possessed a style of beauty I had often dreamed of, but had never seen before. In stature she was rather slight, but at every point rounded to a perfection of fullness, which was displayed in most ravishing distinctness by the light and graceful dress peculiar to the climate. Her features were of the most classic style of beauty; slight, arching eyebrows, with long and heavy eyelashes—such one sees nowhere in such beauty as among the Spanish and Creole maidens—of a hue as dark and glossy as her unrivalled hair. Her eyes, there I am at a loss for a comparison—it was those eyes that led me captive from the first moment I felt their thrilling glances; large, dreamy, indolent, yet loving and passionate were they, something to dream about were the eyes of Donna Vallenza. Her lips were of a form and color that a Creole only has—ah, she was

“A creature so bright, that the same lips and eyes
She wore on earth would serve in Paradise.”

Her complexion was peculiarly Spanish, and in her veins flowed the fire of a native Creole and a Spaniard, her father being from Spain and her mother a Cuban by birth.

All the modest grace one could attribute to an angel, had Donna Vallenza. Surely naught but purity could dwell beneath so lovely and adorable an exterior. So delicate was she, that even the gentle winds of her native land might not breathe too hardly upon her cheek. With every advantage else, she had unbounded wealth—and well was it bestowed with regard to ornament, and every luxury ingenuity could devise, adding to the already overpowering splendor that surrounded her.

I had received my *entree* from the governor-general, and after passing a few hours alone with the lovely Creole, I was as deeply impressed with her mental perfection as I had been with the extraordinary beauty of her person. Our conversation was of a most delightful character, uninterrupted, save that I noticed once or twice that my companion retired for a few moments rather abruptly, but soon returned again.

I was delighted, nay, enraptured with the lovely creature, and gladly would I have then thrown myself at her feet, and sworn to love and protect her, had I dared to do so. After a happier evening than I had ever before experienced, I bade her good night and drove off in my volante for my lodgings, but it brought back less

than it had carried there—I had left my heart behind.

The following night, by the politeness of the governor-general, I took a seat in his box at the opera, where I again enjoyed the intoxicating society of Donna Vallenza. The opera was one of Donizetti's best, and at one of the finest points, so well played too as to have even attracted my attention for a moment from the lovely creature at my side, she arose, and begging to be excused for a moment, retired alone into the ladies' saloon, from whence she did not return for some minutes. Fearing lest she might be ill, I suggested to a female friend that she might require some assistance, but she only shook her head, and blushing, turned the conversation upon the piece before us. There was no surprise manifested by her friends at her absence, but they seemed to take it as a matter of course, while I while I was left to wonder at the object of the lady's conduct.

Thus almost daily and nightly did I enjoy the sweet society of Donna Vallenza. Her form had become engraven on my heart, and I had learned to love her as I thought no woman had ever been loved before. Her favorable reception of my attentions gave me all hopes that my suit would thrive, and I did not hesitate to render my *devoirs* in public, or in whatever situation I might meet the beautiful Creole who had so captivated my heart. It was understood at length, between the governor-general and myself, that I had his full permission and approbation in the prosecution of my love for his ward.

No sooner was this announced to me from the governor's own lips, than I took an early leave of him, and flew on the wings of love—they will outstrip everything save Morse's Telegraph—to meet the Donna Vallenza. I sought her in her usual apartment of the palace, but she was not there. Being now quite familiar at the house and among the family of his excellency, I did not hesitate to make a search for her I loved. I well knew she had not ridden out at that hour and must be somewhere about the palace, and after waiting a reasonable length of time for her appearance, I began to grow quite uneasy, fearing some accident had befallen her. Finding from her attendants that she was last seen in the garden, I hurried in every direction, calling her name until I was hoarse, and had half of the governor's slaves engaged in the search.

I know not why, but an indescribable dread came over me lest some evil had befallen her. There had ever been a degree of mystery in all her movements that was inexplicable to me, that I could not understand, and several times had

I determined to ask an explanation of her, but had avoided doing so, for fear that I might offend her, and so the matter had dropped. Now I felt assured in my own mind that her present absence had some connection with the very mystery I so desired to unravel, and I promised myself that if I found her safe, I would at length understand the matter before we parted.

As I have said, the only intelligence I could gain of Donna Vallenza, was, that she was last seen in the winding paths of the spacious garden. In the utmost trepidation of mind I had run until quite out of breath, with the double purpose of assuring myself of the dear girl's safety, and to avow my passion after the regular manner of Creole etiquette, when lo! as I turned the sharp angle of a shadowy path, I came full upon a sylvan bower formed from the vines that grow about the spot and supplied with a rough seat. The place formed a magic like arbor and a beautiful spot for two lovers to converse together. I saw through the trellis of vines, a light gauze dress, and neath its folds discovered the fairy foot of the beautiful Creole. I was about to scream with delight at my good fortune, but prudently suppressed the emotion, and coolly calculated that the spot could not have been better chosen for my purpose, and that it was my good angel that had directed her thither, and led me thus opportunely to the spot. How sweet a place in which to avow one's passion. I was in ecstasy at my success. I approached cautiously, determined to appear to have come by chance to the arbor. I could just see from my position as I brought the entrance to be directly before me, the reclining form of my heart's idol, her head and arms shut out from my sight. I approached still more cautiously, for the thought had struck me that she might be asleep. How beautiful, said I to myself, must she look sleeping, and I hoped to reach her without awakening her. Possibly she might be reading some favorite book, and then to surprise her by entering stealthily, would be the height of rudeness, but I was willing to run some risk for the chance of beholding her sleeping. I stole on gently, until I came to the very door, and then summoning all my courage I boldly entered! Did you ever dream, dear reader, that you were in Paradise, listening to the silvery notes of limpid streams, bubbling over sands of gold, while the air was fragrant with the perfume of honey-laden flowers, and redolent of the music of sweet birds, whose notes syllabled words of praise, and at the moment your enjoyment was at its climax, awake and find the bell opposite your lodgings ringing for fire, or, mayhaps the

next lodger's child having a crying spell interspersed with the varieties of the whooping-cough? Did you ever commence what you thought to be a thrilling piece of poetry, and just as you had become interested and were anticipating some fine point, perceive that you were reading an advertisement of a certain cure for the tooth-ache, which by-the-by was never yet cured, or perhaps some infallible remedy for the jaundice? Did you ever receive a letter when away from home, anticipating a remittance and find it to contain an announcement of the death of the relative whose heir you supposed yourself, stating that he had died insolvent?

Alla Akbar! God is mighty!

There sat Donna Vallenza—well, says the reader—there sat Donna Vallenza—how can we write it! there she sat, *sucking her thumb!* The mystery was explained!

Some men would have "sloped" under such circumstances as these—we did not—we braved it through, waited on the young lady to her boudoir, saw her safely there, and then with our mind resting upon Heaven, or anywhere but with Donna Vallenza, we drove to our lodgings.

Believe us, gentle reader, credit it all, we don't ask your sympathy, that must come unsolicited to any one in such a situation, but give us credit for telling the truth, that's all we ask—now for the sequel. Would mortal man believe, said I to myself, that I could so fortunately have escaped being *sucked* in! It was a perfect mystery, my deliverance. It would surprise you if I were to relate how suddenly I was cured of my love, it was gone you may be assured—there was never anything like it before, unless it be that same telegraph before alluded to, and to that, it is pretty generally conceded, everything must "knock under."

My shadow suddenly grew less at the palace of the governor-general; no particular notice was taken of the circumstance, however. Donna Vallenza appeared as usual at the opera every evening of the performance. She did not seem to take the matter of my leaving her to heart at all, not she; no, no, she had a private solace. O horror! just realize the case. We have some sympathy for a man whose misfortunes have driven him to intemperance; we pity him whose hard fortune and sad mishaps have driven to the excitement of gaming and other vices, but if we were to say such a person has at length taken to sucking his thumb! now I ask you candidly, gentle reader, is it not horrid? It may not appear so very bad to you, but to us, who have awakened out of a dream, we would like to have slept forever to realize, it is very different; after

all, we only have experienced it, and we only can realize it!

The bull fights went on as ever at Regla. The cruel, fend-like pleasure of the Creoles in witnessing bodily pain was as usual, evinced at all the cock fights and sports of the arena. The Creole beauties sat as usual, looking from their windows at the passers-by, and never stirring abroad, save in their volantes. The Pascoes, as usual, were crowded on each Sunday, and the mounted Spanish soldiers rode among the throngs of the populace to Kaperde. The excitement of the day was varied now and then by an assassination in the open street, and a few highway robberies in the environs. Men, women and children smoked on, for all smoke here. At the barracks there was still the regular parades of some of the gayest and best drilled soldiers in the world, all Spaniards, both officers and privates, the policy of the home government being to have a military power here that they can rely upon in case the Creoles should rise and proclaim their independence. The band played as usual every evening before the Governor's palace, all went on as ever, until at length there came from the home department a Spanish cavalier to fill some office in Havana.

Signor D'Avolos was a noble knight, and his home was at the governor-general's palace. As a matter of course, he was much in the society of Donna Vallenza. They met at the opera, and at the *assembler*, and it was soon evident to all, that they were very dear to each other. Did I wonder at this? O no, not I; 'twas as I had expected—I had foretold it, for

"Where was there the heart so wise,
Could unblinded meet those eyes?"

But said I to myself, can she succeed any better with him than with me? I doubt it; time will show; and I waited patiently for the *dénouement*. I did sometimes feel a little touched to see them so lovingly together, and hang me if I could help it, I actually longed to tell the noble D'Avolos of my fortunate escape from the very danger he was probably going blindfold into. But said I again to myself, I bought my experience, let him do the same.

Public rumor said it, the bulletins announced it, and appearances confirmed it, that Donna Vallenza and the noble D'Avolos were to be married during the approaching carnival. And so it was; the time arrived, and they were married. My conscience condemned me that I had not forewarned the noble knight in season, but it was now too late, and I determined to await the finale of this curious case.

Signor D'Avolos and his lovely wife visited

as before, the opera, and there was still the same mysterious movements as before. No mystery to her friends, for they had become accustomed to it; nor was it any longer a mystery to me; O no, I understood it perfectly. But did D'Avolos know the cause? had he at length discovered the habit of the beautiful Creole? Yes, he had, and at that very moment was laboring to break her of it.

Well, at length Signor D'Avolos, after trying every other means to break his wife of her almost ungovernable propensity, hit upon a successful plan, and he succeeded.

What was the plan, say you? How could he possibly break her of *sucking her thumb*, when the habit had become so seated upon her?

I'll tell the patient reader how he accomplished it. He took a Mike process himself!

When his wife retired to the saloon of the opera house, to enjoy her regalia, D'Avolos invariably *sucked his thumb* till her return. This public exhibition of private affairs did not at all suit his beautiful wife; she was sure to hear of it from every quarter, and so at last she was forced to give up the practice, but it was not till fully a twelve month after their wedding-day, that D'Avolos accomplished this most desirable cure.

The physician who has vainly endeavored to counteract the acidity that renders sick his patient, not unfrequently resorts to acids to accomplish his purpose. Thus it was with Signor D'Avolos; his wife was struck with the absurdity that was rendered apparent in her husband, and was ready to make any sacrifice to stop it, while he, by pretending to have acquired the habit, and that he must continue it, frightened her into a more perfect cure!

Thus, kind reader, I lost my heart and regained it; and the Donna Vallenza was effectually cured of her singular propensity!

DEFUNCT DRESSES.

Wilkes wore a flap-waistcoat of scarlet and gold; and Murphy, the dramatist, a good deal later, a suit of the like fashion, and a large cocked hat. The fashion of scarlet coat, flap-waistcoat, and frilled sleeves, survived into this century. The last man in London who is believed to have worn this costume, was a quack doctor, who lived in a corner house of Salisbury square, and who might have been seen any day pacing the pavement in front of his establishment, until he took to his bed and died of extreme old age. Mr. Pitt usually wore a blue coat, buck-skin breeches, and boots, round hat, wigs powder and pigtail. Mr. Fox had been a bear in his youth, but lived to be so quaker-like as to dress with plain-colored clothes, a broad round hat, and white stockings.—*Curiosities of London.*

BITTER AND SWEET.

BY A. L. WIND.

The morn has dawned of my life's day,
'Twas bright as flowers of sunny May;
The world was merry, the gentle throng
Fitted my happy life along.

But 'twas not long sunshine did last,
My brilliant sky was soon o'ercast;
The visions so beauteous for the morrow,
Dawned with demons full of sorrow.

But then I should not think it strange,
For life's a fickle thing, 't must change,
And in the changes one can find
The foe, the friend, the just, the kind.

But for these changes, we'd not know
How to enjoy life here below.
It's like being sick, and well again;
It's contrasting pleasure with the pain.

But we should bear these things with grace;
It's but the nature of our race—
These dispositions God has given,
That we may yet enjoy a heaven.

THE INDIAN LOVER.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

DID you ever know Emily C——, the belle of —— Street? We can relate a little episode in her life of sunshine. Perhaps the breezes congregated a few dusky clouds in the horizon, but with this exception, the sky of her morn of life we believe, was unclouded. She was the only daughter of a Broadway merchant, her two brothers were very much younger. Her father was an intelligent man, particularly endowed with the social graces, and his friends always found in his presence and beneath his roof, those home endearings and heart-welcomings that render society among the intelligent and refined the greatest boon of terrestrial enjoyment.

Emily partook much of his disposition; she was social, affectionate, intelligent and witty. Besides, she had an excellent ear for music, was an apt scholar, and when twelve years of age, was the favorite of Madame S.'s school. While making rapid progress in all her studies, she was suddenly seized with a dangerous illness, and after protracted convalescence, the physician imperatively ordered an immediate removal into the country. Away, far off among the mountains, where she could neither see nor hear anything of schools or books; where she was to do nothing but breathe fresh air and take moderate exercise. Finally, it was agreed her father

should accompany her to the highlands of —— county, leaving her at the residence of her mother's uncle, to spend the summer.

M—— village, the residence of Mrs. C.'s relative, was considered a singularly healthy location, abounding in hill and dale, forest and meadow, and affording quite a sufficiency of pure, fresh air. But it was a long distance from town, and Mrs. C. could not think of taking the younger children and accompanying her, leaving her husband totally alone during the entire season. No, she could not possibly consent to that, and Emily must remain up there alone, since the physician pronounced the locality peculiarly desirable. Accordingly they started, a letter having been previously despatched, announcing their arrival.

Emily was so delighted with the journey, she almost forgot she was yet an invalid, the invigorating air and novelty of travelling had so improved her health and spirits, by the time they reached the village of M., both herself and father concluded a prolonged stay was unnecessary. But the imperative orders of the old doctor recurring to his mind, Mr. C. had no difficulty in persuading Emily it was her duty to remain; the only thing he regretted was her music; she was making astonishing progress, and now her practice would be entirely thrown aside; pianos were not then so frequently met with in the northern part of —— county as they are now. Her voice was capable of high culture; it possessed great compass and power, and the tones were peculiarly rich and bird-like. Ah, it was a pity to leave Emily there among the hills, to run wild and forget all her accomplishments. Yet it must be done. The doctor had forbidden her return to town before fall.

Emily made her appearance at her relative's mansion under what seemed very unfortunate circumstances; there were none at home but the old lady and her two grandchildren; the letter announcing their visit, had not reached its destination. But Emily was of a social, loving disposition. There was no doubt she would make herself at home among them so kissing her good by and leaving her a letter for the gentleman of the house when he returned, he departed the afternoon of the day he arrived, his business engagements not permitting him to tarry longer.

Alone, among the mountains! knowing not a single soul for hundreds of miles, no one but the old lady, the little girl and boy, and they were strangers an hour before. Everything around her was new and strange; she began to feel now some of the fatigues of travelling that she was

not conscious of during excitement. She began also to feel slightly homesick. As the shades of evening appeared, she grew disheartened; she felt inclined to sit down on the piazza among the shrubbery through which the stars twinkled, and indulge in a flood of tears. Then she thought of the little girl.

"Could she sing?"

"No, she had never learned."

"I can teach you; you will soon learn from me."

And forthwith Emily dashed off the rippling cadences of "River of Song." Was it enchantment? The old lady and her grandson had noiselessly crept out on the piazza, entranced at the singular melody of Emily's voice. They had never heard such music; it was very different from "Yankee Doodle," or the psalms sung down in the old church. Grandma had never imagined the angels could sing so beautifully.

"But could she sing anything else?"

"O yes."

Emily sang everything. Songs, snatches of operas, anthems, parts of oratorios, even duets. She managed to get through with almost incredible powers of ventriloquism—until, would you believe it, ten o'clock found the old lady and children up listening to her.

Emily was to sleep with her little cousin Rose, above stairs; the room being somewhat warm, the door was left open for the free circulation of air. About twelve, Emily, who had not yet closed her eyes, heard a knocking at the lower hall door, and a voice calling:

"Rose, father has returned. Come, unfasten the door."

But for all Emily's calling and shaking, Rose was not to be awakened, for the unprecedented dissipation of sitting up until ten in summer, tired Nature was having ample revenge. Where Charlie slept Emily did not know, but she could not think of hunting him up, and the old lady, it was a pity to arouse her. She again tried to awaken Rose, shaking her and calling her by name. No, it was of no use, Rose evidently was not to be awakened.

Meanwhile, the calling continued in a sterner tone, and the door received some terrible raps. The moonlight streaming through the window, showed her the way down stairs, and Emily descended in her night dress and opened the door. Dreams and magic! who was before her? A dark, elderly man, who clasped her in his arms, saying:

"Rose, Rose, why did you keep us waiting so long?"

"I am not Rose, but Emily C.; my father

brought me here this morning to spend the summer; he will pay for my board what you ask."

"Are you the daughter of our cousin Alice? and does your father expect we will charge money when you come to visit us? Tut, tut! what is this world coming to! But I forget, here is my wife, and here—presenting a city-fied young gent—is Master Eugene Le Fort—but where is Rose?"

"Fast asleep, I could not awaken her."

"The sleepy little hussy!"

Emily barely waited till they entered the sitting-room, and then flew up stairs like a frightened deer. Throwing herself on the bed, she clasped her hands over her eyes, and was just on the point of catching the streamy tears that were ready to start, when she checked herself and ended in a fit of laughter.

"What a figure I must have made! to think of all others in the world, Eugene Le Fort should be the first acquaintance I met up here among the mountains, and see me too in my night dress! It is so provoking! But I wonder how I did look. I have not met this Cupid in jackets since a year last May, when I was crowned queen at the festival at Madame S.'s. How ridiculous! but I wonder how I look?"

Emily arose to consult the antiquated mirror, to do which and embrace a full length *coup d'œil*, she mounted one of the high-backed chairs, and stood in the moonlight with snowy robe floating round her, her wavy brown hair streaming over her shoulders. It was a picture one might tell over long at the easel—even Emily comforted herself, thinking she did not look so bad. All at once a subdued titter reached her ear. She had forgotten to close the door on her return, and Rose's father passing by, had caught a glimpse of her manœuvre of consulting the mirror.

"Let me tell you, little cousin, you did not look so badly there at the door, but how is this? Eugene says he is acquainted with you. Where have you met?"

"O, at dancing school, often."

"I see, I see—but get yourself to bed little coz., and never worry yourself about your appearance, for I assure you, you looked very like an angel."

"O Mr. —"

"There, that will do. None of your mistaking your relatives, however remote. I am Cousin Dan, at your service."

"Then Cousin Dan, allow me to say, I think you somewhat intrusive."

But Emily's eyes looked not on him angrily.

"So I am. I beg pardon, but I must kiss Rose and you too; good night."

This time the door was closed and fastened. Emily was not very fearful of her new relatives.

But you wonder also with Emily, how Eugene Le Fort came up there among the mountains. Being a distant relative of Cousin Dan's wife, he had come up to spend the summer, but Emily had never heard the connection alluded to, and she and Eugene were both surprised to meet at the house of a common friend. But what rare old times they had in the old mansion. They neither had been in the country before, more than a week at a time, other than at some fashionable watering place, but now they were in the real country; they most ardently entered into all manner of country enjoyments and fun. Emily and Rose, Eugene and Charlie, never were there such happy little people. The two "Yorkers" had nothing to do but enjoy themselves, but Charlie and Rose had to attend school. After exhausting all expedients of killing time, the company concluded to accept the invitations showered upon them, and attend the rustic school. As Emily was only to appear in character of visitor, it was not to be presumed her attendance would be infringing on the prohibition of the physician, and accordingly one lovely morning the quartette sallied forth.

It was a long, low, wooden building where school was kept, but being shaded by huge oak trees, and situated in the verge of a fine grove, it had a very cool and airy look. Emily hung her bonnet on the wooden peg in the entry, as Rose indicated, and not forgetting to make a curtsy on entering the school-room, followed her young companion till she found herself seated before a low, wooden desk, all hacked, scratched and blotted up with ink. This was a novelty, something altogether different from those of mahogany at Madame S.'s school.

Emily deported herself very properly, and so did Eugene. They did not examine the school-room more than ten dozen of times before recess; they did not tell the scholars their lessons many times more, or make the answers come to hard sums any more often than they thought proper. Finally, school was announced dismissed for noon, and they all assembled under the shade of the trees, and seated on the turf, discussed the contents of their dinner-baskets. "Company" was highly delighted; they had never attended a rustic school before, and so far from "poking fun" as some of the scholars had feared, appeared to think the entertainment was got up for their honor and benefit.

All the scholars had heard of Emily's wonderful voice, and Eugene's magnificent accompaniments, for now that she had one to accom-

pany her in a duet, she was relieved of the responsibility of assuming the whole. Eugene had a fine voice, nothing so wonderful as Emily's, but it had early been subjected to careful training, and he happened to know almost everything his young companion could sing. We will not pretend to say all the operas were sung by rule, but the audience would never detect the discrepancy.

Yes, all the village had heard of the two wonderful Yorkers. But now that the scholars had discussed their dinners, it was unanimously proposed to assemble in the grove and listen to a concert given by Emily and Eugene. What a concert was, very few of the scholars understood—but they intended to learn. Even the terrible person, the "school marm," was escorted thither by a bevy of little "A. B. C. ones," and seated upon a mossy couch. The prima donna and basso were accommodated on the trunk of a fallen tree; around were stumps answering to orchestra. It was a pretty sight, these two children. Ah, you correct us; it was a master and miss, not strictly speaking children, we confess, begging many pardons, but to us there is something indescribably beautiful in the features and emotions of childhood, and we cling to them perhaps too tenaciously. We are eccentric—but we relinquish our *lorgnette* in your favor.

You observe Emily's broad forehead, clear, blue eye, soft, wavy brown hair, circling in plaits her intellectual head, her features expressive, but not so strikingly beautiful as some of the rustic scholars—now, where consists the fascination by which she establishes herself in the heart of every one that gazes on her? Can you tell? She sits the queen of grace, robed in azure muslin, her hands folded with as much repose as if she were the inimitable Jenny Lind, awaiting the overture. She is crowned with a garland of wild-wood flowers. Ah, it were a picture of intellectual rather than physical beauty.

But Eugene! Has he not bright, black eyes? Soft, brunette complexion, regular features, and mouth a perfect Cupid's born? He is the nimblest in the dance, the gayest in the waltz. He is known as "Cupid in jackets," an impersonation of physical beauty. There is a hushed stillness in the grove. Not a movement, not a sound disturbs the atmosphere, save the trembling flicker of a rustling leaf, chased by mischievous zephyrs playing hide and go seek.

Charlie announces they are to have the "Indian Maiden," a duet. Now there is a slight stir, and one more figure issues from its concealment behind a tree, but Emily and Eugene

take their positions quietly, and observing profound ceremonies to the audience, the concert begins. The figure is unobserved.

WILD HUNTER.

Flower of the forest! fair maiden, away,
Brightly the dew glisters low on the grass;
Hasten, nor here in the lone forest stay,
Fierce is the torrent, and bleak is the blast.
Come to my castle and be thou my bride,
Dark maid of the forest, my beauty, my pride;
I love thee, Allalla, O madly and wild,
I choose for my bride, the dark forester's child.

INDIAN MAIDEN.

Tempter, begone from the haunts of my sire!
All these high trees are our birthright of yore;
Darkly the cliffs frown, yet brightly the fire
Burns in the huts that soon see us no more.
Begone from the home of my fathers, and flee
From the land that is reeking from murder by thee;
Begone from our forest—begone from our glade,
And tempt not Allalla, the dark Indian maid.

WILD HUNTER.

Flower of the forest, this hand ne'er imbrued,
Triking in blood, the glittering blade,
One of the chieftains that lord the wood,
One of the maidens that roam the glade.
I love thee, dark maiden, O madly and wild,
Wahcondah, the Spirit of Sunset, has smiled,
And the great chief, your father, has sworn there is room
In the wigwam, for Lemnox the hunter to come.

BOTH.

Then away to the forest, away to the glade!
Away to the prairies so boundless and free!
The hunter may dwell 'neath the dark trees' shade,
Allalla the bride of the pale face be.
The forests of prairies shall all be thine own,
Soft Savannah smile from his dazzling throne;
Wahcondah whisper from sunset's bright zone,
Calling us home to the bright spirit band,
That are hunting the deer in the sunny land.
Then away to the forest! away to the glade, etc.

The song was not more than concluded, Emily and Eugene resumed their seats, before the grove resounded to a wild war-whoop, and dancing in front of them, his arm waving above his head, and figuring in fantastic circles, was a graceful young Indian boy, yet with a complexion so light as to lead one to presume there was white blood in his veins. The scholars did not seem excited, but to Emily and Eugene the incident was perfectly thrilling. Suddenly the young Indian stopped before them and stood perfectly motionless.

"Who are you?" exclaimed Emily, "are you an Indian or a spirit?"

The figure pressed his hand to his lip, and said:

"Hush, little lady, my father is a spirit, and I am the son of an Indian chief."

As he said this, he drew himself up haughtily, and a regal dignity seemed resting on his brow. Certainly, no one would have mistaken that figure for a slave!

"What is your name?"

"Kisko the one I am called by, but I have many long names."

"Where do you live?"

"In a little cottage, off in the woods."

"Alone?"

"No, with my mother and sister."

"Is your mother an Indian?"

"No, she is like you."

"I wish to see her."

Here the black eyes flashed up with an expression so intense, thrilling and ardent, Emily's eyes quailed beneath it.

"I have not seen you before; do you come here to school?"

"Yes, but I was not here this morning."

But the school bell rung now, they all assembled in the room, and Emily satisfied herself Kisko was quite as forward in his studies as the other boys. Eugene seemed very much annoyed with Emily's unpardonable curiosity and interest in the chief's son.

To confess the truth, the image of the chief's son haunted Emily's day-dreams when she was absent from him, and only fed her imagination when present. Tall, slender, with bright black hair, prominent features, cheeks of subdued richness, eyes dazzling as a basilisk. Yet withal a certain mellowness of complexion, softness, elasticity of movement, detracting from the sternness of the savage, yet adding interest to the individual—yes, we may as well confess it at once, and honestly, Emily was very much interested in the chief's son. Eugene was well aware of the fact, but he never mentioned the subject—in fact, he now spoke very rarely—he was not particularly happy in these days. He looked upon Emily somewhat in the light of a family jewel which he should be possessed of when he became a man, and the villagers—all villagers are indisputable authority—pronounced there would be a match between Cupid in jackets and the Queen of song. The initials of their first names were the same—that of itself was conclusive evidence. We cannot certainly say they expected the ceremony to take place immediately. Emily still wore robes demi-length, and Eugene sported roundabouts; but it would be a match sure as fate, see if it would not!

Emily attended school several days after, and whenever she went she found a bunch of wild flowers on her desk. Eugene never put them there, but what intuitive delicacy of attention

for a savage! Time fled on; but Emily was fond of study, and she coaxed Cousin Dan when he next went to the large town to procure her a Botany; she would not study it, only look at it. Dear, good-natured Cousin Dan attended to the commission, and now there were such rambles, botanical excursions, examinations and analyses, as were never known before. Eugene and Charlie, Rose and Emily, all studied Botany; we regret to say the result of their researches was never made known to the world, but it was doubtless very interesting. But Emily's clothes were almost too delicate to roam the woods in, and she effected a series of exchanges, to the great delight of all parties, among some girls of her own size, and now you could see Emily in a starched calico dress and thick shoes, rambling the woods, while her delighted companions were luxuriating in her despised silks and tissues.

Eugene pursed up his mouth at first and tried to look haughty at this sudden freak of his divinity, but he very soon acknowledged it was better for the woods to be thus attired, than to wear fabrics that left fragments of samples on the branches of trees and shrubs, whichever way the fair-wearer turned—and forthwith Eugene commenced a series of barter and traffic among the boys. O how the "Yorkers" luxuriated in their countryed clothes, and *vice versa*. They did not indeed intend sporting their beloved habiliments in Broadway, but they were indispensable as practical machinery to rural enjoyment. To the glory of Eugene belonged the proposition that Emily should have a "log cabin" sun bonnet, composed of calico and pasteboard slabs, to hide her pretty face and keep it from tanning—yes, she and Rose went to the village store and bought a yard of bright pink calico; then Cousin Clara cut it out, and the two girls manufactured it. Eugene hemmed one string and Charlie the other.

Saturday afternoons were momentous times at M—, among the young fraternity, but one particular Saturday, Eugene and Charlie had gone off to the lake fishing. Ah, we had forgotten to mention there was a beautiful lake in M—, not far distant from Cousin Dan's house. Rose was employed in the house, assisting her mother in baking. Emily had on one of her new companions' bright buff calico dresses, and putting on her pink sun bonnet, she took up her flower basket and told Cousin Clara she was going out for a walk in search of flowers, and she departed with a gay laugh as she was gently admonished to be careful and not get lost in the woods, for they extended many miles in length.

She followed the paths she had frequently trod in company with Rose and Charlie, and as she proceeded as usual in a reverie, apparently it abruptly came to an end. She stood upon an eminence, and from among the trees descried a large tract of forest country, ledges of rock, openings in the forest, ravines and silver streams. But there was one spot particularly beautiful; she would go in search of it; it could not be far, it was yet early—she could return before dark and find her way back easily enough; she would continue on in a straight line. She would go seek it. After rambling about some time, she became wearied, and sat down to rest on a conspicuous ledge of rocks. Little forest birds came to sing to her, and Emily amused herself by carolling back their notes.

She imitated them so exactly that others flocked around, and Emily was delighted with her bird concert. But finally she grew wearied, and one by one the birds departed. Her thoughts wandered to Kisko. The sun was now beginning to fade away, and broad stripes of gold set in crimson and purple faded into the bluish atmosphere; high above, billows of cloud caught up the golden effulgence, and others reflected it, until the vast horizon was lit up with beauty.

Emily was aroused from her reverie by the near voice of a whip-poor-will, seemingly almost beside her. The dew was falling heavily; she must no longer dream over the panorama of that vast forest. She sprang up.

"I am alone here in this vast forest; it will soon be night. I wonder if Kisko lives in these woods?"

She started—Kisko was beside her.

"How came you here unobserved? See you that little spot among the trees? There is the cottage of Kisko's mother. His eye is very keen—he knew your bonnet and dress; did Emily hear the whip poor-will? That was Kisko, to awaken her from dreams; you have wandered far from home; will you now go to the cottage and see Kisko's mother?"

Those dark, piercing eyes were bent on her with an expression so beaming with love and earnestness, Emily never could have resisted that beseeching look—as it was, but little could have reconciled her to quitting the country without having first seen Kisko's mother.

"Yes, gladly. I have wished to do so since you first told me about her."

Kisko and Emily descended the eminence. They reached a little clearing among the forest, displaying a neatly built, small cottage. Emily was disappointed; she expected to see a wigwam, and she told her companion so.

"My mother is a white lady," was the only answer.

Playing on the piazza was a pretty dark-eyed child, dressed in strange costume. A short robe of plaid bordered with deep fringe and belted with a broad girdle of bead-work; moccasins, but no stockings.

"Brother, is that Emily?" exclaimed the child.
 "Yes; where is our mother?"

The child made no answer, but stood with clasped hands, as if spell-bound, gazing at Emily.

"What is the matter, Mimeo? Don't you like me?" asked Emily.

The child sprang to her open arms and kissed her, whispering:

"You are one of mother's tribe, sure!"

Kisko entered the apartment and beckoned Emily to follow. She did, and stood leaning against the door like one entranced. Upon piles of mats on the floor, seated in the Indian style of repose, was a lady, apparently thirty years of age. Her complexion was dazzling fair, her hair light, decked in a graceful, though strange fashion, with bead ornaments and jewelry. Her robe was of rich silk, of crimson damask, the edge trimmed with a deep golden border; her outer garment was green silk, ornamented with facings of embroidery, clasped with a sparkling zone. Her arms were laden with bracelets, and one delicate foot displayed, was encased in an embroidered moccasin.

"Mother, I have brought you Emily; that is the wife of my father, the great chief."

After this original introduction, the wife of the great chief raised her eyes, and the birch bark that she was embroidering with porcupine quills, fell from her hands. She sprang to her feet, uttering a wild scream.

"Emily, Emily! what is your mother's name?"

"Alice."

"No, no, your father's?"

"Allison C—."

"A shiver passed over the form of the wife of the great chief. There were some chairs in the room, and she offered one to Emily—there were no more signs of agitation. But when Kisko left the room, his mother took Emily in her arms, embraced her, wept over her, but said nothing. A little table was spread, and on it were placed white bread, honey, curd cheese and fruit; water was served at the end of the repast. After which, and they were again seated, the chief's wife spoke.

"You lost yourself in the woods; Kisko saw you on the cliff from here; his eyes are sharp; he knew it was you. He has told us of the Indian song in the grove at school. You love Indian life?"

"Yes," exclaimed Emily, enthusiastically.

"Rest here to-night. Kisko shall go tell your friends. He is fleet as the fawn. You sleep with me and Mimeo. Are you content?"

"O, yes, I am delighted. But will you tell me stories—stories of Indian life?—of yourself and the great chief?"

Again a shadow passed over her countenance.

"You shall hear about me in time, but I have not seen any of my people for many years. You must not expect me to talk of them much."

Meanwhile Kisko ran to the village to acquaint Cousin Dan of Emily's absence, who, turning to Clara, said: "Let her stay; they will take good care of her, no doubt. I know Kisko's mother well enough for that, and Emily will enjoy the novelty, I know."

Turning to Kisko, he said: "Tell Emily I give her permission to stay; I will myself come for her in the morning. But Kisko, you'd better fly to the forest, there is no telling what Master Eugene may say or do after this," and with a mischievous smile, Cousin Dan resumed his employment of unharnessing his horses.

Next morning Cousin Dan might have been seen entering the Kisko cottage, bearing with him a large basket, laden with such substantial contents that even his stalwart arm grew tired. He greeted the family as if he were an old friend. Mimeo ran to him and jumped upon his knee. Emily had been instructing her from a book, and the two were seated on the pile of mats. Emily was dressed in a costume exactly answering that of Kisko's mother. Cousin Dan was not backward in observing it.

"Well, Emily, how have you enjoyed your visit?" he inquired.

"Delightfully! and I'm invited to come again."

"Do let her come again," said Madame Chief.

"I love Emily," said little Mimeo.

"And you, Kisko, have you nothing to say?"

"I wish Emily to *always* stay with us."

"You do, do you? Perhaps Master Eugene would have some objections; but come, Emily, we must be going, I believe. You are not going off with all these beautiful clothes on, are you?"

"Kisko's mother gave them to me for a keepsake, and I am to wear them occasionally in remembrance of her."

"And did Kisko give you nothing?"

"O, yes. See here," and she showed a curiously carved box, and in it were a variety of articles, which he turned over; and then carelessly nearing Madame Chief, he whispered:

"Does the poor child know what all this means?" But we did not catch the reply.

We told you there was a lake in M—, not

far from Cousin Dan's house. Often on a quiet evening, that good-natured relative would take the young people out in a little row-boat, and their voices, as they floated over the rippling waves, modulated in their cadences by the night breezes, seemed like music wafted from the souls of happy ones in Elysium. Ah, Cousin Dan was very kind and obliging. His was a model house to visit in summer. You might have as many apples, pears, strawberries, and raspberries, as you liked; plenty of bread and butter, curd cheese and fresh milk. You could ride "Old Dolly" any time of day, providing you had any one to put the saddle on, and Cousin Dan himself would get up the horses, and take you, riding miles and miles, not considering it any trouble. A model cousin was Cousin Dan! But all this was when he was at leisure; when he was busy he had to amuse himself.

Charlie and Eugene now managed the boat exceedingly well, and they often took the girls out sailing. Emily was very fond of the water, and soon became quite an adept in rowing and navigating the tiny shallop.

Another momentous Saturday afternoon, Emily was walking by the brink of the lake, and regretting there was nobody to take her out on the water. Cousin Dan was very busy in getting in the last of his harvest. Eugene and Charlie were assisting him by taking his place, going to a town some distance on business. Rose was occupied in doors assisting her mother in the mysterious preparation of preserves. Ah! what a pity there was no one to give her a sail!

Suddenly, she remembered the Lady-of-the-Lake. She would personate the romantic Ellen. No doubt she could acquit herself equally well, and entering the boat she scudded it along, and was soon some distance on the sheet of water. She wished to go still further, in search of water lilies, which she knew rocked in pearly clusters far beyond. She has just reached the desirable spot, and is now endeavoring to capture them. She has already succeeded in procuring one; but her attention is called off by hearing a long, muttering peal of thunder. She looks around; the sky is suddenly darkened by the rapidly-driving rain-clouds; her heart beats violently, and suddenly springing forward to seize the oar, the movement has swayed the boat, and a volume of water flows in.

But she seizes the oar, and endeavoring to extricate the shallop, finds it entangled among the roots of the water-lilies. What can she do? The boat is rocked and tossed fearfully, and yet held as if by invisible hands. Large drops of rain plash down upon her, and vivid streaks of

lightning flash before her eyes. At intervals she could see across the lake figures flitting on the bank in the direction of Cousin Dan's residence. She thought she discerned Cousin Dan, Charlie and Eugene; and why did they not try to aid her? Must she be drowned, then, right in sight of home? Could none of them swim?

Night is coming on with the speed of an eclipse. The boat is nearly filled with water. Another long flash of light, and she saw a figure plunge in; her heart beats a few impulsive bounds—it told her that it was Kisko to the rescue! The next instant the waves dashed over her. She remembered clinging to the side of the boat, and going down, down, down among the huge roots, and feeling, not seeing, for her eyes were closed, all the lurid phosphoric glare of the world of waters; a sensation of great oppression and pain in the chest; a sinking—sinking—a fierce grasping, as of a powerful monster—indistinctness—nothingness!

It is Sabbath eve. The bells of the M—— church are tolling—solemnly, dismally tolling. They are bearing to his last home, Kisko, the son of the Indian chief. There are mourners weeping around; but the mourners are not all there. There are scholars; and they strew flowers in the grave. Cousin Dan, Rose, Eugene and Charley are there; but Emily, wavering between life and death, lies in a darkened room, Cousin Clara watching her.

But what is that at the foot of the couch?—a huge heap of shaggy hair! No—that is an embodiment of a soul, larger than dwells in the bosom of some men—it is Ponto, the faithful Newfoundland, that, after Kisko, saved Emily's life. The fatal afternoon, Cousin Clara remembered to have seen Emily walking in the direction of the lake, and as the shower arose, Eugene, Charlie, and her husband returned, and immediately went to the shore. Afar, almost out of sight, they discovered Emily in the boat. There was none other in the vicinity within two miles. They neither could swim—the storm was increasing. Cousin Dan was about trying to reach her, when breathlessly onward dashed Kisko, and casting from him his light jacket, he plunged in, and was soon making a straight track for the boat. Rose had remembered to have seen him pass to the village, and hastened to find him, and make him acquainted with Emily's danger. After immense exertion, by diving, he was enabled to fetch up Emily; but she was so entangled among the roots of the water-lilies, the effort was little less than superhuman.

When he reached the surface, he was almost

exhausted, and Emily quite insensible; but he clung to her until good Ponto, dear Ponto, swam to the rescue. Kisko relinquished his burden only after he was convinced Ponto could get her to the shore much quicker and safer than himself. Grasping her clothes in his teeth, the faithful dog struck off for the shore.

The excitement was over—Emily was saved. Exhausted, Kisko yet struck out a few paces in the water; he thought of his mother and Mimeo, and exerted himself again. But he felt something give way in his chest—after that he knew nothing. Half an hour from the time Emily was rescued, the howlings of Ponto again brought them to the shore, and they took up the apparently lifeless body of Kisko, and brought it to the house. The physician that had been summoned for Emily was by his side; but by the light of the lamp was discerned a rill of blood oozing from his lips. "Internal contusion!"—the doctor shook his head. But restoratives of every kind were used, and finally poor Kisko opened his eyes.

"My poor mother!" he murmured.

His mother and sister were sent for. Emily was now sufficiently recovered to be sensible that Kisko had lost his life to save hers. She requested to see him, and was brought to his bedside. He took her hand in his and whispered something, but all Emily could understand was, "chief's son." She pressed her lips to his brow. His eye once more lighted up with an expression of infinite love, there was a gurgling in his throat, his face assumed a grave stern air, and, faithful to the last, he flinched not at death; a still, shattering convulsion, and his spirit passed away to join that of his father in the spirit land. An hour after, when his mother entered, she clasped to her bosom the wreck of her son.

The bells are tolling—slowly tolling. Emily whispers to Cousin Clara, "bring me Kisko's gift." Emily clasped her pale arms around the curious box, and bathed it with a deluge of tears. Yes, the school children, Cousin Dan, Eugene, all, stood around the grave! At the head, was the wife of the chief and her little daughter. As the beautiful ritual was chanted, "He cometh up and is cut down as a flower, he fleeth as a shadow," there dropped upon the coffin, one by one, the bow, the quiver, the calumet, the wampum, and the moccasins of the great chief, his father. Then little Mimeo cast in a half finished belt. Ah! it was touching to see the blending of ancient rites with the beautiful ritual of the Christian church. Kisko was a Sabbath scholar; but he was also a chief's son. There was not a dry eye there. He was buried

in the Eye of the West—the spirit of Sunset and the sweet South may whisper to him; and when at last the god of day bid adieu to earth, there were yet two living monuments weeping over his grave.

Cousin Dan forcibly retained at his house the mother of Kisko and her little daughter, and Emily peremptorily ordered them not to be allowed to depart until her father arrived.

Searching autumn winds were already whistling around the house; gorgeously tinted leaves, nipped by the early frost, hovered mid air; katydids were singing their last, and crickets had already begun their autumnal song. It was a solemn place now. Emily reclined in an easy chair in the old hall. Kisko's mother sat beside her, and Mimeo at her feet. The wife of the great chief was very pale. She had laid off her fanciful costume, and was now dressed in weeds of the deepest mourning. One would little dream she was a Christian's wife now. A figure darkened the door. Emily looks up, and exclaims: "Father!"

Mr. C. scarcely regards her; he is gazing at the figure in mourning.

"Angeline! sister! dead, lost, wronged Angeline, is it thou?"

"Allison! my brother!"

There was a weeping of long pent-up tears, the flood-gates of the heart were opened, and the past, with all its injustice and imprudence, its tyranny and rashness, was forgotten.

"Emily, Kisko was your cousin!"

Emily had fainted.

When Mr. C. returned to town, he bore back his long-lost sister and dark-eyed Mimeo, Emily and Eugene; but they were both different beings now. They had each advanced a step on the ladder of experience; they had turned over a new lesson in the history of the heart. Emily smiled again; but her smile was sadder. Eugene danced again; but there were others more gay.

In the church-yard of M—, rises a pyramidal monument of the purest marble, and on it is sculptured a bow and arrow, a calumet and Holy Bible, and this description:

"In memory of Kisko, the son of an Indian chief, Who lost his life in saving that of his cousin. This token of respect is erected by his ever grateful, Yet deeply afflicted uncle. Requiescat in pace."

But did Emily ever marry Eugene? In time. How came Mr. C.'s sister to marry an Indian chief? To avoid fulfilling an engagement made daring her infancy by her father, a betrothal to one she loathed, she preferred uniting herself to the Forest King.

ADA GREY.

BY LILIAN LESTON.

As pure as the snow on the mountain,
 As fair as the light of day,
 As gay as the laughing fountain,
 Was beautiful Ada Grey.

Her tresses were softer than velvet,
 Her brow was unshadowed by care,
 Her cheek, the rose-tint of the seashell,
 Was bordered with white lilacs fair.

Her lips, like rich cardinal flowers,
 Would oft part in laughter and glee;
 Her voice—it was softer and clearer
 Than the tones of a silver bell be!
 Ah me, but it nevermore ringeth
 'Mong the hills and the blossoming trees;
 Her step falls no more on the earth-land,
 And her laugh is ne'er heard on the breeze.

For one she loved better than sunlight,
 And trusted—but trusted in vain—
 Took home to his bosom the wine cup,
 And she was ne'er happy again.
 But slowly and sadly she faded,
 As fades the pale star away,
 Till she went to her home 'mong the angels,
 The radiant Ada Grey!

THE PHANTOM FRIAR.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

"You admire our little church, sir?" said the sacristan to me, as we rested together upon a stone horse-block, worn smooth by the feet of many a squire and yeoman now reposing quietly in the green church-yard, skirted by the low wall which supported our backs.

"Indeed, it is one of the most interesting of all the rural churches which I have seen in England."

"You come from abroad, sir?"

"I am an American," I replied.

"Indeed!" And I fancied the old sacristan regarded me with a still kindlier eye. Perhaps some favorite child had left the paternal roof, and now dwelt upon New England's hills, or among the south savannahs. But I did not question the venerable man. Who knows, indeed, what chord might have been awakened?

"Is there no legend connected with this church, my friend? 'Twere a pity, if not."

"That there is, sir! And if you can listen to an old man's tale, I can do no better than to while your time till we hear the steam-whistle."

"Many thanks! You will not only while the time, but, I doubt not, entertain me greatly. I own myself an inveterate legend-hunter."

The sacristan smiled, and at once commenced:

"You must know, sir, that on the site of this church, which is now about one hundred and fifty years old, existed formerly a very prosperous abbey, belonging to the monks of St. Benedict, or Black Friars, as they were commonly called. It was reputed to contain great store of solid wealth; and, consequently, when the wars broke out between Cavalier and Puritan, was very speedily assaulted, dismantled, and nearly destroyed, by one of Cromwell's zealous captains, who, however, got but his labor for his pains, inasmuch as not a penny of lucre was found in possession of monk or abbot.

"Nevertheless, the brotherhood—that is, such as escaped the bloody shift so common in those days—were effectually dispersed by the violence done to their dwelling-place, and since that period no black friar has ever told his beads in the neighborhood. But it was not many years before superstition began to invest the ruins with the usual dread attached to monuments of past violence, and to people with ghostly visitors the halls deserted by mortal footsteps. Meanwhile, Cromwell and his stern troopers gave place to Charles and his reckless cavaliers, and these, in turn, made way for James and his shaven monks; about which time there began to be rumors of a contemplated rebuilding of the Benedictine abbey, which set all the gossips of Suffolk to whispering about the apparition of an old friar, who on several occasions (as averred by the peasants) had been seen fitting among the ivy-mantled stones, or stooping over the broken slabs in the ancient burial-place. But the work of restoration was never commenced, though it was asserted that commissioners from the king had actually visited the place, and (as was said) entered upon negotiations with artisans. However, there was very good reason why the design of rebuilding the abbey (if such, indeed, had been entertained) should not be completed; for about this period the pious James was forced to pack up his royalty, and decamp for the French court, whilst his dutiful daughter Mary, and his-son-in-law William of Nassau, took quiet possession of his crown and kingdom.

"Nearly half a century had now passed since the sack and destruction of the abbey, and its supernatural reputation had grown apace with the weeds which tangled themselves into rank luxuriance among the old walls and fallen roof-trees. Periodically was seen to walk about the grounds the ghost of an aged monk, attired in the black serge garment of the Benedictines; and more than one benighted traveller had heard (as he would swear roundly) the mumbling of mass by that black friar amid the ruins, while Satan

himself (in a cowl) sat astride of a tomb-stone, delivering the responses. It is no wonder, then, that the dismantled monastery became at length known as the 'De'il's Abbey,' or that it was decided to be no fit walk for Christian foot, but to be left to witches for a nocturnal trysting-place.

"But about the second year of the Dutch Stadtholder's reign, it chanced that a worthy pedler, who was in the habit of vending ribbons and trinkets through the rural districts, and, by his uncommon honesty as a hawker, and good humor as a companion, enjoyed no small modicum of popularity among his rustic customers, found himself, one Michaelmas eve, in the unhappy vicinity of our haunted monastery. He had taken a short cut across the fields, in order to reach sooner the market town (where he made his home and kept a little warehouse for the goods which he trafficked up and down the country), and had just gained the wild spot on which stood the ruins, when a violent thunder-storm, arising suddenly, obliged him, for the salvation of his pack, to seek speedy shelter under one of the still upright and ivy-covered arches. He happily discovered a dry resting-place, and quickly made himself as comfortable as circumstances would allow.

"It was near dark when the storm arose, and Will Nuttall, as the pedler was named, expected that it would soon spend its force, and pass away, leaving him, to be sure, the wet fields for his journey, but with the returning moon to guide his path. He miscalculated, however, the duration of the tempest, which continued to rage with unabated fury till hours had passed away, and he began to reckon midnight very near at hand.

"Now, Master Nuttall was a stout-hearted and merry fellow, little troubled by ghost-stories, though was he in the habit of relating to the wide-mouthed lads and round-eyed lasses, who ever welcomed him to meat and lodging in their snug farm-houses. Nevertheless, the reflection that he was alone, at midnight, in the very headquarters of hobgoblinry, and on Michaelmas eve, too (chosen, as is well known, of all nights in the year, for witch revels and incantations), did not, it may be fancied, decrease the unpleasantness of his situation. In truth, as the night wore on, he grew somewhat more 'narvish' than was his wont, and long ere the storm gave signs of lull, he had many times devoutly wished himself safely out of the 'De'il's Abbey.'

"At length the clouds parted, the wind sunk, and large drops succeeded to the close showers which had followed fast on one another through the night; till, at last, the moon broke out, let-

ting its radiance gush full over field and forest, making the moist landscape glitter in silver sheen. Will Nuttall stretched his legs, rose briskly, and slung his pack, and then stepped from under the protecting arch, to pursue his homeward journey; essaying, at the same time, a lively whistle, either to summon his courage or to scare away whatsoever lurking elves might be peering at him from the still, sombre shadows of the ruins. But whistle and foot were both abruptly checked, as Will's eye glanced toward the ancient burial-ground, and saw where, plainly defined in the moonlight, the figure of an old man, clad in monkish habit, was stooping near a gray tomb, not twenty paces from the spot where he himself stood. The pedler stared fixedly, unable to withdraw his eyes, though his frame shook in every joint, while the phantom friar rose slowly from its bending posture, and uplifting its hands, in one of which was grasped a black crucifix, stood a moment bolt-upright, as if invoking a curse upon the wretched mortal who had intruded on its domain.

"Will Nuttall strove to run away, but his feet refused to turn; he tried to cry aloud, but his voice failed him. So, doing the only thing he could, he let his knees double under him, and sank quietly on the wet grass, where he lay prostrate for a space, shivering like one in an ague-fit; expecting each moment to feel a bony hand on his head, or a pair of skeleton legs bestriding his broad shoulders. But, as neither of these consequences followed, he soon ventured to raise his head a bit, and finally, without looking toward the gray tomb-stone, to bolt suddenly away into the broad, moonlit highway, a few rods off, whence he made his way homeward with all the speed he could command.

"Next morning, Will Nuttall was late in setting out with his pack, and the neighbors noted that he was not in his usual spirits; but the pedler mentioned nought concerning his nocturnal adventure; for, indeed, he began almost to feel ashamed of his fright, and to ask himself, how a blithe, ghost-jeering lad like Will Nuttall could have run away from some shadow of his own fancy? So he kept his counsel, and went on as usual, plying his traffic from hamlet to hamlet—getting little richer, it is true (for he was a free-hearted fellow), but making store of friends in his up-and-down wanderings. So a year passed away, and Michaelmas eve drew near again; and, as it chanced, found Will in the neighborhood, again, of the haunted 'De'il's Abbey.'

"'An arrant dolt was I to run away from my own shadow,' quoth the pedler to himself, as he

called to mind his midnight terror. 'Faith, I ha' e'en a mind to pass another Michaelmas at the old friar's gate, and see if mine host will bestir himself.'

No sooner resolved, than Will Nuttall set forth to execute, and once more, as the moonbeams streamed brightly over the ancient ruins (with no storm to interrupt their beauty), the bold pedler appeared, hard upon the witching hour, and (as if to dare the phantom to its worst) advanced, with a stout cudgel over the shoulder which bore his pack, and took post beside the very gray tomb stone over which he had beheld the ghost-monk stooping.

"But, O rash and fool-hardy wight! Scarce had he reached the slab, when, turning toward the shattered arch where he had before found shelter, he beheld the self-same sight that had then appalled him. The figure of an aged monk, with cowl and crucifix, emerged from the ivied shadow, and, with slow steps, approached as if to confront him! Will Nuttall saw, and his courage evaporated. Down he subsided, as before, and, with what little strength he could muster, crawled and burrowed, until he had got himself quite underneath a broken stone hatchment that rested slantingly against the old gray tomb. Here, shrinking into as small a bulk as possible (as if he hoped by such means to elude the grim friar), he held his breath, and strove to bethink him of all the prayers which he had ever forgotten. In another moment he felt a rustle of garments close beside him, and presently a low voice muttered some strange words in a language unknown to him, to which, consequently, he did not feel himself called upon to reply, though he had his misgivings, as to whether it might not be his own death sentence, delivered by some demoniac judge. To this low voice, monotonous and rapid, the hopeless pedler listened for several minutes, and then all became silent again. Meantime, almost ready to give up his personal ghost, most bitterly did he bewail his past skepticism regarding supernatural beings, and firmly did he resolve, if delivered safe out of the black friar's clutches, to believe most devoutly henceforth in spooks, spirits, brownies, and banshees, of whatever degree, clime, or complexion. Thus fortified, he ventured, when the voice ceased, to raise his head an inch, and steal a look at his ghostly neighbor.

"Very phantom-like and grim indeed was the old face which looked out from under that black cowl; and ashy were the cheeks and glassy the fixed eyes. The figure knelt against the tomb, close to the hatchment which concealed the ped-

ler; its thin hands clasped and pressed against its breast a sable crucifix; its withered lips appeared still to move, but emitted no sound. Will Nuttall saw all this at a glance, and the next moment beheld the phantom sink bodily downward, and disappear under the church-yard sod.

"Well, that, to be sure, was enough to frighten flesh and blood, however bold its possessor; so, it was no marvel that Will fainted incontinently away under his hatchment. And thus he remained until the light of a rosy morning chased off all evil things, and peered into his face, and woke him once more to the world of living things. He was drenched with the heavy night-dew, but, beyond this, had sustained no injury to his corporeal substance.

"'Now am I an ass—or there be ghosts!' soliloquized Will Nuttall, as he gradually became aware of his identity, and rubbed his eyes to get a better look of every object around him. 'What I ha' seen now, no Christian man may speak lightly of! Eye and ear were open, i' faith! nevertheless, if ghosts there be, it be plain, too, they ha' no power o'er mortal man, else were I not unharmed this day. So, if there harbor no malice nor hurt i' the good people, let no evil be spoken of them, say I.'

"Talking thus to himself, and peering boldly about him, as he saw the sunlight brightening in the east, Will shook himself, and proceeded to impart animation to his benumbed limbs by a liberal bestowal of smart buffets on his breast. The old gray tombs began, by this time, to look cheery in the morning beams, and the ivied arches and shattered walls had lost all trace of ghostliness; nevertheless, our pedler could not help a fearsome qualm as his eyes fell upon the spot where they had beheld the black friar disappear under the sod. But Will Nuttall's look dwelt longer than before, for it had caught sudden sight of an opening just beneath the gray tomb, and close beside the hatchment which had so opportunely covered his person. The pedler stooped, and beheld a square aperture, half-concealed by dank weeds, below which were several steps of stone, apparently leading to a vault beneath the monument. Into this aperture he peered curiously, but all was dark. Only a smell of damp earth came from beneath. Will Nuttall paused a few moments, and then a strange fancy came into his mind. 'If ghosts must have holes to go and come by,' quoth he, 'they be little better off than people wi' bodles.' This reflection inspiring him, he hesitated not to put his best foot through the square opening and descend cautiously the slippery stones.

"Very dimly lit was the sepulchral vault to which the bold hawker found his way, but he could see that it was an oblong apartment, and very much like other ancient receptacles of mortality. But what drew his notice first was a little mound of earth (near the foot of the stone steps), which seemed to have been lately disturbed, and a mattock and pick (in a niche near by), to which there yet clung several lumps of moist, yellow clay. 'Ho!' said Will Nuttall, 'they be strange ghosts that use mattocks to dig their graves withal.'

"Will Nuttall sat himself down upon one of the stone steps, with the morning light faintly entering over his shoulder to the old vault, and began to reflect upon phantoms in general and black Benedictines in particular. The result of his cogitations was his sudden springing to his feet, seizing the pick, and digging away at the little mound with as hearty a will as if he had been a born sexton. And not long, indeed, had he to labor, ere his pick struck against a hard substance, and a few shovels full of clay removed, discovered to his wondering eyes a goodly-sized oaken chest, bound with iron bands. One or two sturdy blows sufficed to split the mouldy lid, and the poor pedler almost shrieked aloud as he beheld it filled with rusty silver coin.

"Will was a shrewd fellow, and quickly determined on his course of action. The treasure could not all be removed at once, but it was not long before he had conveyed it, by piecemeal, to his little warehouse in the market-town. Then he gave out that he should no longer pursue the hawker's trade, but enlarging his shop, soon branched out into cautious speculation, until he got the reputation of a thriving tradesman, worthy of all respect.

"Now, nearly seven years after this, it happened that the parish church was struck by lightning, during a storm, and so burned by the flames, that it became necessary for a public appeal to be made for a general subscription to repair the edifice. Among others, to whom the officers applied, was Will Nuttall. The good fellow looked over the list of those who had already contributed.

"'What's this?' said he. 'The squire but five pounds! the doctor but one pound! the—'

"'It is too true!' said one of the officers.

"'More might they afford—but, alas! I fear our poor church will be slowly mended!'

"'Here, I will do what I can!' said Will Nuttall; and he straightway subscribed twenty pounds, which so surprised the worthy deacon that had spoken, that he rubbed his spectacles thrice, as he looked at the figures. Then, hid-

ding thanks to the tradesman, he was about to depart, when his eye caught sight of the counter on which the subscription-book had been lying, and which was a very ancient piece of oak, with strange old letters writ upon it, but scarce to be noticed, so nearly were they erased.

"'Aha! you have something odd here, Master Nuttall!' said the old deacon, who was a bit of an antiquary.

"'Wh—what is it?' stammered Will; for he at once recollected that this counter-slab was the lid of the old chest which had held his treasure, and which he had placed in its present position as a memorial of his good fortune.

"'Something I decipher—but it is in old Gothic text!' answered the worthy deacon.

"'Will it please you to read it, sir?' asked Will. 'I mean the English of it.'

"The antiquary rubbed his spectacles, and stooping nearer, read:

'In the lands
Where this stood,
Another stands,
Twice as good.'

"'Hem!' said Will Nuttall. 'What may that signify? We are as wise now as before.'

"'Ay!' rejoined the deacon. 'For who can tell where an old oak tree stood?'

"'Who indeed?' echoed Will.

"But when the antiquarian deacon had gone, the good merchant said to himself: 'Aha! Perhaps I can tell where it stood—and see if there be another—twice as good. I'll be off, presently.'

"So, indeed, Will Nuttall lost no time in visiting the 'De'il's Abbey' again, taking good care to conceal his motions from everybody. And, sure enough, some feet deeper than the spot where he had discovered the silver, was buried another coffer, not so large, but far more valuable, inasmuch as it was filled with golden crowns, instead of silver. This prize he made his own with all the caution that he had before observed. And from that time henceforth he prospered, after saying to himself:

"'There is a blessing goes with helping churches.'

"And this church," said I to the sacristan, "was built by—"

"The pedler's secret treasure," answered the old man. "Will Nuttall purchased all the land, and here erected the structure you have admired—ordering the ancient Abbey model to be preserved. Look! in yonder oriel window, do you see what is painted on the stained glass?"

I looked, and saw the representation of a figure with a burden on his shoulder.

"It is the pedler and his pack!" said the sacristan.

"But the old monk—the Black Friar—the phantom?" I asked.

"It was—" But we were interrupted, for the shrill whistle of the mail train was heard, and in another moment—whiz—"London, sir!"

I was aboard, and we were off in a second. But as I looked back, I saw the sacristan wave his hand, and caught a glimpse of the pedler's church, through the grove around. And then—I had left all forever.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

BY G. W. BUNGAU.

Up in the tree across the way,
The robins feed their callow young;
And during all the shining day,
They soothe me with a gentle song.

Because they sing such songs for me,
From early morn till set of day,
I'll guard their castle on the tree,
From birds, and beasts, and men of prey.

I know the tune, but not the word,
Of that young choir up in the bough;
I would be happy as the birds,
And sing for joy, as they do now.

SOMETHING OF A BEAR STORY.

A gentleman who has travelled in Texas, tells the following of one of the first settlers in Austin county, in that State, and which, of course, is vouched for as being literally true:

In the summer of 1827, he said he was engaged in getting timber in the Brazos Bottom, and the cane being so thick, he had to cut a path-way through some fifty yards to get to the best timber-trees, and, as was customary in those days, no one ever went from their houses without their rifles. Having occasion one day to come out of the brake to see some neighbors, who had ridden as near as they could without riding in the cane, he left his rifle, and walked over to the edge of the cane, to where his friends were sitting on their horses. After conversing some time, they left, and he turned to go to his timber; but, to his surprise and astonishment, what should he behold, after advancing about fifteen paces towards the tree, but a huge bear, sitting erect on his haunches, with his rifle cocked, and aimed in a direct range with the path-way in which he was returning, and, "For me," says he, "I felt as if my days were numbered. I had no way to retreat, except along my straight little path, and I just commenced getting on my knees, for the last time, as I thought, when the bear, seeing this, did his best to fire; but Providence was on my side; my rifle was double-trigger, and Bruin did not understand it, and that was all that saved me."

A good tale badly told, is a bad one.

THE EMIGRANT BOY'S BURIAL.

A letter from the banks of the Juniata gives us the following touching incident: "It was a bright summer morning, and a procession of mourners came slowly up our village street. A coffin was borne low down by the bearers until the bier almost touched the pavement. Then came foreign men, two and two; then the women in their short skirts and wooden shoes, side by side—all still, save now and then a German word spoken quietly to remark the town, or some of our people as we stood and gazed at the strangers. Last of all in the procession came the mother, walking alone, her hands clasped over her Dutch heart, and her golden hair braided round and round her head, which was bowed low upon her breast. She wore neither bonnet nor shawl; so we could easily see the tears fall and the heart heave, as step by step bore her nearer to the house appointed for all the living. When the clods of the valley rested on the breast of her first-born, she took one long, earnest look upon the fresh earth, then her clear blue eye wandered around, over the graves, the old tomb-stones, to the trees above, to the hills beyond, to the distant mountains, as if she sought to impress the view indelibly upon her memory, so that she might have some picture for her poor broken heart to rest upon, as the last sleeping-place of her blue-eyed boy. Again the procession passed through our streets, and the strangers took the passage-boat to continue on their journey. Once more she followed, and rested upon the berth where her darling had but a few hours before murmured his last '*Ich liebe Dich.*' As they wended their way to the far-off west, often would that mother's heart return again to our quiet church-yard."—*Home Journal.*

AGE OF ANIMALS.

A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long-lived—Pompey lived to the age of seventy. The average age of cats is fifteen years; rabbits seven. Elephants have lived to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and then let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found with the inscription three hundred years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five or thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live one thousand years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of one hundred and four years. Ravens frequently reach the age of one hundred. Swans have been known to live three hundred years. Mr. Mallerton has a skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred. Pelicans are long-lived.—*N. O. Crescent.*

FRIENDS AND FORTUNE.

A SKETCH.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

Friends in swarms, like bees abound,
When the Bold is tinkling;
But when no cash is found,
They vanish in a twinkling.—OLD SONG.

MR. SAMUEL SMITHERS, at the age of twenty-one, found himself in possession of freedom and a fortune. A rich old uncle, who had acted as his guardian on the death of Smithers's father, had brought him up in great seclusion at a country town, a good many miles from New York. After a decent interval, the young gentleman came to the great metropolis to see a little of life, and was, as might be expected, completely dazzled and bewildered by the splendors of Gotham.

One of his earliest visits was to Peale's Museum, where he failed not to be smitten by the charms of a dancer and singer, who, in all the glory of whiting, rouge, gauze and artificial flowers, pirouetted and warbled nightly to the admiration of a gaping crowd. Seeing herself the object of attraction to a young gentleman ostentatiously and richly attired, Miss Celestina Rigadoon addressed her notes and steps particularly to this unknown and very verdant admirer. He smiled his satisfaction; she replied by an answering smile; he threw her a bouquet; she pressed it to her heart and raised it to her lips. Poor Smithers was completely fascinated. Had it been possible, he would have declared himself upon the spot. As it was, he went to bed at the Astor, and dreamed of the enchantress, and the next morning called at her house, and obtained permission of her mother to pay her a respectful visit. Though Miss Celestine was ignorant and conceited, her charms completely blinded the poor young gentleman, and when he took leave of her, he left his heart behind him.

On his second visit, he carried with him a Cashmere shawl, which was gratefully and gracefully accepted. At the end of the first week's acquaintance, he made her a present of a necklace of brilliants and a set of pearl ornaments, that cost him five thousand dollars. It was a very extravagant present, but then was not the lady destined for his bride? Three weeks passed in ecstasy, and the deeply-enamored youth was all the while screwing up his courage to propose. Though infinitely superior to the foolish and volatile creature who had enslaved him, he considered himself so vastly beneath her, that she inspired him with as much awe as if she had been an empress at the very least.

What, then, was the astonishment, horror and grief of Mr. Smithers, when, one morning, the waiter handed him the following note:

"SIR,—It gives me great pain to inform you that you are an egregious dupe. Though a stranger to you, I could not witness the injury done a gentleman of character and fortune, without protesting against it. Miss Celestine Rigadoon, of Barnum's, who is now seeking to plunder and deceive you, is an arrant coquette. She is engaged to be married to a French barber in Chatham Street, and will only pretend to favor your addresses, so long as she can obtain money of you. I am prepared to furnish evidence of the truth of my assertions, and for that purpose will wait upon you about dinner-time.

Respectfully your friend,

AUGUSTUS FLASHER."

Mr. Smithers's correspondent kept his appointment punctually. He was a young man of forty, with very black whiskers and a large amount of shirt collar and jewelry, and stated that he was a commission merchant, doing business in Wall Street. His manners were exceedingly prepossessing, and after the infinite service he had done Smithers in opening his eyes to the mercenary character of Miss Rigadoon, Smithers could do no less than ask him to dinner. That evening they went to the theatre together, and the next day to the races on the Union Course. In short, they became very intimate, and Smithers, after having dismissed the false Celestine from his thoughts, blessed his stars for making him acquainted with an agreeable companion, a man of the world, and a true friend. Flasher taught Smithers to despise economy, got him a horse dog cheap for five hundred dollars, bought tickets in his name for all the raffles going, and went with him to every place of amusement at his expense.

Flasher was engaged in a very flourishing business, according to his own account; but he soon developed a very singular mania for obtaining his friend's autographs. He required, however, something more than mere autographs; it was necessary that they should be appended to little slips of paper called checks, or sometimes figured on the backs of written documents, all having reference to sundry sums of money to be converted to the use of the aforesaid Augustus Flasher.

Going on at this rate, it is not at all surprising, that after the lapse of a good many months, Smithers should receive a notice from the bank one morning, that he had overdrawn his account. At the same time several trades people

presented their "little bills," a commercial term for very long accounts, with a polite request for immediate settlement. Smithers sent his horse to Tattersalls, and then learnt for the first time that he was badly spavined, and not worth fifty dollars. He flew to his friend Flasher's, and found that gentleman was out of town. Several other intimate friends whom he had obliged at various times, were conveniently absent when he called. After a desperate struggle to recall some of the scattered fragments of his fortune, Smithers in despair fled from the imperial city.

Some months after his departure, the following appeared in one of the Philadelphia papers:

"Among the bold adventurers who were among the first to explore the auriferous soil of California, a young man by the name of Samuel Smithers is particularly distinguished. Forseeing the profit to be derived from the union of a strong will and undaunted perseverance, he has plunged boldly into the valleys watered by the Sacramento, and there has employed himself in digging so successfully, that he has been literally heaping up gold. We are assured that he has detached blocks weighing more than eighty pounds. It is estimated that the young and adventurous Smithers has, in three months only, amassed more than twenty millions of the precious metal."

This notice, copied into the New York papers, was the town talk for a week. It soon reached the eyes of Miss Celestine Rigadoon and Mr. Augustus Flasher, who were both astounded at the intelligence.

Some time later, the New York Herald contained the following:

"Wonders will never cease. Young Smithers, formerly of this city, but now in California, is undoubtedly the richest man in the world. Astonishing as it may appear, he has found blocks of gold weighing four hundred pounds. Four hundred pounds! the imagination recoils, astounded, before the prodigiousness of this fact. It is unquestionably true, however, that Smithers possesses, not millions, but billions. Satisfied with his success, he is about to abandon mining and return to New York to spend—a mere conventional phrase, for his purse is bottomless—what he has acquired by his industry and enterprise. It is said, moreover, and here, perhaps, romance invades the province of sober history, that he returns to New York with the intention of marrying a young lady, the sincerity of whose attachment he once doubted. It is certain that he will meet with neither refusal nor levity. Happy Smithers!"

Later, the same journal stated:

"Samuel Smithers, Esq., the celebrated Californian, arrived in town to-day, and astounded those who knew his wealth, by the simplicity of his attire, and by engaging board at the Pig and Whistle in Chatham Street, instead of one of the crack hotels. It is true, as we before hinted, that he has a love affair on the tapis. More in our next edition."

Smithers was smoking his cigar quietly in his hotel, when the door of his room opened, and Augustus Flasher rushed into his arms.

"My dear fellow—welcome to New York. I forgive you for running away as you did. Allow me to congratulate you. Ah, we shall have many a good time together. But business before pleasure. You know I am indebted to you in the sum of five thousand dollars. You call that a trifle, I know—but it was something to me at the time you advanced it. Here it is in current bank notes. Just count 'em, and see if they are all right."

Smithers did so, and put them in his pocket with an indifferent air.

A few minutes afterwards, the waiter brought him a large sealed package and a note. He opened the latter, and read as follows:

"Dere, dere Mister Smithers,—I always loved U—so I did—and I most cried my Is out when you deserted me and went oph without Never so much as biddin' me good Bi. But we wont speke of troubles enny more. You've cum back and we'll be very appy—wont we? But 4 fere as U should think me mersenary I send U them Dimonts and perles wot you giv me a long while bak. Take bak the jewls, but gif me wot I want ure true arts affecshuns.

Yures tell deth

CELESTINE RIGADOON."

"The artful minx!" said Mr. Flasher, as he read the letter over his friend's shoulder. "She has dismissed the French barber, and now she thinks she has you sure. It was a sharp idea, sending back the jewels, but I hope you're not green enough to go and marry her!"

"Not I!" replied Smithers—"I have got my eye teeth cut, now, I assure you. I can read her and you too, Mr. Flasher."

Flasher laughed feebly, as he encountered Smithers's eye—but he changed color.

"I've got back a part of the fortune I squandered," continued Smithers—"and I mean to keep it. But before we part company, Flasher, I want to tell you a secret—I haven't been to California!"

THE PAGE'S REVENGE.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

It was in the year 1418, while France, torn by civil strife between the Armagnacs on the one side, and the adherents of the Duke of Burgundy on the other—and half overrun by the invading army of Henry—seemed upon the point of becoming a tributary province of England, that the young Dauphin Charles, accompanied by the faithful Tauneguy, and a few trusty adherents, cautiously quitted the Bastile, and took the road leading to the bridge of Charonton, crossing which, they followed the right bank of the Seine with all the speed of which their horses were capable; but without exchanging a word, or lifting a visor, until after nearly eight hours' travelling they arrived in front of the walled city of Melun, over which floated the white flag of the Armagnacs.

It was here that Charles raised his standard and prepared for that series of triumphs which gained for him the surname of "The Victorious." The proclamation which he issued, calling upon the people of France to rally for the defence of their country, was the signal for the greater part of the younger knights and nobles to join him in what seemed a desperate enterprise, while the older and less sanguine still adhered to the Duke of Burgundy, despite his wavering, not to say treacherous, policy, which eventually resulted in the surrender of Rouen, and the greater part of Guyenne and Normandy, and finally in his own assassination by Tauneguy and Robert de Loire upon the bridge of Montereau.

Among the first to enroll themselves under the banner of Charles, was the young Count de Auville, who, though young in years, had already received the honor of knighthood, and in several engagements with the English proved himself to be worthy of it. Becoming disgusted with the policy of the Duke of Burgundy, under whom he had served, he quitted the army some six months previous to the rising of the dauphin, and on his return homeward stopped at the chateau of his uncle, the Chevalier Duchatel, who yet remained with the duke.

The chateau, or more properly the castle of Criel, in the absence of the chevalier, was occupied only by his wife and daughter, the beautiful Caroline Duchatel, and a small party of men-at-arms to protect the place from violence. Here he remained month after month, fascinated by the beauty and gentleness of Caroline, hearing little of what was passing in the world without,

and caring still less; so absorbed was he in the passionate love he had conceived for his cousin, that little short of a miracle seemed necessary to divert his mind from the object of his affections.

True, he had never spoken to her of love, nor had any word of hers given him to understand that his feelings were reciprocated; but the thousand and one indescribable trifles, known to all lovers, which mean nothing, and yet "speak so sweetly and so well," led to a perfect understanding between them. Indeed, he is but a poor lover, and unworthy of being loved, who requires to be constantly assured of it in so many words.

In a dream of bliss passed a half year, when he was suddenly aroused to a sense of the realities of life by the proclamation of the dauphin, and following close upon this, intelligence of the fall of Rouen, and the capitulation of all the fortified places of Normandy. All this might have been prevented had the Duke of Burgundy seen fit to exert himself in the least, but from some inexplicable cause, he remained inactive, thereby allowing the very postern by which Paris could be entered, to fall into the hands of the enemy.

This event awoke a terrible echo throughout France, and the nation began to arouse from the apathy into which it had fallen; that which before seemed only a party—or, at most, a national question—was now appreciated by every man, and felt to be a matter in which he had a direct personal interest.

To such a man as the Count Pierre de Auville, the news was indeed startling; the only representative of an ancient and honored name, and the possessor of a magnificent inheritance, his country required something more of him than to be dallying with maidens, however lovely. The path of duty for him lay direct from the castle of Criel to the camp of the dauphin, and he felt the necessity of following it; but then to part from Caroline was to part from heaven. It seemed as if he had never loved her half so well as now, and an indescribable fear took possession of him, that if he left her now, he left her forever. The struggle in his own mind was short, but severe. In the days of chivalry, when duty and love came in conflict, duty, with a true knight, took precedence of love—or rather they went hand in hand, but duty always in advance.

A party of stout men-at-arms were putting on their armor, or adjusting the harnesses of their horses in the court-yard of the castle, as the Count de Auville issued from the gate and placed his foot in the stirrup, as if to mount, when, after a moment's hesitation, he turned hastily, re-entered the castle, and bounding up the broad stairway, entered the hall.

The Lady Caroline was reclining upon a rich sofa of crimson velvet, and as he approached, unperceived, saw that she was weeping.

"Carrie—darling," said he, gently placing his hand upon her head, "are those tears for me?"

The lady started, she had not anticipated his return, and smiling through her tears, looked up into his face as he bent fondly over her.

"Why should I not weep, Pierre, when you are going so far away?—and amid war and danger, I tremble to think of what may befall you! But why did you return?" she added, playfully. "And a good knight should never turn back."

"You must have no fears for me, Carrie. A lady should believe her knight invincible, you know. But I will tell you why I returned. True love is always jealous, and I wish to exact a promise that until I return, you will not see your cousin, the Count de la Hire. I greatly fear that, relying upon the promise which your father thoughtlessly made while you were both children, he will press his suit for your hand with more ardor than I should care to have him exhibit—particularly while I am absent."

"You need have no anxiety upon that subject, Pierre. I most cordially detest my cousin. I verily believe he was sent into the world expressly to be hated. If I disliked him before I knew you, I think there is very little cause for you to fear him as a rival now; and upon my father's return, I will give him no peace until he retracts the promise made to the old Count Lottre."

"And now one thing more," said De Anville, drawing her caressingly towards him; "exchange miniatures that I may have a talisman to protect me in my hour of peril; and to render the charm infallible, add one of those glossy tresses, though it seems almost cruel to make even a thing inanimate share my exile from you. You will not forget me, Carrie," he continued, taking her soft, white hand in his.

"No, Pierre," she replied, "I will not forget you—or rather I will not upon one condition, that you will not entertain an idea that I can forget. Let this be a pledge—when I cease to think constantly of you, I will return the miniature, and not till then."

A few more words of endearment, a fond embrace, and Pierre, turning himself from the spot where he had enjoyed so much real happiness, mounted his horse, and followed by his retainers, rode rapidly from the castle, and took the road to the camp of the dauphin.

Little did they imagine who had been a witness of this tender scene! Concealed behind a fold of tapestry stood a tall, dark man, whose

stern, forbidding countenance was flushed with anger as he eagerly listened to every word, and watched every movement of the lovers.

This man was the Count de la Hire, who arrived at the castle, and finding the court-yard filled with soldiers, entered unperceived; and in passing the hall, being attracted by the sound of voices, stopped to listen to that, which, judging from the expression of his countenance, was far from pleasant.

"So," he muttered, between his clenched teeth, as he left his place of concealment, "so this young popinjay thinks to deprive me of this goodly castle, these broad acres, and the fair lady, also—though 'tis little I care for her, except that only by her becoming my wife can I hope to be the possessor of this fair estate. Ha! she detests me, does she! She thinks I was born to be hated! Well, she shall have cause—she shall have cause!"

And entering the court-yard, he ordered the gate to be closed, the draw-bridge raised, and that no one should have admittance, except they came in the name of the Count de la Hire.

"And who may you be, sir knight, to order so loudly in my lord's castle?" inquired a handsome, gaily-dressed youth, who stood leaning against one of the abutments.

"Your master, slave," answered the count, striking him so violently with his clenched hand that it sent him reeling to the ground. "Let that teach you to select your words with more care."

If the count could have seen the look of revengeful hate with which the youth regarded him as he wiped the blood from his face, he would have kept a wary eye upon him; but he was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to notice one so insignificant as the page.

The Count de la Hire was the son of an old brother-in-arms of the Chevalier Duchatel, and some seven years the senior of the Lady Caroline, to whom, as was the custom of the time, he had been betrothed while she was yet an infant, the parents hoping to cement the friendship existing between them by a union of the two families.

The young count early succeeded to the title and estate of his father, who died soon after the contract was concluded; but he inherited none of the noble and generous qualities which won for the old count the respect and esteem of all who knew him. On the contrary, as he approached manhood, the permanent traits of his character showed themselves to be, grasping avarice and inordinate selfishness, to gratify which he spared not others' rights or feelings.

Up to the time in which we have seen him playing the spy upon the lovers in the hall of the castle, he had visited Criel but once—always considering that by virtue of the betrothal, he could claim his bride at any moment, and consequently become possessed of the castle and domain, he had thought it useless to waste time in so frivolous an occupation as wooing, or for the present to burden himself with a wife. This state of things might have continued for a considerable period, had he not been roused to a sense of danger of losing the estate altogether by intelligence of the death of the Chevalier Duchatel, who fell gallantly fighting at the head of his column in a sortie from the besieged city of Rouen. He therefore at once set off for the castle of Criel, where he arrived just in time to overhear, what he considered, an iniquitous conspiracy to defraud him of his just rights.

With characteristic brutality, he announced to the Lady Caroline and her mother, the death of the chevalier, and at the same time, informed them that he should take possession of the castle until his marriage with Caroline, which, he further informed them, should positively take place at the expiration of three months.

It was in vain they alternately threatened and entreated, in vain Caroline assured him that her heart was irrevocably given to another, that she could never love him. With a coarse laugh he told her she could act her own pleasure in that respect, as it made no difference to him whether she loved him or not. Their entreaties had no more effect upon him than moonbeams upon ice; and for threats, he could laugh at them. In the unsettled state of the country, even the highest nobles might seek in vain for justice, and what aid could two defenceless women expect? Their only hope, and his only fear, was from the Count de Auville, and he consequently took good care that no communication should pass to him from the castle; and the frequent messages which arrived for Caroline, reached no further than his hands. But he had arranged a plan effectually to remove all apprehension of danger from that quarter. His knowledge of what transpired at their last interview, was a powerful weapon against the lovers, and he did not scruple to use it.

Two months passed without bringing any change of these unpleasant circumstances, when one morning, the Lady Caroline on looking for De Auville's miniature, found the casket empty. There could be little doubt whose hand had robbed her of the cherished souvenir, and she at once requested an interview with La Hire, and indignantly demanded its restoration.

"My dear madame," answered the count, in a tone of ironical politeness. "I had intended to inform you earlier as to the disappearance of the picture, but other duties drove it from my mind; not wishing to disturb your rest last night, I took the liberty of removing it without consulting you, but when you learn that it was only taken for the purpose of restoring it to our mutual friend and cousin, the Count de Auville, you will probably excuse the act."

"What do you say?" returned to the Count de Auville?" exclaimed Caroline, the remembrance of the pledge she had given on receiving the picture, flashing into her mind.

"I say," continued the count, "De Auville rightly judging that you no longer cared to retain the miniature—as you are so soon to bestow your hand upon me, was anxious to have it returned, that he might send it as a souvenir to his bereaved parents—surely, a lady of your gentle and affectionate nature could not refuse so simple a request to a man, who, like him, was laying desperately wounded upon the field of battle."

"Wounded! Is Pierre wounded? You don't mean that—"

"I do not say that he is wounded, I say he *was* wounded—he has probably expired ere this."

"O, it is not so!" exclaimed Caroline, in accents of despair, sinking upon a sofa behind her, and covering her face with her hands—"it is not so!"

"It is, madame," returned the count, coldly.

"Who saw him?"

"I saw him."

"You! You saw him, and did not take me to him? Where is he? I will go to him now; where?" but the count was gone.

With frantic eagerness she flew from one to another of the people employed about the castle, in the hope that the story would be contradicted, but they were all creatures of the count, and well instructed in their part—the answer of each only served to confirm the worst.

Whether that which the count had told her was true or not, she knew that he would make such use of the miniature as to prevent De Auville coming to the castle, and the day appointed for the hated marriage was fast approaching—she well knew that La Hire would have no difficulty in finding a priest to perform the ceremony with or without her consent, and the fact of the betrothment would render it binding.

In the meantime, De Auville, with a light and happy heart, repaired to the camp of the dauphin—received with distinguished favor, and at

once placed high in command ; all things seemed to point out a future sufficiently glorious to gratify the ambition of any young soldier—but his thoughts were ever with Caroline—his advancement seemed of value only because it might please her—every success over the enemy was only a step nearer the realization of his wishes—such a thing as a doubt of her constancy never entered his thoughts—he did wonder that no answer was returned to his frequent messages, but love instantly framed excuses—the difficulty of finding a messenger, and the dangerous condition of the roads—which were infested with predatory bands of the English, easily accounted for their non-arrival.

While in this state of happy confidence, and little imagining the actual state of affairs, a package was placed in his hands by a soldier, who, after assuring himself that it had been delivered to the right person, instantly disappeared.

With trembling hand and palpitating heart—for he recognized the seal as that of Duchatel, he opened the missive. When, what was his consternation at beholding his own miniature and a note from Caroline, to this effect—that having calmly reconsidered the matter, she wished to withdraw the promise, which in a moment of passion she had made him, as it was her determination, as well as her wish, to comply with the expressed desire of her father—now no more, and become the wife of the Count de La Hire, and, trusting that he, like herself, had already recovered from the effect of a transient fancy, which only required a short separation to terminate.

De Auville reeled as if struck with a blow ; he could not realize his bereavement—he read the convincing proof of her inconstancy, again and again, until the conviction slowly forced itself upon him.

The change which this death blow to his hopes produced on him, was apparent to all, and the subject of remark with his comrades—no longer the light and joyous being, the life of the camp, whose merry laugh and gloom dispelling humor could cheer the hearts of the most desponding—but stern and morose, he plunged into the thickest of the fight, with a recklessness that surprised his friends and appalled his foes ; he exposed his life upon every occasion, seeking death, which rarely comes to those who have cause to desire its presence.

The army of the dauphin had now advanced to within a few leagues of the castle of Criel, which Charles proposed to make his headquarters for a time ; a march of three days would bring them beneath its walls.

The Count de Auville, not wishing to increase his unhappiness by again beholding those familiar scenes, solicited and obtained permission to retire to his own home, until the army should advance nearer the main force of the enemy—he rode from the camp as the evening was closing in, and turned his horse's head homeward ; he had not proceeded far, when he was accosted by a young man, who was mounted and attired like a page.

"Count de Auville," said the youth, "I have a favor to ask of you."

"Then you are like to be disappointed my friend," said De Auville. "I am fitter to ask than to grant favors, but say, what is it you would have of me?"

"Revenge!" answered the youth.

"Revenge! and on whom?"

"The Count de La Hire."

"The Count de La Hire! my kinsman? you have mistaken the person to whom you apply for revenge."

"I have not mistaken," continued the youth. "I do not ask you to revenge my wrong, but your own and that of the Lady Caroline, and by so doing, the blow which yet burns upon my cheek, will be repaid."

"The Lady Caroline! What wrong? what know you of her?"

"This: while you refuse to grant me revenge, she, by this same Count de La Hire, is imprisoned in her own castle—her letters intercepted, and forged ones made to supply their place; that she believes you dead, and that to-morrow she will be forced into a detested marriage; that is all."

De Auville answered not a word, but turning in the opposite direction from that which he had been pursuing, drove his spurs into his horse's flank and started off like the wind.

"Hold, hold, sir count," exclaimed the youth, with difficulty keeping pace with the impatient lover. "Where are you going?"

"Where should I go—to the castle of Criel."

"Then all is lost; you will neither revenge me, nor save the Lady Caroline. Do you think," he continued, when the count had slackened his speed, "do you think, alone and unaided, to take a castle which would withstand a siege of an army?"

"Is the castle so well defended—then indeed all is lost—the marriage to take place to-morrow, do you say?"

"Ay, to-morrow; and if you are wise and follow my guidance, you may be present: but attempt force, and the whole army of the dauphin cannot reduce the place in three months."

"What, then, do you propose?" inquired De Auville, eagerly.

"I propose that to-morrow night at nine, yourself, with fifty trusty men shall be concealed in the wood to the west of the castle, and near the postern, of which I have the keys, and through which you may enter; the castle, taken by surprise, you can easily overpower the count's followers, although twice that number."

"And the marriage—"

"Is to take place at ten."

"It is well; I shall be there."

The night of the marriage had arrived; the hall of the castle was brilliantly illuminated, and with its gorgeous tapestry, and rich furniture, looked a scene of fairy magnificence, but though prepared apparently for a festive occasion, only groups of stern, dark-visaged men occupied the room usually enlivened by the presence of lovely women; at the upper extremity of the hall, a sort of temporary altar had been erected, and beside it stood a priest, whose sinister countenance betokened his aptitude for the service required of him. The Count de La Hire was pacing impatiently up and down the apartment, occasionally giving vent to some exclamation of anger.

"Go tell the Lady Caroline, I shall wait no longer," said he, turning to a page, who stood near.

"The Lady Caroline is here," said the page, at the same time drawing aside a fold of tapestry, and displaying to their astonished gaze, not a fair lady surrounded by her maidens, but the stalwart form of the Count de Auville, backed by fifty stout followers, armed to the teeth.

Instantly all was confusion; the two leaders sprang upon each other like tigers; sharp and deadly was the conflict, but after a few passes, the Count de La Hire lay stretched by a mortal wound upon the marble pavement.

The fall of their chief put an end to resistance and in a few moments the castle was in undisputed possession of the Count de Auville.

"My Lord Count," said the page, bending over the prostrate and dying form of De La Hire, "it was my word that brought the Count de Auville so inopportunistly. Do you think I have selected my words with proper care?"

When the invaders had been driven from the soil of France, and Charles ascended the throne of his ancestors, no one was more cordially received, or more heartily welcome at the court of their monarch, than the Count de Auville and his lovely bride.

A MYSTERIOUS BURGLAR.

BY ALEXANDER W. LAUDERDALE.

"DID I ever tell you of the strange thing that happened to me some three years since?" asked my friend L—, as I sat in his store one stormy afternoon, when it was too bad for customers to venture out. I assured him he had never told me anything of the kind, and he proceeded to give me the following story:

"Perhaps you remember what a panic there was in this part of the city, some three years ago, caused by several daring burglaries. Three stores, very near me, had been entered, and the safes broken open and robbed. But as I lived with my family directly over my store, I had not so much fear, though, I must say, I entertained some feelings not very pleasant. One day, during the excitement, an agent for a safe manufacturing company—for Wilder's patent—came into my store to banter me to take one of his safes. I had one of the old-fashioned kind, but I had great confidence in it, for the lock was stout and curious. To convince me that my safe was *not* safe, the agent went at work to pick the lock, which he did in about five minutes.

"But this did not convince me. I knew that he could pick any lock, and I told him so; but he got the upper hands of me. He made me go over to B. & S.'s, and see a safe he had put in for them, and I was so pleased with it, that I finally told him he might bring me one, if he would exchange and allow me a fair price for mine. This he promised to do; but I could not have my safe under two weeks, as he had orders filled for as many as could be got off before that time. However, I was to have my new safe in two weeks.

"That night I put my money in my old safe, and locked it up. There was over six hundred dollars in all—some in a pocket-book, and some in the drawer; and as I turned the key, and slid the secret knob over the hole, I wondered if any burglar could get in there. But the next morning, when I opened the safe, the money was all gone from the pocket-book!—just five hundred and ninety dollars! That in the drawer had not been touched. The safe showed no signs of violence, and the pocket-book was just where I had left it on the night before. I called my book keeper, a Mr. Andrews, but he could tell nothing about it. My salesman, Burke, knew nothing; and I knew my boy Bill would know nothing.

"I examined the safe all over, and thoroughly overhauled the pocket-book, even opening bits

of paper that would not hold a dose of calomel, but not a bit of the money could I find. Then I examined the doors and windows, but they were all right, and Bill assured me that he found nothing out of the way. Of course I felt sure that the lock of the door must have been picked, as well as the lock of the safe. I waited until noon, and then I went and gave the Chief of the Police an account of the affair, with a description of such bills as I could remember.

"That night I had three hundred dollars in bills which I had taken after two o'clock. I hesitated some before I concluded to put them into the safe, but I at length concluded to trust them there, feeling sure that no one would make a second attempt in the same place. I rolled the bills all up together, and tucked them away in an obscure corner, and then locked all up.

"On the next morning I unlocked my safe. The money in the drawer was as I had left it. I reached in after the bills—and they were gone! Down on my knees I went, and into every nook and corner I looked and felt, but the money was gone. I summoned my store-crew, and laid the case before them, but they seemed to be as much astounded as I had been. But I thought a strange smile crept over the face of my book-keeper, and in an instant my suspicion rested upon him. 'He has some secret way of entering,' thought I, 'and he has contrived to get a duplicate to my keys.' Of course he could do that easily. Just as I was about to turn away, he told me I had better wash my face. I went and looked in the glass, and, sure enough, in my search among the dusty papers, I had got my face pretty well besmeared. But I was not to let my newly-awakened suspicion be whipped off in that fashion. I believed I had a clue to the burglar, and I resolved to fix a plan to catch him.

"There was eight hundred and ninety dollars gone! You may believe I felt unhappy. But I brightened up when I thought of my book-keeper. That very noon, while Andrews was gone to dinner, a friend came in, and, during the conversation, he asked me how long before he—Andrews—my book-keeper—was going to California. 'Why do you ask?' said I. And my friend then told me he had heard Andrews talk about going himself.

"Here was the secret! Ah, that was it! Andrews was off for California, and he was preparing by making free with my funds. Of course all was as clear as daylight! So I resolved to set a trap for him. When he came back I was at the safe, and as soon as I knew that he was looking, I placed some bank bills

between the outer and inner covers of one of the ledgers, as though I were trying how they would fit. As soon as I knew that he observed me, I took the bills out, shut up the ledger, and put it back.

"That night I had four hundred and twenty-five dollars in bills. We did a heavy business evenings. I fixed these bills all carefully away in the corners of one of the ledgers, and then I locked the safe up. I then went over to a drug-gist's, and got him to fix for me the most caustic liquid he could prepare. He soon fixed some, and informed me that a drop of it upon the skin could not be removed but by cutting off the skin itself. I went back to my store, and having locked all the doors and windows, I went at work and fixed a bit of sponge so neatly beneath the knob of the safe door, that it could not be seen, even by daylight, while standing in an ordinary position, and when it was all done, I poured the caustic liquid out upon this sponge. I did it by letting it drip, drip, upon the upper part of the knob, and of course it trickled down into the sponge. I kept on until the sponge was thoroughly saturated, and then I left the store, locking the inner door, and taking the key with me, which I afterwards put beneath my pillow.

"Early the next morning I was up and dressed. I went down into the store just as Bill was taking down the shutters from the back-room windows. He could not get into the front store, for I had the key. I unlocked the door, however, and went in, and bade Bill take down the shutters by the desk first. He did so—and the first thing I saw was my sponge lying upon the floor. The little thread by which it had been secured to the knob had been cut—I could see that. But of course some one must have got their hand upon it first. With a trembling hand I unlocked the door of the safe, and looked in. The ledger looked as I had left it. I took it out, and—the money was gone!

"I said not a word to the boy, but re-closed the safe and went back up stairs, where I told my wife the whole affair. She was as much astounded as myself. Thirteen hundred and fifteen dollars gone!

"'I'm sure it's Andrews,' said I. But I resolved to wait and look at his hands.

"Andrews did not come in until eleven o'clock. He had not been so late before for a long while.

"'You are late this morning,' said I, trying at the same time to get a look at his hand.

"'Am I?' he replied. And I saw that he was nervous, and could not look me in the face.

"What have you been doing?" I asked.

"O, nothing in particular," he said.

"But something must have kept you so."

"It's only a little private business of my own, sir." And then, with a very red face, he went to his desk.

"At that moment I saw a dark spot upon his finger—upon the inside, at the end—and I asked him what it was. He looked at it, and said 'twas where he held his pen. But I didn't believe that, for he was some time in getting the explanation out, and then he had not had a pen in his fingers in the store that morning, and I wondered if he had anywhere else. I was sure he was the villain, for his every look showed it. He was red and pale by turns, and he could not look me in the eye a moment. When I went up to breakfast, I opened the whole to my wife. She pondered upon it awhile, and then told me I had better wait one more night, and place myself somewhere and watch. We had not yet quite proof enough to convict Andrews, unless we could find the money in his possession, and if we gave the alarm now, he might destroy it. So I took my wife's advice, and resolved to watch. Strange I had not thought of it before.

"During the rest of the day, I treated Andrews as frankly and kindly as usual, and I saw that he began to gain assurance, and look quite happy. At nine o'clock in the evening, the store was closed, and I put two hundred dollars in the safe. This I put in the pocket-book, as usual. I then went up and sat with my wife until eleven o'clock, and then I came down and fixed a comfortable seat in the back store-room, close by the door, which I left open a bit, so that nothing could be done in the store, not even the tracking of a mouse, without my knowing it. There I sat until midnight. Then I went and got something to eat and drink, and came back again. One o'clock came—then two—and yet all was quiet. I remember of hearing the clock strike three, but I was too sleepy to hold out. I knew if any one entered the store, it would awaken me, and so I concluded just to drop into a gentle doze—nothing more.

"But I went sound asleep. How long I had slept, I don't know, but I know that I was awakened by feeling two hands on my shoulder, and hearing a loud, ringing laugh in my ears. I started up with a quick cry, and dropped something which I had held in my hand. Then that same ringing laugh broke upon me again. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. It was my wife who stood by my side, and she held a lamp in her hand. My first movement was to see what I had dropped. It was my lantern.

"And now where do you think I was. I'll tell you. In my own private study, right back of my bed-room, and standing before my secretary. The green-curtained doors were open, and so was a little secret drawer, which I had constructed myself; and in that drawer I saw a pile of bank notes. My wife laughed again.

"For the love of mercy," I cried, 'tell me what all this means.' And as soon as she could stop laughing, she spoke:

"When I heard the clock strike three," she said, 'I thought I would go down and relieve you. So I dressed and went down. When I got there, I found you fast asleep, and while I was considering whether I should wake you up and send you to bed, you started up out of your chair. I spoke to you twice, but you did not answer. You passed close by me, and your eyes were like two tea-saucers, but yet you did not notice me. At first, I was frightened by your wild look; but in a moment more the thought flashed upon me that you were asleep! I resolved to watch you. You went and got the lantern and lighted the lamp by a match, and then you went directly to the safe and unlocked it and took out the money. You closed the door again and locked it, working all the while as deliberately as could be, and then you started away, and came up stairs, and in here. I followed close behind—saw you open the doors of the secretary, unlock the little secret drawer, and put the money in there. Then I woke you up!'

"And the mysterious burglar was found! I took out the money and counted it, and found fifteen hundred and fifteen dollars—just the sum I had lost, with the two hundred just put in.

"When I was a boy, I used to walk in my sleep; but to my knowledge, I had never done it before since I had grown up. Of course, the excitement caused by the burglaries about me had operated somewhat upon my mind, and then the picking of my safe-lock by Wilder's agent had given more weight to it. I suppose the very fact of seeing that lock picked, and realizing that I had engaged a new safe, thereby virtually acknowledging that I did not put the fullest confidence in my old one, had such an effect upon my mind, that as soon as I got sound asleep, my impressions took mastership over my convictions.

"That forenoon, Mr. Andrews handed me a neat billet, directed to myself and wife. I opened it, and found that he had taken a wife. He was married that very morning when I saw so much *guilt* in his face! He had a right good laugh when I told him how wickedly I had looked upon him,—and, of course, he has concluded not to go to California.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

"What does that map feller for a livin'?" asked a young gentleman from the rural districts, to a friend somewhat better posted up in "city items," pointing out a tall, sickly-looking gentleman, who happened to be passing.

"O, he don't do nothing," replied the oracle. "He's an editor."

Intelligent, appreciative commentator on the toiler for the press, how we envy your discernment! Perhaps you could do a little editing yourself, as the Yankee, who heard the price Powers got for his Greek slave, thought he, too, could "sculp a little." Paddy said it was easy enough to build a chimney—you had only to "hould up one brick and thin put another under." Well, it is precisely as easy to edit a paper as to build a chimney in that way. Do you know, young gentleman, what it is to have memory, invention, brain and hand constantly taxed for the amusement and instruction of the public? Was it so very pleasant a task for Sisyphus to roll his rock up to the brow of a hill, with the certainty, which his sad experience had taught him, that the moment it reached the summit, it would roll back on him, and that his task was never ending, ever re-commencing? "The king is dead—long live the king!" is the prescribed formula, in monarchical countries, by which the decease of one monarch and the accession of another is announced. So is it with a newspaper. The moment one is published, another is on the stocks. And then, O verdant rustic, if you took up the business of writing for the press, you would be astonished at the shark-like voracity—the insatiable maw of types. Four or five pages written in your probably scrawling hand, would be devoured in four or five minutes, and digested into a square of solid matter. As you have seen in a foundry whole sheets of boiler iron piled by the shovels fall into the crucibles, and yet produce but very little solid metal, so would your lucubrations be "whittled down into the leetle end of nothin," to use your own probable phraseology. Guess, upon the whole, an editor or contributor does do a "leetle authin"—hey? Guess, upon the whole, you had better not try it on—had you? There are more things in heaven and earth than ever were dreamed of in your philosophy.

VICTIMIZING EMINENT MEN.

We read a few weeks ago an account of an individual intruding on the domestic privacy of a distinguished American author, just as he was recovering from a severe accident. The man had come a lionizing, and was not to be baffled because his lion was sick. We believe he even grumbled a little because his lion did not show off better under the circumstances. This is not the case of a single sinner—it is an almost universal belief, that a great prose-writer or poet, a great singer or orator, belongs in his hours of repose, not to himself, his family and friends, but to the world. Literary men are perhaps more pertinaciously pestered than any other class. No sooner does a literary man work his way to eminence, and publish a great successful work, than he becomes public property. If every request for his autograph were granted, he would do nothing else from morning till night but sign his name; if every solicitation, or rather demand, for these applications are generally imperative, for locks of his hair as keepsakes, were received with favor, then would he be obliged to wear a wig, and devote his whole time to the raising of ringlets to supply the market. As for the autographs, we know one celebrity who manages admirably. He has had his signature; attached to a quotation from his works, lithographed, and is thus able, at comparatively little expense, to supply an almost unlimited demand. If the victim of public admiration live in town, he is rarely much annoyed. Every city has a plethora of great men, and one is unnoticed in the mass. But as to the man who has pitched his tent at such a remote distance, that he is compelled to extend hospitality to unwelcome guests, daily will his privacy be invaded—daily will sketching misses hit him off in black lead as he strolls about his grounds—daily will the produce of his fields and trees disappear to satisfy the sharp cravings of the lion-hunters, who are by no means all ethereal, but have five craving senses, the same as lower animals. For the man who can endure such an apothecais, and who shrinks from such notoriety, and whose purse cannot sustain the consequences of his glory, there is only one thing to be done; he must fly to Minot's ledge, and engage board with the keeper.

THE LESSONS OF HARD TIMES.

The poet tells us "sweet are the uses of adversity." The quotation is trite enough, but no truth, however familiar, is undeserving of reiteration, until it has sunk deep into the popular mind, and borne universal fruit. The immediate effects of adversity are bitter—all moral lessons, sharply and suddenly inculcated, are unpalatable, whatever may be the after flavor. Thus nobody likes hard times; and the disastrous period from which we are emerging is looked back upon with a good deal of acerbity of temper. Nobody likes to pay fourteen dollars a barrel for flour, nor thirty and forty cents a pound for butter, nor a dollar and a half a bushel for potatoes, nor fourteen cents a pound for very indifferent beef. Nor do business men have any great fondness for giving two and a half per cent. a month for the use of money. Yet this heavy pressure, these high prices of food, this scarcity of money—evils which are now passing away,—will unquestionably work for good. A physician, when asked about the sanitary condition of New York, not a great while since, shook his head, and answered, "Miserably healthy—provisions are so high that the people can't afford to eat half as much as they used to, and nine-tenths of the disorders we live by arise from over-eating."

Extravagance, it is well known, in the matter of food has for many years been a besetting sin of our countrymen—an error rather produced by a plethora and low price of provisions. Intelligent foreigners, visiting our shores, have been astounded at the quantity of food consumed. Now and then a sympathetic John Bull has exulted and run riot over the vast amount of provision under which our tables have groined, and joined with the gormandizers in praise of the alimentary resources of the country. Now, hard times have reined in appetites which, with ample means of gratification before them, knew not the curb of self-control. The extraordinary high price of meat has led to the use of a greater proportion of vegetable food, to the manifest improvement of the general health. The hardness of the times has also checked the fever of speculation—the fury of fashionable extravagance—and, through the necessity produced of abandoning uncertain channels of business, relying for success on luck rather than industry, elevated and dignified pursuits requiring manual labor, such, for instance, as the tilling of the soil. Thousands, compelled to surrender enervating luxuries and an extravagant style of living by necessity, will pursue a simpler mode of life from habit and conviction. There will be in fu-

ture less ostentation, we fancy, in the style of living in our great cities,—fewer Mrs. Potiphars, perhaps,—a near return to the good old-fashioned simplicity of our republican ancestors. No good political economist of this day endorses the sophism, that the "luxury of the rich is the life-blood of the poor."

There can be no question, we presume, that extravagance in perishable articles, such as dress, hangings, equipages, is injurious to the well-being of a state, wasteful of capital, and productive of general evil. There are other ways in which the wealthy can exhibit their resources, and the same time produce positive good, by elevating the tone and taste of the masses. A rich patron of painting and sculpture is a blessing to his country; for a "thing of beauty is a joy forever," and the products of the pencil and the chisel, called forth by his generosity, improve the hearts and heads of all who contemplate them, and hand down the memory of the patron to future ages. The wealthy citizen, who adorns his grounds with statues, trees, flowers, fountains, is a very different man, and stands much higher in the moral scale, than the rich man who squanders his income on gewgaws which derive their only value from the caprice of fashion, and die out of the world with the hour that gave them birth.

We believe, that, even upon narrow and material grounds, the encouragement of the arts is, in the language of the day, a profitable investment. Italy—once the queen of nations, now prostrate and down-trodden—draws her life-blood from her works of art. It is they alone which attract myriads of strangers from all parts of the world to gaze upon those marvels of genius and feed her starving population. We are no enemies of liberal expenditure on the part of those who can afford it, provided it be properly bestowed. We believe, too, that the lessons of the past will open for the future a new page in the social history of our country.

TRAVELLING.—Never was there a greater rush abroad than now. The steam and packet ships are beset with applications for berths. All the world is going to Paris.

"Mrs. Smith is very ill
And nothing will improve her,
Unless she sees the Tuilleries,
And waddles through the Louvre."

CHINESE IN NEW YORK.—Within a few years past, there has been a considerable influx of Chinese into New York, so that they now number from 1000 to 1

THE GARDEN.

Man's first residence was a garden, and the forfeiture of that blessed domain was the first penalty of his ingratitude. Adam ought to have been happy. For him the earth spontaneously produced its fruits and flowers, and we presume his garden was free from those insect pests which often baffle the attempts of his descendants to produce a feeble image of the terrestrial. Probably no curculio destroyed his plums, and no rose-bugs destroyed his specimens of the queen of flowers. His Porter and Northern Spy apples were doubtless safe from the canker-worm and borer. No wasps stung his nectarines—no *odium* blasted his grape-vines. Yee—happy had he been but for

"the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden."

The luxurious nations of the east were adepts in the art of gardening, and among the refined and elegant ancients, flowers had a meaning and a name. The philosophy that flowed from the lips of Epicurus found at least as many auditors as that of his opponent, for the luxurious youth of Greece loved better to ramble in the garden than to linger in the portico. As time rolled on, gardening was as successfully pursued by the inhabitants of Europe as by those of Africa and Asia; the severe climates of northern regions were set at defiance by human skill, and artificial means rendered the soil of Russia, in certain seasons, as prolific as the most favored districts of the south. The vegetation of a Russian garden is a most surprising thing. You can almost see the flowers and trees grow. Nature makes a sudden leap from winter to summer—one week there is ice, the next the leaves are thick upon the trees, and the birds are twittering in the branches. At quite an early period gardening excited considerable interest in England. Lord Bacon wrote: "God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks." Elsewhere he says: "And because the breath of flowers is farre sweeter in the aire (where it comes and goes like the warbling of musicke) than in the hand, therefore ~~nothing~~ is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants which doe best perfume the aire."

Sages, warriors, statesmen, and poets, have delighted in gardening and gardens. Bolingbroke, Pope, the victorious Earl of Peterborough, Frederick the Great, Shenstone, John Evelyn, and Cowper, are names that will occur

to the reader. Shakspeare must have been very fond of gardening, else would he never have written that fine passage about the "sweet south," or have placed Romeo in a garden to make love to Juliet. The flowers that modern skill and science have added to our garden stock, and climated even in the cold north, are almost innumerable, and yet of all these constellated earth-stars, is not the rose the queen? Roses have been used from time immemorial by poets and lovers as the emblems of female beauty, and as among the most worthy objects in nature to which fair ladies might be justly compared; and it is fortunate, for the credit of the complimentary system, that there is so great a variety. The dark African may, without falsehood, compare his dusky mate to the rose, since the "coal-black rose" is a noted as well as curious species of the flower. Ancient maidens, in the last stages of a "green and yellow melancholy," may be likened to the Chinese rose, the fading beauty to the white, and the buxom country damsel to the damask. A young Frenchman, having lost his affianced bride, carved with his own hands a rose upon her tomb-stone, and beneath it inscribed, "She was like this flower." Ovid, in describing daybreak, says:

"While the proud Phaeton admires the work,
Aurora, watchful in the glooming east,
Unfolds the purple doores, and gives to view
Halls filled with roses."

There ought to be a large public garden in every great city—not a mere wilderness of grass and shrubs, with here and there a straggling rose-bush or a clump of verbenas, but with parterres filled with the choicest as well as the humblest flowers—those "alphabets of angels." The moral influence of these mute teachers would be incalculable.

CALIFORNIA STRAWBERRIES.—The strawberries of California are so large that they are sold, not by the box or quart, but by the pound—price \$2. The Sacramento Union speaks of one of the size of a fig-leaf, measuring over a foot in circumference. A nautical friend of ours, Captain C., saw strawberries on the bank of the River Amazon, of the diameter of soup plates, one of which would make a meal for a hearty man.

NOW THEN, STUPID!—A married man in England was lately called upon in court to testify to the fact of his marriage to his wife. On being put in the witness-box, he said: "I went to church with her, but I don't know whether they call it marrying; I bean't no scholar."

THE RICH MEN OF NEW YORK.

John Jacob Astor was wont to say, that every man could be rich if he chose, and it was only the accumulation of the first two thousand dollars which occasioned toil and trouble, a very consolatory assertion for small capitalists, who are in pursuit of the root of all evil. The pecuniary success of many rich men of New York, who started with nothing, seems to justify the millionaire's proposition. The greater part of the rich men of New York belong to this category; many illustrations of this appear in Beach's "Wealthy Citizens of New York." According to this golden muster-roll, there are one thousand and sixty persons, whose aggregate fortunes amount to \$296,550,000;—314 persons are worth \$100,000 (each); 205 have \$150,000; 159 have \$200,000; 79—\$250,000; 75—\$300,000; 18—\$350,000; 37—\$400,000; 3—\$450,000; 73—\$500,000; 24—\$600,000; 5—\$700,000; 25—\$800,000; 16—\$1,000,000; 5—\$1,500,000; 1—\$3,000,000; 2—\$4,000,000; 1—\$5,000,000; 1—\$6,000,000. William B. Astor, the Monte-Cristo of this list, is the son of the famous John Jacob Astor, a German emigrant, who came to New York in 1784, without a penny. Cornelius Vanderbilt, worth a million and a half, thirty years ago was a deck hand on board a schooner. George Law, who is set down for a million, and probably worth more, was a farmer's boy in his youth. The Lorrellards, who are worth over three millions, made their money by snuff—a proof that they were "up" to it. Stewart, said to be worth two millions, kept a small retail dry goods shop thirty years ago. Dr. Brandeth has made three hundred and fifty thousand dollars by pills; Townsend, three hundred thousand dollars by sarsaparilla; W. B. Moffat, five hundred thousand by pills and bitters; Pease, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars by hoarhound candy; Dr. Valentine Mott, two hundred thousand dollars by surgery; Parmly, a million by dentistry. The stage has yielded Edwin Forrest three hundred thousand dollars, and will give him a small fortune yearly as long as he lives. William Niblo has made three hundred thousand dollars by his garden and theatre. Of the newspaper publishers of New York, we have the following representatives of wealth. McElrath, of the Tribune, is said to be worth one hundred thousand dollars; James Gordon Bennett, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; Sidney E. Morse, of the Observer, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; Moses Y. Beach, of the Sun, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars; Orson D. Munn, of the Scientific American, one hundred

and twenty-five thousand dollars; Hallock, of the Journal of Commerce, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

It will be seen from the above facts, that there is no royal road to fortune—but that many paths lead to her golden palace. It is not, after all, the business that creates wealth, but the industry, energy, resolution, and self-denial—and it may be added, integrity—with which it is pursued, that commands success. And large fortunes, like those we have chronicled, do not long remain aggregated in this country. When the architect of an American fortune dies, his money is generally divided among several heirs, and the greater part of it is scattered by the chances of trade. It has been ascertained, with a sufficient approximation to exactness, that out of a hundred men of business, eighty die poor, ten in moderate circumstances, five with a handsome competence, and five worth a million. This is not the case in New York alone, but is based on observations of all the commercial cities. The wheel of fortune is constantly revolving. If the question be asked, who it is that builds those palaces on the Fifth Avenue, those magnificent country seats on the Hudson, or at Newport? who drives those three thousand dollar horses, or fit out steam yachts to Europe on their own account? the answer is, the people who have the best right in the world to indulge in luxury—those who have achieved their fortunes by intelligence, or hard labor, or self-denial. The inheritors of wealth are few and far between—the architects of wealth are many.

AN ODD FREAK.—An eccentric millionaire of Paris is amusing himself by the erection of a chateau covered with buttons. The walls, the ceiling, the doors, the exterior and interior, all are ornamented with this novel element of architecture. Buttons of every description, from the very origin of their invention up to the present day, have been employed in the arabesque and ornamentation of the walls. Every country has been ransacked, and some most curious specimens brought to light.

HORSE VS. COW.—A poor cow somewhere in Virginia was in the habit of walking round a barn where some horses were kept, and thrusting her tongue through the crevices to lick meal. An indignant horse seized her tongue the other day and bit it off. Was this *horse-pitality*?

INGRATITUDE AND GRATITUDE.—Shakspeare said a forgetfulness of benefits was unkindler than the winter wind. A deaf and dumb man defined gratitude to be "the heart's memory."

THE GREAT PARIS EXHIBITION.

This splendid affair was opened punctually, according to the programme, with great ceremony; but it was unfit to be shown to the public. The correspondent of the *Boston Post* thus notices the interior:—"The whole of this space was ornamented with crimson draperies, edged with gold, and all the seats were covered with the same material. Tri-colored flags were arranged along the back and sides of the space, and above, in the centre, right over the throne, rose the imperial eagle. The inscription, 'Etsi Unis,' was to be seen along the gallery in several places, just behind the throne, the compartments appropriated by our country being exactly opposite the grand entrance, as desirable a location as any in the building; on the right of the reserved space appeared the inscription, 'Angleterre,' and on the left, 'Belgique.' The vast expanse of roof was tastefully relieved by the flags of every nation, suspended at equal distances, and each bearing the name of the country to which space had been allotted near it. The effect was charming, and excited much admiration during the weary attendance. Throughout the building crimson velvet and gold are the materials of ornamentation principally employed; glass chandeliers were suspended in the galleries, and small banners were hung out in front of each compartment bearing the colors of the nation occupying it. All about the transept, also, are placed escutcheons bearing the names of different nations; the United States is seen five times, England ten, Belgium three, Austria four, and Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemberg and Bavaria each once. Twenty-two of these shields bear the name of France in white, on a green ground. The color of the building is a pretty French grey, with some bright colors pleasingly mingled in a frieze of open work which surmounts the galleries. The windows on the stair-case landings are filled with stained glass sent in by exhibitors. The two stained windows at the extremity of the transept represent—one, France seated on a throne, appealing to foreign nations to come and visit her; two female figures, Art and Science, are seated at her feet, and two male figures, representing the East and the West, complete the allegory. The other contains allegorical figures, Equity, surrounded by several nations; on the right, England, India and China, on the left France, Italy and Austria."

WESTERN MUD.—Bayard Taylor, writing from Illinois, speaking of the mud there when it rains, says it "draws off your overshoes as neatly as a boot-jack."

NICE CHUMS.

The foreman of the printing-office in the New York State Lunatic Asylum writes to a friend: "I have now with me in the printing-office the man who was foreman of it before I came. It is his third return in a state of delirium tremens. Here is Mr. Tucker, the Brooklyn editor, who, you remember, cut his son's throat, and attempted to destroy his wife. He has greatly improved since he came here. He has considerable talents as a writer, and is a very useful contributor to the *Opal*, a monthly periodical we print here, edited and written by the patients in the asylum. Besides these, I have with me at work in the printing-office, two drunkards, a glutton and an incendiary."

HOOPS.—It is said—we hope it isn't true—that the ladies of Philadelphia are reviving the old absurd custom of wearing hoops in the bottom of their dresses. We know that just now, in Paris, it is the mode to give as much amplitude to the skirts as possible by the aid of Crinoline—but that coopers are called in to increase the feminine bulk, is almost incredible. A French writer published a story called "A Voyage round my Wife." If these hoops come into fashion, a voyage round a lady will certainly be quite a piece of circumnavigation.

SLANDER.—If the "School for Scandal" were enacted every night, in every city, town and hamlet in the world, we doubt whether it would put an end to the base habit of traducing and backbiting. It is bad enough for a poor, forlorn old female to spit out her venom at her neighbors, but of all the reptiles that crawl on the face of the earth, the male slanderer is the most loathsome, noisome and disgusting. We would compare him to the viper—if it were not doing that reptile injustice.

THE INEVITABLE VISITOR.—There is one visitor we can never shut out of our houses. The fashionable falsehood, "not at home," will not scare him from our doors. He will enter though they be double locked. His name is—Death. Since there is no avoiding him, and no knowing when he may call, we should always be ready to receive him.

NEVER GIVE IT UP.—Ericsson still bravely adheres to his caloric engine invention. He is building another in New York of forty horsepower. A rich and generous New York merchant is aiding him in his adventure. May both of them reap a rich reward!

DUELLING.

A recent duel between two gentlemen of New York who went to Canada, not to fire their pistols in the air—a frequent *up shot* of such affairs, to borrow a pun of poor Hood—but with a seriously hostile intent, has again produced a discussion of the practice of duelling in the newspapers, as well as in private society. Few undertake a defence of this relic of barbarous times; but as our readers may be curious to know what its advocates say, we translate for their edification a few passages from that very able paper, the “*Courrier des Etats Unis*,” of New York: “It will be vainly urged that duelling proves nothing, that the good cause may be defeated, that it is a relic of barbarism, and other no less emphatic truth. To this we reply that, according to the ideas which constitute the moral character designated by the word *honor*, the law, as it exists in civilized societies, is impotent to protect that abstract property which every true-hearted man prizes far more than his material goods. The vain and illusory satisfaction which may result from the sentence of a judge for an attack upon the reputation of an individual, applies much more, we must confess, to a man tarnished in opinion, and who profits in dollars and cents by the affronts he has deserved, than to the irreproachable citizen, whom another citizen, of the same character may perchance attack and wound in his most private feelings. Suppose, for instance, that it is a question of one of those outrages, the more shameful because they are committed most secretly, and whose first victim is a woman, powerless to avenge herself? Must a father or brother drag before the courts, and expose as food to public curiosity, the irreparable dishonor of a daughter or sister? The law and the tribunals entrusted with enforcing the law, are as impotent to protect the individual against certain personal attacks, as inefficacious to repair the evil in the case we have just specified. It is this gap which duelling is destined to fill—nothing more. Hence the legislation which shall attempt to abolish it, either will not succeed—and then will present the fatal spectacle of the impotence of the law—or it will succeed, and will then substitute for regular combats, assassination under the pretext of legitimate defence. If we wished to enter deeper into this question, we could easily prove that where duelling is tolerated by law and sanctioned by public opinion, manners are more refined, the relations of man and man more easy, and social usages impressed with a much more elevated character. We might prove also that the sentiments of honor, always guaranteed by the material danger of attacking

it, elevates the dignity of a man, and inspires him with respect for himself and others, a hundred times more than all judicial sentences, all the fines and all the dissertations, of prudent philanthropists.”

Arguments like these, however satisfactory to the writer they may be, will not be regarded as convincing by a majority of our people.

NAPOLEON A POET.

When Napoleon the Great was passing through France, in company with his Austrian bride, he came to a triumphal arch, on which the local poet inscribed:

“’Twas very wise, each one agrees,
For him to marry Marie Louise.”

The emperor laughed internally at the lines, and after the mayor of the place had concluded his complimentary address, according to custom, he presented him with a gold snuff box, and replied to the speech:

“And when you take a pinch and sneeze,
You’ll think, good sir, of Marie Louise.”

We regret to perceive that the Rev. Mr. Abbott has neglected to mention the above in his life of the French hero.

SHAKESPEARIAN.—Some people have imagined that Hamlet was a retail butcher, not only from his name, *Hamlet*, but because he says expressly himself: “My tablets! *meat* it is—I set it down;” from which it is inferred, he credited his customers.

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.—It is related of Fagon, physician to Louis XIV., that in the middle of an oration on the pernicious effects of tobacco, he paused, and, taking his snuff-box from his pocket, refreshed himself with a pinch, to enable him to renew his argument.

THE BASE DRUM.—An Austrian general who had been beaten by Napoleon both in Austria and Italy, one morning found a base-drum suspended over the door of his quarters, with the following inscription—“I am beaten on both sides.”

THE LOOKING-GLASS.—“When you look in your glass,” said the coartly Chesterfield to a beautiful lady, “you see the object of my love. I wish I could see the object of your love when I look in mine.”

A BART SHOW.—Dianora Salviati, who lived in Florence some 300 years ago, was the mother of 52 children.

Foreign Miscellany.

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, will visit Paris on the 16th of August.

General Canrobert has been nominated a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The Crimea is 124 miles broad, and 170 miles long. Yet the allies find it a tight place.

Macanlay is said to be writing "Lays of the War." Tennyson's battle-ode was a failure.

Poor Lady Franklin has given up all hopes of seeing her husband on this earth.

Madame Rachel over-estimates her attractiveness in this country, we think.

A missionary in Shanghai writes that he has got quite accustomed to the fighting.

An Englishman, named Roystone, squandered \$750,000 in ten years on eating.

A Scotch shepherd lately found a bird's nest in the wool of a sheep.

The mortality in the Austrian army continues great; 15,000 have died, and there are 23,000 in hospital.

There are in the city of London 44,239 rateable houses, and in the metropolis generally, 386,334 houses.

Up to the end of last year more than 1000 tons of rich copper ore were extracted from four or five different places near the Cape of Good Hope.

The Liverpool (Eng.) Times says that of wooden vessels there are but three building on the Clyde at the present moment, while of iron ships there are no fewer than thirty-five.

Pelissier, the new French commander-in-chief, was the author of the fearful tragedy in the Kantara, Algiers, when several hundred men, women and children were suffocated in a cave.

A Russian eagle, a trophy captured near Balaklava, brought to England by H. M. S. *Vengeance*, has been sent by Captain Lord E. Russell to London, as a present to her Majesty Queen Victoria.

"M. Horace Vernet," says the *Independent de l'Ouest*, "has just proceeded to Frohsdorf to paint a portrait of the Count de Chambord, of the size of life. The count is to be represented on horseback."

A recent experiment with a new electric light has been made in London. Constant light equal to seventy-two gas argand burners was produced, and the cost was almost nothing, and the materials consumed were converted into valuable pigments. So says an English journal.

In the late revolution in Peru, the slaves were all set free. Echinique, one of the leaders, promised to free all who would join his banner, but Castilla beat the former at his own game and promised freedom unqualifiedly to all. He was successful, and Echinique had to save himself by flight.

Nine-tenths of the oil sold as olive in this country, is manufactured in France from American lard oil, which is purified by sal soda. The oil thus obtained is sweet and pure, excellent for oiling fine machinery and making pomade for the hair, and undistinguishable by most persons from the olive as a table oil.

France is the greatest beet-sugar producing nation in the world. They beat everything.

M. Michelet is said to be engaged on a work to be called "La Reformation."

The Pope has given the annual golden rose, with his blessing, to the Empress of Austria.

Prince de Metternich has just given a grand fete at Vienna, to celebrate the 83d anniversary of his birthday.

A new work by Charles Dickens, in shilling parts, with illustrations by Hablot Browne, will appear in November. A London paper says.

Albert Smith lately exhibited and explained his Ascent of Mont Blanc, for the thousandth time! His London audiences are still crowded.

Abdel-Kader has applied to the French Government for permission to visit Paris, to see the Great Exhibition.

The King of Prussia has presented to the library of Trinity College, Dublin, a number of splendid architectural works.

Provisions and board have risen in Paris fifty per cent. The government are planning some restriction upon the prices.

In the north-eastern gallery of the Paris Exhibition is an enormous picture representing a group of birds, with landscape for background—all worked in hair!

A letter from Rome states that the golden rose, which the Pope blesses every year, and presents to some female sovereign, is this year to be given to the Empress of Austria.

A speculative merchant in the sutler's camp before Sebastopol, has sent to England for a large quantity of Wenham Lake ice, and untold numbers of ginger-beer and soda-water.

The Countess Rossi, daughter of the lamented Sontag, recently assisted in the performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* at Vienna, in company with other amateurs of the nobility.

A descendant of Oliver Cromwell is now a clergyman of the Church of England in Canada; while the last lineal male descendant of Martin Luther was a few years ago received back into the Romish communion.

The only son of Andreas Hofer, the defender of the Tyrol against the French and Bavarians, and who was shot by order of the former at Mantua in 1810, died in Vienna recently. He was proprietor of an imperial snuff and tobacco shop.

Colonel Rawlinson has arrived in London from Bagdad, having brought to a close the excavations in Assyria and Babylonia which he has been superintending for the last three years on behalf of the Trustees of the British Museum.

It is confidently reported that Cardinal Wiseman is on the point of leaving England for good. The Roman Catholic papers abroad observe that the pope has induced Cardinal Wiseman to leave his archdiocese of Westminster, and become a member of the Sacred College at Rome.

Goodyear, the India rubber man, has lately gained a suit in Paris against two French manufacturers, and has been authorized to post in the streets 500 placards, reporting the trial, and to print it in six newspapers, the defendants paying the expenses, besides a fine of 1000 francs.

Record of the Times.

The foreign emigration to New York this year is about half that of last year.

The English have been much more successful than ourselves with screw steamers.

Henry W. Herbert thinks our rivers ought to be restocked with salmon.

Mr. Mason, an artist of Buffalo, has painted a fine likeness of Ex-President Fillmore.

Two ladies of London have been attending surgical lectures to prepare for the Crimea.

The New York yacht-club boats make a splendid show this season.

Newark, New Jersey, now contains 57,000 inhabitants. It is a delightful city.

British and French soldiers will eat Indiana pork this season in the trenches.

The catalogue of Antioch College has the names of six professors, besides other teachers, and 389 students, the present year.

Four Mexicans, who had committed an outrage on a family near El Paso, were captured, tried by Lynch law, and hung.

An English gentleman is now in this country, busily engaged in collecting American military publications.

The New Jersey Natural History Society has appointed a committee to consider the feasibility of stocking the rivers with salmon.

The Rochester Common Council have passed an ordinance providing that bread shall hereafter be sold at a certain rate per pound.

Two brothers, named Linderman, were suffocated by the gas from the coal, in a canal boat lying at the wharf, at Manch Chunk, Pa.

Five hundred monster terrapins, brought from the Gallipagos Islands, have been placed upon a California ranch, to be kept for breeding purposes.

The Mormons have established a settlement about thirty miles from Council Bluffs, Iowa. It is composed exclusively of families from the Western Reserve of Ohio.

Fort Scott, in Kansas Territory, with all the fixtures, was sold lately for \$5000. It cost the United States government, not long since, the handsome amount of \$175,000.

It is now becoming quite common for juvenile itinerant musicians to take places in omnibuses, and enliven the dull trip by spirited airs, at charity prices.

Miss Harriet C. Woodman, daughter of Jabez C. Woodman, of Portland, Me., has been elected Professor of Mathematics in the Female College at Elmira, N. Y.

R. D. Sheppard, of New Orleans, La., has given two squares of ground in the third district of that city for the erection of the town almshouses, and has promised to give \$50,000 towards sustaining them when completed.

Madame Sontag held, when she died, \$20,000 worth of United States stock in her own name. Her husband claims it through his attorney. Attorney General Cushing has decided that he has no right to it under the laws of New York.

The Governor of Canada has approved the bill to abolish postage on newspapers.

The letter-stamp system is being introduced throughout Canada.

Cicero says, a man's mind improves as his years increase—a fair compensation.

Mr. Flourens, a French philosopher, thinks people ought to live to a hundred.

The earliest lottery on record was an English one, drawn in 1569.

A traveller in Arkansas pronounces buffalo hunt and frogs' hind legs ambrosial food.

A paper, called the "Old Bachelor," has been started in Washington. It is crusty, but smart.

To count a billion would require 9512 years, some odd days, hours and minutes.

The Governor-General of Canada has \$35,000 for his year's official work.

The Mississippi papers state as a fact that showers of brimstone have fallen in that State. It has been dried, and proved to be genuine.

Miss E. Canode has recovered \$1000 damages from George Robinson, in Botetourt county, Va., for breach of promise of marriage.

Miss Ann Jackson, of Kentucky, died, a short time since, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and eight years.

Mr. Oscanyan has opened a Turkish saloon in New York, in which, after the Maine law goes into effect, the citizens can drink coffee, and indulge in dreams of "a golden horn."

A man named Bachelor, a resident of Illinois, has recovered \$24,000 from a railroad company at Brant, Canada, as compensation for having both legs broken by a collision.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that the slave trade on the coast of Africa, from Sierra Leone to Cape Palmas—a distance of six hundred miles—has been entirely abolished.

A gentleman in New York, who lends money for a living, is in the habit of visiting the fashionable gambling saloons in disguise, where he "spots" those who apply to him for credit.

Byron's partiality toward America is well known, but perhaps never more strongly expressed than in a letter to Tom Moore, where he observes: "I would rather have a nod from an American than a snuff-box from an emperor."

Less tobacco is exported from the United States to England now than in 1790. In London nineteen-twentieths of the cigars offered for sale are either adulterated or wholly fictitious. The duty on American tobacco is 75 cents a pound!

A letter recently received at the State Department, Washington, from Oporto, Portugal, says that the produce of the wine district, in 1854, has been about 19,000 pipes, although there have been sent to the judges at Regoa samples of 49,000 pipes for approval.

The Portland Transcript says that in Durham, a town about twenty-five miles north of that city, there is a lady named Parker, who is one hundred and ten years old, and is yet very active—going to bed and rising without help, and taking care of herself generally very well.

Merry Making.

[How to make a clean sweep. Wash him.

"There are only two bad things in this world," says Hannah More, "sin and bile."

A lady describing an ill-tempered man, said: "He never smiles but he seems ashamed of it."

No woman drinks beer of her own accord—she is always "ordered" to drink it!

When a person is carrying a cotton umbrella, it is, curious enough, never his own property—he "has just borrowed it from a friend."

When an editor undertakes to write down his neighbor, he had better take care he does not go right down himself.

Kindnesses are stowed away in the heart like bags of lavender in a drawer, and sweeten every object around them!

A cockney being told the Megatherium was a great sloth that ate trees, said he was himself uncommon fond of an 'ash.

A man's chief consideration, when about "to pop the question," is not so much what he feels as what he shall say.

Unpopular Personage—A fat man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, and a short man on parade.

Charles Lamb hit the hydropathists when he said: "Water was as old as the deluge, only that the first great application happened to kill more than it cured."

Man has generally the best of everything in this world—for instance, in the morning he has nothing but the newspaper to trouble his head with, whereas poor woman has her curl papers.

There was not a little sound sense and business discrimination in the merchant, who, happening to see his son take from his till three cents to pay for a cigar, exclaimed authoritatively, "Book it, Joe—book it."

Fading for want of flattery.—Lady Blessington once wrote: "I feel that I am growing old for want of some one to tell me that I am looking young as ever! Charming falsehood! There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words."

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician. "Be jabers, I had a brother," said Pat, "that went to Botany Bay, and faith, I know it was greatly against his own will."

Every orchestra contains at least two musicians with moustaches, one with spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who, from force of circumstances, you will observe, plays on a brass instrument.

The Journal humorously remarks, the board of aldermen having failed at two meetings to raise a quorum: "The city messenger stoutly averred yesterday afternoon that the aldermen were determined not to have any rum—no, not even a *quo rum*."

A merchant of a certain city, who died suddenly, left in his desk a letter, written to one of his correspondents. His sagacious clerk, a son of Erin, seeing the necessity of sending the letter, wrote at the bottom: "Since writing the above, I have died."

To Check a Woman—Dress her in gingham.

There is a craving in almost every man's breast for a latch-key.

Hobbes says there is one advantage in marrying homely women—they have always got money in the savings bank.

"I have very little respect for the 'ties' of the world," as the chap said, when the rope was around his neck.

A Mistake.—Some one has called the telegraph the "highway of thought. This is an error—it is the "thread of conversation."

A young gent in Schenectady, suffering from a too strong sensation of the more tender feelings, defines his complaint as an attack of *lassitude*.

"You look like death on a pale horse," said a gentleman to a toper, who was pale and emaciated. "I don't know anything about that," said the toper, "but I'm death on pale brandy!"

The old gentleman who guards the constitution with a horse pistol, has left for Cuba. He takes out a patent pry with which to overturn the Moro Castle. He travels on a raft and overcomes the whole distance by sculling.

"Johnny," said a little three year old sister to an elder brother of six, "Johnny, why can't we see the sun go back where it rises?" "Why, sis, you little goosey, 'cause it would be ashamed to be seen going down east."

"A Quiver full of Daughters."—Happy is he who—according to Lord Granville's new version—has a quiver full of daughters; and happier still, if all that are in the quiver meet with the proper bow.—*Punch*.

It is difficult to account for the association, but it would seem from the Handbook of Proverbs, just published, that there are more proverbs on "women" and "cats" than upon any other subject.

In the good old days of Queen Bess, an unsailed author was nobody. Literary attacks were the penalty paid for prosperity. Even at the present time, where there is no *praise* there is no *censure*.

A newsboy said that he had quit selling papers, and gone into the mesmerising business. "I get five dollars a week for playing," said he. "Playing what?" asked his comrades. "Why, possum, to be sure," replied the boy.

"Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?" "Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in a verbal profundity." "Thank you, sir."

Mrs. Partington wants to know if it is not inhuman and contrary to the Maine Liquor Law, for the Allies to insist on the Czar taking four pints? "Only think! the poor man has to take two quarts at once! I don't wonder he has resisted, and fit so long about it."

Diogenes paints Lord John Russell as the dove that came back to the ark without an olive leaf. Lord Palmerston is looking out of the window. Punch has Lord John as a servant, who has been absent on a errand ever so long, and who has returned with "no answer, ma'am."

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WHOLE No. 9.

BLANCHE MALCOLM: OR, TEACHER AND PUPIL.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

At sunset, Blanche Malcolm went down the road, from her father's house, and across the fields, where the long, cool shadows sloped athwart the green turf to the wooded hills on the horizon. She went thoughtfully and slowly, swinging her bonnet by the string, her eyes resting on the ground, musing the stiles in her way, as though she never knew they were there, and without once looking up from the path. There was no need of looking about her to see which way she was taking, however, for Blanche had followed this road often enough to keep it, if she had chosen, with her eyes shut.

She made rather a pretty picture, as she strolled thus carelessly along; for although at fourteen this young girl was far from beautiful, yet her lithe, slim figure was one of natural grace, her large, deep, warm gray eyes, full of soul, and her mouth, though by no means small, was indescribably charming. And moreover, on this evening, as she went across the fields, the red sunset light shone with many a dancing gleam on her abundant, wavy brown hair, and the fresh, cool wind from the western hills, kissed her fair young cheek into a faint and delicate bloom. To-night, Blanche looked as pretty as a wild blossom, and graceful as a fawn, as she took her way across the fields, to a cottage that was half-concealed from the way by the many trees that grew about it, and by the luxuriant flowering vines creeping over the gables.

Opening the low wicket, she went slowly up the well-kept walk. An old woman knelt by the

turfed edge of a flower-bed, pulling up a stray weed that grew here and there among the blossoms. She looked up, as Blanche drew near, and nodded, murmuring some words of greeting.

"Good evening, Margery," said the young girl, cheerfully, "is your master at home?"

"Within, Miss Blanche—within," answered the old woman, nodding again towards the cottage.

Blanche passed on, through the open door, across the passage, and then proceeded straight into the little parlor, as one familiar with the place, as indeed she was. The only occupant of the apartment was a gentleman, who sat by the window, reading; no longer a young gentleman, for he had evidently seen twenty-eight or thirty years, and the quiet and somewhat grave air habitual to him, when in thought, announced the passage of youth. He was not strictly handsome, but yet there was a kind of proud, calm, tender beauty in his fine face—a noble and lofty grace in his bearing, that interested one. He looked up, with a smile of evident pleasure, as the young girl entered.

"So you have come, Blanche?" he said.

"I have come—yes, Louis. I hope you are glad to see me?" and, throwing down her bonnet she stood before him, her small hands clasped, and her handsome eyes beaming with answering smiles.

"Yes, seeing that you have not had your lessons to-day. You have not come to read with me now?"

"No, sir. But it was your fault that I lost my lessons. You did not come up. I waited for you."

"You had guests at home. I concluded that you would have neither opportunity nor inclination to study."

"How did you know we had guests, Louis?"

"It was very easy to tell. Your father's carriage went up the drive, this morning, with several persons in it. They were guests, of course. Copely has only your father and yourself, besides the domestics, my child," he answered, smiling.

"Yes," she said, quietly, "and Mrs. Heath was one who came. She came to see the place. She has never been there before. Papa has gone home with her and the others, now."

A brief silence ensued, during which she carelessly turned the leaves of a book lying on the table beside her. Unspoken words seemed lingering on her lips.

"Louis," she said, finally, "I am going to Mrs. Heath's house in town, next week, with her. I am to stay till a few days before the wedding, which takes place, papa tells me, on the fifteenth of next month."

"Well," observed her auditor, quietly.

"And then," she continued, "papa will go up to London. They will come directly down, after the wedding. Papa hates a fuss, and Mrs. Heath does not care for a wedding tour, so that it will all go off with very little trouble."

"And then?" said the gentleman.

"And then? is that all you have to say, Louis? Of course, I shall have a new mother, then. I may like her, too, if she is good to me. That is, you know," and Blanche laughed—"if she does not exercise her motherly prerogative over me to an undue extent. You have never seen her. Shall I tell you how she looks?"

"If you please," Louis answered, carelessly.

"She is tall, then, and stately, with an air of easy and high bred grace; a fair, calm, and beautiful countenance, fine blue eyes, with golden lashes, and an abundance of silky, waving hair, of the same golden shade. She has very pleasing manners; the sweetness of her voice, the sense of her presence, makes an impression as if rose leaves were falling around you. She seems to be the gentlest—the loveliest tempered of women. So invariably pleasant, she is—I think when I behold her, of a long, long, cloudless summer's day."

"And so, my pupil, you are very much in love with this beautiful mamma-elect?" questioned Louis, regarding his little friend with a somewhat amused smile.

"Not exactly in love—no; for the fact is," she answered, with a laugh, and a slight and ingenuous blush, "that I am not able to fall in love suddenly; it takes me a long time to get up enthusiasm. I am rather indifferent to her just now, I believe. I dare say, however, you will like her, Louis. I think, as I said before, that I shall like her, too. It is my duty, is it not?"

"Love is not a question of duty, Blanche. And I rather suspect that it would be a hard matter for you to love a person because it might happen to be your duty. But you must try and make a good daughter."

"So I will, Louis. And now about the lessons. Shall it be a double one to-morrow, for to-day's deficiency?"

"No, take the usual quantity, and make it up in quality. I shall expect very excellent recitations to-morrow, when I come up."

"Shall I study this evening?"

"No, get your lessons in the morning. Evening is no time for translations. You want a mind as fresh as the flowers themselves. And do not study in the morning, either, until you have taken a walk, for it is injurious to both eyes and brain to task them immediately on rising. There will be plenty of time for preparation, as I shall not come up until ten."

"Louis, how good you are!" said the young girl, with a glance and tone of pleasure. "I am sure you are a very indulgent teacher."

"Not always, Blanche. You have owned me severe yourself, at times. You might find a more lenient one, my child."

"And would you let me go to another teacher, Louis?" she asked, regarding him earnestly and seriously.

"If you desired to go—yes."

"And wouldn't you feel sorry—the least bit in the world?"

"I should be content to let you depart," he answered evasively.

Blanche looked puzzled, and a little grieved, but she said no more.

"Come, Blanche," observed the gentleman, after a few minutes, and rising from his seat, as he spoke, "it is quite sundown. I will get my hat, and walk up home with you."

He got it, and then they went up the road, and across the fields together, hand in hand, towards the house of Blanche Malcolm's father.

They were teacher and pupil, and had been such for the last eight years; for Mr. Malcolm, had lost his wife when Blanche, their only child, was two years old; and when the little girl became of an age that required for her an instructor, disliking to send away from him the only

thing that made home seem like home, and hating all governesses, music masters, and such necessary nuisances, he installed Louis Russell as the preceptor of Blanche, for Louis was an old friend, and, moreover, had in a quiet way, expressed a decided inclination for the office.

He had an ample fortune, and possessed talents of a brilliant order; but he chose rather to bury himself among the breezy solitudes of the country, than to join in the bustle and whirl of a London life. So he lived on, hermit fashion, year after year, in his cottage, leading a secluded, yet satisfactory existence, and careless, to a degree, of the world beyond the circling hills that bounded the horizon of Copealey.

Every day he went up to Mr. Malcolm's, to hear the recitations of his pupil, Blanche, and spend an hour with her father, who looked forward each morning to this visit, with as much interest as did Blanche herself. The remainder of the time was passed by Mr. Russell in studying, or in sketching, or fishing, or botanizing—any of the thousand-and-one out of door employments, in short, which are so full of interest for one who has a mind and soul in unison with the harmonies of nature.

Reclining carelessly, book in hand, among the grass, at the foot of some old orchard tree—sitting on some worn stile, or broken stone wall, with his sketch-book and pencils—down by the brook, alternately dividing the time between his fishing-line and the perusal of some favorite author—or following winding paths among the far blue hills—such was the life of Louis, day after day—month after month, year in and year out. Monotonous it was not; for the life within blended with the life without, and the union was a perfect one. Not unfrequently, Blanche was his companion in these out-of-door recreations, and she enjoyed the privilege to the utmost. As an instructor, Louis was faultlessly thorough; every lesson was imparted with an interest on both sides, which could not fail to be followed by improvement; but after the lessons were over, he was no longer the master—only the friend and brother; yet so observant was his mind, so exquisitely toned, so finely cultivated, that even in the pursuit of the simplest amusements, he still imparted knowledge—still tinged with the warm and brilliant coloring of his own powerful intellect, the fresh and beautiful tablet of his young pupil's heart. So Blanche, continually surrounded by this happy influence, gained daily in moral and mental strength and loveliness. The care of Louis over her young mind, slight and insufficient as his secret watchfulness and anxiety deemed it, was daily rendering it a beau-

tiful and delicate counterpart of his own. He was moulding it with a skillful and masterly touch, and, unknown to himself, working-out an image that was one day to repay him fully with its graceful and noble perfection.

A kind yet strict preceptor was Louis. He had, however, for the first few years, a spirit untamed and free as that of some wild fawn, to encounter. Blanche was frolicsome, playful and rebellious, sometimes—a very kitten for mischief, and most decidedly fond of teasing her handsome and grave instructor, now and then. So well he trained her, however, that during her studies with him, she was as quiet and docile as he could wish. It was only "out of school" that she indulged in her propensity for mischief. It was before she had reached her teens, however, and Louis considered, when she hid his handkerchief, his gloves, and hat, and made a mysterious affair of books which were occasionally missing, that his young charge was only a child, and therefore to be excused.

But he argued, too, that Blanche would not always be a child, and that these pretty tormenting ways would not always be looked upon as pretty, when she should have acquired the age when girls cease to be hoydens; and he accordingly began to give the matter serious thought. The wild and graceful freedom, so charming to partial eyes, would meet with censure from others. What could he do?

One day, after the lessons were over, and Louis, leaving her to play with her kittens, seated himself in the deep recess of a bay window, to read, she ran after him. Standing by his chair, she spoke to him two or three times, endeavoring to draw his attention from the article in which he was so deeply engaged. But, only half aroused, the young man merely laid his hand with a slow, abstracted caress, on hers, that was resting upon the arm of his chair, without looking up. Blanche was not content with this half-notice. She was a little jealous of the book which occupied him so. Softly drawing it from his hand she threw it out upon the lawn, among the deep grass, and then, with an arch and merry smile on her bright face, leaned against the window.

They regarded one another an instant. He quietly, and with a really serious look; not a single gleam of the usual ready laughter in his handsome eyes.

"Blanche," he said, presently, "that was very rude. Go and fetch me my book again."

"No, sir, if you please. I want you—not the book. I want you to talk with me. Papa can't. He's busy."

She stood with folded hands, her bright, smile-

ing glance resting confidently on her master's face.

"No, Blanche, I shall not talk with you at present," he answered, gravely. "You did wrong, to behave in that manner. Pick up my book."

"I beg your pardon, Louis, I shall do no such thing. Don't be cross, now."

"Will you do as I request you, Blanche?" he asked again, in a quiet, serious manner.

"No, Louis," she answered.

He did not ask her a fourth time; but, taking up his hat, left the house, and went straight across the old field-path, home.

Blanche looked after him. She never hoped he would turn back. She knew him better than that. She knew he would come again to-morrow, and be as kind and good as ever; but, if she did not pick up his book, it might lie there through all time, for he never would touch it again. A feeling of resentment against him, mingled with the consciousness of her own fault, possessed her most disagreeably for a little while, and, in those few moments, with more than her usual pride and impetuosity, Blanche resolved that she would never confess herself in the wrong, by acknowledging, in amending, her fault.

But Louis Russell knew her better than she knew herself; and he could have told her, that the next morning she would come to him, and, of her own free will, return his book. He was not surprised, then, at her going even farther than this; for that afternoon, as he sat in the quiet parlor of his lovely cottage, thinking of his little pupil, her many faults, and her many more excellent qualities, the gate swung back, a light, childish footfall was on the doorstep, and Blanche entered. She came straight towards him, and gave him the book.

"I picked it up, Mr. Russell. I am very sorry I behaved so this morning," she said.

The tears trembled in her eyes as she spoke. Louis was deeply moved. He knew the worth of the sacrifice which he knew had cost her pride so much—a sacrifice the sweeter to him, because it was involuntary. He took the book from her, laid it on the table, and then, making the child sit down by him, he talked with her long and seriously of her faults. It was with feelings of some pain on his side, and a few natural tears on hers; but it did them both good. He showed Blanche the line which she would be expected to tread when these childish days were gone by; and without making too grave a matter of it, displayed to her gaze the imperfections of her character as others would be apt to see them.

The little ten-years-old Blanche listened with tearful attention, and promised him to amend. And she did.

Mr. Malcolm was married. He had married Mrs. Heath—the beautiful and graceful widow of the late Robert Heath. One half the world asserted that Mr. Malcolm was the most fortunate man in the world, and the other half declared that the good fortune was more than equal on his wife's side; accordingly, as the lady was the envy of the women, and the admiration of the men, the gentleman was set down by all as decidedly a *bon parti*.

Blanche Malcolm, herself, cared very little what the world thought, or said, concerning the matter. Her father's new wife was excessively kind to her, and affairs went on at Copsley Manor very much the same as before this much-talked-of marriage took place. Blanche had heard terrible stories about step-mothers. It seemed to her that hers was an exception to the general rule applying to this class. Mrs. Malcolm had very pleasant manners, and was invariably as gentle and affable as possible. Blanche told Louis how agreeable she was.

Louis came up every morning, as usual, to hear Blanche recite. Mrs. Malcolm heard the young lady read with him, and flatteringly complimented her on her proficiency. She came, nearly every day, into the pleasant little recitation room, to sit with her sewing, while the lessons were going on. Blanche's reading was mixed up with conversation with her mother. Louis had his attention distracted from his pupil's translation, by the pleasant remarks and observations of the latter. The lessons were somewhat less perfect than of yore.

Mrs. Malcolm rode out a great deal. Blanche had a pretty, gentle pony given her, and so accompanied her mother frequently.

The time for these recreations was generally in the morning, after breakfast; Blanche enjoyed them in the highest degree.

One morning, Louis, coming up at the usual hour for the reading, observed the horses standing, ready saddled at the door. Mrs. Malcolm and his pupil were just coming down into the hall, ready for their ride.

"Blanche," said the young man, after the usual morning salutations had been exchanged, "are you not going to read this morning?"

Blanche had prepared to make a call with me this morning, on the Willets," said Mrs. Malcolm, with a charming smile. "Will you excuse her?"

"If her mother desires it—certainly," replied Louis, quietly.

"Go in and see papa," said Blanche, a sweet, affectionate glance beaming from her beautiful eyes; "and wait for me till we come back—will you? there will be time to read then."

The sudden change in the appointed hour, to-day, caused Louis some inconvenience. He made no allusion to it, however, but assisted the ladies to their saddles, and went in to speak to Mr. Malcolm.

"Mamma," said Blanche, on the road—"I think Louis was somewhat disappointed at my going out just as he came up, don't you?"

"O, no, I think not," returned Mrs. Malcolm, in her sweet and musical voice, "and, then, you know, my dear, that an hour or two can make no material difference to him."

"But the delay, mamma—Louis is very particular about such things. The hour has been the same—with scarcely more than a single variation—for six or eight years. He is very particular."

"Unnecessarily so, I should think," answered the lady, suavely. "He must not be allowed to think that you can in every instance forsake enjoyment, when it offers, for that grave lesson hour. Why, my dear child, you are too strict, entirely. Do you not know that it is all the better to change once in a while?"

Blanche thought her mother ought to know more than herself, and so was silent. But, more than Louis? was her inward query. Blanche was doubtful. Doubtful still, when, the next morning she also was summoned to attend her mother during the morning ride. The lessons were missed altogether that day. Three days out of the next week, it was the same also.

* * * * *

"My dear Adele," said Mr. Malcolm, one morning to his wife, "do you not like Louis? he is a very fine young man."

"Very much," said the lady, sweetly; "he seems to be a person of excellent principles." Now, the last part of Mrs. Malcolm's assertion was uttered truly; the first part was utterly false. She did not like Louis Russell. He was in her way as regarded Blanche. She tried day by day, to loosen his hold. She was jealous of his influence. But she must work carefully, for her husband and Blanche liked him. Mr. Malcolm put on his hat and went out. Mrs. Malcolm, in descending to the lower hall, met a domestic with a note in his hand. She divined its origin. Blanche had not seen Louis that morning.

"Who is that for, Thomas?" asked the lady.

"For Miss Blanche, madam. I was just taking it to her."

"Very well. She is not in, at present. You

can lay it on her work-basket, in the reading-room."

As soon as Thomas had executed his commission, Mrs. Malcolm quietly waited till he returned to the kitchen, and then, proceeding straight to the reading-room, opened the unsealed note, that lay on Blanche's work-basket, read it; finally, laying it carelessly at the back of the basket, left the apartment, and returned to the lower hall. Thomas was summoned to her presently. He found his mistress standing by the door, just where he had left her. He innocently imagined that she had remained there ever since. She quietly requested him to have the carriage at the door immediately after breakfast, and when Blanche came in, without being informed of the note which was waiting for her, she was requested to prepare for a drive with her mother, across the country. And, in half an hour, they were gone. A few moments after, Louis rode up to the house. Thomas was sorry to say that Miss Blanche was absent. Louis looked slightly puzzled.

"Do you know, Thomas, whether she got a note, this morning, which was sent up to her?"

Thomas had taken it from the bearer himself. He had placed it with his own hand, on the work-basket in the reading room, when Miss Blanche was out. "Yes, she must have read it, although he had forgotten to mention it to her."

Louis turned away. Could it be possible that Blanche, knowing that he was coming up, by the contents of his note, had gone away without leaving him one word of reply?

That evening, he went up again, and having seen Blanche at the window of the reading-room, proceeded directly thither. Her mother was there, also. He seldom saw his pupil, now, except in the presence of her mother.

"You read my note, this morning?" he said to the young girl, during their conversation.

"Your note?" She looked up inquiringly.

"I sent one up this morning. Thomas placed it, he told me, on your work-basket. You did not see it, then?"

"No." Blanche rose, and crossed the apartment, to the table whereon the basket set. It was searched in vain. A closer hunt and the missive was discovered, having by some means, slipped down between the table and the wall. It was a simple slip of paper, folded, but not sealed.

She read its contents, and a shadow of disappointment crossed her fair, young face. The note contained a request that Blanche would ride with Louis that afternoon, to the house of a gentleman, a friend of the family, who lived

some two miles distant, to examine some very beautiful paintings, which were to be carried away to London the next day. Mr. Malcolm had mentioned the thing to his daughter the week previously, and suggested that Louis should take her, but she had set no time to go, depending on the convenience of Louis.

"This is very unfortunate," she said, in a tone of regret. "If I only had seen the note! But I only came in just before dinner, and immediately afterwards mamma and I went away; and I suppose Thomas forgot to tell me it was there."

"Yes, it is unfortunate," echoed Mrs. Malcolm, with kind sympathy; "poor Blanche likes paintings so well."

"Could we not go to-morrow?" questioned the young man, of Blanche.

"There it is again!" she said, with a kind of laughing vexation. "Mamma and I, are going to London to-morrow, to spend a month with Mrs. Beauvais. And my lessons will suffer—wont they? I had almost forgotten that the interruption would occur, until now, I have been so full of my projected visit to town."

Louis said nothing. It was not the first time, by a great many, that these interruptions had occurred, of late. They were beginning to assume a meaning. Mrs. Malcolm expressed her regret, to Louis, that his pupil should so frequently disappoint him. "I am truly sorry for it," she said, in her sweet, sympathizing way, "but really, Blanche seems to have so many engagements, and one can scarcely have the heart to refuse the dear child these occasional recreations. Besides, I think she is beginning to grow a little pale. You must be merciful, my dear sir, and let her run away once in a while."

"How *excessively* kind she is!" thought Louis, silently. Mrs. Malcolm's graceful, winning manners did not charm him at all. He was audacious enough to differ from the world, in the opinion of his friend's wife. As little, innocent Blanche had said, "her presence seemed to scatter rose leaves about one." The rose-leaves smothered Louis.

Ten minutes after, Mrs. Malcolm was obliged to go to the drawing-room, to receive a visitor, and the young man left the house. Blanche had been called away, too, some minutes before, so that he could not bid her good evening. But as he was crossing the lawn, light footsteps came flying after him; a pink dress fluttered in the twilight, and Blanche was by his side—her hand resting on his arm.

"Louis, you were not going away without seeing me?" she said, half-reproachfully.

"I thought you were engaged?" he replied, quietly.

"No, indeed. Only Mason wanted me a few moments. I wanted to ask you, Louis, what you think of my being so remiss in duty, lately; it is too bad, isn't it?" she added, in a low tone.

Louis smiled at her careful utterance. "My dear child," he said, "of course it is not at all agreeable to me; but why do you speak so softly—will any one rebuke you for expressing an opinion?"

Blanche blushed. "O, no, but—I suppose mamma knows better what to do for me than I know myself, and I would not have her even surmise that I think differently from her. She is so good, Louis. She is always as kind to me as possible; and she likes you, too."

Blanche thought a great deal of this last consideration; more than her companion did; but he let her have her own way of thinking. She told him of her suddenly-planned visit to London.

"I knew nothing about it a week ago," she said; "but Mrs. Beauvais wrote to mamma, and so it was all settled. Was it not kind of mamma, to say she would take me?" she added, in a happy tone.

"And yet," she continued, after a moment's pause, "I almost wish, sometimes, that I were not going. I was looking in one of my books, yesterday morning, and thinking how much I lose, lately," and a half-sigh finished her words.

At that moment, the companions were interrupted by the approach of Marie, a pretty and coquettish French maid, whom Mrs. Malcolm had procured purposely to wait on Blanche.

"*Pardonnez, m'amselle,*" she said, respectfully, "but madame requests that you will not stay long in the night-air. She would like m'amselle to come in directly."

"Your young lady will obey in a few moments," said Louis, coolly; and the maid, with a "*bien, monsieur,*" disappeared.

Mrs. Malcolm was strangely particular. Louis remembered that she had allowed Blanche to walk in the moonlit garden with her several times, until late in the evening.

He did not say it, however, but stood by the side of Blanche, holding her hand.

"The last time for a month, my dear child," he said, in a kind, but rather sad tone.

"I know it, Louis—a whole month. O, it will seem so long before I come back."

The young girl tried to laugh away the tears that were gathering in her eyes. It was useless. They gathered faster, as the soft "good night" lingered in its utterance.

Why did Louis hesitate? Blanche was only a child, innocent and loving. Was she not his pupil, too? almost his own child, in affection? Louis did not send to ask Mrs. Malcolm's leave, but encircling his little companion with his arm, left his benediction on her lips.

And the maid, Marie, who had stood all this while, just within the hall door—probably enjoying the moonlight, which was beginning to silver the tree-tops—fled, horrified, to madame's apartment, to tell "la maitresse" in her rapid French, that "Monsieur Louis had been seen kissing m'amselle, in the garden." Madame presented her daughter's maid with a new dress the next morning.

A month had passed away; and Blanche, pretty and bright as the field flowers in her path, was flying down to the cottage of Louis, once more; her eyes sparkling, a faint, clear glow on her young cheek, and her step—

"Light as Camilla's over the unbent corn."

To the partial eyes of her master, she looked lovelier than ever, that morning, as they bent over their books together.

"How have you enjoyed your visit to town?" he asked, while they sat in the reading-room. Mrs. Malcolm, for a wonder, as Louis thought, was not with them. It seemed like old times.

"O, it was very pleasant up there," she answered, with some animation. "Mrs. Beauvais is a delightful woman. And then she is so ingenious in her plans to please us. She has one daughter, Henriette, ah, such a charming young girl, Louis! We were very happy together—or, at least, I was."

"With Henriette?"

"With Henriette. But—" and a pretty blush stole over her cheek—"Henriette was not Louis. I thought of you often. I talked with her about you; and she told me about her brother, of whom she is very proud."

"What did she say of him?" asked Louis, carelessly playing with a pencil.

"That he was extremely handsome, and that everybody admired him. He is in Italy now. They do not expect him home under a year, at least. Henriette is so fond of him! She longs for the time of his return, as she says, 'that I may see him.' Mamma asked Mrs. Beauvais to show me his portrait, and some beautiful gifts which he sent home from Italy."

"Ah! and did the portrait corroborate the enthusiastic praise of your friend, Henriette?"

"Yes. If he is as good as he is handsome, I do not wonder that she prizes him so highly.

Henriette is coming down to Copesey with her mother, to return our visit, sometime. You will see her, Louis—she is so pretty."

"The mother?" questioned Louis, demurely.

"No, the daughter," was the laughing answer of Blanche.

* * * *

Mrs. Malcolm had been thinking; and not only thinking, but planning. A month with her dear friend, Mrs. Beauvais, and many a confidential conversation with that lady, together with the impression which Blanche had made in that quarter, had favorably perfected those plans. They were ripe for execution now.

"My dear Adele," said Mrs. Beauvais, during one of these conferences concerning Blanche and her affairs, "your most successful course will be to send her away until Arthur returns. By that time, all impressions formed in the opposite direction will necessarily have been destroyed. She might go to school with Henriette this year; they are very fond of one another, and then persuade her father to allow her to pass her vacations here. Why, my dear friend," and a confident smile accompanied her words—"the affair is as simple as possible, in competent hands, and you are so excellent a manager while I, I flatter myself, am not an unskilful one."

A delicate compliment from the elated Mrs. Malcolm, a soft, triumphant little laugh over their own skilful diplomacy, and the matter was settled.

It had taken Mrs. Malcolm but a few months, by clever contrivance, to break through the established customs of years, in her husband's household. All she required now, was continued reliance on herself; and, with such a nature as hers, this was not likely to fail her, in the time of need. She knew that Mr. Malcolm had the greatest confidence in Louis, and was fully satisfied with the progress of Blanche under his tuition; and that, moreover, she detested academies for young ladies; where, he was accustomed to declare, all sorts of mischief was carried on; still, she did not despair. Management would do everything.

With quiet tact, therefore, she gradually opened the subject to him in a way that promised the most favorable issue for her plans. So skilful a tactician was she, that she not only half-disabused him of the opinions he had formed, but even led him to consider seriously the feasibility of adopting her suggestions, before the expiration of half an hour.

"Only, my dear Adele," he said, doubtfully, "I am not at all sure that Blanche would con-

sent to this plan. She has become so accustomed to Louis, for a teacher; and really, I do not know that she would receive more benefit away from home, than she does as things are at present."

"I think she would, decidedly," said his wife, in her sweet, persuasive way; "and then, you know, she will have companions, really excellent ones, too, of her own age; which is so much better for the poor child, than being kept here in this quiet country-house with only our sober society. Besides, she will be much better prepared to enter into society. Blanche is going to make a very beautiful woman, and will create a sensation among the circles of our London beauties one of these days. Come, Edward, I have really set my heart on this. You cannot refuse me?"

And he did not. It was with a rather disagreeable sensation, however, that he thought of the surprise and pain which it would cost Louis to learn that his pupil, after all these years, was to be taken away from him, without a week's notice. Mr. Malcolm was sorry for Louis, whom he loved like an own son, or brother. He was ashamed of himself, but what was to be done? He could not refuse his wife, as she had said, a desire which she seemed so earnestly to cherish. "And then she is so fond of Blanche," he thought. So he swallowed the honeyed pill, and tried hard not to taste the bitterness within.

The affair was not immediately mentioned to Blanche; but, the next week, according to arrangement, Henriette Beauvais was sent down from London by her mother, to request that Blanche might attend the — Academy with her, the next term. Now Henriette was really a pretty and charming young girl, perfectly innocent of any knowledge of the manoeuvres in this plan, and equally free from the art which characterized her mother and Mrs. Malcolm.

She described with effusion, to Blanche, the delights of a boarding-school life; and Blanche, pleased with her animated pictures of its enjoyments, willing to meet her friend's wishes, and dazzled by the skilful persuasion of her mother; forgetting Louis—forgetting the happy home-lessons, all but the subject set, with such masterly care before her, was with little difficulty, won to a consent.

It was not until her head rested on the pillow, at midnight, that the full reality of all this presented itself to her. That she was going to leave home for so long a time—to leave her father—to leave her old books—her old teacher, Louis. Louis! with that name, the tears rushed sorrowfully from their source. What had she done?

What would Louis think? Blanche turned her face to the pillow and wept silently. Not long, however, for youth and sorrow in connection, have not often the power to resist slumber; and by-and-by, the young girl was fast asleep, with the spent tears glittering on her dark eyelashes.

The next morning, with a serious countenance and something that felt most marvellously like a twinge of conscience, Mr. Malcolm took his way down to the cottage of Louis, to inform him of the sudden change of affairs with regard to Blanche. Louis, as he had guessed would be the case, made very few comments on the matter; but there was something in his face—in his tone, quiet and calm, comparatively, though they were, that told, more plainly than words, of the sadness that this intelligence caused him. He could see, however, that Mr. Malcolm was the one the least and most unwillingly concerned in the removal of Blanche; and so, to avoid increasing the chagrin which he knew he already felt, Louis put by his own feelings for the present, as far as he could. But he was well assured of the instigator of the mischief. He put by Mrs. Malcolm's case for future examination.

Blanche came down, too, as soon as breakfast was over. She entered the parlor with a step slow and sorrowful, the very opposite of her usual merry-hearted tread. Her downcast eyes, that she dared not lift to her master's face, were heavy, and full of silent tears. She knew her father had been down and told the whole story; what remained for her to say?"

Louis did not wait for her to speak; meeting her as she entered, he silently seated her by him; and drawing his arm tenderly about her, pressed a brother's kiss upon her heated forehead. There they sat, for a long time, without uttering a word; the heart of each too full for words; but they understood each other. The tears of the young girl, however, partially ceased, in a while, and then, in a low and trembling voice, she told him of the time fixed for her departure with Henriette for London. It was the next week.

"So soon!" murmured Louis, with stern sadness. But the sudden rebellion of his impatient nature, at this final piece of tyranny, was unavailing. He crushed down his own sorrow, to soothe that of Blanche. As long as she must go, he thought it would be most prudent to cheer her up as much as possible, instead of mourning with her for things inevitable. "Let the present be, I bide my time," he thought. So he calmed the low sobs, and scattered the shining tears with the April sunshine of dawning smiles, and talked with Blanche quietly of the new position she was

about to assume. He lingered on the idea of her absence, in order that they might both in a degree familiarize themselves with it; spoke to her in a grave, kind, quiet manner, of her duties and responsibilities, and succeeded, much to his own surprise, in giving her a few judicious words of excellent advice, without once breaking down, in the midst of the strong emotion that sometimes, despite his own efforts, threatened to stop his voice. He promised to remember and love her always; and asked her, for her father's sake, and his own, to use, to the best of her ability, the advantages provided for her. He felt that he was at least, bound in honor, to refrain, as things stood now, from combating Mrs. Malcolm's influence at present; so he yielded to circumstances now. He would not speak of their meeting again. He waited till the time should come.

Blanche once away from home, and, as her mother fondly hoped, removed from the range of Louis Russell's influence, and the lady's plans were safe. She maintained a constant correspondence with her graceful and equally subtle friend, Mrs. Beauvais, in which the two kept each other advised of the course affairs took, from time to time. It was at the residence of Mrs. Beauvais, that Mr. Malcolm had first met his present wife; and these two ladies being firm friends, what was there remarkable in the fact that they had conceived the plan of bringing about a union between the step-daughter of one, and the son of the other? Especially as there was ample wealth on both sides, and such a match would bind these dear friends by still closer ties? Of course, the affair had never been mentioned to the parties most nearly concerned—that was out of the question, as yet. Arthur Beauvais, as Blanche had told Louis, was still in Italy, and the time of his return, and Blanche's emancipation from school, would take place together. Meanwhile, Blanche must be removed from the society of Louis, that affairs, as they seemed to Mrs. Malcolm's eyes to be progressing, might not take a course which should completely destroy the plans of these sagacious mothers. To this end, had been the constant vigilance exercised over Blanche; for this had her lessons been gradually suspended, her communication with Louis been broken up; Mrs. Malcolm had kept watch and ward over the two; her anxiety was at rest now.

Every letter that Arthur Beauvais sent home was forwarded to Henriette, who, of course, as was natural, and as the mamma's meant should be done, exhibited them joyfully to Blanche; thus,

in her innocence, furthering the great plan. The letters were full of vivacity and interest, for Arthur possessed both deep eloquence and a fine intellect, together with a certain brilliancy of description, which rendered him fascinating as a letter-writer. These missives, then, pleased Blanche excessively. They, together with Henriette's enthusiastic encomiums on her brother, aroused the curiosity, and excited the imagination, of our little innocent Blanche. Henriette wrote to him, long, animated, affectionate letters and mentioned Blanche in every one, among her details of school-life. Blanche laughed and blushed a little at this, of course. Once, in reading Arthur's letters (a privilege which Henriette granted to no one else), she acknowledged a merry kind of grudge against her friend, for having such a brother, who dwelt in Italy, and who wrote such delightful letters, while she was denied the charming privilege. This Henriette mischievously repeated, word for word, when she wrote to Arthur the next time. Arthur sent a gay response, and so an acquaintance was instituted by proxy, between her handsome brother and her shy friend.

So far, so good. Matters were progressing admirably for the success of Mrs. Malcolm and Mrs. Beauvais. As had been arranged, by judicious management, the vacation of the young girls was settled to be spent at the house of Henriette. Louis, in his quiet cottage, had looked forward to this vacation, when he counted confidently on seeing Blanche. What was his astonishment and indignation, then, to learn the alteration in his hopes? He smiled at himself, once, to see how earnest he was becoming, over the disappointment. It was too bad, at all events. He had received one letter from her—a warm, frank, loving letter, just like herself; (spite of Mrs. Malcolm's inclination, he knew), and he prized it more than anything else he possessed. Why could he not see her? Why not go directly up to London, and make the attempt, in defiance of her step-mother?

He did not pause to ask himself a second time. On the day following Christmas, Louis was in town. How should he see her, however, without calling directly at the house of Mrs. Beauvais? which, by-the-way, Louis now, with some amusement, remembered that he had not the slightest knowledge of. He was at a complete stand.

At this juncture, it really seemed as if fortune were in his favor, for, in passing along one of the most fashionable and crowded thoroughfares, he beheld an elegant plain carriage draw up before a jeweller's establishment, and Blanche, with

two ladies, step out. She saw him, too, as she did so; and, with a little cry of delight, held out both hands to him. Regardless of Mrs. Beauvais and Henriette, they abandoned themselves, for a moment, to the pleasure of that unexpected meeting; until Blanche, recollecting herself, with a slight blush, introduced them.

Mrs. Beauvais acknowledged the introduction gracefully, and with apparent pleasure, skilfully covering her real feelings, in the midst of this (to her) most disagreeable *rencontre*. Since things had happened thus, she would not excite his suspicion, and, perhaps, arouse opposition and resistance, in case he was so inclined, by allowing herself to treat him as haughtily as she felt disposed to. She divined, in an instant, the purpose of his visit to town; and resolved to out-general him. With the greatest affability, then, she invited him to call on Blanche, at her house, whenever he felt so pleased, during his stay in London; to which proposition, he, of course, gladly assented.

He remained conversing with them a few moments, and then left them, promising the delighted Blanche to call the next day. He did so; and was informed that Blanche was out. The same thing happened the day after; and calling, almost against his will, on the day following that, he learned that she had suddenly left London. Mrs. Beauvais had outwitted him.

In truth, Blanche had left town now, in company with Henriette, to visit an aunt of the latter, before they went back to school; but she had been at home, waiting for Louis, both times when he had called. Mrs. Beauvais pretended perfect ignorance of his having done so; and when, finally, she affected, to Blanche, to discover that he *had* called, the circumstance of his non admission was imputed to some blunder of the domestic.

So Blanche was obliged to return, with much disappointment, to school, without having seen him. She addressed a letter to him, however, full of sorrow for the provoking mistakes by which they had been prevented from meeting.

Louis received the communication, guessed pretty correctly at the character of the "mistakes," from their repetition, sighed over the unsuspecting, easily deceived nature of Blanche, and secretly promised, that, if the artifice were that of Mrs. Beauvais, on behalf of her friend, Mrs. Malcolm, it should recoil on herself.

He returned home immediately. His cottage looked lonelier than ever. The wide, bare, snowy fields, had lost all their beauty. The skies were cold and gray; the brook, where he had seen so much to admire in the summer and

autumn, when he sat on the bank, under the willows, with Blanche, with his book and his fishing-rod, went dark, struggling, foaming, over the stones. It had not even the beauty of ice. He drew the window curtains, and shut himself in his formerly cheerful little parlor, at evening, and tried to read; but the wind wailed without, with mournful dirges; the shadows danced and wavered on the walls; the branches of the trees creaked, and with their skeleton fingers, tapped against the window panes; and sometimes he sat listening to the wild, dreary-sounding voice of the midnight storm, until he was ready to die with loneliness and mournful fancies. Bachelor life was becoming a bugbear to him. He resolved, finally, with sudden determination, to shut up his cottage and escape from this wilderness. His design was soon put into execution. He told no one of this, except Mr. Malcolm, who, hating to have him leave the neighborhood for the present, urged him to change his resolution; but Louis was fixed.

In a short time, then, he had established himself at a fashionable London hotel, and entered, at thirty, upon the busy stage of life, from which he had so long and contentedly secluded himself.

Louis was everywhere well received—partly, by the gentlemen, for the sake of the memory of his father, for the elder Russell had been a star in London society, in his day; partly, for the passport of good birth and good breeding, as well as for his noble exterior, and seriously beautiful countenance, which, together or separately, are welcomed by all; and partly, as he very well knew, for his wealth. His company was sought for continually. Praised by some, flattered by others, courted and liked by all, he moved on quietly amid the whirl and bustle of fashionable life, caring very little for it, except so far as it relieved the *ennui* that was beginning to wear upon him, whenever he shut himself up, and returned, in any considerable degree, to his former mode of life. Two letters he received from Blanche, during those months which preceded the spring—long, glowing, full-written letters, telling him all about her school-life, about her father and mother (asking innocently, in return, for all the news from home, which Louis was not able to give, seeing that he abstained altogether from visiting Copsley now), telling him about her lessons, her companions, Henriette, etc. He liked to receive these letters: in the midst of the throng of city-bred, Juno beauties, that he met and mingled with daily, passing from one group of fashion and frivolity to another, it was a sweet and strange sensation

with which, turning away from it all, he lingered over these innocent, happy, loving letters, and recalled the fresh young face of the writer. He knew that, as soon as her studies were over, she was to be introduced, with Henriette; he pictured to himself her appearance—her manners. Surely, they could not change for the better; and he almost dreaded the exposure of his little violet to the glare and glitter of this restless world in which he moved. Yet he longed to see her.

It was at the close of a lovely spring day. Long shadows, sloped westward among the declining sunbeams that gilded wood and glade, field and garden, at Copseley. And Blanche Malcolm, returned home that day, stood within the gate that opened into the garden of the cottage, with her father. She learned to-day, for the first time (for Louis had not informed her in his letters), that her master had deserted his old home. The change struck her mournfully, as she looked about her.

"How sad it all looks, papa!—the cottage so silent and quiet—the garden so neglected! How long has Louis been gone?"

"Six months. Yes, it *does* look sad, since he left it. He got weary of it, I suppose. I do not know why, I am sure. Everything seems changed, lately." And Mr. Malcolm sighed, unconsciously.

"I should like to go in," said Blanche, as they came up the weed-grown path. She tried the door; it was locked. One of the long windows, however, looking out on the garden, was unfastened. She threw it up.

"Yes, you may as well go in, if you desire it," said her father. "I am going over to farmer Eastman's, a little while. I will speak to you as I come back."

He went; and Blanche, stepping in through the window, found herself once more in the cottage of Louis—in the room he had loved best. She stood silent a few moments, looking, with a strange, sad feeling at her heart, upon the place deserted by his presence. There, on the table, were the books he had used oftenest. There were the marks among the leaves, where his hand had placed them last. There was the chair he had sat in. Dust had settled on it now. A little heap of dead ashes lay on the hearth. Wild airs had scattered them out upon the cold stone. No sound was in the desolate apartment but the beating of her own sorrowful, young heart. No footstep on the stairs—no voice to say, as his had said so gently, "Blanche, you are welcome!"

The warm tears gathered, and sparkled on her cheek, before she knew it. When would she know such happiness again, as she had known in those childish days?

A ray of sunshine streamed through the window, and struck upon some glittering object, in the opposite corner. Moving forward, she picked it up. It was a ring—a tiny gold circlet, scarcely larger than a small wire; a ring which she had seen on Louis's finger hundreds of times. It must have been lying there ever since he went away—dropped, perhaps, and forgotten. She hesitated an instant, and then placed it, with a half smile, and a falling tear, upon her own hand. It was little she could keep, to remember him—and he had worn it. If she should meet him in London, she thought, she could return it to him.

Passing through the intervening rooms, she went out, by a back door, into the garden in rear of the cottage. Everything here had the same deserted appearance; and the sunset shot its slant beams athwart the tangled weeds and long grass in the neglected beds, making all this desolation look a thousand times more desolate. Blanche stood, in mournful silence, with folded hands, and downcast eyes, beside the moss-grown curb of the old well. How sadly ancient memories came back to her now!

A step was on the door-sill—on the grass-grown pathway. Some one stood beside her, with glad and quiet smiles, and a glance of happy affection rested on her unconscious face.

"Blanche, my pupil, what are you dreaming of?"

With an irrepressible exclamation of joy and surprise, she raised her head, and beheld Louis. For a moment's space, neither could speak. Both were too happy for words. Louis stood with her hands clasped in his own, his eyes fixed on her sweet, glad face, and his heart beating with a throb that it had never felt before. His first impulse had been to gather her to his breast, and kiss her, as he had done in times gone by, when her childish lips had met his so lovingly; but she was no longer a child now. A year of absence had changed the laughing little maiden into a fair, graceful, blushing young girl, whose sweet glance, raised with half-timid affection, to his face, repressed the sudden inclination. No; the softened loveliness of early womanhood dawned in those clear eyes. Blanche was no longer his plaything—his merry little pet of other years. Tenderly—respectfully—with the deference he would have paid to a crowned queen, Louis raised her hand to his lips. A soft deepening of color, the downcast

glance, were the only indications that she marked the change.

A few moments of silence on both sides, and then, with the consciousness of the present mingling with the transactions of the past, they found sufficient conversation to occupy them. Louis told her of his life after her departure, of his desertion of his old home, and his change to a London life. "Did you miss me, Blanche, when you came down here this afternoon?" he said.

She told him how lonely it had seemed without him; and he was secretly pleased. She wondered that he should have happened to come down on that particular afternoon, as he said, to look about the place—it being the very afternoon of her return. She forgot that she had casually mentioned to him, in one of her letters, the day when she should come back to Copesey; and Louis did not confess that, instead of "coming down to see the place," he had come in the hope of seeing her. It was more than he had hoped for, that she should seek the field of old memories and old affections at the first—and that, too, under the surveillance of her step-mother, who, he rightly guessed, would have prevented such a step; but, as he learned, Mrs. Malcolm had not been at home when Blanche arrived, and was not yet returned. Owing to this circumstance, Blanche was at liberty for the day. No one was sorry.

Even Mr. Malcolm, himself, it must be acknowledged, did not wholly regret his wife's temporary absence, though perhaps he scarcely knew it himself; for, almost unconsciously to him, there lay in the depths of his heart a faint perception of the more ostentatious character of her affection for Blanche, and a slight shrinking from displaying to her cooler gaze the unrestrained happiness of his meeting with his daughter, after their year's separation.

It is probable that, if she had been at home, Blanche would have been sitting, at sunset, in the drawing-room of Copesey, by her side, instead of down here in this quiet and deserted garden, talking happily with the very person, with whom, of all others, Mrs. Malcolm would wish that she should not talk. Louis thought of this; but his companion had no such idea. Her mother had always professed, to her, to like Louis, and Blanche, in her innocence, believed it. Thus, of course, she apprehended no danger in thus sitting with her old teacher, on the rustic bench by the door. If Mrs. Malcolm had happened to come into the garden at that moment, Blanche would, probably, in the innocence of her heart, have asked her to sit down with them.

She did not come, however, and there they remained, conversing with each other, until the sun was nearly down. Mr. Malcolm did not come, either; probably he had been detained by farmer Eastman longer than he had anticipated.

Presently, however, observing the approaching twilight, Blanche rose to go, and then, for the first time, she remembered the ring she had found. She mentioned the circumstance to him, and was taking it from her finger to return it to him; but Louis gently held her hand, and prevented the act.

"Nay, let it stay," he said; "I lost it the night before I went to London, and was unable to find it again. I may lose it a second time, if I take it. Keep the ring, Blanche, for my sake, or the sake of the dear old days when you was my pupil, and I your master."

A look of sad and serious thought settled in his fine eyes, as he held his companion's hands. She regarded him for a moment with silent earnestness.

"Do you regret, then, those days, Louis?" she said; "I was a torment to you; you called me 'mischief,' sometimes, I was so wild, then."

"You were my happiness, Blanche," he answered, with grave kindness, "and my pride. O, my child, my little Blanchette, I wish almost that your childhood could have lasted forever!" And his voice had a kind of bitter mournfulness in it, making the young girl herself sorrowful.

"I wish, sometimes, that it might have been so, Louis. I was so happy! And now mamma has persuaded my father to allow me to be introduced immediately; and I so dread that terrible whirlpool of what they call 'society,' in London! I don't want to leave Copesey. I have left it already, for a whole year. I wish mamma had not decided on my coming out, this season; but Mrs. Beauvais urged her."

He listened, and mused. Mrs. Beauvais and Mrs. Malcolm! They were intensely interested in his pupil, for some reason or other, which, truth to say, he more than half guessed at.

"Blanchette," he said, with serious eyes, "do you know what they are going to take you to London for?"

"No."

"Shall I tell you?"

"If you please."

"They are going to take you there, then, my pet, to marry you. I do not like it. I promise you I shall be jealous. Blanche, look at me," and he stood before her, with her two hands clasped in his; "how much do you love your old teacher?"

The quick blushes wavered on her cheeks, but

she saw that through the half gayety he assumed, he was in earnest. His deep eyes, with a glance of heart-feeling in them, that they had never worn in her childish days, were fixed earnestly upon her.

"Nay, Louis," she answered, evasively, and with an air of playfulness, that sought to cover the quick emotion—the sudden thrill that his manner, more than his words, caused, "you are not so indulgent as you used to be—you never put me in a corner before."

The young girl's blushes—the trembling of voice that she vainly strove to hide—filled him with an inexpressible pleasure.

"I will take you out, now, if that is the case," and he pressed her hand to his lips; "but remember, I shall not allow you to go and spend this season in town, without some stipulations."

She was silent. At that instant, steps were heard within the house, and the next moment, Mr. Malcolm appeared at the door.

"Well, this is unexpected, Louis," he exclaimed, with surprise and pleasure, as his eyes fell on Blanche's companion; "how did you happen to come down this afternoon?"

"It seems that I came to meet this young lady," replied that gentleman, smiling archly, and glancing at her bright face.

A few gay words followed, and then they left the garden and the cottage, and went up the road in the direction of Copseley, together. Louis was pressed earnestly by Mr. Malcolm to enter and pass the evening with them. He declined; however. He had no desire to meet Blanche's step-mother; but, after the young girl had gone into the house, he stood by the gate, conversing with her father in a low tone, for at least an hour. And when Mr. Malcolm came in, his face was more serious than usual. He kissed Blanche with even more tenderness than he was in the habit of showing, as she met him, on his entrance. His glance followed her bright form, thoughtfully, as she went about that evening. He was thinking of things that she did not dream of—that his wife did not dream of, as, meeting Blanche, and remarking the improvement in her appearance, she speculated, with elated self-confidence, upon the ultimate success of her plans with Mrs. Beauvais.

The ceremony of introduction was over. Blanche was no longer a lingerer behind the scenes. She was taking her part among the brilliant circles of London beauty and gayety, of which, in a short time, she became the fairest star. Her name was on a thousand lips. Her loveliness, her freshness, proved a more potent

lode-star than the *passé* charms of belles in their second season. Mrs. Beauvais was in raptures.

"Adole," she said to her friend, "we are certain of success. Arthur cannot behold so much loveliness without becoming a sincere admirer. He will be at home shortly. We must be patient. How is it with that teacher—that Louis Russell?"

"O, he is safe enough," was Mrs. Malcolm's placid, self-satisfied reply. "He comes, occasionally, to call on Edward, but I take care that Blanche is kept out of his way. At the first of her coming home, I was really concerned in that respect. He seemed completely enchanted with her; and I am well aware that if he should take it into his head to fall in love with her, and she with him, Mr. Malcolm would never refuse his consent to their marriage—never! so, my dear friend, you see that we must play our cards skilfully!" and the lady smiled.

And so she did, as well as Mrs. Beauvais; and the designs of each seemed prospering. How they congratulated themselves! At the end of July, too, Arthur wrote that he was coming directly home. Blanche was favored with an immediate reading of the letter; for Mrs. Beauvais had great faith in these letters, which the young man really wrote charmingly, and which were perfectly fascinating in their style. But this one, it seemed to Blanche, was hurried—almost unintelligible in places, as if the writer's mind was occupied more with other affairs, than the occupation of the moment. His mother, however, scarcely noticed this feature of the epistle, or, if she did, only attributed it to the hurry of preparation for his journey.

Louis Russell, as Mrs. Malcolm had intimated, came to call on the family occasionally, and not unfrequently met Blanche. It was not, however, when her step-mother could prevent it. That lady always treated him with politeness—the most perfect cordiality, it seemed to her daughter and husband; but Louis could *feel*, rather than *see* the difference. He saw her care—her (as she thought) concealed anxiety concerning Blanche, and the continued dislike and distrust with which she regarded him. It was of little moment to him, however. He had become acquainted with Henriette Beauvais, while visiting the Malcolms; and from a thousand observations of hers, while she spoke, as she frequently did, with enthusiasm, of Arthur's return, led him to suspect what she was too blind and innocent to suspect herself—the plans of her mother and Mrs. Malcolm. This gave him some concern; and from the manner of these two ladies,

on subsequent occasions, his suspicions were confirmed.

Blanche, meanwhile, had her curiosity aroused by the arts of these two assiduous friends, but that was all. She wished to see Arthur—to be his friend, as she was Henriette's. The faintest idea of any kind, which would have presaged a favorable termination to the plots laid so thickly about her, never passed through her mind.

The days passed away busily to her. She never had a moment to spare, for her time was so completely disposed of, by Mrs. Malcolm's management; and, consequently, she found no moment in which to discover that this continual round of gayety wearied her. She thought herself as happy as she could expect to be, in London. Yet, the only snatches of *real* happiness which she felt, were found, when, away from her mother's watchful eyes, she passed an hour or two by the side of Louis Russell, and felt something of the quiet, careless joy of other days. She knew, that, in the midst of the continual round of pleasure into which she was drawn, his solicitude followed her—his heart brooded with tenderness (*how* tenderly she knew not yet) over his young pupil. She felt that, though the relation, in which they had formerly stood to each other, no longer seemed, to others, a bond between them, yet it *had* bound her, with strong links, to his affection. Still, the old love—the old precepts—the old influence, held their sway over her, with a strength that no time could affect: and she acknowledged to herself, that there was no pleasure she looked forward to greater, than to sit by his side, as she used to sit, and feel herself once more the merry child who sat there years gone by; for they were still—Mrs. Malcolm to the contrary, notwithstanding—master and pupil.

Louis came, generally, when he made his visits to her father's house, in the evening; and Mr. Malcolm looked for him frequently, for a partner at chess. Mrs. Malcolm was most commonly present, on such occasions, and thus the possibility of meeting Blanche alone did not often occur. And Blanche herself, unsuspecting as was her nature, came gradually to entertain a vague and somewhat disagreeable consciousness of being attended a little too closely by her mother.

One evening, however, Mrs. Malcolm was absent; Mr. Malcolm, with a friend, had gone to the library, where the two, strangers to each other for years, though they had been classmates at college, were busy in discussing old times.

Blanche was sitting alone in the drawing-

room. It was something unusual for her to be in absolute solitude, thus, and she smiled, as she thought of it.

"Where is Louis, I wonder?" was her mental query.

A sound on the steps—the opening of the door in the vestibule, and a well known foot-fall on the floor, answered her. Louis stood at her side.

"What have you been dreaming about, all alone here, Blanchette?" he asked, seating himself beside her, with her hands clasped in his own.

"Dreaming about? everything, and—nothing," she answered, lightly.

He smiled. "I wonder what the chief matter of consideration was?—what are a young lady's thoughts, generally?"

"Countless as the sands of the sea, Louis, and many-colored and changeable as the chameleon itself. I have saved up some of the sands, however. I please myself best with their hues. I put them in my hour-glass, and watch the flight of time by them. What are they?" and her timid yet laughing eyes dwelt on his countenance.

"I do not know, Blanche. I wish my own name to mingle with them sometimes, though. Does it, I wonder?"

Her only answer was a deeper smile and blush.

"Shall I tell you," he said, "what my thoughts were, as I stood at my mirror, in my chamber to-night?"

"Nay; you are pushing me a step too far. What do I know of the extent of your vanity?"

"The thought was not one to feed my vanity. I was thinking how old I am growing, Blanchette. Look at my gray hairs!"

She laid her hand on his fine head, and slowly threaded the masses of dark curls that were brushed away from his pale brow.

"Yes," she said, with sad and irrepressible tenderness, while the bright tears gathered through her smiles, "there are gray hairs there, and Louis is thirty-one years old to day. Did you think I forgot it?" she added, as a sudden flash of pleasure illuminated his countenance. "Look at this." And she drew from its resting place a tiny golden case, and gave it to him.

He opened it, and found that it contained a small and exquisite likeness of herself. On the inside of the cover was engraved the single word—"LOUIS."

He studied the lovely features thoughtfully, a moment, and then placed the case in his bosom.

"Blanche," he said, "let me thank you a thousand times for this. It is what I have often

desired. But there is something else. I want such a present as you gave me three years ago, on such a day as this. Do you remember it?"

At first, she was silent, with her glance fixed inquiringly on his. Gradually, a blush dawned and wavered on her clear cheek. She hesitated. But, as she met those kind, smiling eyes, her old, childish days seemed to come back. Bending forward, she touched the forehead of Louis with timid lips; and then, half frightened at her own daring, was springing up; but he held her quietly by his side.

"Blanche, what are you running away for? I want you. Do you know," he said, "that I have been waiting a long time for that? I find it very sweet—so sweet, that I should have the audacity to ask for more, if I were not going to seek a favor of greater importance just now. It seems a long time, doesn't it, Blanche?—since you and I were pupil and master. I am growing old fast, as I said before; and habit grows strong, you know, as one grows older. I miss you, my pet, every day when I cannot see you at least once. I want you where I can behold you always. I want to hear your voice from morning till night. I want to feel your presence forever, and know that you are *mine*—my own. Do not turn your face away—listen a moment—and then go, if you will. Blanche Malcolm, will you marry me?"

She was silent awhile. Tears gathered slowly in her eyes, but smiles broke through them, too, like sparkles of sunshine. She laid her hands in his, with a quiet and timid happiness.

"If you care to take me, Louis," she said.

That evening Blanche prepared herself to attend a party with her mother.

Two days afterwards, Mr. Malcolm received a visit from Louis—a morning visit. They were alone in the library together for an hour, and Mrs. Malcolm inwardly declared, as she wondered what the subject of their conference could be, that the like should never occur again. That hour seemed one of most interminable length, and it was a relief to her when the guest came out of the library (attended by Mr. Malcolm, who waited upon him as far as the hall door, where their conversation was continued some time longer), and the echo of his departing footsteps died away.

Her husband went out himself, directly after, so that her curiosity was not satisfied, until dinner, when Mr. Malcolm informed her that Louis Russell had made a formal proposal for the hand of Blanche, and been accepted.

"Accepted! My dear Edward, what are you

thinking of?" she said, endeavoring to control herself, while resentment and indignation, scarce veiled by the artifice, flashed from her eyes. "Surely, Blanche is much too young, and only just introduced. Besides, Mr. Russell is at least fourteen or fifteen years her senior. She never will consent to this—never!"

"My dear," returned her husband, calmly, "she has consented, already. Blanche was first sought as a wife by Louis three months ago, when I gave my agreement to his suit. He proposed, finally, last Wednesday, when she accepted him. It is nothing new, I assure you," he continued, with the most unconscious coolness; "I have always looked forward to it, and no match could please me better, for Blanche. Depend upon it, my dear Adele, she has chosen well."

Was it all over, then? Inwardly trembling with rage and excitement—outwardly as calm, and sweet, and serene as ever, Mrs. Malcolm ordered the carriage, immediately after dinner, and proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Beauvais. Blanche was spending the day there, and met her mother upon the stairs.

"Blanche, come with me," said the lady, quietly; and the two entered the drawing-room, the young girl vainly trying to guess the business upon which Mrs. Malcolm had come so suddenly.

They were alone together, and the affair was immediately unfolded. Blanche was not much surprised at the opposition which (as yet a gentle opposition) her mother manifested towards her union with Louis. But she quietly assured her of her determination to abide by the decision she had formed. Then the anger of Mrs. Malcolm became apparent. She threatened, expostulated, and coaxed, by turns; and what was the effect? Blanche, becoming astonished and indignant at the earnestness and pertinacity with which she combated her determination, increased the fire that only sought fuel, to rage with greater intensity every moment, by her answers. and finally, she was silent altogether. Now, Mrs. Malcolm reproached her with the most bitter sarcasm; her disappointment lent her eloquence, from its very intensity. In the midst of it all, Mrs. Beauvais entered; and her astonishment and anger were equal to those of her friend. It was then, that, in an unguarded moment, they betrayed to her the plans which they had so long cherished. And she—a weak, silly, sentimental child—was to defeat them! Mrs. Malcolm laughed with bitter scorn. "Blanche," she said, "you shall marry to please me yet!"

Blanche was very pale. This rude treatment

overcame her. She rose to her feet. "Madam, I shall leave you," she said, tearfully; "I will not be compelled to listen!"

The roll of carriage wheels was heard outside. They stopped just beneath the windows. The hall door was opened; footsteps echoed on the broad staircase; the light, sweet voice of a lady was heard; the deeper, yet not less musical one, of a gentleman; and the next instant, Arthur Beauvais—the same handsome, elegant, graceful Arthur Beauvais, who was to have been the husband of Blanche—stood before them, with a beautiful woman, fair as a beam of sunshine, leaning on his arm. Mrs. Beauvais started and turned very pale. "My dearest mother!" he exclaimed, with charming gayety, "I kiss your hand. Mrs. Malcolm, I am extremely gratified to see you. Ladies," and he turned smilingly to the lovely, timid-looking girl by his side, "allow me to present my wife."

Mrs. Malcolm stood thunderstruck. Blanche smiled, spite of her tears; and Mrs. Beauvais, with one bitter, stormy glance of rage at her innocent son and his pretty bride, fell upon the floor in a fainting fit.

Blanche and Louis were married, after all. The opposition of Mrs. Malcolm, and her pertinacity on the subject, together with the discovery of her artful plans, incensed her husband highly. Thenceforth, she found in him a strength of character—a force and determination of will, that completely gained the mastery of her deceitful nature. Louis and his wife had afterwards very little intimacy with her. Her duplicity disgusted them.

Pretty Amy Beauvais met with a sorry reception from her husband's family, with the exception of Henriette.

"But, Arthur," she said, as she sat with her arm about Amy, "why didn't you let us know you were going to marry in Wales?"

"My dear sister," he answered, "the surprise, I thought, would be delightful!"

It was delightful—in a way. Mrs. Beauvais, chagrined at her defeat, never spoke to her daughter-in-law; so she never caused her any trouble.

The author of "Habits and Men" relates an anecdote of an old fashioned naval captain, who committed the offence of dancing without gloves. The marine hero in question had stood up to go through a country-dance with a very fine lady, who was shocked to observe that his huge and warm hands were not covered, according to etiquette. "Captain," said his fair partner, "you are perhaps not aware that you have not got your gloves on?" "O, never mind, ma'am!" answered the commander, "never mind; I can wash my hands when we've done!"

A MARSHAL OF THE REPUBLIC.

Among the Americans who attended the late ball, given at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, was Jack Spicer, of Kentucky. Jack rushed the dress somewhat strong, and wore epaulettes on his shoulders large enough to start four major generals in business. Jack was the observed of all observers, and got mixed up with a party that his friends could not account for. Wherever the Marshals of France went, there went Jack; and when the marshals sat down, Jack did the same, always taking the post of honor. The day after the ball, Jack called on his old acquaintance, Mr. Mason, our minister to France, who started up a little conversation the following manner:

"I hear, Jack, that you were at the ball last night." "I was, sir, and had a high old time." "For which, you are indebted, I suppose, to the high old company you got mixed up with. By the way, how came you associated with the marshals?" "How? by virtue of my office—they were Marshals of France, while I am nothing else than a Marshal of the Republic. I showed my commission, and took my post accordingly." "By right of your office! What do you mean?" "Read that, and see." Here Jack presented Mr. Mason with a whity-brown paper, with a seal big enough for a four-pound weight. "What in the name of Heaven is this?" "My commission of marshal—I received it in 1850, when I assisted in taking the census in Frankfort." "You don't mean to say you travel on this?" "I don't mean anything else. That made me a Marshal of the Republic, and I intend to have the office duly honored."

Mr. Mason thought that Jack was doing a very large business on a very small capital. A Census Marshal of Frankfort mixing in with the Marshals of France, is certainly rushing matters in a manner that requires as much brass as epaulettes. Jack, we are happy to say, is equal to the requirements.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

A TRUSTING CUSTOMER.

A week or two since, a decently dressed elderly man called at the shop of our townsman, Mr. Muirhead, jeweller and watchmaker, Buchanan Street, and quietly asked if his watch was ready, or, in other words, if it had been repaired. As Mr. Muirhead had no remembrance at the moment of having done business with the man, he asked in turn when he had left the article. "O," said the other, "I didna' leave it in this shop, for ye were ower bye in Nelson Street when ye got it." Says Mr. Muirhead, "That must have been a long time ago, then, for we left Nelson Street in 1838—that is seventeen years since." "But I left it wi' ye for a' that," said the other. He was then asked for the name and number of the watch, which he described to a nicety, and on opening the repository, it was found safe and sound. Exactly twenty-one years have passed since Duncan handed it in for repair, yet he called for it at the end of that period as coolly as if he had only left it the preceding week. Duncan's account is: "Ye see, I'm a sawyer to my trade, and I gaed ower to America to see how things were looking, for I keast the watch would be safe till I cam' back, but I staid a wee thocht langer than I intended."—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

URSULA.

BY A. P. SMITH.

There is a form I long to clasp,
And hold in fond embrace;
A form of angel loveliness,
Of matchless, fairy grace.

There is a voice I long to hear
Gush forth in gentle strain;
A voice of sweetest melody,
I long to hear again.

There is a lip I long to press
With one fond, lingering kiss;
Ah! who can tell that moment's joy,
Or speak of that fond bliss.

There is a heart I long to know,
A heart so gentle, true,
No spot its surface darkening,
I would that soul I knew.

There is a maid I proudly love,
O, would she were my own;
What would I give that I could call
Ursula—mine alone.

COURTSHIP IN THE DARK.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

ONE bright starlight night, while lying becalmed in the horse latitudes, our watch, as usual, collected upon the top-gallant fore-castle, to smoke their pipes and spin yarns. We had been some time on the voyage, and our stock of stories had become pretty familiar; anything new was getting to be quite a rarity; so we were obliged to content ourselves with bits and scraps of our own adventures, or those of our friends; and as no one is permitted to tell a very *loud* story on board a ship, when he is himself the hero, we were forced to confine ourselves within the bounds of truth and probability—a very galling restriction for any sailor, and it had the effect of almost wholly silencing our watch. On that occasion, however, we managed to start an apology for a story, which I will endeavor to give as nearly as possible in the narrator's own words.

For nearly half an hour there had been scarcely a word spoken by any of the group, and no one seemed disposed to break the silence, until an old weather-beaten, bullet-headed man-of-war's man, who had in some manner acquired the name of "Spikes," slowly removed his pipe from his mouth, and looking round upon his watchmates, inquired:

"Who knows whatever's become of young Capstane Barre? He used to sail in this trade,

but somehow I've lost sight of him for the last four or five years."

"Why, don't you know?" replied Chips, the carpenter. "I thought everybody knew about that affair of his'n. It was rather curious, too, the way he stumbled into it."

"How was it?" inquired Spikes.

"Yes, let's have the story, let's have the story," we all exclaimed, gathering closer around Chips.

"Why, it isn't much of a story, anyway," he replied; "but such as it is, I let you have it. I suppose you all know Capstane Barre, or have heard of him?"

All except Spikes protested their innocence of any knowledge whatever concerning him, whereupon Chips proceeded as follows:

"Well, I'm surprised that none of you are acquainted with him, for he was as well known in the Liverpool and Calcutta trade as the Cape of Good Hope, but as you don't, I suppose I must tell you what sort of a chap he was. In the first place, then, you must know, he wasn't one of your common, every-day sailors, who think themselves mighty learned, because they know how to read and write a bit. On the contrary, he had received a regular four-stranded, hawser-laid, university education, and was fit for any situation, from a sea captain clear down to a judge of the Supreme Court, and he would have done himself honor in either capacity.

"You may think strange that such a man should have sailed before the mast, in a merchant vessel. He could have had a mate's berth if he chose, but he used to say he didn't care to be advanced, for he intended to quit going to sea when he was twenty-five, and strike out something on shore that would astonish us all; and it turned out just as he said, though it was all accident, and he couldn't have anticipated anything of the kind.

"I remember the first voyage he ever made; he was about twenty at the time, tall, well built, straight as a handspike, and just the finest looking chap I ever saw, before or since. Then he had such a way with him, you couldn't help liking him; I don't think he had an enemy in the world, or ever will have; he was the life of every ship he sailed in, and where he was, things were sure to go on pleasantly; he'd make you feel happy whether you chose or not, for his was such a jovial, sunshiny disposition that it seemed to affect every one with whom he came in contact. But he had a wonderful stock of impudence, had Capstane, and he used to bully his captain and mates with as much assurance as if he had been the Prince of Wales; but he would

do it in such a pleasant, off-hand manner, that they couldn't choose but laugh; and as for being angry with him, that was entirely out of the question. I used to think, and I do now, that he fared all the better for being saucy and impudent; but if any one beside him had attempted half what he did, they would have been run up to the foreyard-arm in a twinkling, and served 'em right, too; for that which you laughed at in him, and liked him all the better for, would have been downright impertinence and perfectly unbearable in another."

"Come now, belay that!" growled Spikes, "and don't be making a botch; for the more you try to describe him, the more you don't do it. If so be you've got any yarn to spin, let's have it at once, without any kinks."

"Well, then," resumed Chips, "to come to the point, the last time Capstane—or Cap., as we used to call him, for short—was in the East Indies, I was with him, and we both shipped together in a tea drogher, bound for Liverpool. We had a splendid passage homeward until we got to the mouth of the channel, when we caught a succession of heavy gales right in the teeth, and were battered and banged about between Land's End and Cape Clear for more than a month, till we began to think we should never get anywhere, like a second Flying Dutchman; but it couldn't last forever, and all at once it chopped round, and came out of south'ard and west'ard like a young hurricane. Whew! didn't it blow that night? It would have taken the legs off a forty shilling pot. And the way it sent us flying up the St. George's Channel would have taken the starch out of any steamer that ever floated; and the lighthouses along the Irish coast seemed more like mile stones than anything else.

"But to make a long story short, there was more wind than we could comfortably manage; and not being able to carry sail, we missed the Mersey, and drifted away up between the Isle of Man and the main land; and when morning dawned, we found ourselves with as pretty a lee shore under our starboard bow as our worst enemies could have wished; it couldn't have been much worse if it had been made to order.

"There is no use of my giving you the particulars, for you've all been on a lee shore more than once, and know how pleasant it is. Suffice it to say, the ship beached, and broke up like a bottle. You may suppose there was some little difficulty in getting ashore; but we managed to accomplish it, half drowned, with the loss of everything we had, and our skins about as full of salt water as they could well hold. It's a

wonder to me how any of us were saved, and it was more than a week before I could realize the fact that we were all safe on our pins again.

"The fishermen along the coast took care of us for a few days, and were well paid by the plunder of the wrecked vessel. Each of our men, as soon as he got the salt water out of himself, and began to feel his oats once more, left the place and paddled off to the nearest seaport, until there were none left but Capstane Barre and myself. We had come the nearest in missing our wind, and consequently the last to recover. However, a week or ten days sufficed to put us on our taps again, and I began to think about taking a tramp in the direction of Liverpool, to look out for a ship; but Capstane wouldn't listen to such a proposition—not he; he'd never been in the west of England before, except about Liverpool, and he'd no idea of going aboard another ship till he'd had a look about the country. I objected to this decidedly, for we hadn't the value of a brass farthing between us; and a sailor without money cuts a rather poor figure in a country town, as you probably all know by experience. But that made no difference to him; when he made up his mind, he didn't change it for trifles; and all the consolation he gave me was, that we could travel the lighter for not being burdened with the tremendous weight of gold we were accustomed to carry.

"It was no use arguing with a chap like him, for he could talk the eye-teeth out of your head, and then convince you that you never had any. So we turned to and made ourselves look as respectable as possible with what clothes we had, which didn't amount to much with me. But Cap could always, under any circumstances, make himself look about four points better than anybody else—couldn't he, Spikes?"

"Yus," growled Spikes; "heave ahead with your twister."

"Well, having got through with all the necessary much obliged to you's with the fishermen, we laid our course straight back into the country, and tramped about from one place to another the whole day; for there was no end of the places he wanted to have a look at. Though he'd never been in that part of the country before, he'd read it all up, so it was as familiar to him as if he'd been born and bred there.

"I can't remember half the things he showed and explained to me that day; but there was a slew of 'em. We went over the ground where there had been a Roman camp, a good many hundred thousand years ago; then he pointed out this battle-field and that battle-field, and

tother battle-field; the place where Alexander the Great played a game of twenty-deck poker with Robert Bruce, to see which of 'em should have the Sandwich Islands—and I'm not sure but he showed me where the garden of Eden used to be, when Adam was a little oakum boy; at any rate, if he didn't, he could if he chose, for he had the whole history of the world at his tongue's end, and could spin it off like a school ma'am—couldn't he, Spikes?"

"Don't be a fool, Chips," growled Spikes.

"Well, for your sake, I won't," returned Chips; "for two fools in one watch always make bad work. But if I've mixed things up a bit, it's owing to my bad memory, and not to his giving me the wrong information; for he was always as correct as the compass. As it got along toward night, we began to get a little leg-weary, and visions of hot supper kept fooling round under our hats, so we stopped our curiosity-hunting, and struck into the post road, and pretty soon overhauled a considerable town. I forget the name of it. Perhaps some of you west of England chaps might know the place. But never mind the name; it wouldn't do you any good if you did know.

"Well, we travelled up the main street, looking into the shop doors, and making faces at the girls, till we got abreast of the principal hotel. It was a queer, old-fashioned building, big enough to hold an army, with a whole village of barns and stables at the back of it, and built nobody knows how many years ago. It had in its day been a great establishment, and the landlord had made a fortune; but the railroads had done for it, and it was as still and quiet then, as it had once been noisy and bustling.

"I stood gazing at it a while with my mouth wide open—as is apt to be the case with a person when examining anything in which he has no interest—and with no thought of entering the place; for what's the good of a tavern when there's no money knocking about. But Cap. thought otherwise; so giving me a smart poke in the ribs to attract my attention, he walked boldly up the steps, and into the public room.

"The big, pot-bellied landlord was sitting quietly smoking upon one side of the door, and his stout, comfortable-looking wife busily knitting upon the other. They looked suspiciously at us as we approached; for they had heard of the wreck, and made no doubt that we were going to ask for supper and lodgings gratis. But Cap. soon got them off that notion, for he walked in with as much assurance as if he had been heir apparent of the Tonga Islands; and slapped the shovel-nosed old landlord on the shoulder

with such a hearty good will that he came within an ace of making him swallow his pipe; and as it was, so choked him with the smoke that he didn't stop coughing for half an hour. Then with a sly wink at the landlady, and chucking the rosy-cheeked bar-maid under the chin, he ordered supper with the air of a lord.

"The landlady was clearly overcome; that wink had done as much for him as a duke's title, and she went bustling round, in and out, hurrying up the servants with the supper, scolding the bar-maid, laughing till she cried at Capstane's jokes, and making herself very red in the face, and in the way generally.

"The landlord made an effort to appear dignified, but it wouldn't do; for Cap., drawing his chair up alongside of him, opened such a battery of funny stories that I began to fear the poor old codger would go into a fit with laughing, and quit the world altogether.

"That we had made a sensation—or, rather, that Cap. had—was evident; for the landlady and bar-maid seemed as if they couldn't do enough for him; and when supper was ready, instead of giving it to us by ourselves, they invited us to a seat at the table with the family, which consisted only of the landlord, his wife, and an incredibly good looking young woman, somewhere within hailing distance of eighteen or twenty.

"If Cap. made himself agreeable before, you may be sure he surpassed himself then, for beside keeping on the weather side of the landlady's good graces, I could see that he was terribly smitten with the young lady, and no wonder, for she was an uncommonly tasty craft; and with her pink dress and cheeks, black hair and eyes, and little bits of white hands, and apron, she looked as pretty as a crocus. I don't know as I should be stretching the truth much to say, that she looked as pretty as half a dozen crocuses. At any rate, that was my impression, and Cap.'s too, I reckon; for he couldn't keep his eyes off of her. He tried hard to get into conversation with her; but she would only answer 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' blush all over her face, and look slap down into her plate. But I could see that when his attention was drawn to any other object, she made good use of her black eyes, by stealing some long and rather admiring glances at him. She made no difficulty of talking with me, a homely-looking, web-footed old porpoise, though she hadn't a word to spare for Cap.; but that's the nature of the critter generally. If she hadn't been a good deal pleased with him, she would have talked to his heart's content; but as she was, she didn't have a word to say—just like

the whole race of 'em, always go back-handed to work.

"Well, supper being over, the girl vanished, much to Cap's disappointment, and we adjourned to the public room; Cap. shone out in all his glory that night, but I could see there was something on his mind, and that he was mighty anxious about something or other; I soon found out what, for watching an opportunity when the landlady was out, he tackled the bar maid to find out who the young lady was, and how and about her generally.

"*'Lawks, sir,'* replied the bar maid, 'don't you know? why, that's Miss Mary, poor thing, it's a shame to 'em, so it is.'

"*'Well, but who the dence is Miss Mary, poor thing—and what is it that's a shame to 'em?'* inquired Cap.

"*'Miss Mary, why, she's the landlord's daughter, and they are going to make her marry old Snagsby, the lawyer; a man old enough to be her grandfather—the miserly old hunks—and all because he's rich, just as if she wasn't rich enough herself—poor thing, she eeanmost cries her eyes out; she'd better run off with young Mason, a nuf sight, than to be tied to that old gander, all her life.'*

"*'Who's Mason, a lover of hers?'* asked Cap. with considerable anxiety.

"*'Yes, sort-of—that is, he thinks a heap of her, and has been trying to get her to go to Gretna Green with him; I shouldn't wonder a mite if she did, though she don't like him any too well, and would never give him the second thought, if it wasn't to avoid being forced into marrying old Snagsby.'*

"The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the landlady, who with a countenance as smiling as a basket of chips, informed Cap. that his room was ready, whenever he chose to retire—but as there was only one vacant bed in the house, his friend would be obliged to put up with one of the settees in the bar-room.

"This was of course perfectly satisfactory, and lighted by the bar maid, Cap. went up to his room; there was a little scuffle, and a bounce heard in the passage, and the bar maid with a broad grin on her somewhat flushed countenance, and smoothing her rumpled hair, came back on the run.

"*'What's the matter, Sally?'* inquired the landlady, with a knowing look. But Sally made no reply, other than giggling out—*'Lawks, I never seed such a funny man, in my life,'* and catching up a piece of wash-leather, she began polishing up the pewter pots, with a vehemence which threatened destruction to the whole bar.

The landlady also, seemed to be of the opinion that he was a funny man, so there was no chance for an argument, and soon after, they took themselves off to bed, leaving poor Pillgarlick, to his own reflections, and an uncommonly hard settee. The house was soon quiet, and I slept like a Trojan, till broad daylight next morning, so that I knew nothing of the other events which transpired that night; until I got the particulars from Cap, sometime after.

"It appears that having gone to his room and turned in, he found it impossible to sleep, his mind being so full of one thing and another; so, after flopping and flouncing about on the bed for a couple of hours, he determined to come down in the bar-room and see me; dressing himself as well as he could in the dark, he left his room just as the clock was striking thirteen, according as he counted. It was an easy matter to leave his room, but it wasn't so easy to get anywhere else, for his fooling with the bar maid had prevented his noticing which way he went. The house, as I have said, was very large, with great long rambling passages, that had more crooks and turns in them, than there is in a post horn, and it was no easy matter for a stranger to navigate in broad daylight, much less in a dark night; so Cap. gave up the idea of finding me, and tiptoed back in what he supposed to be the direction of his room; but he was at fault again, the doors were so much alike that he couldn't tell his own from a dozen others—here was a predicament; he didn't wish to disturb any one, for it would have looked rather odd for him to be roaming about the house in the middle of the night, so he made one more effort to find the bar-room; after poking about for some time, bumping his head against projections from the wall, and tangling up his toes, among the legs of chairs, he came to a flight of stairs, which, with the very natural supposition that they would surely lead him somewhere—he began to descend, but when about half-way down, he heard some one softly approaching the foot of the stairs; his first impulse was to retreat the way he came, but he had taken scarcely a step backward, when he heard some one approaching the head of the stairs; in his perplexity, he struck his foot against a step, causing a slight noise.

"*'Hush!'* whispered the somebody at the foot.

"*'Hush!'* whispered the somebody at the top.

"*'What a confounded hushing,'* thought Cap. beginning to get a little bewildered.

"The person at the foot began to ascend, and encountering Cap half-way, the man—for such he recognized him to be, said, in a low whisper

'It's all ready, sir; you'll find it waiting behind the barn.' Then he as quickly descended, leaving Cap. with about as much idea of which end he stood upon, as I have of the nor'-west passage. The one at the top, now began to descend, and running against Cap. as he stood wondering whether he was asleep or awake—gave a slight scream, which informed him that he had a woman to deal with, this time.

"'Lawks, sir, is this you? how you frightened me,' said a voice, which he instantly recognised; 'what made you come here? 'tisn't safe—you should have waited where I told you, is it ready?'"

"'What's ready?' said Cap. more and more bewildered, but remembering what the man had just told him, he quickly added: 'Yes, it's all ready, so he says, and waiting behind the barn.'"

"'It's all right, so far, then,' continued the girl. 'Now keep quiet just where you are, and Mary will come right down.'"

"'Eh, what?' said Cap. now feeling sure that he was laboring under an attack of nightmare. 'What's that?'"

"'She'll come right down, it won't take but a minute or two, to get ready.'"

"'Wouldn't it be just as well to go where she is, and save her the trouble of coming?' asked Cap. hardly knowing what to say.

"'Lawks, sir, what an idea—keep quiet where you are, and she'll come down.'"

"'The deuce she will,' thought Cap.—'she might have waited for an invitation;' however, he wain't the chap to stand upon a point of etiquette, so he waited patiently, pinching himself the while, to make sure he wain't asleep; he knew that girls have queer fancies, sometimes, but he thought it a little queerer than ordinary that she should be so desirous of an interview on a dark stairway, when it might just as well take place in a comfortable room—but he didn't have much time to think, for a rustling in the passage indicated the approach of some one, and the next minute, he had his arm hooked round the graceful little form of Mary, in true sailor style.

"'O, dear, I'm so frightened,' said she, trembling violently; 'I'm sorry I ever consented—I'm afraid it isn't right,' and she made an effort to disengage herself from Cap.'s embrace, with the evident intention of making a precipitate retreat.

"'Think of old Snagsby,' suggested Sally.

"'Yes, think of old Snagsby,' whispered Cap. in an imploring tone, though he hadn't the most remote idea what benefit was to be derived from such a proceeding.

"'Old Snagsby, appeared to turn the scale,

and she was now as anxious to go, as she had before been hesitating.

"'Let us go to the carriage at once, then,' said Mary; 'for I'm afraid we shall be discovered.'"

"'Carriage! what carriage?' thought Cap. now completely at fault. 'O, yes, that must have been what the man meant when he said it was all ready and waiting.' So he followed Sally down the stairs, and across the yard to the back of the barn, and there, sure enough, was a coach and four, ready to start at the word—go.

"'Poor little Mary was so frightened, and excited, that he had to almost lift her into the carriage—but he didn't find any fault with her, on that account.

"'Good-by,' said Sally, with a sob, as she saw her young mistress about to depart; 'I hope you'll have it done right and proper; and as for you,' turning to Cap. whose form she could barely distinguish in the darkness—'you ought to get right down on your knees, and thank your lucky stars, for she's a great deal too good for you.'"

"'Complimentary,' thought Cap. in an awful state of bother.

"'I suppose you want me to drive fast, don't you, sir?' asked the coachman, in a significant tone, as he closed the door.

"'Yes, drive like blazes, don't spare the horses,' replied Cap. though for the life of him he couldn't have told him *where* to drive.

"The coachman mounted the box, cracked his whip, and off they went at a deuce of a pace, Mary crying like a watering-pot, and Cap. trying to comfort her, in which he succeeded admirably, for he had a peculiar knack of comforting good-looking young women in distress; and by the time they had gone a couple of miles, she became quite lively and chatty. 'Now then,' thought Cap., 'I'll try to find out what's to come of all this?' so giving Mary a loving kiss to keep her spirits up—and for the first time, speaking above a whisper, he asked:

"'Well, dear, if it's a fair question, I should be delighted to know where we are going?'"

"'That's not Harry's voice!' exclaimed Mary, in a tone of the greatest alarm—'who are you, sir?'"

"'Harry? I presume you don't mean the old gentleman, I can't claim that honor, certainly; my name is Barre—Capstane Barre.'"

"'The young sailor who came to-night?'"

"'The very same, you've guessed right the first time; but do you really mean to say that you have mistaken me for some one else?' said Cap., the truth beginning to dawn upon him.

"'Yes,' sobbed Mary—'I thought you were Mason, he promised to come—O, dear, O, dear, what shall I do?' and in reply to her own question, forthwith fainted away.

"Now any of us chaps, would have made a terrible towse about the faint, and been half-frightened to death—but it didn't trouble Cap. a particle, for he was a bit of a physician, with all the rest; and knew, that when a smart, healthy girl faints away for no other reason than because a good-looking young fellow has had his arm around her waist for half an hour or so, and kissed her a score or two of times—her life is by no means to be despaired of—so he went right on making love as if nothing had happened. He told her she ought never to think of Mason again, as he had disappointed her in such a scandalous manner—informed her who he was himself, and altogether made himself so generally useful, that she became quite resigned.

"Thus exciting her pity by a glowing description of the shocking bad condition in which his heart would be left—she listened quite attentively to his earnest solicitation, that he might supply the place of the delinquent Mason—and by the time they arrived at Gretna Green, he had succeeded so well, that she would say neither yes nor no.

"Cap. began to fear he should lose her after all, when it popped into his head, how quick she had been made to decide, when hesitating upon the stairs in the tavern; so he whispered in her ear—'just think of old Snagsby?' That operated like a charm, and when they returned, the shovel-nosed landlord had a son-in-law.

"The old folks kicked up considerable of a row at first, but they soon got over it, for it warn't inhuman nature to have any hard feelings towards Cap., and no one except Mason and old Snagsby have ever had cause to repent the marriage, which resulted from that courtship in the dark."

Chips having finished, looked around for applause, but with the exception of Spikes, the watch were all asleep.

"Is that all?" asked Spikes, in a contemptuous tone.

"That's all," returned Chips, somewhat crest-fallen.

"Pooh—what a story—if I couldn't spin a better yarn than that, I'd jump overboard," and Spikes stretching himself out upon the deck, joined his snore to that of his watchmates.

Whenever there is flattery, there is always a fool in the case. If the parasite be detected, it falls to his share; if he be not, to him whom he deludes.

THE LADY OF LYONS.

BULWER'S CELEBRATED PLAY IN STORY FORM.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

LYONS—the gay and brilliant French capital of the department of the Rhone and Loire, is second, in point of beauty, commerce, and opulence, only to the great metropolis of France "la belle Paris." There are many interesting associations in relation to its history and old Roman origin, its founders having made it the centre of the commerce of the Gauls. In Nero's time it was almost totally destroyed by fire, but through the munificence of that great Roman emperor, it was rebuilt, and there are antiquities still observable, telling of this ancient period. During the revolution there was no city in France that suffered so severely as Lyons; here the wild blood-thirsty demon of the times reigned supreme, and the population of the city was reduced nearly 50,000! Alas! republican France, thou hast dearly bought experience, and thy "citizen king" sits painfully on his throne.

Not long subsequent to the close of the bloody drama of the French revolution, which caused all Europe to tremble, that period, the history of which chills the blood of the modern reader—the incidents of the following tale occurred.

There resided at Lyons a rich family named Deschappelles, of no particular note other than what their extensive wealth necessarily gave them. The father was still at the opening of our tale a merchant, although advanced in years, and already possessing, as one might reasonably suppose, enough of this world's wealth. Yet he still held on, the pride of being considered the greatest commercial house in Lyons being too seducing to admit of his retiring into the bosom of his family to enjoy the close of a long, industrious, and honorable mercantile life. He still designed to accumulate more wealth, and to extend his business.

Madame Deschappelles was a lady of most unequalled pride, and entirely wrapped up in the desire to form a high match for her beautiful child, Pauline, whose extreme loveliness of person and ladylike accomplishments had already, while she was yet but eighteen, gained her the name of the belle of Lyons. Pauline was the constant theme and care of her mother, and neither care nor expense was spared to render her as accomplished in mind as nature had made her in person. She was surrounded by all the luxury ingenuity could devise, or wealth procure. The mansion of the family was one of unsurpassed beauty, contiguous to which, there were

grounds and gardens of the most enviable beauty. The Deschappelles moved in the first circles of the society of Lyons, although in blood they were not noble; indeed, at the time of which we write, there was no acknowledged nobility in France, no lords, no marquises, but all were simple citizens, for the revolution had laid the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre.

One lovely afternoon, Madame Deschappelles and Pauline sat gossiping in their boudoir, when a servant announced Monsieur Beauseant, a rich and courted gentleman, and only son of the late marquis, who lost his life during "the reign of terror." He entered and found the mother and daughter together; Pauline admiring and dissecting a most rare and beautiful bouquet, while her mother gossiped about the ball of the previous evening.

Beauseant was an accomplished and handsome man, besides being able to boast of gentle descent, which, though it was not openly encouraged, yet there were still many to respect, nay, very few in Lyons, who did not respect the old houses and descendants of the nobility. Beauseant, after complimenting Pauline upon her appearance on the previous evening, on which occasion he had met her at the ball, frankly declared to her that she had conquered his heart, and ended by offering her his hand and fortune.

Pauline coolly rejected his offer, but Beauseant was not a man to give up his purpose so lightly. He appealed to Madame Deschappelles, telling her of the advantage of such an alliance, stating that his fortune was not exceeded by that of any person in the province, and indeed that he should be noble, but that the revolution had robbed him of his titles. The mother of Pauline had formed brighter plans for her daughter than that she should marry the son of a marquis, and frankly told Beauseant so, in reply to his arguments—saying she should marry a prince.

Beauseant left the house in a rage, at being refused by a merchant's daughter, determining to hide himself in his chateau, for he deemed a right that the story would soon be all over Lyons, the proud Madame Deschappelles being a person who would make the most of such an event. In a frame of mind which may better be imagined than described, he hastened from the house and on his way fell in with a young acquaintance, a man of gentle birth and a bosom companion of Beauseant, and whose principal trait of character was an extravagantly foppish disposition. This man's name was Glavis; he too had been refused the hand of Pauline, not long prior to the opening of this tale. Beauseant

confided his mortification to his friend, and learned this fact in return, whereupon both vowed vengeance upon the proud girl, and they sought the chateau to conspire together upon the subject.

On their way they stopped at a little road-side inn, in a village near the city, to dine. While at the public house called the Golden Lion, they witnessed some games in which a young peasant of noble bearing won the prize, and whom his companions called prince, a familiar name they had given him, as he was the leader of all their sports, and the avenger of all their wrongs. He was one who, though young in years, they all looked up to on account of his extraordinary attainments, and the generous and noble spirit that filled his breast and prompted every action.

Beauseant was led through curiosity to enquire relative to this young peasant Claude Molnot, and learned from the landlord that he was prompted to acquire all these accomplishments, of which he is said to be the master, through the deep love he bore for Pauline Deschappelles, the only daughter of the rich merchant of Lyons. Beauseant also learned from mine host of the Golden Lion that Claude's father had formerly been gardener in the family of the Deschappelles, but had deceased about two years since, leaving to his son and widow a goodly property. A change then came over Claude; he took to study, to fencing, dancing, music, learned to paint, and in short, strove by diligence to acquire every accomplishment within his power, until he did indeed become the wonder of the village. "Ah!" said the honest landlord, "he is so proud, and yet gentle, and looks so like a prince, no wonder they all call him so, and it is all for love of the beauty of Lyons, in whose father's garden he has worked when a boy."

The ready wit of Beauseant took fire at this relation, and a plan for his revenge immediately struck him. He took Glavis aside, and proposed to him to seem to humor the love of young Molnot, to communicate with him, supply him with money, dresses, retinue and all, and thus pass him off as a prince; introduce him to Pauline as such, and enable him to obtain her hand, and then leave her to find herself the wife of a peasant's son, a *serf*! Glavis consented to the proposal, gladly availing himself of any means whereby to avenge himself on the proud girl. And yet, sooth to say, he thought far more of the sport of thus manufacturing a prince than of revenge, while the latter spirit alone actuated Beauseant. They procured writing materials, and forthwith sent a note to Claude to meet them at the Golden Lion, relating therein that

the writer, Beauséant, knew the passion of his heart, and that he would aid him, nay, promised that he should realize his brightest and most sanguine hopes.

Come with us, reader, to the humble cottage of the widow; her son has just entered, bearing in his hand the prize of the games—a beautiful gun, which he has won. He calls on his mother to examine it, and give him joy that he has met with such success.

Though the good mother loves well her noble boy, and is even more proud of him than she is willing to show, yet she chides him gently for thus employing his time and thoughts, and asks what these things are worth.

"Mother," said the proud-spirited boy, "what is ribbon worth to a soldier? Worth—everything. Glory is priceless!"

"Ay, Claude, but what good does it do thee to learn Latin and sing songs, to play the guitar, to fence, to dance, to paint—all very fine, my son; but what does it bring in?"

"Wealth—wealth, my mother, wealth to the mind, wealth to the heart, high thoughts, bright deeds, the hope of fame, the ambition to be worthier to love Pauline."

The mother knew her son's love for the beauty of Lyons, and strove to convince him of its hopeless character; but his faithful heart could not dream of aught but final success. That very day had he poured into verse the warm and ardent promptings of his heart, a tribute to its idol. He was emboldened to do this by reason of Pauline's having worn upon her bosom the flowers he had sent her anonymously, each day for the last six weeks, the rarest to be had, and it was one of these bouquets that engaged her at the opening of the tale. He had sent the verses to Pauline, having signed his own name to them, and now impatiently awaited an answer, and the arrival of his messenger. Soon his comrade, who had borne his message, returns, and hands him back the paper he had sent; his verses were returned to him! and with insult, too, for his messenger had been beaten, and himself threatened with a like welcome should he show his face. Claude, perhaps, might have borne with some degree of patience the return of his verses, though he told his comrade and messenger, in answer to his question, "What could you have sent that should so have offended them?"

"Not a word that a serf might not have written to an empress."

But *blows*—blows to his messenger, and threats to himself—this he could not tamely submit to; and while exercised by the passionate feelings

thus excited, he received the letter despatched from Beauséant and Glavis, at the Golden Lion, as we have before mentioned.

He snatched wildly at any chance for revenge, or at any rate to satisfy his own wishes; nor could he tell which was strongest in his heart—love or revenge, when he read the assurance that Pauline should be his. He hastened forthwith to the Golden Lion, and there he found his tempters, who laid out the plot that he must follow. His honest nature revolted at first in contemplating the proposed deception, but while in this angry mood, he was led to consent to the wish of Beauséant, who bound him by an oath to carry out the proposed plan, and marry Pauline, disguised as a foreign prince.

The plot was well conceived, and conducted with consummate skill; and soon Claude appeared in Lyons, and at the house of M. Deschappelles, through the introduction of Beauséant, as the Prince of Como. Well did he become his splendid dress, and now all the accomplishments which he had so industriously acquired, served well his purpose. Handsome, too—he was very handsome, and no one could woo Pauline as he could do; for no one really loved her so well. Day after day the deception was successfully prosecuted, until Claude was at length engaged to the beauty of Lyons as her future husband. Pauline loved him with a depth of affection rarely found in high life. True she was at first caught by his noble appearance and title, but she soon loved him for himself alone. Each day Claude felt more and more that he would give the whole world, did he possess it, to be released from his guilty oath, and though he endeavored to persuade Beauséant to release him from it, it was all in vain. The consent of Madame Deschappelles was easily gained; indeed, it rather anticipated the formal request, for she was completely taken with the title and style of the Prince of Como, whom she pronounced to be the most accomplished person she had ever known.

There was an honest, rough old gentleman, a cousin of the family, and a colonel in the French army, resident at this time in the family; a man who had a supreme contempt for princes and all dignitaries, other than those the army recognised and created. He was led by some slight circumstance to believe that the Prince of Como was a humbug, or rather that he was no prince at all; and in the course of some conversation with Claude, in which the latter outwitted him, he became so enraged that he challenged him to fight. Claude at first refused, but being pressed, he at length took the professed sword produced

by Colonel Damas, and after a short contest, disarmed him; but sparing his person, he returned him his sword. This gentlemanly act on the part of Claude was a seed which took root in the colonel's heart, and bore fruit in after time to Claude, of deep and honest friendship.

Melnot, in the practice of his character as a prince, scattered the wealth that Beauséant had placed at his command with a lavish hand, secretly enjoying the irritation that it caused those whose tool he now felt he was. In vain did he beseech Beauséant and Glavis to release him from his oath. Having now enjoyed the society of Pauline, her confidence and affections, he loved her more dearly than ever, and would rather make almost any sacrifice than to deceive her into an alliance which would, perhaps, break her heart, and at any rate render him hateful in her eyes ever after. But at each turn and pass there stared him in the face his dreadful oath—there was no reprieve!

In his converse with Pauline, Claude, although he was obliged to support an aristocratic character, yet endeavored to inculcate the principles he would have her governed by, were he in his own station; and thus without her realizing it, there were placed in her heart the germs of an honorable regard for merit, be it found in what class it might. He taught her the folly of being a pensioner on the dead, and that brave deeds were the ancestors of brave men. Yet all the while was he deceiving the beautiful and gentle girl, who had learned to love him with a passion near akin to actual devotion. Ever and anon as he held sweet converse with her, and listened to her dear and devoted language, his conscience would smite him almost beyond endurance.

At length, by a well arranged plan of Beauséant's, it was determined that it should be made to appear that the prince was in danger of being arrested by the directory, and that he must depart immediately, thus compelling Pauline to marry him at once, or lose him, perhaps, forever. This scheme, so cunningly devised, was successful, and the great haste necessary was the excuse for an immediate wedding, without the customary settlements and other ceremonies, these things being left for after adjustment. The arrangements were so made that the vehicle which bore the prince and his bride from Lyons, should pass through the village of Claude's nativity, and at the door of the Golden Lion it was to break down, and there end all his greatness. Pauline was then to be conducted, as though merely for shelter, to his mother's cot, hard by, and then all was to be explained to her, and she to know that she had married a peasant.

This plan, so cunningly devised, was put in execution, and at nightfall of the day on which they were married, Claude and Pauline were seen walking along the by path from the Golden Lion to the Widow Melnot's cottage, the pretended accident having occurred. Claude suggested that they should seek a private roof for shelter, rather than the tavern, and also that he knew of an honest one near by, where they might rest in safety. They passed the little path towards the cottage, and soon entered its lowly, but honest roof. The mother rushes to clasp her son in her arms, who has necessarily been long absent from her; she calls him by name, and presses him to her heart—a strange thought enters the head of Pauline.

"Does the old woman know thee, prince? O, I see you have done her some kindness—another evidence of thy good heart—is it not so?"

"Would that the earth might swallow me," said the guilty, half-distracted Claude.

"Madame," said the Widow Melnot to Pauline, "I fear it is you who know him not."

The truth broke upon Pauline, and she was driven, in her heart-broken passion, almost to madness. She could hardly believe it was not all a dream, and begged of Claude to undeceive her, to say it was but a trick to try her, a jest, anything; but no! it was truth, stern reality, and Pauline Deschappelles was the wife of a *serf*!

There stood Claude—no less miserable than she whom he had so deeply wronged. He told her all—how the tempters found him a fitting tool for their foul purposes; how she had trod upon the worm and it had turned and stung her. He told her that at the altar his guilty oath expired, that there his vengeance ceased, and from that moment she was sacred; that on the morrow, pure and virgin as when she left her father's house, she should return to it; then committing her to the care of his mother, he seated himself at the table and drew up a full confession of the fraud, which might serve as sufficient evidence for a divorce. With this, he despatched a messenger to Lyons to Mr. Deschappelles, that he could come for his child!

How could he meet that girl's father? the parent of her he had so deeply wronged? There was to be a scene enacted in that humble cottage, on the morrow, which would prove every power of the heart.

The day came, and with it Monsieur and Madame Deschappelles, accompanied by Colonel Damas. There were angry words there, but none from Claude; he bore every reproach, every censure, in silence, for he was broken-hearted

—his spirit was completely subdued. Did Pauline, too, censure him then? no! She looked about the neat, but humble apartment, and saw the accomplishments that each instrument and ornament bespoke its owner to have acquired, and all, too, for the love of her! She saw, too, a portrait of herself, drawn from memory, and by his hands, a masterly piece. What though he had done wrong in this one matter, tempted by the witty tongue and ready wit of a villain! What though he had deceived her, he had acknowledged all, and made her free again! What though he was a peasant (perhaps the hardest thought for her to conquer), yet still she loved him, ay, with all the devotion of her woman's heart.

The heat of the resentment was passed, the angry words had been spoken, and they were about to part, when Pauline rushed into the arms of Claude and told him she forgave him all, all was forgotten—but the stern voice of her father recalled her, threatening to disinherit her, and disown her forever, if she clove to that wretched man. Again did she seek his breast, telling him she would resign wealth, title, state, all, that she would work for him, tend him, and never reproach him for the past.

It was a most touching scene; even Col. Damas, with all his sternness, was moved to tears. These last words were the hardest strokes of all to Claude, for they showed him what a heart he had wronged.

"Pauline," said he, "the husband of a being so beautiful in her noble and sublime tenderness may be poor, may be low born (there is no guilt in the decrees of Providence), but he should be one who can look thee in the face without a blush, to show thy love does not bring remorse, who can fold thee to his breast and say: 'Here there is no deceit!' I am not that man."

Col. Damas, who had come to censure, was struck with the noble spirit of Claude, and giving him his hand, told him he would make an excellent soldier and offered him a place in his own regiment. This was accepted upon the spot, and Claude, bidding them all farewell, told them he would either never return, or else he would come back with his honor redeemed, and as one worthy the love of Pauline. He tore himself from the last embrace of her he loved, pressed his dear old mother to his heart, and rushed from the cottage. He joined the regiment of Col. Damas, and on the next day marched with the "grand army."

Months, years, rolled on, and still Claude was engaged in the wars, rising gradually from rank to rank, until he was high in command. At the

celebrated battle of Lodi, he was declared by the commander-in-chief to be the hero of the day, and publicly heralded as such. The booty, too, that fell to his share from many a well-fought battle, had rendered him pecuniarily rich.

After the expiration of a little more than two years from the time of his separation from Pauline, his regiment returned to Lyons. Hardly had he entered the city with Col., now Gen. Damas, before he learned that Pauline was soon to be married to the evil-hearted Beauseant. As for himself, he was probably forgotten, not having been heard from since he left his home, for he had assumed the name of Morea, on entering the army, determining not again to wear his father's honest one, until he should have redeemed his honor.

He ascertained that the day of his arrival was the very one on which the marriage contract was to be signed. Gen. Damas, having met with M. Deschappelles, was invited to be present on the occasion, and had agreed to do so. Claude's heart yearned again to behold Pauline, if only for the last time. Was it for this that he had encountered danger, spilled his blood freely, yet still hoped on, prayed on, for this day, on which he might again behold her, and now that it had come, the hour he had singled out from time, and marked for bliss, how wretched he was! Pauline lost to him forever, what charm had life for him now? In vain did Gen. Damas endeavor to cheer him; in vain did he tell him that there was in store a bright fate in the future for so brave and constant a heart. Claude said to him: "Bid me not hope; I could not bear again to fall from such a heaven."

The hour for signing the contract has arrived. The notary sits in the parlor of the house of M. Deschappelles, with all the papers drawn up in proper form before him. Pauline was there, with her parents, when Gen. Damas, accompanied by Claude, entered, and introduced him by the assumed name of Morea. All were proud to meet Col. Morea, the celebrated hero, and even thanked Damas for the honor he had conferred upon them by the introduction. There, too, sat Beauseant, the evil-minded deceiver, who was to become the husband of Pauline, now busily engaged with the notary.

Claude, favored in his disguise by his military rank and dress, and also by the bronzed hue that time and toil had added to his complexion, beside a dark silky moustache, ran little risk of being recognized; and he also wore his military cloak wrapped well about him. He approached Pauline, to whom he was introduced by General

Damas, as a friend of Melnot; one who had slept in the same tent, and fought in the same field. He had conversed with Pauline but a few moments in his disguised voice, when he gathered that some strange mystery hung about the proposed alliance, for Pauline begged him to tell Melnot that she had ever loved him, that for years she had not nursed a thought that was not his.

"Tell him," said the devoted girl, "even now that I would rather share his lowliest lot, walk by his side an outcast, work for him, beg with him, live upon the light of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown the Bourbons lost."

Claude could hardly believe his own ears—that she still loved him, and yet was about to wed another. Then her voice, too; how it brought back the old times to his heart! It well nigh unmanned him. Turning to Gen. Damas, he soon ascertained from him that which he had just learned, that Monsieur Deschappelles was on the verge of bankruptcy; that on the morrow, unless he could raise the sum that Beauscant had already offered to furnish, if Pauline would give him her hand, he would be ruined. This was the barter—the condition was Pauline's hand; unless that money could be raised, the aged limbs of her father must on the morrow be stretched on the damp floor of a prison. She could not bear the thought; she loved her father, and consented to the sacrifice; she was to marry Beauscant, though her heart was far away with him she loved.

The notary being ready to execute the deed, it only required the signature of Pauline. The money was then to be paid over, and her father's was still the great house of Lyons.

"The papers are prepared, and we only await your signature," said Beauscant to Pauline; and she moved towards the table to close the contract.

"Stay, lady!" said Melnot, still in a disguised voice; "were but your duty with your faith united, would you still share the low-born peasant's lot?"

"Would I?" said she. "Ah! better death with him I love than all the power—which is but the flower that crowns the victim!"

This was enough. "The night is passed," said Claude, "and joy cometh with the morning!" He seized the contract, satisfied himself of the amount named therein, and *tore it to atoms!* All sprang to their feet with astonishment, and M. Deschappelles asked the meaning of this insult.

"Peace, old man," said Claude, and he gave him a pocket-book, saying, "there's not a coin

that is not bought and hallowed in the cause of nations with a soldier's blood."

He spoke now in his natural voice, and Pauline recognizing him, with the wildest joy, rushed into his arms! O, the joy of that moment to Claude, the consciousness of his redeemed honor, his ability to serve, ay, save her father, all was as his heart could wish.

He had returned after redeeming his honor, and could now look Pauline in the face, and call on France to sanction her forgiveness. The joy and rapture of that meeting beggars description. But too proud were Madame and Monsieur Deschappelles to marry their child to the hero of an hundred battles, and one, too, whose wealth was of no small amount.

They were all happy, save Beauscant and Glavis, who were fooled and duped in all their schemes, and now were glad to hide themselves from observation.

Thus the same love that tempted Claude into sin, being true love, also worked out his redemption.

SHOOTING DESERTERS.

After the siege of Rodigo, several Englishmen, who deserted to the French, and were re-taken, were tried by court-martial, and ordered to be shot. They were all good specimens of the dare-devils of war, and bore their sentence with the greatest nonchalance. "Take my shoes," one of them said to a soldier near by, "they are better than yours, and you will want them." Whilst standing before a pit, which had been dug for them, and whilst the firing party were drawn up ready to give the fatal volley, another of the culprits, on looking down, and observing the hole half full of water, remarked to a man next to him, "You see they are going to give us a watery grave." When the volley was fired, all fell but one man, who remained standing, apparently untouched. Some of the soldiers, horrified at the sight, were in hopes the unhappy culprit would have been permitted to live. But the indignation of the firing party against the culprits, who had committed the heinous crime of fighting against them in the ranks of the enemy, was so great that they did not give him a chance. Reloading in haste, several of the men ran up to the poor fellow, and blew his brains out. "He thought he was going to escape," observed one of the firing-party, as they leisurely returned to the ranks, "but he was very much mistaken." —*New York Picayune.*

The more perfect the nature, the more weak, the more wrong, the more absurd, may be the something in a character; to explain the paradox—if a mind is delicate and susceptible, false impressions in education will have a bad effect in proportion to that susceptibility, and may produce evil which an insensible nature might avoid.—*Greville.*

WHISPERINGS.

BY JOHN H. BAZLEY.

List, list! the rain comes gently down,
 Worth more than any kingly crown;
 How welcome is the sound and sight—
 'Tis Nature's feast—it brings delight!
 It makes the fields look green and bright!
 While every drop that's pattering,
 Seems gladly to be whispering,
 That God is near.

List, list! the tide is flowing in;
 Be still, and hear its song begin;
 Its rippling tones strike on the ear,
 Like words of love; tis soft and clear,
 And soothes and checks the rising fear;
 Myriads of beings in the sands,
 Are whispering in social bands,
 That God is near.

My heart, my heart is beating fast,
 The evening comes, the day is past;
 The shades of night are closing round,
 Millions of whisperings us surround;
 In air, earth, sea, the vast profound!
 Which say in grateful strains that move,
 Or tell in simple tales of love,
 That God is near.

LU CANARY.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

IN a most romantic situation, on the banks of the Delaware, lived a happy hearted friend of mine. I think I never saw a more complete impersonation of all the virtues, than Goldenwold. Handsome, talented, witty, wealthy and beloved, he was yet unspotted from the world; having decidedly religious tendencies, and possessing in a mother, in the prime of life and still beautiful, a most angelic guide and preceptor. Frank was an enthusiast in everything pertaining to art, and withal a sincere worshipper of nature. His pets were a greyhound, a tortoise shell cat, a pretty canary that he called Lu, and a handsome, spirited horse, gentle, under control, as a woman, yet "fast" enough to suit the impulsiveness of one and twenty.

But it is of the canary that I have to write. She was a wonderful bird; would come at a whistle to her master and perch upon his finger, besides playing a dozen little antics he had taught her, and singing like a mocking-bird. Frank was extravagantly fond of the little creature, always attending to her wants himself, saving tit-bits from the table, to feed her, and coaxing her as if she were some playful child. I am certain he valued Lu Canary even above

the horse, for no one could tempt him to estimate her value. She was, like most of her race, a little creature, an atom of golden gloss, a bit of sunshine, that was most acceptable in stormy weather, and a perfect jubilee of music that seemed to warble because it couldn't help it. Her cage was a fitting shelter for such an epitome of song and beauty, and hung in the gallery among rare pictures and exquisite statuary. A sort of leafy arch was formed in the great bow window, and there, in sight of the blue river and blue sky, the sweet varieties of nature in its leafy world, and sounds such as summer hedges and summer bowers only know, lived Lu Canary.

I had sometimes seen, in my visits to the house, a fragile creature of sixteen, whose light, soft locks, and dreamy eyes, always made me think of heaven. Florence Allen was something less than angel, yet more than woman. Her voice was so low, her manner so quiet, yet bewitching, her smile—unequalled, I was about to say; not so; I have seen one since whose smiles were quite as charming, yet only one. They said she was a drooping flower, hanging from a perished stem. Her mother, her seven lovely sisters, all had died the death of the consumptive; and alas! it was feared death would soon claim her. Could she pass the fatal year in which her sisters met their doom,—seventeen,—all would be well, said the doctors; but whatever was done, should be soon done. She had not yet developed any of the dreaded symptoms; she had no cough, no hectic flush; she passed no restless nights; but there was about her whole appearance that indefinable something that proclaimed an unseen influence at work with the delicate springs of her nature.

Her father worshipped her, and yet he lived so in the dread of losing her daily, that, to divert his mind from the harassing thought, he had plunged deeper and deeper into the excitement of business in a neighboring city, and only paid hurried visits to his lovely child, that were almost more agonizing than pleasurable. Within a year, sweet Florence had remained with Mrs. Goldenwold, who seemed to love her with the affection of a parent; and insensibly, Frank had learned to place his heart upon this perishing beauty—to worship her fervently—with all the enthusiasm of his ardent nature.

There came no warning, but there came death. The rose was picked by the hand of the great reaper; Florence died one summer's morning ere the sun arose—died alone, but the smile on her lips said, not lonely; and when they entered her chamber, unconscious that an angel

had rifled the blossom of its sweetest sweets, Lu Canary was singing her morning song, for her cage hung near the door of the sleeper, and the little gifts her pale fingers had placed there the night before, still peeped out from between the silvered wires.

THE FUNERAL.

Frank's anguish was poignant in the extreme. Everything had been lately prepared for a trip to the tropics, and the sweet Florence had sat, night after night, upon the portico, listening to tales about the land of palms and pines, and smiling with childish delight at the thought of seeing these wonders.

The beautiful child-woman lay in the great front parlor, rosebuds about her face, and roses in her hands. The mourners assembled; friends had looked their last upon the face so lovely in repose; the pale pastor lifted his voice in prayer, and in his address, no sooner did the words, "she shall live again," pass his lips, than Lu Canary, who had been all day silent, and moping, as if conscious that desolate hearts beat around her, burst forth into a gush of song so heaven-inspiring, that it brought smiles among the tears, and lifted every thought to the Creator. Louder and louder it swelled, till a perfect triumph soared in every note, and as the coffin was borne out beneath it, one trill of ravishing sweetness exceeded all the rest, and Lu Canary plumed her feathers, and, as if conscious that she had rifled the crushing sorrow of some of its bitterness, settled herself contentedly on her perch.

For weeks, Frank Goldenwood moved about his beautiful grounds, a disconsolate man. I, who had often said, in the anguish of poverty, "who hath made us to differ? and why should one of God's creatures revel in every good gift, taste of all pleasures, and win wealth almost as one would shovel sand, while another must toil on in weariness of spirit, under the ban of poverty," felt rebuked—O, how keenly! as I met my friend and marked his melancholy face.

One day he came to me, and said, as he wrung my hand: "I am going away, Hal, far to the South; for I find I cannot stay here, where everything reminds me of her. And none of all these sacred things do I regret leaving but Lu, my canary. I am come to ask you, as a favor, to occupy the house while I am gone, and watch over Lu. She loved my bird. Did you ever see her standing so gracefully by the cage, holding within her red lips, sugar or fruit, with which to tempt Lu? You may think strange,"

he said, after a pause, and with trembling lips, "that I should love a mere child so deeply, but there was something in her that called out the purer, higher affections of my nature. I worshipped at a holy shrine, Hal."

"Could you not take Lu with you?" I suggested, when he was calmer.

"No. It will be as much as I can properly do to care for my mother, who will accompany me, and I do not fear to leave her with you. You know how highly I value her, and you will be careful to supply her wants, and tend her faithfully, for love of me."

I promised, though with many misgivings; for I looked upon the little creature almost superstitiously, as if, without the constant presence of her master, she would droop and die. And so Frank left us for the West Indies.

THE BIRD STOLEN.

I have said that Lu Canary was a wonderful bird. Among other performances she would, when her master threw on a white mantle, which he kept for the purpose, perch upon his shoulder, sing at a sign, and take delicacies from his lips. She would fall lifeless, apparently, allow herself to be rocked, go into a particular corner at a signal, and a variety of other tricks she daily practised, for Frank's amusement. She seemed to love him, and whenever she heard his voice, would stop short in the middle of a song, cock her pretty little head on one side, and flutter about in an ecstasy of expectation till he spoke to her. She would have made a tolerable living for any clever traveller who might exhibit her, and for the love of the bird, many a good meal would have fallen to his share.

Frank's generous offer procured me a comfortable home, for which I was daily thankful. Seated in luxurious easy chairs, by convenient tables, with a wide range of literature among the many hundreds of volumes that graced the well filled library, how could I be otherwise than contented? From the hall opened a conservatory filled with plants and flowers; luxury breathed from every choicely furnished apartment, and as my tastes were studious, and my mood meditative, the very walls, with their delicate tracery of fruits and flowers, with Lu Canary's warbling, were company enough for me.

One night I was startled out of a heavy sleep by what appeared to be the slamming of a window near by. Instantly I sprang up, and lighting a lamp, took a hasty survey of the premises. Nothing seemed to be disturbed, and I resumed my couch and my slumbers. In the morning, as

usual, I sauntered out to feed Lu Canary. To my horror, the cage was gone. I never shall forget the feeling that came over me, when I became conscious of the fact, for I really believe I strove to fill the empty void with imagination, trying to persuade myself that the bird was still there.

All that day I could not eat, and at night, dusty, disheartened, and fatigued, for I had been on the tramp all day to see if I could hear any tidings of the lost bird, I sank almost unconscious upon a seat. The next day and the next passed, with like success; weeks came and went, but no tidings of poor little Lu Canary. Rewards were offered—I advertised largely—in vain; and I despaired of seeing the bird again. This loss threw me into a despondency from which I found it impossible to rally. I reasoned with myself—asking again and again how I could help it—and why I should accuse my carelessness, when I had been in reality so cautious? The answer was always the same; she should have been taken at night into your own room.

I was naturally timid of spirit and sensitive to a fault; and the loss of this little juvenile affected me so deeply that I fell sick. My medical attendant advised change of scene; accordingly I filled my carpet-bag and hurried off. I was not quite so ambitious as to shape my course for Italy, neither did I intend to go to France, or seek the quiet of the vineyards on the Rhine; but I determined to wander off in the country, anywhere, to rid myself of my thoughts and the haunting rebukes of my friends. I had been travelling, perhaps a month, when one morning, just as I was about to enter the stage to journey on a contrary route, my attention was attracted by a large poster, with letters as "big as the moon," announcing that some long-named professor would appear that evening with his wonderful trained canary, his singing mice, his learned pig, and several other curiosities.

LU CANARY.

As for me, my eye could move no further on than the yord canary. Not that I thought that this was the man who had stolen the bird I had in charge—with due respect to his hard name, I did not cherish a suspicion of the kind; but something impelled me to draw the foot I had just thrust into the stage out again, to tell the driver I had changed my mind, to go back to the little inn and re-arrange my room, and on that same evening, after a restless day, to wend my way to the town hall, pay my quarter, and take a seat as near the professor as I possibly could.

I cannot tell why, but the showman's countenance impressed me unfavorably. I should not say I cannot tell why, for I can; it was a villainous face. A low, narrow forehead, bushy eyebrows, disagreeable small black eyes, an overplus of beard and tobacco stains, and a sheepish cast of the eye, thrown now and then at the audience, as if he suspected some one of playing the spy upon him.

I sat easily through the performance of the learned pig, who, if he had not taken his degrees at some finishing school, certainly ought to have done so (for, like his master, he seemed to know too much), and then came the canary.

My heart leaped to my throat, to use a foolish saying, at the sight of Lu. I was sure it was Lu; there was something about the little creature that *felt* natural, if I may so say. I thought of Frank, of sweet, dead Florence, of the gentle fingers that had caressed those dainty feathers, and the tears came to my eyes. What made it more certain, the thief—I mean the professor, apologized for not taking the little thing from the large cage (an ordinary wooden one), in which he had imprisoned her, alleging as a reason that *it had not long been in his possession*. That was enough. I looked at my watch; there wanted yet half an hour to nine. I stole softly from the hall, and when the wily professor stepped over the threshold, it was in the custody of two officers, and on the morrow he languished in durance vile.

THE TRIAL.

Unblushingly, my sham professor denied the charge I brought against him. But that "turking devil" in his eye, deceived not me; something told me to prosecute my claim, steadily, and Providence would aid me.

"How are you going to identify your bird?" sneered he of the long name; "canaries are all alike," and he grew red in the face and looked at me as if it would relish to eat me.

The justice, a little fat man, very phthisicky, seemed willing to get through with the case in the shortest possible time. He asked me how I could recognize the bird. I turned to the cage; the pretty creature was pecking at the seed-box, and as I stooped to speak to her, she sprang into the water-cup, and sprinkled my face all over with the cool drops. The justice and the prisoner laughed. Notwithstanding, I wiped my face and watched my chance, calling out in a low, soft voice, "Lu Canary, pet, Lu Canary," at which the little thing had often come. She stopped, turned her head with a knowing

manner, and hopped to the end of the cage where I stood.

"Can I have a white cloth—a sheet, or anything perfectly white?" I asked, and was soon supplied with a long towel, neither as white nor clean as I could have desired, yet it could, I thought, answer the purpose.

"Now," I said, turning to the phthisicky justice, enveloped in the cloth, toga fashion, "if the bird at my call should come out and perch on my shoulder, will it satisfy you that it is my property?"

"The shoulder or the bird?" sneered the showman.

I gave him a glance of contempt, while the little justice wheezed out that he thought that would be sufficient proof, as birds were generally timid at sight of white objects, and that if it answered the gentleman's call, it must have been trained by him.

I closed the doors and windows, and the professor, at my request, opened the cage; the bird flew back from the entrance. I, placing myself before it, called softly, as before "Lu—Lu Canary!" and the little creature, after repeated bobbings and hoppings, at last, sprang on the edge of the cage, looked about—at me, gave another little spring, and alighting on my shoulder, began pecking at my lips.

O, triumph more glorious than that the conqueror feels, for me! O, humiliation more complete than the conquered know, for him! The bird was mine again. The cage—no matter for that. I bought an old-fashioned concern that hung empty at the inn, and carried Lu Canary back to my friend's beautiful cottage. Then what ecstasy to watch it in its old accustomed place, to hear its trilling songs, which never, never sounded as sweetly before. "This time," I said, "beautiful creature, thou shalt sleep in my own chamber; I will watch thee always, that no envious eye shall covet thee; thou shalt be part and parcel of myself, sweet Lu Canary." I did not dream we should be separated again.

ANOTHER MISFORTUNE.

Not yet were my sorrows ended. One particularly bright day in early summer, how well I remember it! I was feeding Lu Canary. The door of the cage stood wide open; I turned my head for some slight cause—I do not recollect now—when, quick as the flash of the lightning, the feeble bird flew out, and not only out, but off. I clasped my hands in despair, and grew almost furious. High perched upon a stately elm, I saw the pet-bird singing, in very wanton-

ness of delight. I could sincerely have rejoiced in its liberty, had it been my own; but my friend! it was agonizing to think of it for his sake. I am sure the servants laughed at my frantic endeavors, and the good old housekeeper, excellent Job's comforter that she was, consoled me by saying that "it was jest so with some people. Whatever they took in hand didn't come to nothing. If they set out plants, they always died; if they kept birds, they always flew off—'twant no use trying to fight against fate. As to Mr. Frank, she expected he *would* be tearing; she was sure *she* should be; however, I wasn't to blame." And thus mingling condolence with reproof, she took her way to the pantry.

All the servants, neighbors and children on the premises, according to their several statements, were on the look out for Lu Canary; but the wilful lady kept herself in some secluded haunts, for weeks passed, and I had given up all hopes of hearing from the little thing again.

THE VISITORS.

There hung the empty cage, and there sat I, disconsolately looking at it, one morning, wishing that the bird had only been stolen and the cage too, when, with great noise and bustle, a carriage drove up to the lawn, and I saw two ladies, one an elderly person, descend to the ground, and leisurely walk up to the entrance. Presently came Bob, the porter, with trunks and boxes and valises, which were duly deposited. I, betwixt my trouble and bewilderment, looked, I expect, foolish enough. I had just sense sufficient to perceive a very handsome brunette, with flashing, laughing black eyes, that might at any other time have done considerable execution; long, glossy rings of hair, bright, red cheeks, and a general agreeableness of expression, who introduced herself in a very taking, off-hand way, as Bell Medford, Frank Goldenwold's cousin. "You are the friend of his, I presume," she added, "that I have heard him speak of, and—O," she exclaimed, with a start and sudden upward glance, "where is Lu—where is Lu Canary?"

With burning cheeks, I told the story; she was too well bred to make any disagreeable comments, but I fancied her face said, "I wouldn't be you when Frank comes." Perceiving the motherly old housekeeper, she ran to receive her welcome, and the mother and daughter were conducted to their room. These I supposed were the relatives who always spent the summer with Frank's mother. I remembered that Frank had

once laughingly said, that he was quite sure Bell would like me, because, as he was pleased to add, there was a strong likeness between Byron and myself "especially," he would say, roguishly, "as you are a poet, and melancholy enough to suit the mother of despair."

However, my thoughts were too full of the lost Lu Canary, to cherish such sentimental nonsense; and I am certain that my sprightly and beautiful companion took more than ordinary pains to win me from my moodiness, but I would not be comforted, and at last she grew silent, too.

"I think you have mourned for that bird long enough," she said, one day, when, for the fiftieth time, I had "rolled my eyes in fine frenzy;" not that the machinery of poetry was at work, but to see if I might not possibly catch one glimpse of poor Lu Canary.

"I don't see as it does much good, surely," I replied, absently fixing my eyes upon her speaking face.

Why, I knew not, but she blushed and bit her lip, as her glances sought the ground.

"Frank will be home next week, I expect," she resumed, after a few moments; "do you suppose he'll bring a new lady love with him?"

I remembered the little grave of Florence, with its violet-grown mound, and said that I thought not.

"Men are proverbially fickle," she replied, "much more so than women;" and she gave her pretty shoulders a little shrug, then saying it was chilly, threw a white crape shawl gracefully over her neck, and intently studied a colored engraving. For the first time since she had been there, I waked up to a sense of her great beauty. Her attitude was so charming, and the thick ringlets fell over her polished arm, while her long dark lashes drooped on her cheek.

I sat with my back to the window, which led out on the lawn from the gallery, and which I had just shut, as she complained of the cool air that blew across the river. Had she looked up, she would have been directly facing me; but for some reason, she kept her eyes resolutely down. As I sat there, I saw,—it was no vision, yet I held my breath for fear it might be,—Lu Canary fly in at the east window, and coquettishly dance from object to object. Fortunately, Bob, the porter, who was passing outside, noticed her entrance, and grinningly he closed every window, and flourished his arms with delight.

I did not move nor speak, scarcely breathe, until the wilful lady-bird perched silently on a fold of Bell's white crape shawl; then I exclaimed, exultingly:

"Ah! beautiful creature, I have you now; you are mine!"

The dark eyes of Bell, flashing an instant surprise, were suddenly raised to mine; her cheek all glowing, her lips parted.

"Keep perfectly still, Miss Bell," I said, softly, "Lu Canary is perched upon your shoulder, and I think she will, in a moment, fly to her cage."

"O," she returned, with a yet deeper blush, "I thought—I mean, I could not think—" She was silent, and bent nearer to the picture.

At that moment, a new feeling entered my heart. I saw how blind I had been. Lu Canary had nearly rified me of a sweet emotion; but she, also, was the cause of kindling a flame that has burned steadily ever since.

The little pet returned to her cage, and I, shutting her up, a willing prisoner, hastened to supply her wants.

"I think," said Miss Bell, archly, "I must take care of Lu Canary, for the future; students are too absent minded for birds or pets of any kind."

"Willingly," I replied, "I will resign my charge into your hands, only"—and I ventured for once to look straight in her beautiful eyes—"I ask the privilege of taking care of its mistress at some future day."

Her hand had some way found mine, and they were clasped together. She gave a blushing, laughing reply; but I was satisfied, and from that day became a rightly ambitious man, working for her sake, well repaid by her glowing smiles, and gentle, approving words.

THE END.

Frank returned, as Bell had predicted, the ensuing week. He had grown into a sedate man, thoughtful beyond his years, and entirely disposed to devote himself to the ministry. I do not think he ever forgot sweet Florence, and it was many years before he married. I pursued my profession steadily, and was soon settled in a thriving village, physician in chief. Bell became my wife, and I think you cannot find a happier couple, search the wide world through.

Lu Canary still sings in her golden cage, and Frank yet pronounces her priceless. Whether he thinks quite as much of Lu Canary, since baby Minnie has nestled on the fair bosom of his young wife, I have yet to learn. Judging by the intensity of my own love for a rosy-cheeked boy in the arms of Bell, at this moment, I should think not.

BUILDING NESTS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGA.

A widow from her mates apart,
Is that lone, leafless tree;
The birds' nest, like a broken heart,
Swings ever fitfully.

When leaves were green and flowers gay,
That lonely tree was blest;
The robin with his roundelay
Came there to build his nest.

When autumn set the leaves on fire,
Which winter quenched with snow,
The inconstant bird awoke his lyre
Upon another bough.

In spring the nest with song was filled,
But now 'tis filled with leaves;
Take heed, ye robins, how you build,
And what your home receives.

THE RUBY BROOCH.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

MR. MANTELL came home from his counting-room one evening where he had been detained to an unusually late hour, and found his wife waiting for him in their private parlor—a tasteful and retired apartment to which visitors were never admitted.

"You would have seen me half an hour sooner," said he, throwing himself heavily into his arm-chair, "if, just as I had dismissed my book-keeper and was staying a few moments to finish a letter, I had not received a call of some importance. No less a personage than Ned Wingate came in, and in set terms asked me for our Emma. It is a very good beginning."

"And you gave your consent?" said Mrs. Mantell, with a sweet, glad smile. "Emma will be so happy."

"Not I, how can you be so thoughtless? Emma is scarcely sixteen, and Ned has a naked profession, with little money remaining, and no prospect of a client. I expect to be assailed by a swarm of these fellows, who are willing to hazard their dignity somewhat for the chance of getting a pretty little heiress," and Mr. Mantell rubbed his hands complacently, and smoothed his ruffles.

"Then you gave Edward a decided refusal?" said his wife, with a dashed expression. She was thinking how disappointed her daughter would be.

"Nor that either; it is not always advisable to proceed with great directness in these delicate matters. I merely told him, that both he and

Emma were very young, and though they might suppose themselves attached to each other now, their short acquaintance did not authorize them to expect that they would be of the same mind a year hence; but added, that if at the end of that period they had evinced no volatility of affection, I would talk with him candidly on the subject of his wishes."

"And Edward—"

"Wasted his rhetoric in endeavoring to convince me that his choice was unalterably fixed, and undertook to answer for Emma also. But his persuasions were altogether powerless, for I had my reasons which kept me from indulging the supposition of their mutual fidelity. I sent him away with the condition that I had named, as a kind of temporary comfort, till being diverted by a new fancy, he should forget this present one."

"Are you not severe?" inquired Mrs. Mantell, timidly. "I did not imagine that there was anything objectionable in Mr. Wingate. He is very clever and popular."

"Among the ladies; he is very handsome, no doubt; and has turned our little Emma's head with his dainty whiskers; but he certainly will not make headway in the world. I have been watching him, and the stamina is not in him, and it would be both madness and cruelty to throw Emma and her fortune away upon a fellow who could not take care of either."

"But you have in a degree given your consent; and if their mutual attachment continues a twelvemonth, and nothing is more likely, you will have but one alternative," ventured Mrs. Mantell.

"Nothing is more *unlikely*. I shall pay a little incidental attention to my daughter's quasi engagement, which will doubtless terminate according to my wishes. Do not look troubled, for I shall be neither impetuous nor harsh. You must have observed, my love, that it has ever been my custom to undermine the obstacles in my path, and must allow that, hitherto, I have been successful in removing them. I am not the man to surround myself with a disturbance. I have never known an management and expediency fail of bringing my undertakings to a happy issue."

Mrs. Mantell attempted no reply, but she was not satisfied. Ever since her marriage she had watched the workings of her husband's chief agent, expediency, and had seen that sometimes its activity infringed the province of nice honor and strict justice. She often blamed herself for her excessive sensitiveness, and had tried to school herself into perfect confidence. But at

last the happiness of her child was in his power, and she could not wholly trust him, for she knew that he habitually placed gold and distinction above personal excellence. Nevertheless, it was useless to say anything; she would wait.

The next day Mr. Mantell went softly into the library which opened from a corner of the drawing-room. He left the door ajar, and taking a ponderous volume into his hand sat down behind it. But the book was heavy and the light sombre, and so somniferous was the effect of both, that in less than a moment Mr. Mantell's hands fell to his lap with their burden, his head reclined against the wall, and he was evidently lost in comfortable repose.

Precisely at that time Emma flew to the outer door and admitting Ned Wingate, conducted him to the drawing-room: An hour passed in such small conversation as is sufficiently agreeable to lovers thus engaged, but not specially interesting in the rehearsal. Their mutual relations were fully discussed, and while they deplored the stern decree that permitted them to be only acquaintances and friends for a long, long year, they joined in laughing at the very possibility of unfaithfulness in either.

"I could sooner die than prefer another to you," said the blushing girl, with the generous enthusiasm of a first affection, after she had listened to the earnest protestations of her lover. They were completely happy, and the dreams of Mr. Mantell also seemed moved by gladness, for he smiled as he slept!

It was time for Wingate to go, and he took out a small ruby brooch, and giving it to Emma, said:

"It was my mother's, and I value it above price. I do not wish to ask you every day we meet, if your regard for me is undiminished, and so offend you by my pertinacity. But I shall be a jealous friend, and shall not be content unless I frequently receive from you some token, some proof of your continued love. Let the sign between us be this brooch, this ruby, which has a setting of sacred associations more precious than the visible gold that surrounds it. When you wear it, let me have the assurance that you are mine still; do not wear it otherwise, and if it reads such a blessed language to me during an entire year, I can have no words to express my estimation of its worth."

Emma took the jewel, and with tears and smiles fastened it to her collar, murmuring something about eternal constancy. But suddenly she passed, and her countenance fell.

Wingate tenderly inquired the cause of her hesitation.

"Why, nothing, really," said Emma, stammering; "but only this morning, papa promised me some diamonds, and just see, it would not be possible for me to wear a brooch that did not match my ear-rings and bracelet; at least, it would be in very bad taste."

Wingate looked at the distressed little beauty before him, and laughed merrily. The dreams of Mr. Mantell sent a smile and a complacent grimace over his features.

Ned answered gayly, and yet in very earnest tones. "You certainly will not divide your love between me and the diamonds so unequally as not to be willing to wear my ruby half of the time? I know the glittering stones are not dangerous rivals,"—here Mr. Mantell shook his head—"but indulge me so far as never to wear them twice in succession, that I may the more frequently be made glad by the assurance that the ruby will always afford, when I see it upon you. If you dress for my eyes, you can select no ornament that will shed such beauty as this."

"I will not have the diamonds at all," exclaimed Emma, filled with compunction. "I could have no pleasure in them, if you were not satisfied. But you know that we had not talked of the brooch, when father spoke of these, and I had begun to think about them."

"I am not afraid of the diamonds," replied Wingate, cheerfully; "only promise me, that you will allow the ruby to appear in its turn?" he added, more gravely, "but only when you intend that its appearance shall be as significant as you know my heart desires."

"I promise most solemnly," said Emma, bending half in earnest, half sportively to the hand of her lover, which was extended towards her.

"And if your affection for me should die out of your heart," continued Wingate, "it will be sufficient to send me the brooch. I should know what it meant. It would be better than to hear you say with your own lips the dreadful words."

"O, Edward, how can you speak so? You know that I shall never, never send it to you."

Wingate re-assured his little friend, and made his peace with a kiss, and thus they parted.

As the out-door closed, light footsteps were heard flying up stairs, and Emma hastened to her room to study the shape of the ruby and think of the blissful meaning that had just been given it. When her door was heard to close, Mr. Mantell awoke, and passing stealthily out sought his counting-room.

A few weeks later, Mr. Mantell said to his daughter as he rose from the dinner-table: "Let me see you in your white silk and diamonds this evening, at Mrs. Morton's."

"I wore that dress last week," said Emma, with a confused, deprecating manner, "and I fancied that my rose-colored gauze would be very pretty to-night."

"It might do well enough for an ordinary occasion," replied Mr. Mantell, "but this party, you are aware, is given in compliment to my friend, Warren Graves, who will take his seat in Congress at the commencement of the next session, and I particularly desire that my daughter should appear in as distinguished a manner as possible."

Emma attempted a reply, but her father put his hand playfully over her mouth, and bade her appear in what she chose, only it would gratify him exceedingly if she would follow the first direction that he had ever given her concerning her dress.

Emma gave the subject her most serious consideration, and not being able to determine whom she should displease, her father or lover, decided upon a compromise, which she hoped would carry her quietly through her prospective embarrassment. She would dress as her father desired, but would also attach the little ruby pin to a velvet ribbon about her neck. She did not think that it would be particularly noticed, except by one for whom she wore it.

When the carriage came round, Emma met her parents at the door, and her father, as he assisted her in fastening her cloak, inquired, in a bantering tone, if it was becoming fashionable to wear various styles of ornaments at once, like a rosy, country maiden. If so, there was even time then to order a sapphire for one ear, and an emerald for the other. And he added, in his usual tone:

"You know, Emma, that I admire an elegant simplicity in decoration. Wear one thing or the other, but don't look as though you had gathered all your trinkets together for exhibition."

The poor child, thinking that the innocent ruby scarcely deserved the persecution that it received, and resolving that she would explain the whole to Wingate, before he should be troubled by the absence of the brooch, snatched the ribbon from her neck, and hastened to deposit it safely in her room. She did not observe that the pin dropped from it to the floor; but Mr. Mantell chanced to see it glistening upon the carpet, and he picked it up while the attention of his wife was called in another direction.

Warren Graves was a political celebrity in his own vicinity. He was not wealthy, and he was unmarried. It was said by his friends that, absorbed by his disinterested service of his country, he sought neither the pleasures of domestic

life, nor the ease and distinction which riches afford; yet it was surmised in uncharitable quarters, that if he could obtain a pretty wife and money at once, he would not delay to benefit himself by the opportunity. He was not young or handsome, but his manner was insinuating, without exciting suspicion, and his conversation fascinated the attention, if it did not satisfy the heart.

Emma found that Wingate had arrived at Mrs. Morton's before her, and just as she was about to speak to him, Mr. Mantell called her attention to Warren Graves, who was approaching, and who immediately joined them. She could not escape, and she was presently so much interested in the lively and agreeable sallies of her father's friend, that she almost forgot that she wished to. She even did not notice that Wingate, having watched her attentively for a moment, instead of coming to her, as was his custom, retired with an uneasy and dissatisfied expression to another apartment, whence he still observed her.

Emma's enjoyment was at last interrupted by a sudden thought of her friend, and she turned abruptly to seek him, and make the necessary explanation, which so burdened her conscience; but Graves begged to be allowed to detain her a few minutes only; he wished to show her several rare flowers, then blooming in the conservatory, which had been opened to the guests. Mr. Mantell motioned her to comply, and she took the proffered arm of Graves, laughing in spite of her annoyance at a whimsical and complimentary remark from him, with a girlish appreciation of fun. It would not have been easy for her to guess what an impression her appearance of satisfaction was making upon Wingate, who smiled bitterly, and walked still further from her. For the first time in his life, he felt that he was poor and without a name, and how vain were his anticipations of future success.

Emma seemed, to herself, constrained by a spell which forced her in every direction but the one she chose. At last she was able to control her own movements, and she hastened to seek Wingate, but went from room to room in vain; he was not to be found. She forgot everything but her regret, and went home with a heavy heart, and cried herself to sleep. It was not till morning that she had courage to look at the ruby, and her consternation may be easily conceived, when on unlocking the casket that should contain the precious gift, it was not to be found. She made immediate inquiries on all hands, and wearied herself with searching in improbable places, and creeping, again and again, up and

down the long, winding, and gloomy flight of stairs.

Her father bade her not mind the loss of such a trifle, and tossed her a bank note with which to supply its place. She received the money in silence; for she did not dare to explain the true ground of her trouble. The only bright place in her heart was the hope that Edward would call, as he often did, and then she would confess the whole to him, obtain his forgiveness, and everything would be mended so far as the irreparable loss of the brooch would allow.

Mr. Mantell had a similar expectation; accordingly he took care to direct a diminutive "Jeames," who diversified the monotony of door-tending by waiting on his master, and going of errands, to inform Mr. Wingate that whenever he should call, Miss Mantell was not at home, unless perchance that young lady should appear in person at the time, as a palpable contradiction of the assertion; also, that all communications sent and received by the family, which were usually deposited upon the hall table for regular transmission to the office, or to be taken at the convenience of the owners, should, by special intervention, pass through the counting-room. This "Jeames" was a sensible individual, and understood his master and his business equally well, and knew how to obey the one without being loquacious respecting the other. With this explanation, it will be readily understood how it happened that Emma remained at home, day after day, without seeing her lover, and that having written an explanatory and repentant note, there came no response.

Wingate, who was as sensitive and proud as any young gentleman in his circumstances, after several repulses, felt his indignation rise for his support, and that particularly when, on the occasion of his last essay at the inhospitable door, he was confident that he heard the musical voice of Emma, while the servant was solemnly informing him that she was not within. During the suspense, he was well advised that Warren Graves called, and was admitted, almost daily, at Mr. Mantell's. His only consolation was, that Emma still retained the ruby brooch, but this was presently taken away.

Among the bundles and papers that daily passed under the supervision of Mr. Mantell, was at one time, several weeks after Emma's mishap, a book, which she returned to a school friend, accompanied by an unsealed note—a lucky circumstance for Mr. Mantell; for he made it a point of honor never to break a seal. It contained a few words only, in hurried characters:

"DEAR FRIEND,—Pardon me for having retained this so long, when I did not use it.

"In haste,

"EMMA MANTELL."

The model father read it over several times, congratulated himself that the proper direction chanced to be on the wrapper of the book, and proceeded coolly to enclose the ruby, and to send it to Wingate by his incomparable servant, who could deliver it just as well without a regular address, as with.

Wingate denounced in his embittered heart the capriciousness and ambition of woman; resolved never to seek to marry for love, as he strove to believe that such unions were only a figment of romance, and immersed every thought and feeling in the business of his profession, which, fortunately for his peace, at that juncture increased to an unexpected extent of labor and success.

Emma waited, and pined, and sometimes thought that Edward had never cared for her at all, if he could be so mercilessly offended in consequence of a single fault and accident, and she shed many secret tears, till her eyes and cheeks began to fade together. Hoping to restore the former vivacity of his daughter, Mr. Mantell proposed for her a daily drive, and generally accompanied her himself. During the very first of these, as the carriage proceeded through one of the more public streets, Mr. Mantell desisted Graves upon the sidewalk, and ordering the horses to be stopped, asked him to join them. The invitation was readily accepted, when Emma's face was seen, and Graves entered the carriage. At that very moment, Wingate passed with a haughty, indifferent step, scarcely natural to him, and as he noticed the scene before him, was anxious to proceed unobserved. But he could not escape Emma's roving eyes. She leaned from the window and bowed to him with a cordiality which the gladness of her heart inspired, since she was so near him once more; she could almost have touched him with her hand. He returned the salutation with a deference which he thought due to a beauty, an heiress, and the prospective wife of a conspicuous and rising man. Emma would have spoken, notwithstanding his formality; but the quick eye of Mr. Mantell detected her intention, and he directed the carriage to move, though his friend was hardly within it. Emma sank back upon the cushions, with only that cold, repelling look, to comfort her breaking heart.

Partly in consequence of the urgent persuasions of Graves, Mr. Mantell determined to spend a portion of the winter at Washington.

Emma, engrossed with thoughts of Wingate, never suspected a lover in her father's friend. Graves, who was not lacking in shrewdness, prudently forbore presenting himself to her in that capacity, and as a favored acquaintance, he received from her a measure of confidence and kindness that he might not otherwise have obtained. It was his chief object to make himself necessary to her by every means in his power, and to effectually divert the attentions of dangerous rivals. He did not know that when she seemed most cheerful and happy in his society, he possessed only an intellectual power over her, and that in her heart there was cherished an image which he might not hope to displace.

At length, Graves made a formal proposal to Mr. Mantell for the hand of his daughter, and received a satisfactory answer; it then remained for him the more difficult half of his undertaking, in which he was confident of obtaining success by the sheer force of irresistible eloquence, supported by paternal approval.

While he was carefully dressing, in anticipation of his interview with Emma, a breathless messenger informed him that Mr. Mantell was suddenly and dangerously ill, that the presence of Graves was immediately desired, and that a clergyman was already summoned: he would know the rest. His pulse beat fast with excitement and exultation; the prize was in his hand, almost without the trouble of winning. With the loss of not a moment, he repaired to the residence of his sick friend. He hastened to the sad chamber, but he was too late! He saw only the stiffening remains, the wife overwhelmed with grief, Emma carried from the apartment insensible, and friends of the family, who were fast collecting. He presently learned that the life of Mr. Mantell was thus suddenly terminated by a disease of the heart.

Graves bestowed upon the family of his deceased friend the unremitting attention which their affliction made necessary. He accompanied them to their desolated home, and remained with them after the funeral had been solemnized. It was not his purpose to leave Emma, and so lose any influence over her that he might have acquired. He did not find it easy to determine how he stood with her. She was shy, because her father had told her, in his last moments, that Graves had sought her hand, and that he desired to see them united before he died. She was then so terrified and distressed, that she had no thought of herself, and she consented to whatever was proposed. It would have been decidedly satisfactory to Graves, if he had been present to have received the consent in person,

as in that case it would have been more difficult for her to retract it, upon after consideration. He resolved to wait a few days, for the sake of decency, and then bring the affair to a final conclusion.

Emma mourned with her mother through the fine days that followed their return home; but there came a pensively cloudy afternoon, and the dullness and quiet of the atmosphere seemed so in harmony with her own sorrow, and at the same time so soothing, that she could not resist the inclination that tempted her to walk. Gliding from the house unobserved, and choosing the retired streets, she passed on, unconscious of the distance she had travelled, until she was apprised of the extent of her wanderings by the falling rain, that threatened to increase to a heavy shower. In her perplexity, she knew not which way to turn, when she was greatly relieved on beholding a public coach approaching. It proved to be unoccupied, and would take her directly home. As it turned the next corner, it paused to take up another individual, who, like herself, had no other protection from the growing storm. She scarcely noticed the gentleman, as he sunk into a gloomy corner of the ponderous coach; but presently raising her eyes to where he sat, a ray of light was reflected to them from the lost ruby which was fastened to his bosom. She started up for very joy on beholding what had cost her so many regrets, and scarcely repressed an exclamation. Her movement aroused her companion, who was no other than Edward Wingate. He forgot his proud determination and sprang to her side.

"I am so glad to see that brooch again. I was afraid you never would forgive me," exclaimed Emma, half beside herself.

"And why did you send it to me?" inquired Wingate, reproachfully.

"I did not send it to you. Don't you remember I told you I never would? How could you suppose that I would do so?"

Wingate referred her remembrance to the note which contained the ruby, and Emma made the explanation, on her side, that had so long oppressed her heart, while she strove to recollect under what circumstances the mischievous note was written. When it flashed upon her mind, there came with it a dreadful suspicion that seemed to be worse than death. It was all a mystery, and she could not think of it. Wingate, who was less excited, and possessed of more legal acumen than the weeping Emma, was before her in conjecturing how they had been separated; but as he had the verbal promise of Mr. Mantell, he did not consider it

treachery to his memory to make the most of it. Accordingly, when the coach stopped, a perfect reconciliation had been effected between the two lovers, and they resolved to be happy, without burdening themselves with any artificial tests of mutual faithfulness.

Wingate borrowed a few moments from an imperative engagement, to obtain the consent of Mrs. Mantell to their immediate union, which was given without any hesitation.

He had not been gone half an hour, when Graves called and requested an interview with Emma. She listened to him attentively, as he somewhat confidently proposed and pressed his suit, and replied, as any young lady would, in the same circumstances, by ringing the changes on respect, gratitude, esteem and regret, but dashing off the hopeless conclusion, that could receive no alleviation, "I am engaged already."

THE LOST PURSE.

"What are you going to do with it?" exclaimed half a dozen ragged urchins to a bright-eyed, thinly-clad news-boy, who was holding up a splendid purse in one of his little purple, cold hands, that he had taken, but a few moments previous, from the sidewalk.

"Return it to the owner," replied the honest little fellow, in a firm tone.

"A fool! a fool!" shouted the boys—"wouldn't catch us returning a purse that looked as though it had lots of money in it, as that does; let's see how much there is?" spoke the eldest of the group, and made an attempt to wrest it from the boy's hand.

"It shan't be opened. It's none of our business what it contains, it is none of ours, and if you don't loose your grasp upon it, I will call the police," returned honest Johnny, in a commanding tone.

When alone, Johnny began to wonder what it was best to do. There was no way that he saw, by which the owner could be identified by him. A thought struck him: he would deliver it to the chief of police. But he should lose the sale of his papers if he attended to it then, and if he did, his mother and little sister must go without bread that night, for they had nothing to eat save that which the daily sale of his newspapers brought. What should he do? He paused awhile, and then said, "Mother, you rather go hungry to night—I am sure I would rather, too—then keep the purse until to-morrow morning. Let's see!" he put his hand into his pocket, and after fumbling a short time, drew forth three cents; "I've got money enough to buy a loaf of bread for little sister's supper and breakfast, and mother and I will go without; so I will at once away, and carry the purse where the owner will obtain it." Thus saying he trudged with the purse in one hand and the large bundle of newspapers in the other. He whistled as he went; for though pinched with cold and hunger, he felt happy, because he was doing right.

After disposing of the purse, and being called an "honest little fellow" by the police, he re-

turned home, and related to his mother what he had done.

The next morning Johnny went from his home a little bluer and colder than usual, for he had no supper or breakfast to fill up his stomach, thereby keeping the cold out. At nightfall he was going home with a light heart, for he had sold papers enough to buy bread sufficient to last his mother, sister, and himself one day, when he was met by the gentleman, to whom he had delivered the purse on the previous day.

"My little fellow," exclaimed the gentleman, patting him on the shoulder, "the purse you left with me has been returned to the owner, who, by the way is an intimate friend of mine, and to reward you, he has offered to take you in his employ, and see what he can make of you."

"Will he give me wages enough to buy mother and sister bread?" anxiously inquired the lad.

"Yes," returned the gentleman, "and more than that. Come," he added, "we'll soon see what he'll do for you." Thus saying, he led the way to a large brick building, nearly opposite to where they had been talking.

A slight ring at the door bell brought the owner of the purse to the door. He was informed by his friend that the lad before him was the one to whom he was indebted for the recovery of of his lost property. Johnny met with a warm and hearty welcome from his new-found friend, who not only promised to take the honest boy in his employ, but that his mother and sister should be made comfortable and happy. Tears of joy filled the little fellow's eyes as he hastened to inform his mother of his good fortune. They never had occasion to regret his conduct respecting the "Lost Purse."

A MADMAN'S FREAK.

A lady was one evening sitting in her drawing room alone, when the only inmate of the house, a brother who had been betraying a tendency to unsoundness of mind, entered with a carving-knife in his hand, and shutting the door, came up to her and said: "Margaret, an odd idea has occurred to me. I wish to paint the head of John the Baptist, and I think yours might make an excellent study for it. So, if you please, I will cut off your head." The lady looked at her brother's eye, and seeing no token of a jest, concluded that he meant to do as he said. There was an open window and a balcony by her side, with a street in front, but a moment satisfied her that safety did not lie that way. So, putting on a smiling countenance, she said with the greatest apparent cordiality, "That is a strange idea, George; but would it not be a pity to spoil this pretty new lace tippet I have got? I will just step to my room to put it off, and be with you again in half a minute." Without waiting to give him time to consider, she stepped lightly across the floor, and passed out. In another moment she was safe in her room, whence she easily gave alarm, and returned when the madman was secured.—*Annals of Disease.*

It is according to nature, to be merciful: for no man that hath not divested himself of humanity, can be hard hearted to others, without feeling a pain in himself.

TO A DYING BIRD.

BY H. H. HUDSON.

Calmly, gently, sink to rest,
Dying one,
On the spot thou lovest best,
'Neath the sun:
Where the breezes low are sighing,
Where the forest flowers are dying,
And the autumn leaves are lying,
Thou shalt rest.

I have loved thee well and long,
Minstrel wild;
Lone, dark hours hast thou beguiled
With thy song.
Round thee silver streams are flowing,
Sunny skies above are glowing,
But thy spirit meek is going
Far away.

The boughs on which thou oft hast sung
Shall o'er thee wave;
And night's gentle tears be flung
On thy grave.
Where the breezes low are sighing,
Where the forest flowers are dying,
And the autumn leaves are lying,
Rest in peace.

MY TEXAS TOUR.

BY GEORGE G. GAITHER.

You want my opinion of Texas? I have not seen enough of the State to justify an opinion; but I can tell you what have been my feelings, till now: I am disgusted with myself for having come to this savage land! We hear of the Camanches, Apaches, Wacos and Navajoes, as being barbarians, when you may find, in any town of the *Lone Star State*, men just as worthy of the term.

Men who have resided here for years, have forgotten what civilization is, and they may be sincere when they speak of society in Texas; but the majority are outlaws, or poor, ignorant individuals, who do not know what it is to live comfortably.

I never saw prairies till I travelled from the Gulf to San Antonio; and if all prairies are like that which I traversed in that journey, I never wish to cross another! I cannot imagine a desolate country more uninviting than that dreary waste.

They say railroads would be the making of Texas; but what does such a sparse population want with railroads? There is not wealth enough in the country to construct them; and northern capitalists are not going to waste their money in ventures that will net pay. Of what

value is eleven leagues of land, without wood or water? such is most of the land west of the Trinity.

When the Yankees began to inhabit San Antonio, all the respectable Mexicans commenced leaving; the few that now dwell there, were too poor to leave, and they have earned what little they possess, since the incorporation of Texas into the North American Confederacy. Look at them, and tell me if they can be called rational beings? visit their *jacales*, and say if you do not prefer a hammock, under a shed, to a couch in one of their filthy huts! What untidy beings the females are! they lounge all day, on a *tule* mat, or raw hide, en *chemise*, hunting *piojes* in their dirty hair; and they pass their evenings smoking cigarretes and babbling at the door. *Oficionados* tell of the time when the saintly city contained a population of 40,000, living on the bountiful productions of the fertile soil, and rejoiced in the genial climate of a delightful country, blessed by the Creator above all other spots on this earth; now you behold barren wastes, parched by a burning sun, intensely ventilated by boreal blasts, and infested by winged and creeping insects, until nothing green can flourish for a day.

Below the city, at short intervals, on both sides of the river, are mission ruins, where the good Castilian or Andalusian *padres*, must have led a glorious life in the midst of their neophytes. The belfries of these old churches still tower above the parched plains, in sad, saintly, solitary grandeur, reminding one of Saint Peter's dome, as seen from Ostia, over the *marenna*. San Anton, San Jose, San Juan, the goodly patrons of this *cofradia*, are certainly patronising, at present, other portions of God's earth. I have heard Mexico called a God forsaken land; and this must be, too.

The Christian edifices, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, have been contaminated by the sacrilegious touch of heretical Anglo-American Goths and Vandals, and their saints have forsaken them, like the mother bird that abandons her nest, disturbed by the hands of man.

Joseph and Mary, watching the ecclesiastic piles, have not been respected by the *Guerros*; nor the other saints, looking down, from above the key stone. They served as targets to the Protestant soldiery, as the loss of an arm or nose can plainly show. These holy structures, *Domino optimo maxime, sub invocatione* of any saint or saintess, now answer for camps and stables to nomade Americans, seeking a new home for their restless bodies and discontented spirits. These ancient monks, long dead and gone, with

not a common stone nor graven tablet to indicate the spot where they repose, must have dwelt under their own vine and fig-tree; yet we see no traces of these, either. The plague of Egypt must have come upon the land, in the form of ants and cicada, and subsequently turned to sand.

Some of the California missions exhibit signs of civilization, not found in other parts of the Mexican dominions. They have grapes and figs and pears; as tempting to the sight and taste as the fruits of any country; we see nothing of this here, in Texas and New Mexico. The elpaso grape is as delicious as that grown at Los Angeles, in California; and the mustang grape, of Texas, makes as good wine as the catawba.

They tell strange stories of the rich men in the Texas towns. I had some business with the personage of Victoria, on the Wauloop, and was glad to rest a day from the fatigues of staging. I inquired of a tavern loungee if he knew Mr. L., the *Don Dinero* of the *pueblo*. Everybody knows old Don Whann! he is the oldest inhabitant of the place, owns all the corner lots, and half the suburbs. "How did he get rich?" I asked. A renegade to his country, he came among the Mexicans, and was as one of them, or American, just as it suited his convenience. He was clever enough to obtain large grants of land, and was smart in trading. Too base to join the army, he followed, like a jackal, in its track, and fattened on the spoils he stole. The Mexicans got hold of some paper money from their Texan prisoners. They did not understand the denomination, and did not know the value of it. Don Whann bought it and realized a splendid profit. At the close of the war, he put in his claim for speculation, and it was confirmed. That's the way he got rich! Now he hates his country, and will scarcely speak to one of us. He has his house and garden, his cotton and his sugar lands, coach and horses, for his daughters. His children are educated abroad, and he spends no money in the State. Such was the history they gave me of Mr. L.

Another instance of a similar success, is found in San Antonio: Don Pancho is the nabob of the place. His store-house is the best in the town, and his suburban villa would grace the vicinage of any city. He has short, stiff, grizzly hair, growing low on his forehead; a keen black eye in a face of fifty; an abrupt voice and rustic manner, very unlike the suavity of his countrymen, the French. The much respected Don was French consul, when Coahuila and Fejas were joint provinces, under Mexican rule.

Tradition says he sold pecans to the *senoritas*, when Saint Antony had not yet heard of the northern barbarians. We next find him wandering as a *mozo* to the *arrieros* of El Paso, Santa Fe and Chihuahua. He soon learned the importance of larger trade, and extended his commercial operations. His industry, punctuality, and sagacity, attract the attention of one of his trading compatriots, through whose influence the Gallic gamin becomes *Don Francisco, Consul Frances*, in the prospering place of San Antonio. When the town was taken by General Wool, the few French inhabitants deposited their valuables under the protection of the French tricolor, waving over Don Pancho's magazine. It is believed he reaped a rich reward for his valuable services in that important transaction. The heiress of the town did him the honor to become his consort. Behold his utmost hopes accomplished! Going down the river, on the Mission road, a few minutes walk from the Plaza, you see a charming dwelling, embowered in a lovely garden, extending its gravel walks, by a gentle meandering descent, to the limpid, gurgling waters of the Rio de San Antonio, one of the most beautiful streams of western Texas. At sunset, you may hear the tones of a piano, and a gentle voice, warbling some air of Monpou or Loise Puget, which strikes enchantingly on your sympathetic ear, reminding you of some fair female in the white settlements. It is the voice of Madame, or her daughter, according with the full tones of Erard's best.

From the bottom of the garden, a fairy bridge crosses to a *kiosk* on an islet in the river, the banks of which are terraced to the water's edge. I will not describe the filthy huts, containing squalid misery, around the mansion of this moneyed lord.

I was aroused at the untimely hour of two, in Victoria, to continue my journey.

"Room for another?" I asked, on opening the stage door.

A baby's squall and a shrill female voice answered plainly, *no!* However, I squeezed in among the opposing passengers, and tried to make myself welcome by soft words and sundry apologies for the necessary intrusion. What a potent effect kind tones will have upon an audience!

Among the passengers was an ex-M. C. from Maine, and a stage contractor from Georgia, both travelling men and excessive talkers; they kept up an entertaining conversation till daylight. I shall never forget the history of a duel, told by Mr. S. the gentleman from Maine. I cannot narrate it with all the harrowing particu-

latitude of detail which he used; but I will try and give the substance. Mr. S. began thus:

"Did you ever know Dr. Lane, of St. Louis, and are you acquainted with the circumstances of his death? Before his last session, he received a power of attorney, from some man in St. Louis, to sell a coal mine. The sale was made in Philadelphia, and the owner denied the Dr.'s power to make it. This excited the Dr., a man of high honor, and he tried to find the authorizing act. It must have been left in his office, at St. Louis! He hurried home, after the adjournment, and went immediately to his office. Not returning to dinner, his wife went after him. He told her what he was hunting for, and she offered to assist him.

"After searching every probable nook in the room, he stooped over a basket of waste paper. He stood up suddenly, and said to his wife: 'Did you hear that pistol near the window?' She said 'no.' I heard it as distinctly as if it were close by my ear."

"A few minutes after, they found the document in a law book, the Dr. remembered to have been consulting, just before he left home. He retired early that night, with a request that he should not be disturbed till ten next morning. At that hour, his wife went to wake him; she found him stiff and cold! The report he heard at the window must have been the rupture of an artery in his brain. Dr. Lane was an elegant gentleman and a very remarkable man. He told me of the last duel, in which he took a part:

"There was a young lawyer from the North, who settled in St. Louis. He was the pride and hope of his sisters and widowed mother. There was then, at the St. Louis bar, a rade ruffian, calling himself a lawyer, who happened to be the opposing counsel, in a case with our young Yankee. The young man gained the case, to the great vexation of his adversary. The incensed bravado insulted him. Junius sought the advice of Dr. Lane.

"My good fellow," said the Dr., "such is the state of this community, I am sorry to say it, that you will have to challenge Braggart, or quit this bar. I cannot be your second, but I will be your surgeon on the field. I will send for a gentleman, who will bear your cartel."

"Junius instantly wrote a challenge, which was accepted, for pistols, at ten steps, at noon the next day, on Blbody Island, in the river, fringing the city. Braggart spoke of it so openly, it was soon known through the city. They were already on the ground when Braggart arrived, followed by a crowd. Hundreds were standing on the shore, to see the combat. Dr.

L. said to his young friend: "Now, as soon as Braggart ascends the bank, you must bow to him, with a smile." It was done.

"The ground was measured, the pistols loaded, and the parties had taken their positions. Junius handed the Dr. a letter, saying, 'send this to my mother, if I fall,' and then announced that he was ready. The word was given, and the report of both pistols was heard simultaneously. Braggart bounded into the air, and fell like a log; Junius stood a second, and simply said, 'lay me on the ground, I am mortally wounded.' He expired in a few minutes. His wound was in the groin; Braggart was shot through the heart. Dr. Lane had fought several duels, and had witnessed many; but that was the last he ever saw."

The city of San Antonio is said to contain 10,000 inhabitants. The streets are narrow, crooked, unpaved, with exiguous side walks. The houses are built of sticks and mud, adobes, concrete and tufa, mostly one story, and never more than two. The river is the most tortuous stream I ever saw; you can scarcely go in any direction, through town, without crossing it. It is formed of several springs, four miles from the city. In the rear of the houses on the river, are canvass bath-houses, a great luxury to the owners, at all seasons of the year, the water coming from springs so near, it feels warm in winter and cool in summer. The population is a medley of many nations. The fences are pickets of mesquite posts, fastened together at the top with raw hide thongs. Brush forms some fences. Near the river scarce are extensive tufa quarries, that might furnish stone enough to enclose any quantity of land, for cultivation. The old canals, for irrigation, still exist, and with little labor, might be repaired, so that the whole country, in the vicinity, might be cultivated and made to blossom as the rose. Snow is never seen in San Antonio, though the north winds in winter are very cold.

The road to Austin, eighty miles, is one of the best natural ways I ever travelled. It runs along the base of wooded hills, with almost boundless prairie, specked with live oak groves, stretching in the dim distance below. These occasional clusters of timber, with smooth intervening lawns, look so artificial, that John Bull is strongly reminded of his native country. All the streams of Texas take their origin from immense springs, bursting out at the foot of the hills.

Passing through the German town of New Braunfels, I had the satisfaction of seeing Gov. Lathlamis Uyhazi, the illustrious Hungarian, who founded a colony in Iowa.

THE FADED ROSE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Then withered is that blooming rose,
O, give it back to me;
For it a sad memento is
Of life, and love, and thee;
And near my heart it shall repose,
Like ashes in an urn;
While I, my sad, despairing eyes
Unto its leaves shall turn.

I know that thou wilt prize it not,
When all its bloom is o'er;
And though its scent may still remain,
Thou'lt value it no more;
But I shall love each withered leaf,
Because it once was thine;
Because its fate was sad and brief,
As this dark life of mine.

THE KING'S PLEDGE.

A STORY OF ANCIENT BRITAIN.

BY ELIZABETH B. FRAZER.

HAROLD the Dauntless, the last of the Saxon kings of England, clad in his heavy suit of mail, was seated at the door of his snow white tent, while, before him, was standing the Earl of Leicester, a young man, as yet scarcely eighteen years of age. It was autumn of the year 1066, and the king, with an army of fifty thousand men, was encamped near York, expecting to give battle the next morning to the numerous legions of the Norwegian invaders, under Haraldra, a Scandinavian monarch, and Tosti, one of Harold's own brothers (but always a bitter enemy), who had been marching forward with the intention of conquering the whole country.

It was night, far into the night of the 24th of September, and Harold had doaned his heavy armor, because he wished to be in readiness at dawn for conflict, and he had much to do before that time. He had summoned the Earl of Leicester before him, having a service of importance for him to perform. The earl had answered the summons, and stood before the king.

"Henry," commenced the monarch, addressing the earl, and motioning him to be seated, "I have sent for you, because I have a mission on the morrow for you to perform, upon the success of which depends much of your future fortune."

"I am at my king's command," said the earl, "ready and willing to do, as well as lies within my power, whatever service he may entrust."

"And more particularly, I suspect, the one which I am to name," returned the monarch. "Tis well! Though you have but recently as-

sumed the title left to you by your brave father's death—though as yet but a youth, well do I know you! your prowess in the tournament—your skill with the sword and spear! But you have never fought in battle—you have never faced real danger."

"But you cannot doubt my disregard of danger, where honor calls me to face it," hesitatingly answered the youth.

"No," said Harold. "No! your king would wrong the memory of your brave father, and his dear friend, did he suspect you capable of avoiding through fear, a danger lying before you."

"Yet, I have never been in conflict, you would say!—have never done anything to gain a name!—have done nothing to make me worthy of my dead father's place! I know this is true. But it shall not long be so! Upon the morrow, a different tale—"

"I know what you would say, and you have read my thoughts aright," interrupted the king. "But the service—the service I wish you to perform—it will be a difficult one, one which will not allow you to bring back your sword unused."

"And the nature of this service—if it be that with which honor will not clash—"

"Do not fear," the king answered. "Harold will not counsel or persuade you to do aught dishonorable! But your queen's sister—Elgrida—"

"Elgrida? What of her? The queen's sister? Is she in danger? Is she not safe within the camp?"

"No!"

"Where, then, is she?"

"In the Norwegian camp."

"Is it possible? How came she there?"

"Be calm," said the king, "and I'll tell you."

"I am calm," the earl answered. "Go on, your highness."

"Elgrida is, I expect, in that portion of the camp where my brother commands. Scarcely two hours since, as I have but just been informed, a Norwegian detachment fell suddenly upon our left flank, and driving before them the advanced pickets, succeeded in surrounding the tent wherein were the Lady Elgrida and her brother, the former of whom they made their captive."

"Was no attempt made to rescue her?"

"There was, but without effect. Our troops immediately rallied, and being joined by more, drove the Norwegians from the ground, and pursued them nearly to their own encampment. The Lady Elgrida being, however, with their advanced portion, they were unable to retake her."

"But she must be rescued!"

"And I have made a vow she shall," said the king. "I am at a loss to find out the reason

why my recreant brother wished her capture; for that Tosti put this plan afoot, and prompted her seizure, I feel sure!"

"She must be recovered," said the earl, "and at whatever cost!"

"She must, Earl Henry," returned Harold, "and in the morrow's conflict; for, with early dawn I am determined to give the Norwegians battle. In our attack upon the morrow I wish you to let your energies be directed towards the recovery of Elgrida! If you succeed, there is no favor you can ask of Harold that he will refuse!"

"There needs not this incentive, my liege, to spur me on," the earl replied: "I will leave no means untried to free her!"

"I feel sure of that," said the king, "for I am not blind to the love—"

"Love!" interrupted Earl Henry, blushing.

"Yes, love!" reiterated the monarch, "You love the Lady Elgrida!"

"Ay, my liege, I do!"

"And you have confessed it to her?"

"Yes," the earl responded, "and we are betrothed."

"Indeed!" uttered the king. "I did not think you had gone so far! You would marry?"

"We would; but feared we might not gain your assent."

"You should, at least, wait a while, until, by some gallant deed, you have gained a name! The sister of a queen of Britain! But I will not say you nay, if you—"

"Thanks to your majesty. If I but snatch her from your unworthy brother, I will tell her of your kindness."

"As for me I do not fear the issue of the strife—our men are strong and skilful; and when I have punished this bold Norwegian invader, and the insolent Tosti, and driven them from our shores, we may look for peace awhile, unless the Duke of Normandy may require us to show him our strength and prowess!"

It was an hour subsequently to the seizure of the queen's sister,—and the Norwegian detachment had some time since returned to camp.

The Lady Elgrida was seated in one of the lower rooms of a large stone structure, where Tosti, one of the leaders of the invading army, held his quarters. She was musing over some of the strange occurrences of the last hour, and occasionally asking some question of the attendant in waiting.

On being so suddenly and violently seized by her savage enemies, she had come near fainting; and, afterwards, on being a witness to the fierce and deadly struggle of her captors with her countrymen, she had fallen into a swoon, in

which state she had been conveyed to Tosti's quarters. She had now been restored to consciousness but a few minutes, through the efforts of the attendant in whose care she was placed. At length a heavy step reached her ears; a door opened, and the brother of King Harold presented himself. Bidding the attendant withdraw, he approached the Lady Elgrida, who arose from her seat.

"The Lady Elgrida may again be seated," said Tosti, as upon his stern and sinister countenance gleamed an expression of fiendlike joy. "I shall tarry but a few minutes!"

"Who are you?" she replied, "and for what have you now come?"

"I am the brother of the usurper, Harold—he, who, at present, bears the title of King of Britain," said Tosti, gazing fully into the features of his captive, which, though pale as monumental marble, were still supremely beautiful, "but ere long, mayhap, I may be king instead of him!"

"Not while he lives!" the Lady Elgrida responded. "So, then, you are the renegade Tosti," she continued,—“the recreant brother of my sovereign?"

"Bold words, these, for one like you to speak, Elgrida! I am his brother! but it ill becomes my captive so to express herself!"

"I am your captive," said Elgrida, "and the words I utter—"

"Should be weighed ere spoken!"

"Not so," she answered, her eyes firmly fixed upon him, "for I am no slave! I have been rudely seized, borne from my friends, and brought hither, but for what purpose I have yet to learn!"

"You shall know," said Tosti, "I will tell you. I came here, to inform you of the reason of your capture! A deserter from your ranks to-day, informed me, that not only yourself, Elgrida, but your sister, Harold's queen, was occupying, for a time, the large pavilion upon the border of your left camp. I sent a strong force, that they might make a sudden and fierce attack, and bear both away, ere they could be prevented. But the desperate courage of your troops rendered part of my plan abortive—the queen escaped."

"Your messenger did not tell you truth," said Elgrida; "the queen has never been within our camp."

"Do you speak true?"

"Why speak falsely?" was the answer. "Ay, I do! But for what wished you our seizure?"

"I looked for a goodly ransom, ere either would be allowed to return."

"But you are in part foiled," Elgrida said, "and I am glad of that!"

"You need not be glad."

"Why?" she asked. "I know I shall remain a captive, until a heavy ransom is paid, or you are compelled to yield me up. But the queen—she is not in your power—I am glad of that."

"You need not be," Tosti repeated, "for until the gold, which would ransom two queens of Britain, is paid for you, you remain within my power!"

"Do not be too sure, base traitor to your country!" Elgrida answered, with flashing eyes. "The good trenchant blade of some brave and stalwart knight may ransom me, instead of gold—perhaps, at a fearful cost to you."

"You talk bravely," Tosti said; "as ill befits one as helpless as you now are. But, go on. I shall not heed your words, unless they are kind ones—then indeed will I return them with others as kind. Another sun shall not set, ere you will see how poor are your hopes in Harold."

"The battle is not always to the strong, degenerate man," was Elgrida's answer. "My hopes of freedom are large. I shall yet be free! The brave and loyal hearts of Britain are not to be trodden down and crushed by such as you, and those you lead!"

"Rail on, fair maiden," returned Tosti, with a sneer and a smile. "You bear yourself right queenly, as one should, who soon will be my queen—the queen of Britain."

"Your queen?—the queen of Britain?"

"Ay, lady, so I spoke; for I have destined you to fill that place,—and trust that you will love me for choosing you! Yes, and know, the joy of seeing you my helpless thrall, my captive, is greater than to be master of a kingdom! In the attack to-night, 'twas you—*you*, that most I coveted! You, whom I love—whom I long have loved, whom I mean shall be my queen—my wife, when seated on the throne of Britain!"

"You! base, unmanly being—apostate—villain!" were the words of Elgrida, "*you* love me—long have loved me? I ne'er laid eyes on you, until within the hour!"

"That may be, fair maiden," said her captor, "but I have seen you often—often ('tis true unknown to you), and long have coveted you, and the beauty which is yours."

"But never can, nor ever will possess me!"

"Ay, as sure as, ere many days, I will be Britain's king."

"Without my will?"

"With it, or without it!"

"No, I tell you no," said Elgrida, "you ne'er can be my king, nor yet my husband! Neither while, at least, there beats one faithful, loyal heart for Harold and his kin."

"Short time will show," was Tosti's answer;

"and you will do well to prepare your mind for what *must* take place! The time we have seen and known each other is short; but we shall have time hereafter to better know ourselves,—and, you may be sure, I can be a kind lover, or a bitter enemy! The hour is late, and so now I take my leave."

"You cannot take anything I would more freely give," was Elgrida's reply.

"Presumptuous being!" said the Lady Elgrida, after having been a few minutes left to her own thoughts, giving utterance to her reveries aloud. "And does this apostate—this renegade—this ruthless man, think to succeed in his ambitious projects? No! he cannot! The troops of King Harold are strong, hardy, skilful. They will not be beaten! They are the most warlike—the most loyal troops of the land; and are eager for the conflict, to prove the prowess of their arms! They cannot be beaten! and yet, *should* they be overcome by Tosti, and the fierce legions of his colleague, Hardrada, *should* they—but no, they will not yield while King Harold lives, or any of those warlike hearts, who, under him, lead them on! But—but if the worst *should* befall them, may I not fear Tosti will carry out those threats he but ere now briefly spoke of? No, no, I will not fear! I am the betrothed of Henry, Earl of Leicester. I will never—never be the wife of Tosti—or wife of any one but Henry! I will not prove recreant to my vows!—I will be ever true, faithful to him, or to his memory, should he fall in the 'doubtful shock of arms' to come. Away with false and childish fears! What though a captive to a barbarous enemy, I will hope for the best."

And thus saying, Elgrida, stepping forward, fastened the door of the little room wherein she was, and sought the low couch, where she was to pass the night.

The morning of the 25th of September, 1066, dawned clear and calm and bright, and the golden rays of the ascending sun, fell on myriads of spears and breastplates, on battle-axes and swords and bright steel armor, and on two mighty armies, that, with their standards waving high, were soon to meet "in the fierce and fiery storm of war."

A grand—an awe-inspiring sight it was, to behold these two mighty armies, attired in all the gorgeous paraphernalia of war, approaching each other, eager to meet in a desperate struggle for a nation. Harold, who had made every preparation for conflict ere the break of day, arranged his serried lines of veterans in order of battle, and having briefly addressed them, gave the orders for them to move forward.

And while they marched onward, inspired with the thought that they were to contend against their enemy for the salvation of their nation, the Norwegians moved towards them, elated with as high a courage, perhaps, in their hopes of achieving the conquest of a country.

The two opposing armies at length met, and fierce indeed was the encounter between the veterans of Harold and the numerous legions of Hardrada. Harold commanded the right wing, opposed to Hardrada's left, and his two gallant brothers led on the centre and left. In the centre, the Earl of Leicester led on his thousand horsemen, his object being, if possible, to pierce through the fierce battalions of Tosti, and gain his camp.

From morn until midday, the conflict raged with unceasing fury, the tide of battle favoring one side and then the other; although the Norwegians lost most men.

Their wings held out firmly, in spite of all the efforts of Harold's veterans to push them back. But, a little after noon, their centre showed evident signs of soon giving way, so sorely were they pressed; and the Earl of Leicester, having gained some advantage over the battalion under the immediate command of Tosti, rushed forward, with uplifted battle-axe, to engage the traitor. Tosti, perceiving him, couched his lance, and putting spurs to his charger, galloped forward to meet him.

Just as they met, the Earl of Leicester reined his horse to one side, and the spear of Tosti was thrown wide of its intended mark, he, himself, being borne past his foe, ere he could check his steed's career. But, as he passed, the earl stood high in his stirrups, and giving his battle-axe a swing over his head, brought it down heavily upon the helmet of his enemy. Such strength was put in the blow, that it cut open the steel cap of Tosti, and inflicted a severe if not fatal wound upon his head, causing him to fall stunned and bleeding to the ground.

The earl, however, did not pause, but rode forward to where his men were steadily driving their foe, over heaps of their slain that lay before them. Their enemy at length broke and fled, and the earl, with his men, rode on for the recent quarters of Tosti, hoping to there find the Lady Elgrida. They soon reached the stone building where she was imprisoned, and rushed impetuously through the main entrance, overthrowing all who were stationed within, and opposed their progress, without scarcely a moment's delay.

The earl then passed through a number of the rooms, and soon found the object of his search. Elgrida, on perceiving her noble lover, though

his steel clad suit was covered with blood and dust, rushed to him, and falling upon his breast, expressed the joy she felt at his presence, unscathed so far in the battle's fiery ordeal; and said she could never doubt the deep love he bore her, since the dangers he had passed through to reach and rescue her.

"I rejoice, dear Elgrida, that I have been able to reach and save you, though the path to you was marked with blood; for, now you are free, and can return with me to our friends,—and, if you do not deny my prayer, I will claim the fulfilment of the promise the king has made me."

"The king?—what promise?"

"You shall know anon," said the earl; "but we will go now, or we may have the enemy, more powerful than we wish, upon us."

The earl, and the fair lady he loved, soon quitted the building, and a steed being procured for the latter, she mounted. They then started off, with the earl's men, for their own camp. In the meantime, the shouts and din of the battle had continued, mingled with the groans of the dying and the wounded. But the Norwegians were now retreating on all sides, hotly pursued by the fierce Britains.

As the earl and his men were riding back in the direction of their camp, accompanied by Elgrida, they saw an immense host of the Norwegians, more than ten times their own numbers, coming straight towards them.

Perceiving that they would be able to quite annihilate his small force, should he confront them, and perhaps having some fears for the safety of Elgrida, the earl halted his men, to hastily consider some means of eluding them.

"They have seen us," said the earl. "They are coming forward. I will retreat upon our left wing, where there is a large force, that have not gone in pursuit of the retreating enemy. They will follow, and I will manage to bring them between two foes."

Again the earl and his men rode onward, but it was in another direction; and soon coming in contact with large bodies of Harold's troops, he sought one of their leaders, with whom, after speaking a few hasty words, he left Elgrida. Not longer than a few minutes did he tarry, ere with another, and a stronger force of cavalry, he rode off.

The Norwegians had still pursued, hoping to overtake the earl's command. But, at length, fearing to fall in with a more powerful enemy, they halted, with a view of returning back to their camp, as they knew their friends were retreating on all sides. But they were too late!

Through the admirable management of Earl Henry, who had spoken to the leaders of the troops he had recently met, ere they were aware of it, they were almost surrounded, the earl himself, impetuously attacking them from the south, while others bore down upon them from the north and west. The result was not long doubtful, although the Norwegians fought with the courage of desperation. They were soon forced to yield, and fled precipitately towards their shipping, where others of their countrymen had recently preceded them, pushed on by the hot and furious troops of King Harold. But they were not allowed to escape without a loss of more than two thirds of their numbers.

Before night's sable mantle had shut out the scenes of day, the conflict was over; King Harold had gained a glorious victory, and a small and shattered remnant of the mighty army of the Norwegians had gained refuge on board their shipping,—the battle-ground for miles around being piled in heaps with their dead and dying.

The next day, Harold, who had been conveyed to York severely wounded, sent for the Earl of Leicester to congratulate him upon the complete success of the stratagem he had formed, whereby thousands of the Norwegians had fallen; and, also, to rejoice with him, at the success attending his efforts to rescue the lovely Lady Elgrida.

The earl immediately set out, accompanied by his betrothed; and, ere long, both were ushered into the king's presence.

The king did the earl the honor to state to him, before his assembled nobles and great generals, that through his timely manoeuvre he had been the means of so far annihilating the invaders, as to render it improbable they would ever again land upon their shores, at least for years to come.

The recreant Tosti, who had so fondly supposed he would soon become King of Britain, and who had coveted the betrothed of Earl Henry, never recovered from the effects of that warrior's blow, but died soon afterwards.

The king, who had not forgotten the pledge he made the earl, stated that it was his desire that he and the lady Elgrida should be united the third day following; and after some few words, whispered by the earl to Elgrida, she acceded to this request.

The ceremony was accordingly performed upon the third day, before all the noblemen and statesmen of the realm, and in presence of the king, who was still so far from being recovered, as to be obliged to remain in a sitting posture upon his couch.

Scarcely, however, was the benediction over, and Harold was about to express his hopes that a period of permanent peace and happiness would follow throughout the kingdom, when a messenger, unannounced, and in breathless haste, rushed into his presence, with the astounding intelligence that William, Duke of Normandy, had landed at Perensey, and was marching forward to claim the crown.

With his eyes instantly assuming the fiery aspect of war, although wounded as he was, Harold leaped from his couch, bade his attendants bring him his armor, and gave orders to his nobles to immediately prepare to meet this new invader. All in an instant was confusion, amidst which the earl and his blushing bride departed—the former, to serve his king, to leave a “bed of down,” for the “flinty and steel couch of war.”

Our story is upon the eve of conclusion. We need not dwell upon future events. They belong to history.

The dauntless King Harold, with his two gallant brothers, fell amidst heaps of their own slain upon the sanguinary battle field of Hastings, and a short time subsequently, the Duke of Normandy, under the title of William the Conqueror, became the King of Britain. The Earl of Leicester, who survived that disastrous defeat, with his beautiful wife, retired into Scotland, where they for many years lived in peace and happiness.

• A WITTY RUSE.

Swartz was a drunkard. He was once engaged to ornament the ceiling of a public building, and was to be paid so much a day for his work; but he was so fond of tipping that his employers were obliged to hire another man to watch the tipsy painter. Finding that he could not go to the tavern as often as he wished, he resolved upon practising a piece of deception. He stuffed a pair of stockings similar to those he was in the habit of wearing, and hung them down from his staging whenever he left his work. The watchman called in two or three times a day, but seeing a pair of legs hanging down suspected nothing, and reported to his employers that Swartz had reformed! The roguish painter thus contrived to absent himself for whole days.

ECONOMICAL.

A Spaniard sent his son to the University of Salamanca, and told him to study economy, and to eat beef rather than poultry. On arriving, the young gentleman asked the price of cows.—“About 20 dollars.” “And patridges.” “Twenty-five cents.” “I must live on patridges,” said he, “they are decidedly the cheaper of the two.”

Fontenelle said there were three things he always loved and never understood—painting, music and the fair.

THE CORMORANT.

AN OWER TRUE TALE.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

THE period of our story is the 19th century, the exact time we are unable to fix, but it was within six years that the occurrences we are about to relate happened. The scene fluctuates between our sister town of Charlestown and the White Mountains. The materials are drawn from life, and our authority shall be forthcoming if we or the respectable editor be threatened with a libel.

It was then in the year 18—, on the — day of the month of — (nothing looks so imposing and mysterious as blanks or asterisks), that a thin, pale gentleman, of middle age, attired in a Mexican hat, a gray frock, sage green pantaloons, and gaiter-shoes, might have been seen (excuse the plagiarism, Mr. James,) directing his steps to the boarding-house of Mr. Peter Pickeril, a worthy gentleman of Charlestown, whose principal amusement consisted in taking gentlemen to nurture and to shelter at the moderate ransom of three and a half dollars per week. Mr. P. P. averred that he took these single gentlemen "for company," provisions being so high that it was impossible for him to make the "fust red" out of them. There are many such philanthropic gentlemen in this world, in spite of all that misanthropes have written about its heartlessness and want of charity. Mr. P. P. always required his boarders to pay each week in advance, a regulation which, considering he was, to use his own language, "losin' money by 'em jest as fast as he could lose it," was perfectly proper and unobjectionable. This friend of humanity might be seen (James again) at the market in the square every morning purveying for the accommodation of his company. He was wont to buy edge-bones a "leetle on the turn," turkeys during the prevalence of a thaw, and sausages composed by amateur butchers in fits of inspiration during the dog-law. That his boarders might be robust, he bought the very strongest kind of butter—in fact, all his purchases were regulated by philosophy and liberality. A decided friend of temperance, Mr. Pickeril introduced water into his milk-jugs with an enthusiasm which was apostolic.

To the residence of this gentleman the thin, pale individual before alluded to directed his steps. He stood before the front door with a resolute countenance—he pulled the bell-handle with a graceful and manly determination. The door was opened by a maid of Erin, one of those lovely hours so extensively domesticated in our

terrestrial paradises, whose charms give vigor to the arms, and valor to the hearts of the brave sons of the Emerald Isle.

To the pale, thin gentleman's demand, this maid of Erin then replied that both "the master and the mistress were at home." Whereupon she descended to the lower regions, leaving the inquirer to find his way into the *domus ubertatis* of the Pickerils. This he accomplished, and found himself in the drawing-room, which was elegantly furnished with pine chairs and tables, painted, by an amateur, in imitation of bird's eye maple, having a lithograph of the battle of Bunker Hill over the mantel-piece, and a worsted lap-dog over the fire-place. Mr. Pickeril was shelling green peas in a cullender, and Mrs. P. was picking an attenuated fowl, dropping the feathers into a work-basket. She was a grand style of woman, in a faded black bombazine gown, with lace mits, and the sort of whitey-yellow turban peculiar to ladies of her profession.

The pale, thin gentleman mentioned his name: (a rather singular one, by the way,) Mr. Hydrarchos. He mentioned his business; he had seen Mr. Pickeril's standing advertisement—"a few more single gentlemen can obtain board in a quiet private family, etc.," and he requested to know whether he could be admitted, and what were the terms.

Mrs. Pickeril sweetly smiled assent. Mr. P. made use of the expression "three dollars and a half."

The pale, thin gentleman thought the demand reasonable. Mr. P. added "payable in advance."

The pale, thin gentleman laid a three dollar bill, a silver quarter, three fourpence ha' pennies and six cents upon the work-table.

Mrs. P. smiled very agreeably, showing her gold-filled upper and under teeth. The bargain was concluded. Mr. Hydrarchos was an inmate.

Mr. H. lamented that his health was poor, that he was compelled to be very careful of his stomach—that dyspepsia was hereditary in his family—that he was subject to ill turns; and then took his leave with a promise to drop in with his trunk and carpet-bag a little before dinner.

The dinner-hour was two. Mr. Hydrarchos came a quarter before, and took his seat before the vibration of the second bell had died upon the ear. Helped first, as a courtesy due to the "newest gentleman," he began to eat the moment he was helped. The viands disappeared from his plate with wonderful celerity. Even the maid of Erin, who, besides cooking the dinner, waited on the table, was astonished at his performance. Mr. Pickeril attempted a diversion in favor of his larder by engaging his guest in

conversation, but Mr. Hydrarchos, being above the low and vulgar prejudice which censures speaking with one's mouth full as an intolerable solecism, not only answered with his mouth full, but without intermitting the process of mastication. He lamented that his ill health prevented his doing justice to the generous fare before him, while he extended his plate with one hand to Mr. P. for another slice of the roast, and with the other emptied the bread-plate as fast as filled.

"You've eat nothing, Mr. Hydrarchos," said the lady of the house with ironical emphasis.

"No, ma'am, no—" said the pale, thin gentleman—"the coats of my stomach—munch—munch—munch—are all—munch—gone. But if you had seen me—munch—a little more gravy, if you please ma'am, and I'll trouble you for another brace of those potatoes—munch—when I was a young man—munch—munch—you wouldn't wonder that I'm reduced to this."

Puddings, pie, custard, apples, nuts, disappeared before the cormorant, "like snaw when it's thaw," and Mr. Peter Pickeril ruefully reckoned that at one meal the new boarder had consumed his advance.

During the dessert he asked many questions about tea—what time they took tea—what they were going to have for tea—and "of course they kept the supper-table standing in the evening." He was punctual to the tea hour and invaded the muffins with singular ferocity. Being informed that no supper-table was set, but that he would find something in the china-closet, he promised to "look in there in the course of the evening," and he redeemed his pledge. When Mrs. Pickeril paid that place a visit, which she always did the last thing before going to bed, to count and lock up the silver spoons and take a drink out of the snout of the tea-pot, she missed a loaf of bread, two pies, all the pound-cake out of a stone-jar, half a dozen eggs, a paper of raisins, and two nutmegs. This was not all; the maid of Erin heard a stealthy step upon the staircase at half-past twelve, and looking through the key-hole of her door, saw Hydrarchos regaining his room with a bone of beef that was intended for the brown soup the next day. The room of the new boarder being searched the next day, the towel was found covered with grease, and the bone, carefully picked and polished, was subsequently detected in the tube of an old boot in the chimney corner behind the fire-board.

Mr. and Mrs. Pickeril groaned in spirit. They essayed every means in their power to get rid of the unprofitable boarder, but in vain. He was not to be affronted; he was not to be dismissed. He was as punctual in his payments as in his at-

tendance at table. At last Mr. Pickeril failed, compounded with his creditors, by paying ten cents on the dollar, and went to California. Mrs. Pickeril set up a milliner's shop, and amused herself by making turbans exactly similar to those she had worn at the head of her table in the palmy days of "single gentlemen," before the baleful advent of Hydrarchos. The latter gentleman, after insinuating himself, in different disguises, and under feigned names, into several boarding-houses, all of which failed in the course of a few months, went to the White Mountains, and engaged board for the season at six dollars a week, as he came before the rush of company.

The moment he left, the price of provisions in Charlestown fell forty-five per cent., and the threatened famine that had hung over the land was averted. The dearth passed northward in a streak like the Asiatic cholera. The stores laid in at the Notch for the accommodation of summer visitors, disappeared with appalling celerity. Still Hydrarchos was complaining of being very poorly, lamenting that the mountain air could not agree with him, and wondering what he was coming to. His ascent of Mount Washington was described as being one of the most extraordinary expeditions that ever set forth. Hydrarchos and the guides were loaded down with well filled haversacks of viands, and two led horses were burdened with comestibles for the day's journey. Yet Hydrarchos came back famished, and the "little bit" he picked, completely emptied Crawford's larder.

Transient board in the mountain region went up to five dollars a day, and at that price visitors complained of being placed on short allowance.

It was suggested to Crawford that the unprofitable boarder suffered from a tape-worm.

"Suffers from a tape-worm!" cried mine host in a voice of thunder. "Jerusalem! he's troubled with an anaconda."

At length the cormorant was tempted, by a liberal offer, to abandon the highlands, and once more set his face to the South. His progress was marked by the same destruction which had distinguished his ascent—the same difficulty of subsisting, and the same inflation of prices. With the bribes he received from various landlords, he at last shipped for California. Heaven help the passengers upon the voyage! and Heaven help El Dorado when he gets there. The moment he arrives, we are promised advices from "Corinthian Tom," and if any thing worth noticing happens during his sojourn on the Pacific, we shall be sure to receive it in advance of the mail.

SUMMER JOYS.

BY FRANCIS JACKSON.

On a cloudless noon, in the month of June,
 How pleasant it is to win
 The cool, thick shade, by the tall oak made,
 In front of the village inn.
 And O, what bliss to receive a kiss
 From the lips of her you love:
 Whose eyes so bright can rival the light
 Of the silvery lamps above.

A moment more, from that shady door,
 You merrily ride away;
 But I safely bet that you forget
 The words that you meant to say.
 But many a noon, of many a June,
 Must pass with many a year,
 Ere the maiden's heart will ever part
 With the love she holds so dear.

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

THE watch fire burned low, and the sleeping soldiers lay stretched along the ground in the rude disorder in which they had thrown themselves from the fatiguing march of the day. A sentinel nodded over his rifle, just able to preserve the equilibrium of his position. All was profound silence, save where two officers, laid at length, maintained an undertoned conversation. One of them spoke with suppressed animation. The other, rapidly giving way to the somnolent influence, yet strove to give attention to the words of his companion, whose observations he answered rather tersely, and occasionally at random.

"As I said before," continued the speaker first mentioned, "we must, in some way or other, put the country in greater security against these ravages; and in order to accomplish this, we must possess the sinews of war. We need to increase our force to three times its present size. And how to procure the additional number, is the question. We have a few score of brave men who are willing to fight for freedom without money, and too often, I might add, without food or clothing. But we can't raise a regiment on such terms as these. As for Congress, alas, we must not look in that direction for the furnishing of means. It has enough on its hands, without our heaping on it fresh burdens. The fact is, Rollins, that we must lay a good round tax on these Tories. They and their properties must furnish us the needful; and I think they ought to regard reprisals of such a nature, as

the very least which they could expect at our hands."

"Yes," replied the other, with a yawn, "perfectly right, general. Hang 'em up. Down with 'em, wherever we find 'em."

"No, Rollins," replied his superior, while a flash shot across his swarthy features, "I do not mean that. I will not retaliate undeservedly. I will not visit the sins of a few soulless villains, who plunder and kill without mercy, on those who, with honest but mistaken loyalty, have taken up on the side of the crown. Yet even these must suffer, in some degree, the consequence of our necessity."

"Yes, general," was the reiterated reply. "The rascals! Shoot 'em all."

The *diminuendo* fashion, in which this speech was uttered, caused the chief to turn his head; whereupon he discovered his companion to have fallen fast asleep.

"Poor fellow," he exclaimed, drawing his cloak more closely around, "he has fairly succumbed at last. I will even follow his example. But hark! what noise is this?"

His quick ear had scarce caught the sound of approaching hoofs, when the drowsy sentinel discharged his piece with sudden alarm, the cause of which was quickly made manifest in the approach of a young female, mounted on a horse, whose steaming sides and panting breath betokened the speed to which he had been urged.

"Is this the fashion, general, in which your soldiers are wont to salute defenceless women?" indignantly inquired the fair rider, whose disordered dress, and tresses flowing, gave a singular spirit to her pale face and flashing eyes.

Marion bowed low, as he assisted the young maiden in alighting. The gallant soldier was, like many others of his profession, equally ready in defence and admiration of the better portion of creation.

"Madam," he said, with an air of the deepest respect, "you will, I dare think, excuse the rude welcome which you have just encountered, when I tell you that for the last forty-eight hours we have been on the march, almost without a pause. To-night we are completely worn out; and the few sentries which caution compels me to station, are anything but fit for duty. I have no doubt that the muddled sense of the poor fellow who greeted you so roughly, saw in your unwelcome self a whole company of cavalry sweeping down upon us. And now, lady, I will ask the errand on which you come? for these pallid cheeks, and the condition of your steed, show that some pressing cause has urged this perilous ride."

"Even so, general," replied the girl, while the big tears sprang slowly from their source, and she seemed to struggle a moment for breath. But she went on, with a manner which evinced her natural energy of character. "Yesterday, while at supper, my father, my uncle, and my eldest brother were surprised and taken prisoners by the enemy. Most of the party, I fancy, were refugees. I overheard the captors say, in the confusion which ensued, that their victims might consider their lives already forfeited; for they were about taking them to Preston, where they would surely be executed as traitors to the king."

"The old story," said Marion, half to himself. "Driven, by the peril of death, to a tacit allegiance, and then brought to execution, for endeavoring to escape from their bondage."

"I come to you, sir," continued the girl, whose dark eyes were fixed with vivid intentness on Marion's face; "I come to you, because you are known as the defender of the oppressed, one who never failed, when there was an earthly possibility of succor to the suffering. You are the help on which I now rely. It is not yet too late."

"Madam," answered Marion, gravely and sadly, "I never failed yet in attempting to do my duty. But there are times, when our duty and the desire of the moment must be at variance. It is so now. I am under engagement to meet Sumpter, at Otter Creek, with every man under my command, by to-morrow, at the farthest. My failing so to do would endanger many lives, which, I may say without disrespect, are as valuable to their families and their country as those of your own kindred. Grieved am I to say this, yet there is no alternative. Your enemies must have arrived at Preston long before we could reach them. And to attack them then would be madness, with anything short of the whole party I now have with me."

The girl made no reply, but, while a slight shudder ran through her form, drooped her head in silence. Sergeant Dougal, a fine, manly fellow, who had witnessed the whole passage, sprang up, exclaiming:

"General, I can't stand this. Where there is a will, there is a way. Where is Sergeant Jasper?" he added, glancing hastily round.

"Here!" answered Jasper, arousing from his recumbent position.

"I propose," continued Dougal, "that Jasper and myself undertake a scout on behalf of these prisoners. Who knows but fortune may cast us up some opportunity to aid them? Jasper and myself have seen such passages be-

fore now. You know us too well, general, to fancy that we wish to leave you when service is about to be done. But any man in your company is as worthy to fill the place of honor as ourselves; and to come to the point, general, I can never bear to see a woman in distress entreating for assistance, and that assistance denied her."

"Especially when the woman is so very pretty an one," murmured Jasper, *sotto voce*.

Marion stood irresolute. It was but a second.

"What is your name, my girl?" he abruptly inquired.

"Caroline Hendee."

"And your father's?"

"Major John Hendee."

"What! my father's old friend? If it be him, it shall never be said that Francis Marion refused him, in time of need, the services of two of his soldiers, even were those two his best. Dougal and Jasper, if you can imagine any opening for yourselves in this matter, you are at liberty. I can see none myself, but your ingenuity—"

"Say no more, general," interrupted Jasper. "We are ready, or at least will be in two hours from now. I am an older soldier than either Dougal or Miss Hendee, and know that every minute we take before that time will be doubly lost in the end. We shall find them at Preston. When we get there, we will see what can be done. Meantime, let us rest."

The brief, assured manner of the staunch soldier infused a sudden quiet even in the troubled heart of Miss Hendee. Her horse was picketed, a little bower of leafy limbs was quickly formed, and here he rested, not in slumber, but in resigned wakefulness, till the hour of departure.

A clock could scarcely have told that period more truly than Sergeant Jasper. Ere the hour had fallen, he was ready for action, with Dougal at his side; the latter more eager, indeed, but nevertheless exhibiting a modest deference to his elder and more experienced associate.

"Take the best of our half dozen horses, my lads," said Marion, awakening, "and Heaven speed you. Farewell, Miss Hendee."

"Farewell, general," she replied, in a low voice, and the three were quickly on their way. They went rapidly on till sometime after daylight, interchanging but few words. At last, they reached the road leading from Carlton Court House to Preston, in which latter direction the Hendees were supposed to have been taken. Dougal now suggested that they should trace the road back in the direction of Carlton, till they should arrive at a by-track which led in

the direction of Miss Hendee's residence, and which, as she informed them, was little more than half a mile distant.

"My father was a blacksmith," said Dougal, "and I have picked up an inkling of the trade myself; it has often stood me in stead. If, as you suspect, Jasper, certain of that party belong in Preston, I think we may discover a pretty sure indication of the direction which they have taken. There is an old fellow by the name of Peters there in Preston, noted as a horse-shoer. I've heard my father praise him to the skies. Peters always had a peculiar nick on the corner of his shoes, and the curve was certainly a little different from that of most smiths. I believe I could detect his shoes in tolerably soft ground; and if we can get hold of such a mark, we shall be a little safer of the villains."

They entered the by-road, and Dougal dismounted. After a careful examination, he turned to his companions, and said:

"I have found several marks, on the edge of the turf here along, which I am sure must have been made by Peters's shoes. One or more of the horses have been shod in this way. But they all point from the highway, and none to it. If it were so with all the others, I should know that the fellows threw out a hint for the purpose of misleading. But we must trace them still farther back."

"The blacksmith leads," replied Jasper, briefly.

The three now proceeded carefully and slowly forward, every now and then stopping to examine the road with a minute regard. Miss Hendee's countenance began to show most plainly the effects of the contest between deep despondency and an ill-sustained hope. Jasper was calm and wary; Dougal's face keen and ardent in its bearing, his eyes flashing and piercing, like a sword, into every indication which lay before him. Thus they proceeded; till they reached a narrow lane which diverged from the by-road, near a mile from where they had left the highway. Dougal scanned it closely; then, passing on, let fall his glance on the ground.

"Back!" he cried, with instant decision. "They must have taken to the lane."

They turned about; and Jasper and Dougal, dismounting, entered the lane. They prosecuted their search for twenty or thirty rods with some uncertainty, when all at once Dougal shouted:

"I have found it! Ah, the artful villains. They must have led their horses in file for this distance."

Jasper's face lighted up. "They have gone

down to Ebenezer," he said. "I am as confident of it as of my own existence. And I am pretty confident, too, that that crafty Tim Hughes, of Preston, is of the company. I thought I could recognize him in Miss Hendee's description of one of them."

They mounted again, and Dougal, turning to his fair companion, said:

"We part then. Believe that we will do whatever is in our power. In the meantime, assist us with your prayers at home."

"Home!" she repeated, with a mournful emphasis. "It will not be home when they are gone. But farewell; I will hope for the best," she added, in a livelier tone.

She extended her hand to each, and slowly turned her horse's head. Dougal watched her as if in a trance.

"Dougal," exclaimed Jasper, "have you lost your senses? Come, this is no time for delay."

Dougal colored to the brow, and touching his rein, sped forward. Hours afterward, they halted in a little valley by the side of a running brook.

"It is time to alter the plan of operations," said Jasper. "We are now little more than four miles from Ebenezer. The change of dress, which we made at the outset, has answered sufficiently, so far; but henceforth, we must look more sharply to our disguise. We will turn our horses adrift in yonder field, and carry the accoutrements to the barn, whose top you see just above the ridge of ground. Further over, in the hollow, stands the house of an old farmer, with whom I would trust my life. We will go there, and prepare ourselves in good rustic manner; at the same time we will leave a word for our poor beasts, who have done their part, certainly. We must leave our true rifles behind, also, ill though I like it."

In little more than half an hour, the pair re-issued at a more advanced point of the road, which brought them a distant view of the fort at Ebenezer. And, certainly, not even his nearest friend, meeting Jasper, without foreknowledge, would have recognized him in his present bearing, or have taken him for other than what he simulated, an uncouth, shallow-pated rustic. Dougal, also, had so far profited by the instructions of his astute companion, as to play a like part with sufficient accuracy and such variations as the case appeared to demand.

"It is all the better for us," said Jasper, "that they have taken their prisoners to Ebenezer, seeing that I have a brother in the fort, who, I am sorry to say it, has chosen to take up with the British. Yet he is a good fellow, after

all, notwithstanding his heart is 'listed on the wrong side."

They trudged on to the fort, which they entered, without exciting remark or suspicion. Jasper and his friend rambled about the shops and barracks; the former making, with an air of stolid curiosity, such disconnected inquiries as would answer his purpose without drawing notice. Having separated from Dougal, with the agreement that the latter should meet him in the yard of a tavern at a given time, Jasper entered the barrack enclosure, and asked for Sergeant William Jasper. "If he isn't busy," he added, "his cousin, Tom Lank, wants to see him."

This appellation was a boyish nickname, familiar in the early days of the two brothers, and now unknown, except to themselves. In two or three minutes, William appeared. He cast a troubled look at his brother, while extending his hand, he said:

"How do you do, Tom? Come in; I'm off duty for a while."

As soon as they had withdrawn aside, William inquired: "What in heaven's name, Thomas, brings you here? What need of such a fearful risk of your life?"

"Why," replied his brother, "I thought it no great harm to come and see you, Will, knowing that nobody here would recognize me. And perhaps it may please you to hear that I have quitted the service. I have had about enough of fighting and exposure and starvation. I'm not sure but I made some mistake in taking up arms with the whigs."

"I am glad to hear you," said the other, with pleased surprise. "The rebels must all be conquered, sooner or later, and it is well that you have come to your senses, Tom. Come and join us. I can assure you of your former grade, and not a man in the British army would be more certain of promotion than the famous Sergeant Tom Jasper."

"No, no, Bill. If I give up fighting for my country, that is no reason why I should fight against it. I should get a sort of fame in that way that I should not covet."

"I must be content, if you will have it so," replied the other, with a disappointed look. "The half is better than none. Our brotherly regard need not be marred by the matter. *That* has never changed, and I hope it never will."

About an hour afterward, Jasper met Dougal at the appointed place.

"So far we have prospered," said the first. "The Hendees are here, as I was well assured beforehand. They are to leave under guard for Savannah to-morrow morning. 'While there's

life, there's hope;' and we must follow them, in hopes of something turning up."

"But how have you been able to get the intelligence?" inquired Dougal.

"O, by just putting my ingenuity at work, in various ways. In the first place, I had to play a little deception on good brother Will. Not much, neither. I told him I had thought of quitting the whigs. So I *had* thought. But I guess I've concluded not to do it," he added, with a slight chuckle. "However, you may depend on the information. To-morrow, at seven, I will fall in with you just outside of the village, on the Savannah road. To-night, you must needs remain here. I am to return to my brother."

Dougal passed a restless night, agitated by the apparent hopelessness of their enterprise, and reflecting, not on the danger which threatened themselves, but on the fate which awaited the Hendees, in case of the probable failure of rescue. And in the circumstances of the times, there was little doubt that the gibbet would be the portion of one or all of them. It were no disparagement, however, to say that Dougal's thoughts were more absorbed by the distress of the daughter, than by the future sufferings of her kindred. If he fell asleep, it was only to dream of her, as imploring him, with agonizing entreaty, to prevent the catastrophe which he saw no means of averting. In this frame of mind, the approach of day was eagerly welcomed; and having risen and partaken of a light repast, the prospect of action restored his wonted composure.

When he joined Jasper, at the outskirts of the village, his heart expanded with the sense of freedom. His eyes glowed with animation as he turned them on his companion.

"Now then!" he said, in a tone of inquiry.

"I claim the command," answered Jasper, with a smile. "I have the advantage of a better acquaintance with the country, not to speak of a little seniority in age. We have the start of them for some time. Let us first, by way of precaution, take a different road from the one which they will pursue. We can, by-and-by, fetch a sweep around and return to this road."

Dougal assented. A *detour* of no great length soon brought them back on the Savannah highway, and out of sight of the fort at Ebenezer. The region was in one respect favorable to the adventurers, for the road was frequently bordered by woodlands, whose shelter would preserve them from discovery. Jasper and Dougal, having established themselves in concealment, lay in wait till they began to imagine that

some unexpected incident must have prevented the departure of the guard and their prisoners. Their patience, nevertheless, was rewarded; for those whom they sought at last hove in sight, proceeding down the road in orderly array. The guard consisted of ten men, including two subordinate officers. The prisoners marched in the midst, and their gloomy countenances told the nature of their anticipations. Jasper closely scrutinized the carriage of the soldiers, as they passed, and he was forced to acknowledge that their alert and disciplined bearing presented little encouragement for himself and companion.

"I foresee," he said, "that it will be a long hunt, and mayhap no prize got at the end."

The pair presently arose, and, keeping the highway at a safe distance, followed on, mile after mile, mile after mile, dogging the steps of their enemies with watchful pertinacity. No sign of hopeful carelessness appeared in the conduct of the royalists. The same steady discipline was preserved, the same compact array, whether halting or in march. Still Jasper and Dougal kept on. The noon was near at hand. The Savannah river was crossed. The scouts toiled up a long hill, weary and faint with fatigue, and with the constant watch, on every side, which necessity enjoined upon them. They gained the top of the ascent, and there, below them, in full view and close at hand, rose the city of Savannah, the head quarters of the British command. Jasper paused at the sight, and folding his arms, looked his companion in the face. That glance expressed all. Dougal gnashed his teeth in despair.

"Is there no hope," he exclaimed, "of getting at those cursed Tories? Must we return, then, without a single blow?"

Jasper bent his head for a moment in silence, and then, turning back, motioned Dougal to follow.

"Go, coward!" said the latter, in a low, hissing voice.

Jasper's eyes flashed fire, and his hand instinctively sought the side where his sword would have hung. The next moment, with a kindly smile, he replied:

"You have mistaken my purpose."

The gallant Dougal shed tears of shame, as, grasping his companion by the hand, he acknowledged the error of which he had been guilty. Falling back, below the brow of the hill, they now crossed the high road, and struck into a path scarce distinguishable amid the verdure which surrounded it. Rapidly pursuing its course, they returned to the road, where the latter opened on a cool flower-bordered spring,

whose quiet depths, imaging, in softened lustre, the glowing sky above, refreshed the weary eye, as much as the limpid waters might the parched and fevered tongue. A gentle slope of green separated it from the road-side. The thicket embowered the tranquil space, and made the fountain doubly sweet to the noon-tired wayfarer. Even Jasper and Dougal, crouching in ambush, felt their hearts touched by the peaceful serenity around them. It was only for a moment. The sound of approaching footsteps absorbed their attention. The soldiers appeared; they neared the little opening.

"Halt!" said the officer in command.

The corporal, with four others, led the prisoners to the spring. The rest grounded arms near the road, and threw themselves at ease on the soft turf. Jasper and Dougal lay, watching each motion with an intentness which scarcely allowed them to breathe. The former placed his fingers lightly on the other's arm. Two of the corporal's associates continued at guard, while two others momentarily rested their pieces against a tree, in order to fill their canteens. As they did so, Jasper pressed Dougal with a sudden gripe. A single bound, and the muskets were in their grasp! An instant explosion, and the sentinels fell lifeless. With the but-ends of the muskets, two others were levelled to the earth, as the astounded survivors gained their feet. Too late! Fresh pieces, presented with deadly aim, brought them to a stand.

"He dies," exclaimed Jasper, "who moves a single inch from among you. Major Hendee, here are arms for you and your companions."

The royalists, in their new character of prisoners, were faced about and harried off through by-ways, and across the country, as rapidly as might be. Nevertheless, it was not till the following afternoon that they were able to reach the neighborhood of Ivy Farm, as the residence of Major Hendee was termed. The dwelling of Dunmore Jones, a whig partisan, stood a few miles distant from Ivy Farm; and here, Jasper and Dougal, calling a halt, found, to their great satisfaction, a party of Marion's men, and Miss Hendee herself. Unable to endure the suspense, she had ridden over, a few hours previous, in order, if possible, to gain some tidings of the absentees. We will not attempt to describe the delightful meeting, but rather leave it to the imagination of the reader. When the first rapture had subsided to a gentler enjoyment, Caroline Hendee eagerly listened to the account which her relatives gave of their rescue. Their enthusiastic praise was re-echoed in her heart and countenance. The moment arrived when

the rescued were obliged to separate from their deliverers. The former, mounting the steeds which had been supplied to them, prepared to depart. Last of all, Caroline Hendee, turning to Jasper and Dougal, addressed them both, although, by accident or design, her words were delivered more especially to the latter :

"As I was the instigator of your perilous errand," she said, "it doubly becomes me to acknowledge the benefits which we have received. We never can repay them. But if ever there should come a day when a Hendee can be of any aid to you, remember that there are friends at Ivy Farm, whose all is at your disposal."

His eyes quailed in manly abashment before the bright orbs, which shone the more, for the sparkling moisture which they bore. He bowed, answering not a word. But long after the form of Caroline Hendee had vanished from his sight, he continued gazing on the point whence the last glimpse had reached him.

"Fool that I am!" he said, in his reverie. "I, a simple, unlettered sergeant, can I think of aspiring to her? Yes, I may so strive, as hereafter to be at least worthy of her remembrance!"

He was aroused by the sound of the bugle. He hastened to join the ranks. Then came the word of command :

"Prisoners in the centre. To the right wheel, and march!"

Month after month rolled on, and years began and ended, while the patriots continued their struggles. Ofttimes, their cause sank to the lowest ebb; when, in the very crisis of despair, fortune would again smile on their efforts. But after many a desperate field, after many a scene of cruelty, scarce paralleled in the North, the flag of liberty triumphed, and the invaders sullenly anticipated the fast approaching hour when they should be forced to vacate their sole remaining fortress in the South.

Four years had passed since the incidents narrated in the main of our story, when a gentleman, in military undress, rode up the carriage way which crossed the lawn in front of the Hendee mansion. A young man, who had been reclining in the porch of the house, came forward to give greeting. No sooner, however, had he caught a nearer sight of the rider's features, than he hastily advanced, with a joyful recognition.

"Welcome to Ivy Farm, dear sir. Colonel Dougal, if I am correct?"

"The same," replied the other.

"Most happy are we to receive you, especially as we shall thus have the pleasure of your presence on an agreeable occasion. My sister's wedding takes place this eve, and you will be with us?"

The gallant colonel recoiled. A sudden pallor overspread his face.

"I cannot—or, rather, I fear I shall not be able to be present at the fortunate event; but will pay my regards—"

"My dear sir," interrupted young Hendee, "you surely will not leave us to-night? And you look ill; you need rest. At the very least, remain till to-morrow, colonel."

"Excuse me," said the soldier, recovering himself, and forcing an air of gayety. "It can hardly be so. But, as I said before, I can at least pay my respects to the bride."

A negro took the colonel's horse in charge, and young Hendee, with his guest, entered the house. The latter was received with grateful warmth. Nevertheless, his secret disquiet ere long made itself perceptible to his friends, although he did his best to conceal it. Some of the family being called to attend to arrangements within, the colonel was left alone with Caroline.

"Henry tells me," said the latter, "that you speak of leaving us this afternoon. Surely, colonel, you cannot be so unkind? And this eve, of all others," she added, half reproachfully.

"It may appear singular, Miss Hendee. But when duty calls, we may hardly choose but obey. However, I have the opportunity of offering my congratulations. Is it not strange," he added, with an ill-executed smile, "that I should, without previous knowledge of its approach, have arrived just on the eve of your wedding?"

"Mine!" exclaimed Caroline, with astonishment. "The wedding of my sister Anna, you mean. Do you not recollect her, colonel?"

The surprise redoubled his agitation; and the emotion was even, in some degree, mutual.

"Miss Hendee," said Dougal, "I know I am abrupt in what I would say; but how can I be otherwise? You have this moment restored me to existence. It remains for you to determine the future tenor of my life. The thoughts of you has been constant with me for years. It has been constant with me in danger and in victory. It has inspired me in the strife for distinction. Whatever I have gained has been the consequence of that thought. And now, pardon me, I ask but one word in answer. May I but hope?"

What that answer was, may be supposed from the fact that the colonel remained that evening at the wedding, and assisted with a light heart. Nor did he go the next day; nor the next after. And when he did leave Ivy Farm, he went not companionless!

Men are very vain creatures, and of all things hate to be thought so.

THE RAIN.

BY FREDERICK J. ESTES.

How pleasantly the white clouds send
 Their treasure down again;
 And look! see how the green leaves bend
 Beneath the dropping rain.
 As falls it silently around
 In little drops so still,
 Without the music of a sound,
 Along the vale and hill.

But where the ever-restless sea
 Rolls o'er unfathomed caves,
 In freedom and in melody,
 It patters on the waves.
 Like tiny bells its echoes skim
 Along the watery deep;
 And waken music sweet and dim,
 Where youth and beauty sleep.

The rain—the rain—the summer rain,
 It comes from God above;
 O thanks, that heaven is oped again,
 To issue showers of love.
 And on the spirit may they fall,
 In peace and power divine;
 Life's cup of bitterness and gall
 To sweeten and refine.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER:

—AND—

HOW MR. NOTTLEBY GOT RID OF HIM.

BY AUSTIN O. BURDICK.

MR. JOHN NOTTLEBY had been married just five years, and during that time he had enjoyed a great deal of domestic bliss, for John had found a very good wife in Susan Perkins. She was a neat, tidy, bustling woman, full of spirit and affection, and very fond of her husband. While she had been Susan Perkins, John looked in vain for a blemish in her character or disposition; but when she became Mrs. Susan Nottleby, she began to betray a symptom which John had never before noticed. Simply, she was very apt to be jealous. To be sure, before marriage, Susan had suffered some half dozen crying spells because her lover had been very attentive to other females; but then he was pleased with that, for it proved how fondly Susan loved him, and, he thought, how fearful she was of losing him. "But," he said to himself, "after we are married, then she'll be sure of me, and such little things won't be noticed." But he was mistaken.

It happened very unfortunately for John that he was a handsome man, and very fond of company, and living in the very town where he was born and brought up, it was impossible for him to move along the pathway, even of married life,

without some friendly familiarity with the good-natured females of his acquaintance. If he stopped in the street to converse even a minute with one of his old feminine school-mates, and Mrs. Nottleby could find it out, she was sure to catechise him closely; and it most generally wound off with a sardonic laugh on John's part, and a real good cry on Susan's.

John argued and argued in vain, for his protestations were not believed, and matters became worse instead of better. One evening Mabel Brown called and took tea with Susan, and remained until quite late. Mabel was a pretty, laughter-loving girl, and poor John had, unfortunately for him, often spoken of her beauty and gentleness. The clock struck ten before Mabel arose to depart. John went to the door, and found that great, black clouds had spread themselves all over the heavens, and that consequently it was very dark. Of course he could not think of such a thing as allowing Mabel to go home alone, and he offered to accompany her. He met his wife's fierce admonitory look, but he took little notice of it. Mabel laughed and joked in high glee at the idea, and, even after she and her escort had reached the street, Mrs. Nottleby could hear her tongue running "like a mill-clapper," as she termed it.

Mr. Brown's house was not a great distance off, and John meant to hurry right home; but when he reached the place, he found the old gentleman up, and he was asked to walk in.

"Guess not."

"Who's that?" cried Mr. Brown from the sitting-room. "Ah—it is you, is it?" he added, hurrying into the hall. "Just the man I wanted to see. Come in a moment."

"But—"

"No *but*s now, Nottleby, but come in, for I have business."

So John went in, and Mabel sat down close by.

Now John Nottleby was a house-painter by trade, and Brown wanted his house painted as soon as possible. John agreed to do it the next week, if the weather was favorable; and the next thing was to ascertain the amount of materials.

"I'm going to town, to-morrow," said Brown, "and must get my paints, and how much must I have? I had intended to call in and see you in the morning, but this will save me all that trouble."

So Mr. Brown made an estimate of something near the amount of surface he had to paint, and then Nottleby estimated the amount of white lead, oil, and other matters that would be wanted. All this took up time—over half an hour—and when John reached his house, he was thinking

of the profitable job he had just engaged. But his thoughts were turned into another channel ere long. He found his wife waiting for him.

"Well," she uttered, in tones something like the snapping of a frosty nail, "you've done it now, haven't you?"

"Eh?" returned John. "Done what?"

"Done what? And you don't know what you've done! O, John Nottleby, you'll kill me! You are breaking my heart by inches!"

"For mercy's sake, Susan, tell me what has happened now. What have I done?"

"What? O, wretch! wretch! Where have you been this last hour?"

"At Mr. Brown's."

"O, and you don't blush to tell it. Misery! Misery!"

"Why, Susan Nottleby, what *has* possessed you? I've been doing some business with Mr. Brown."

"Can you look me in the face and tell me that?"

"Why, it's so. I've engaged to paint his house."

"You have! You engaged to paint Mr. Brown's house?"

"I have."

"And you'll be near your *dear* Mabel now!"

"O, you're jealous, are you? You think I am in love now, with Mabel Brown?"

"I know it, sir! I know it! O! O! O!"

"There—I'd be a fool and done with it. Here have I been married to you five years, and you have never seen one thing in me out of the way. Yet you will be jealous at every little thing, and make misery for us both. Why will you do so?"

"Why will I? And isn't your spending an hour with Mabel Brown at this time of night something to be jealous of, I'd like to know?"

"But I haven't been with Mabel. It's her father that I have been talking with. And I've been engaging work, to earn money to feed and clothe you with."

"O, that's right. Twist away. You feed and clothe me? I'd like to know what I do? O, I knew you'd stop with her when you went away! I knew it. I saw the love in your eye!"

Argument was useless now. John swore that he cared nothing for Mabel Brown, while Susan declared that he did.

"Very well," said the poor man, after he had been told for the twentieth time that he loved Mabel better than he did his own wife, "very well, Susan, let it go so. If there is a man in the world who could stand and hear such stuff from your lips as I have heard to-night, and then love you after it, I should like to see him."

At this Mrs. Nottleby burst into a furious flood of tears, and her husband went off to bed.

It was several days before this storm passed over, and even after John had commenced to paint Mr. Brown's house, his wife would often pass and re-pass the premises to see if her husband was steady at his work. Once she saw Mabel out holding his brush for him while he mixed some paint, and on that evening the domestic wind changed, and a squall passed over.

It was some weeks after this that the cap-sheaf was put upon Mrs. Nottleby's jealousy. One noon her husband threw off his working clothes and put on a nicer suit. She asked him where he was going, and he replied that he had some business to attend to. He went away, and she, with her jealousy beginning to move within her, commenced to wonder where he had gone. Of course all her conjectures took the darkest sides and shades of human probabilities, and ere long she had made up her mind that "there was something in the wind."

About five o'clock, Mrs. Mason, a female friend, called in on a short visit. Various matters were talked over, and at length the visitor said: "By the way, Mrs. Nottleby, who was that woman I saw your husband with this afternoon?"

Susan's eyes snapped in a moment, and her soul was in arms.

"Woman?" she uttered.

"Yes. I saw him coming up from the depot with a female leaning on his arm."

"Do you mean that, Mrs. Mason? Did you see my husband with a woman on his arm *this* afternoon?"

"I did—not over an hour since."

"O, the wretch! the wretch!"

"But it may have been a friend, Susan; or some—"

"Yes—it was a *friend*! Ah! Mrs. Mason, you don't know how I suffer! You don't—"

"Is it possible, my dear Mrs. Nottleby, that your husband is unfaithful?"

"Does not this look like it?"

"But I never would have believed that of John Nottleby," the visitor said, zealously. "This female may have been—"

"Ah, Mrs. Mason, you don't know anything about that man, now. If he had been going on any honorable business he would have told me."

"But perhaps he did not think of it."

"Yes, he did! O, the wretch! He came home and dressed up, and when I asked him where he was going, he would not tell me. O, I cannot live so!"

Mrs. Mason made her escape as soon as pos-

sible, but there was a smile upon her face as she stood in the hall, and ere she left, she said, quietly:

"I fear, Susan, that you will make your husband unfaithful, if he is not so now. Were I to accuse my husband of impropriety without *knowing* of what I spoke, or were I to betray a jealousy of his movements, I am sure I should drive all his love away, and then it would be no wonder if he should seek for that comfort in the companionship of others which he could not find at home."

"But your husband aint my husband Mrs. Mason."

This was said rather severely, and, without answering, the visitor left.

From that time until her husband returned, Mrs. Nottleby suffered much, but she formed a new resolution for this time. She was resolved that she would now catch her husband in the very midst of his faithlessness. So she made up her mind that she would not say anything of what she had heard until she could find out some clue to his villany—some direct proof of his wickedness. It was hard for her to bridle her tongue, but she did it.

At the usual supper hour John came. He was all smiles and joy. Mrs. N. came near giving way to her passion. O, the villain! See the smiles on his face, and the joy in his false, black heart. Even in his own house, and before his own wife, he hesitates not to show the ecstasy he feels in his guilty love!

After supper Mr. Nottleby arose and put on his hat. It was almost sundown, and what could be his business out again?

"I shall be back soon, my love," he said, smiling with real kindness and joy.

"O, you will—ah?" the wife uttered, in a tone than which none could be more contemptuous.

"I shall, most assuredly," he replied, moving to her side, and attempting to kiss her.

But she pushed him off with indignation.

"Put not your polluted lips to mine, sir!"

"Susan?"

"Away! touch me not!"

Mr. Nottleby gazed a moment into his wife's face, and then, without another word, he turned from the apartment. As soon as he had gone, the wife hurried away to her dressing-room, and threw on her bonnet and shawl as quickly as possible, and in a few moments more she was in the street. She looked down towards the centre of the village, and she saw her husband making his way down with quick steps, and, with steps of her own, fall as quick, she followed him. At length she saw him enter the hotel, and then she walked more slowly.

The sun was just sinking when she reached the broad hall into which she had seen her husband enter, and, having assured herself that she was not seen by him, she made her way on to the kitchen, where were one or two females with whom she was acquainted. She found the landlady herself there, and, as soon as she could command herself and get breath, she called her one side.

"Mrs. Varnum—excuse me—but my husband is in this house."

"He is," replied the landlady.

"And—and—there's a female with him!"

"He brought a lady with him this afternoon."

"He did!—Yes—I know it. Where is that woman's room?"

"Do you wish to see her?"

"I wish to see my husband, madam."

For a single moment a flush of anger appeared on Mrs. Varnum's face, but she soon drove it away, and a faint, pitying smile took its place.

"You will find the lady's room at number fifteen, just at the head of the stairs," she said, and then returned to her work.

Mrs. Nottleby started off in quest of the vile partner. Number fifteen was very easily found, and, as she stepped near the door, she heard voices. She listened, and one of them was a female voice, the other, her husband's! Her fire was up now, and, having given her teeth one good gritting, and her hands a good clenching, she threw open the door and stalked into the room. Mercy!—what a sight! There, upon a broad sofa, sat her own husband, and by his side—close to him—sat a woman!

There was not light enough in the apartment to enable Mrs. Nottleby to distinguish countenances plainly, but she knew that the woman was handsome.

"And so you have *business*, Mr. Nottleby!" the mad wife hissed out, with doubly-refined and extra-concentrated venom. "*This* is your business, is it?"

"Susan!" uttered Mr. Nottleby, at first seeming to doubt whether or no his wife could be in earnest.

"Don't call me Susan, you poor, mean, dirty, sneaking, despicable, rascally, contemptible wretch, you! Now you'll plead innocence again, wont you? You'll be like a babe, I s'pose. O, yes! 'Tis n't likely butter would melt in your mouth! O you nasty, low, miserable, creeping, rotten-hearted villain!"

Both the gentleman and his companion seemed thunder-struck, but the Xantippe gave them little opportunity to think, for as soon as she could gain breath she turned to the woman.

"And you," she uttered, while her teeth gritted like two rocks, "you are in fine business, arn't you? I'd like to know what you think of yourself, you low, sunken, degraded creature! How will you ever dare to show your face by daylight again? But you haint got no shame, you poor, miserable, degraded, dirty thing!"

"Susan!" spoke the woman, in a tone of pain and surprise, "*Susan, is this you?*"

Mrs. Nottleby started back aghast, and a deadly pallor overspread her face. Then she bent forward and gazed eagerly into the face of her who had spoken. A few moments she stood thus, and then, with a low, deep groan of shame, she tottered forward and sank down upon her knees, with her face hidden in the woman's lap.

"O, Susan! Susan!"

"Forgive me! Forgive me! O, my mother, I did not know 'twas you!"

"But you knew 'twas your husband, my child. You know him."

"O—I did not—I—I—O, forgive me!"

"And have you no faith in your husband's honor?—no confidence in his love?"

But Susan began to cry, and her mother clasped her to her bosom and kissed her, and for the present the matter was passed over.

Susan had not seen her mother before for four long years. The very next year after she was married her parents moved away South, and she had not seen them since.

Ere long the door was opened again, and when Susan looked up, she saw a tall, stout, manly form, and when she heard his voice, she knew 'twas her father. She arose and uttered a low cry of joy, and was, on the next moment, clasped to his bosom.

Shortly after this, the party started for John's dwelling. It was some time before Susan could be herself, but even then she could not be wholly happy; and through the whole long evening she suffered much.

"Ah, John, you couldn't keep the secret after all, eh?" said Mr. Perkins, towards the latter part of the evening.

"What secret, father?" asked Susan, without reflection.

"Why, when I sent the telegraphic despatch to John, this forenoon, I just hinted to him not to let you know it, but to meet us at the depot. He met us there, and as I had imperative business at the upper mills, I told him to take your mother to the hotel, and let her stop there until I came, and then we'd take you by surprise. But he couldn't hold it, it seems."

"Ah," interposed the mother, as she saw her daughter's face mantling with shame, "Susy

found us out. She mistrusted there was something in the wind."

Poor Susan! she saw now how she had wronged her husband; and she saw, too, why he had been so happy when he came home to supper. She resolved in her heart, if she could ever get over this, she would never be jealous again.

It was a week after that, and Susan and her mother sat alone together in the snug little sitting-room of the former. Her beloved visitors were to return on the next day.

"And now, my child," said the mother, in continuation of a subject already broached, "what have you ever seen in John to give you cause for jealousy?"

"Why—"

"Ah, Susan—none of that. Speak promptly. If, by one single act of his life he has given you just cause to distrust his faith, you have not forgotten it. Now has he ever done so?"

"No, mother—he has not."

"And yet you see how you would have ruined him."

"But he had been cold, mother; and he almost treated me with neglect, at times."

"And why should he not? Why, Susan, if I should—or rather if I had, at your age, spoken but once to my husband as you admit you had spoken to John before he ever showed any neglect, he would have spurned me from him at once. O, my child, if you would ruin your husband, let him see that your confidence is lost in him. If you would drive him from you, let him see that you are jealous of him."

"I see it all, mother—I see it, and I will do so no more."

On the evening of the next day John Nottleby and his wife were left alone with their two little children. The little ones were put to bed, and for some time afterwards the husband and wife sat in silence. At last Susan tremulously said:

"John, we will never be unhappy again." Her voice trembled, and the tears started down her cheeks, and with a low sob, she buried her face in his bosom.

The husband knew what she meant, but he could only wind his arms about her, and draw her more closely to him. He knew how truly she loved him, and how kind her heart was by nature, and he believed she had received a lesson that would effectually cure her of the one only fault of her domestic life.

And the husband's hopes were blessed, for Susan courted the green-eyed monster no more. She had fully realized how dangerous such a domestic indweller was, and from that time she gave not again her heart to the demon.

THE STAR.

BY WILLIE M. PABOR.

Ay! blot it out of memory's book,
 And tear it from thy heart;
 And when at night you on it look,
 Remember not the part
 It acted in the happy eld,
 Recalling one afar,
 Who o'er thy soul the love-place held
 As life's uprising star.

That eastern chamber, where its ray
 Fell softly on the floor:
 O, close its casement when the day
 Goes darkling down the shore:
 For those pure beams might speak of one
 Who shrined thee in his heart;
 Whose woof of love thy own hand spun—
 Only to tear apart.

The years shall come, the years shall go,
 What might have been, is not;
 But yet that twinkling star shall glow
 When I shall be forgot.
 You'll link it with some other love,
 But none so true as mine:
 While earth below or heaven above
 Hath none so false as thine.

THE PICNIC.

BY FRANCIS W. SANFORD.

"PICNIC.—The splendid new yacht *Step-and-fetch-it* will leave the end of Short Wharf, at half past five o'clock precisely, on Thursday morning, June 23d, for a picnic excursion down the harbor, to such place as the ladies and gentlemen composing the party may elect. The above yacht is a fast sailer, having a beautiful cabin, and splendid accommodations for passengers, copper fastened throughout, and the greatest care will be taken that there shall be nothing to offend the ladies, fitted up in the best possible manner and warranted perfectly safe, or the money will be refunded. Tickets for the excursion, fifty cents. Gentlemen will bring their own refreshments.

J. GRUMMET, *Commander.*"

Such was the purport and intent of a yellowish, oblong placard, which greeted the eyes of Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins, as he leisurely wended his way homeward from "the office," as he was wont—at his boarding-house—to designate the little ten by twelve shop, where he daily pursued the humble but honest avocation of renovating the understandings of such worms of the dust as stood in a bad pair of boots and need of his services; for Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins, I am sorry to say, was rather above his business, not physically—for he stood but five feet, three and one eighth in his highest heeled boots—but mentally. His mind soared above even upper leather; and

he fondly supposed his little equivocations deceived his fellow-boarders, as to his real profession, and they, not caring to crush this harmless vanity, allowed him to think so.

It was certainly wrong in Mr. Tompkins to be ashamed of a profession that has produced more remarkable men than almost any other—such men as Hans Sachs, "the most spiritual shoemaker that ever handled awl," Bloomfield, the (some think) poet, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the admiral, and a host of others equally illustrious; but as that was his only fault, we must overlook it.

Ezekiel gazed long and earnestly at the placard, read and re-read it, while his thoughts wandered back to the days of his boyhood, the days of youth and innocence, when a picnic was the height of human enjoyment. How vividly he recalled the thick pine grove, near his father's house, the scene of innumerable merry-makings; the many times he had made himself sick with over-eating, and tired with overmuch play; and still more vividly came the remembrance of the return home, weary and sleepy, after the day's frolic, the thrilling exordium from his mother upon the subject of the total depravity of little boys in general, and her own little boy in particular, usually winding up in himself being vigorously spanked and put to bed—a punishment by no means commensurate with the heinousness of the crime committed in climbing trees, and getting pitch on his go-to-meeting trousers.

Over all these scenes, and others of later years, his mind wandered, until it brought up before a huge pot of clam chowder, which he had assisted in eating just twelve months previous. What a chowder was that! what a delicate aroma distilled from its steaming surface! what a delicious flavor pervaded the whole! And then, such clams! how temptingly the delicious and somewhat gritty bivalves appealed to his epicurean taste, as with a coy and clam-like modesty they concealed themselves between two semi-crackers; but, above all, those celestial onions—princes among the tribes of "garden sars"—with what loving fondness he dwelt upon every circumstance connected with their introduction into the pot; and a deep sigh escaped him, that it was only a remembrance. As those loved and unforgotten onions came thronging into his mind, his mouth watered, as, twelve months before, his eyes had done, when engaged in the pleasant occupation of "peelin' on 'em."

Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins was decided he would go to the picnic; and, furthermore, he would

take Car'line with him. For him to resolve, was to accomplish; and withdrawing his eyes from the placard, he proceeded to take them home.

With the complacency and conscious dignity of a man who has fully and decidedly made up his mind upon a subject of vital importance, Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins dispatched his supper, arrayed himself in his most becoming attire, and turned his steps in the direction of Slapnp Square, in which was situated the residence of Mrs. Smithers, the mother of Car'line.

Miss Caroline Smithers, or Car'line—to adopt the pronunciation of her friends and acquaintances—was the eldest of the four amiable and fascinating young ladies who called Mrs. Smithers by the venerated and endearing title of mother. From an early period of her existence, she had devoted her young energies, with an enthusiastic and untiring zeal, to the cause of vest making, in which laudable pursuit she received aid and comfort from her three younger sisters, each of whom she had initiated into the arts and mysteries of the profession, as soon as they stepped out of pantaletts and into long dresses, and arrived at the years of indiscretion, or, in other words, became full fledged young ladies.

Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins had made the acquaintance of Miss Smithers at a dancing party, the previous winter, and his little heart had, without a struggle, been carried away into captivity. Mr. Ezekiel considered Miss Car'line an adorable creature; Miss Car'line entertained a precisely similar opinion. Mr. Ezekiel thought he would like to get married; Miss Car'line felt nothing could be more delightful. Mr. Ezekiel considered himself a great catch, with whom any young lady would be happy to enter into a matrimonial alliance; but this feeling was not reciprocal, for Miss Car'line considered herself worthy a far higher destiny. But this she carefully concealed from him; for—as any young lady will tell you—good beaux are scarce, and it is a highly impolitic measure to discourage even a poor one, until a substitute is provided, and a poor beau is universally acknowledged to be infinitely better than no beau at all. For these reasons, Miss Car'line encouraged the addresses of Mr. Tompkins, and had fully decided to say yes, at the very first solicitation—provided she had no opportunity of saying yes to any other person, in the interim.

Miss Smithers, upon the evening in question, was busily engaged in “pressing off” a vest, when a succession of raps announced a visitor.

“Run, M'tildy, look out the entry winder, and see who that is a rappin',” said Car'line to her youngest sister but two.

Matilda vanished, and having ascertained that the raps were occasioned by a series of collisions between the knuckles of Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins and the outside of the front door, returned, with considerable celerity.

“La, Car'line, it's Mr. Tompkins, and I shouldn't wonder if he was a goin' to take you to see the Rayvils, for he's fixed up real smart and got his best things on.”

Miss Car'line, upon receipt of this intelligence, hastily put the vest out of sight, shied a bundle of work into the bed-room and closed the door, then, with a dexterous movement of her foot, concealed some half-finished materials beneath the bureau, and catching up some soiled linen, destined for next Monday's wash, made a precipitate retreat up stairs, for the purpose of “doing” her hair, and putting on her new striped de laine and imitation thread lace collar, which the shopman had assured her would “do up” as well as the real article, if she didn't starch it too much; for, not expecting callers, she had been attired in a somewhat negligent, though picturesque costume. Those little etceteras, which possess the wonderful properties of making a fine lady out of almost anything, being duly accomplished, she descended to the parlor.

“How should you like to go to a picnic down the harbor?” inquired Ezekiel, after the usual stereotyped remarks concerning the weather, and the health of the respective members of the party; “'cause me and some other gentlemen are a goin' to get one up next Thursday, and I should like to have you go.”

“O my, how nice!” chorussed the three younger Misses Smithers.

“I should like it very much,” returned Caroline, with an air which was intended to convey the impression that she didn't like it at all; “that is,” she continued, after a pause, “if there is a good many ladies a goin', and the party is select and genteel.”

“O, as to that,” replied the aristocratic Tompkins, improvising the pleasant little fiction for the double purpose of quieting any scruples she might entertain, and raising himself in her estimation at the same time; “as to that, we are some of the first young fellers in town that has the gettin' of it up, and it isn't likely we should carry any ladies but those of the highest respectability; indeed, young Peppergrass, the rich banker's son, told me in confidence, last night, that he should bring a couple of young ladies belonging to one of the first families up town. By the way, M'tildy,” he continued, turning to that young lady, “I saw your feller, as I came

along down, and he'll be here, bime-by, to invite you to go too."

Matilda emitted a giggle of delight, and forthwith proceeded up stairs for the purpose of making such additions and alterations in her toilet, as would make the conquest of the aforesaid "feller" a matter of certainty; leaving her two younger sisters looking very unhappy, and evidently revolving in their minds the important question, how long they should remain unappropriated, and, consequently, deprived of the pleasure of picnic excursions, and other enjoyments incidental and appertaining to, and generally connected with, a "feller."

Ezekiel, with the penetration and tact of a veteran diplomatist, instantly divined the nature of their thoughts, and the excellent opportunity of playing the grand seignor, at a very moderate cost, and he at once proceeded to make a display of his liberality.

"Well, girls," he went on to say, with the air of an emperor bestowing a dukedom, "if you shouldn't happen to get an invite, between now and next Thursday morning, you might as well make up your minds to, go along with us. There's no use doing the thing half way."

The girls expressed their ecstasy and a grateful sense of the favor conferred, by simultaneously ejaculating, "O my!" "aint it real nice!" and divers other notes of admiration, which, together with an interesting pantomimic display, usually denotes the supreme felicity of young ladies.

The various preliminary matters being arranged, and the oft repeated injunction to be all ready and have the last string tied by five o'clock, Thursday morning, being as often answered by the assurance that they would be all ready and waiting by half past four, Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins took his hat, and his departure, leaving the Smithers family something mote than favorably impressed with his very gentlemanly behaviour and unbounded generosity.

Thursday morning at length arrived, and Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins arose to a day of pleasure and adventure. The morning was delightful. Ezekiel "knew it would be just such a day." If it had rained pitchforks, he would have said precisely the same thing; but as to that, so would you or I, under the same circumstances, with perhaps the addition—to render the remark more emphatic—"just my luck; never undertook to go anywhere in my life, but what something happened." This last, being so obviously a fact, the remark would seem superfluous, but that the meaning of the sentence is the direct opposite of what the words imply; the impression

intended to be conveyed being that something occurred to prevent, which changes an indisputable fact into a palpable falsehood; but so efficacious has this little fiction been found, in soothing and alleviating disappointed feelings, that it is admitted unquestioned into the society of sentences of respectability and veracity.

Having satisfied himself in regard to the weather, he proceeded to array his little figure in such a style of gorgeous splendor, that Solomon, in all his glory, could not have beheld him without experiencing a feeling of admiration, if not envy. A deep blue dress coat, very full in the skirts, and enriched with a dazzling display of double gilt buttons, a pair of spotless white duck pants, a lavish display of shirt collar, loosely surrounded with a bright red cravat, confined by an immense brooch, made up of some material very like the object-glass of a moderate sized telescope, Laocoon like, enveloped in the folds of impossible serpents with a head upon both ends, a pair of patent leather boots, much too small, and a diminutive hat, destined apparently for the exclusive protection of his left ear, these, together with a magnificently illuminated vest, made up the external embellishments of the fascinating Tompkins; and it was with a complacent and self-satisfied smile that he regarded his counterfeit presentment in the mirror. But what of that? didn't you and I experience a precisely similar sensation when we tried on that new coat, for the first time, t'other Sunday morning? There is no use in denying it, for 'tis so; and our friend Tompkins felt not one whit more complacent than the very best of my readers would have done, under similar circumstances, and with an equally well fitting and becoming suit of clothes.

These little arrangements having been completed, Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins, throwing care to the winds and a light breakfast into his stomach, proceeded with a rapid step toward Slapup Square, and reached the residence of his beloved precisely as the clock was striking five from the tower of the neighboring church of St. Nicholas.

The square was silent and deserted at that early hour, in consequence of which the voice of Miss M'tildy could be heard, with very pleasing effect, for a considerable distance, as that young lady, with the greater part of her mortal coil protruding from one of the upper windows, poured forth her soul in the exquisitely plaintive air of "Wait for the wagon," which instantly ceased upon Ezekiel's commencing a vigorous assault upon the front door with his knuckles,

and removing her head from the window, she placed it before him.

"All ready, eh? Well, I'm glad of that, for we haven't but twenty minutes to get to the boat," he remarked, as the punctual M'tildy made her appearance, with a little red shawl about her shoulders, and a straw bonnet tied very tightly beneath her chin, giving her the appearance of having recently escaped decapitation, by the bungling manner in which the executioner performed his office, cutting her head only half off. "But where are the rest?" he continued, noticing the non-appearance of the others.

"We'll be down in a minnit," screamed Carline from the top of the stairs; and a confused murmur of voices and scuffling of feet running hastily higher and thither, smote ominously upon the ear of Mr. Ezekiel.

"Sarah Jane, why don't you come and hook up my dress?" exclaimed Carline, in a not very gentle tone of voice. "What have you done with them brown gaiter boots of mine?" angrily inquired a voice that clearly belonged to Sarah Jane, who was evidently more intent upon getting ready herself, than assisting her sister. "Felicia Ann, do get out from under my feet; how do you suppose I'm ever going to get ready, with you everlastingly standing before the glass?"

These, and kindred sounds, occupied a full half hour, while Mr. Ezekiel, frantic with impatience, alternately fretted and fumed, in concert with M'tildy, in the parlor; or rushed furiously into the street, to look at the clock, then rushed back with the announcement that it was almost noon—a species of exercise which he found so pleasant and exhilarating, that he continued it, at intervals of about one minute and three eighths, until the whole party, looking very cross and snappish, emerged from the door, and announced themselves ready for the expedition.

"There!" exclaimed Ezekiel, "I knew it would be just so; twenty minutes to seven! the boat, I suppose, has been gone this ten minutes." And the five pleasure seekers, burning with vexation toward each other, and faint from want of breakfast, and loss of the accustomed morning nap, proceeded, at a pace little short of a run, to accomplish the mile and a half that lay between them and "the haven where they would be." Up one street and down another they hurried, until, exhausted and out of breath, they arrived at Short Wharf. Their worst anticipations appeared to be realized; the wharf, instead of presenting the scene of bustling activity, which usually attends the departure of a picnic

party, was occupied only by a few dock loafers and laborers, smoking their morning pipes, and endeavoring to incite a deadly feud between two reluctant and depressed looking roosters, to the intense gratification of a couple of dirty, half naked urchins, who were making the place resound with their yells of delight.

"There, now, if it aint too bad!" simultaneously exclaimed Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins, Miss Carline, Miss M'tildy, Miss Sarah Jane, and Miss Felicia Ann Smithers, as the certainty of disappointment forced itself upon their minds; but still continuing to hasten toward the end of the wharf, as people always do, in such cases, as if there were some great consolation to be derived from an attentive and careful examination of the spot where the boat *has* been. But their surprise was only equalled by their pleasure, upon arriving at the stairs, to find the boat quietly laying in its accustomed place, and Commander Grummet, with his great, good natured face, brilliant with soap and water, and very much resembling the bright sunny side of a pumpkin, basely engaged "sloshing" water over the deck.

"What!" exclaimed Ezekiel, with the greatest anxiety and earnestness, "the picnic isn't postponed, is it?"

"O, no," returned the commander, depositing his bucket in the rack, and leisurely surveying the group; "it isn't postponed, but it's airy yet. When we advertise to start at half-past five, we never expects to get away afore nine; people as is fond of picnics amost always delights in being late, like yourselves, for though you're the first party aboard, you're summat more'n half an hour behind."

Our friends could not but acknowledge the truth of these remarks, and seating themselves upon the newly mopped and very damp seats, to recover their breath and their temper, entered into a spirited argument upon the subject of each other's delinquencies; Carline criminating Sarah Jane, and Sarah Jane retorting, by laying a serious charge to the account of Felicia Ann; which that young lady indignantly repudiated, M'tildy being the only one with whom no fault could be found; but all seemed to be of the opinion that Ezekiel was the person most to blame, in not ascertaining the exact time of departure; it not seeming to occur to them, that they would have been just as much behind time if he had told them twelve instead of five.

The party now began to arrive by instalments. First came an amphibious-looking young gentleman, in white duck trousers and blue flannel shirt, bountifully supplied with collar, profusely ornamented with white stripes; who immediately

began swaggering about the deck with what he supposed to be a very nautical air, and keeping up a running fire of remarks, addressed to the company in general, and plentifully interlarded with sea terms painfully out of place, which elicited from the commander, with whom I was making strenuous efforts to appear on terms of intimacy—a smile of pitying contempt.

The next arrival was a fat little man, enclosed in a brown linen case, with his stout wife on one arm, and a corpulent basket, containing the creature comforts and materials of happiness for the day, on the other—who, seating himself in a comfortable position at the stern of the boat, went diligently to work making execrable puns and worse jokes; and laughing so immoderately at the same, that his wife was compelled to administer a series of vigorous thumps between the shoulders, as often as he became black in the face; a circumstance which occurred on an average, as often as once every half hour, throughout the day.

Then came a little Frenchman, who, on being informed that the boat would not start for a couple of hours, immediately became insane, raving and gesticulating in the most alarming manner; giving vent to his indignation, in numerous remarks derogatory to the reputation of the commander, whose unjustifiable conduct he characterized as *infamouze* and *scandalouze*.

The arrivals now became numerous, and the confusion proportionately great, until the whole party, including the band, was safely embarked, and preparations commenced for getting under weigh. Red-faced men in flannel shirts, and trousers turned up at the bottoms, ran up and down the wharf, casting off, and making fast, lines. Commander Grummet issued unintelligible orders in a voice like a thirty-two pounder suffering from influenza. The nautical young gentleman, strongly impressed with the idea that a great deal was required and expected from him, ran violently from stern to stern, and from stern to stern, until catching his foot in the bight of the jib halyards, he precipitated himself head first over the bow and into the water; from which he was with some little difficulty fished out, amid the jeers and taunts of the red-faced gentlemen upon the wharf, who intimated that he had no cause to look so frightened, for any one could see with half an eye, he was never born to be drowned.

After a good deal of bustle, and an unlimited amount of swearing, the boat was got fairly into the stream, and the last line cast off by one of the before-mentioned red-faced gentlemen, who offered to bet a somewhat larger amount than,

judging from his appearance, one would be led to suppose him able to command—that not one of the party would ever set their feet upon dry land again.

The wind was fair, and the boat danced merrily along, while the “band,” consisting of a feeble fiddle, a clarinet that could be heard with distinctness half-a-dozen miles, and a guitar that couldn’t be heard at all, discoursed spirit-stirring strains, to the sound of which the younger portion of the company disported themselves upon the light fantastic toe; and all was happiness and jollity.

After a protracted and stormy debate as to the spot where the picnic should be held, and which seemed destined never to be decided, Commander Grummet interposed, remarking: “As no one seemed to know what they were talking about, he should just take and go where he thought fit, so they might as well make themselves contented.” This proceeding restored harmony, and in due time the yacht was brought to an anchor, and with the usual accompaniment of screaming and giggling, the ladies were transferred, by means of a little flat-bottomed, brown paper looking boat, from the yacht to the beach, and at once proceeded to a very pretty grove, upon a rising-ground, at a short distance from the landing.

The place was evidently created for the express purpose of accommodating picnic parties, as several of the ladies remarked; and the company paired off in couples, to enjoy themselves as their fancy dictated, the younger portion indulging in walks and cheap sentiment, while the elders busied themselves in the preparation of dinner. A bountiful supply of provisions had been brought, and under the able superintendence of Commander Grummet, the spot selected for the refectory soon began to assume an inviting appearance. There were cold roast fowls, and cold boiled tongue, in abundance; diminutive tarts, with a very thick crust, and very thin filling of cranberry—mammoth sandwiches and noble pies—custards, with the signs of the zodiac described upon their surface, in strings of dough—emaciated seed-cakes, and collapsed doughnuts, in reckless profusion, and a host of other “goodies,” the very sight of which would have created an appetite in the stomach of a mummy.

The day was delightful. The sea murmured musically at their feet; sweet-toned birds twittered joyously from the overhanging boughs; many-legged bugs destroyed their powers of locomotion by crawling over the butter; the gentle breeze with grateful coolness fanned their brows;

a prize toad of mammoth proportions hopped into the milk, and Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins was in his element, although the toad wasn't. The toad, however, was speedily removed, and the party, who were disposed to make the best of everything, said it didn't make much difference, for it was only a prejudice people in this country entertained against toads; for their part they didn't think there was anything so dreadful about them, and it was well-known the French, as well as other nations, esteemed them as a great delicacy. It is true some one volunteered the remark, that the animals devoured by Frenchmen were frogs, not toads, and in proof of the statement appealed to the little Frenchman, then present—who merely shrugged his shoulders somewhat higher than his head, and became partially insane. But the speaker was instantly frowned down, and the milk drank; for what possible use can there be in making remarks calculated to disgust people, when they have made up their minds to make the best of everything?

But why occupy the reader's time in a description of a picnic? Are not all picnics alike? And who, let me ask, has not attended one or more of them? Let me draw up a programme, which will apply equally to all picnics, past or to come—calculated for the latitude of Boston, but will answer for the adjoining States. Morning, magnificent; rather early, or late, as the case may be—for the boat; splendid run down the harbor; particularly pleased with the young lady with black eyes and curls; dinner from so-so to doubtful; prepare to return; wind comes round ahead. Looks like rain—does rain—rains hard; company in a state of damp misery; clarinet drunk and disorderly; are surprised to find that the young lady with black eyes and curls is not always so amiable as she was in the morning; the wind having increased to a gale, causing the boat to wobble about in an alarming manner, you wonder what can induce the nautical young gentleman to lay prostrate upon the wet deck, with his head hanging over the rail; but calling to mind his remarks of the morning, concerning the number of times he had crossed the ocean, you come to the conclusion, that his great experience has taught him to find a peculiar pleasure in looking attentively towards the bottom; wet and dispirited, arrive at the wharf about seventeen minutes past eleven; walk home in a soaking rain, and suddenly remember that you left the latch key in 'tother breeches pocket; ring the bell an hour and three quarters before you can rouse any one; receive a denunciatory lecture from your mother the next morning at breakfast, upon the subject of your late hours

and dissipation; endeavor to clear yourself by stating the whole particulars; your remarks evidently disbelieved; severe cold, and head feeling as big as a bucket, for a fortnight.

For the truth of this description I appeal to any experienced person—it being an established meteorological fact that a picnic is sure to bring rain, and, of course, a head wind. So much being established, the other evils follow, as a matter of course.

Precisely this occurred on the present occasion; and it was somewhere about three o'clock in the morning when Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins, having seen his ladies home, weary and wet, dragged his steps homeward, and knocked feebly at the door of his residence, from which he had departed with such high hopes in the morning.

But the wet clothes dried, and the weary limbs became rested, and Mr. Ezekiel Tompkins and Miss Carline Smithers became fonder than ever of each other; and the same night upon which M'tildy made her "friend"—a happy man—Ezekiel and Carline were both made happy.

For the benefit of my young lady readers, I may state that Miss Sarah Jane and Felicia Ann Smithers have had the wish of their hearts fulfilled; each of them being supplied with an unexceptionable "feller," and I am in daily expectation of receiving a large-sized glazed card, with the name of Mr. Somebody or other, Esq., handsomely engraved thereon, and fastened with a piece of very narrow blue ribbon, to another glazed card of smaller size, bearing the name of Miss Smithers; both enclosed in a white envelop with silver gilt borders; and the whole, together with a large piece of wedding cake, protected from injury by a white cardboard box, secured with more blue ribbon, and ornamented with more silver gilt stripes, and directed in a very diminutive hand, to your humble servant; the cards, to place in the basket on my table, and the cake, to place beneath my pillow, that I may have pleasant dreams about—about—well, I don't know as there is any necessity for bringing her so prominently before the public; so I'll not mention her name; but she is a very nice little girl, I can assure you, and I think a sight of her.

M. Montonnet was awoke at an early hour by a furious ringing at his front door-bell, and in a few moments his old and staunch friend, M. Crispin rushed into the room. "My dear Montonnet, I saw it all—and I have arranged it all." "What have you seen, and what have you arranged?" "I saw an impertinent fellow look at you in an insolent manner last night at the theatre; and I have been to him, and settled time, place, and pistols. Come, get up, my dear Montonnet, you have not a moment to spare!"

I THINK OF THEE.

BY E. M. RODNEY.

I think of thee in the night,
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out, with her pale sad light,
To sit on the lonely hill,
Where the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from far-off streams,
Like thy spirit's low replies.

I think of thee by day,
Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud;
I hear thy low sweet tone,
And thy sweet smile I see,
My heart—my heart were all alone,
But for its thoughts of thee.

SKETCHES FROM THE BACKWOODS.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

I.—THE WEDDING.

THERE was a gay party collected in Farmer Lynch's large parlor, to witness the marriage of Jessie Lynch, the acknowledged belle of the settlement, and Robert Grant, the handsomest young man "on the river." Numerous invitations had been sent, and as no one ever thought of sending excuses or apologies at Rivertown, the attendance was correspondingly large. Every instant brought fresh arrivals of blooming belles and their attendant beaux, each one at tired in their best, and vainly striving to look unconscious of the fact, their faces in a glow from the united effects of sunshine, exercise, and bashfulness, and their handkerchiefs in constant requisition to remove the pearly drops that beaded each brow.

The ceremony was to take place at two o'clock, and at half-past one the company were all assembled, with the exception of the bridegroom. An hour passed away, and still he came not. The minister took out his watch, and compared it with the farmer's clock; the two pretty bridesmaids played with the sashes of their pink muslin dresses, and cast anxious glances at the fair Jessie. She, poor girl, gradually grew paler and paler, until her cheeks rivalled her dress, and her blue eyes, filled with tears, were lifted piteously to the face of her brother, a splendid specimen of the young backwoodsman, who stood beside her chair, and cast anxious looks along the road. He was the sworn friend of young Grant, and as the minutes passed, and he was still missing, a heavy

cloud came over Harry Lynch's usually bright countenance, betokening the trouble within.

The conversation, at first loud and noisy, grew gradually lower and less; and as the clock struck four, no sound broke the silence, save a sob from the now weeping bride. With a start, Harry roused himself from the thoughtful attitude into which he had fallen. Taking his sister's hand in his own, and turning to the assembled company, he announced his intention of going to seek his friend, declaring his conviction that something serious had happened to cause such a strange delay. His words were received with a murmur of applause, and he had stooped to whisper something in his sister's ear, when the door was thrown open, and in rushed a boy that Mr. Grant had brought up, and whose attachment to Robert all were aware of. Springing from her seat, Jessie caught the little fellow's hand in hers, and almost screamed:

"Where is he!"

Poor little Jake, with terror and excitement, was almost speechless, but after several choking attempts he managed to gasp out, "The bears have got him!" The effect of this speech was electrical; every man in the room sprang to his feet—for the settlement was noted for the number, size, and daring boldness of these denizens of the woods; and not a few present bore the marks of serious battles with the monsters. With something between a sob and a groan, Harry caught hold of the boy, and succeeded in getting him to give some more definite explanation of the mystery.

Robert had left his father's house at eleven o'clock to go to the river in search of some white lilies for Jessie. Two hours passed, and his parents became alarmed at his long absence. The old gentleman, unable to bear it any longer, took his stick and set off in search, following the straight path to the river. What was his horror, on crossing a fence that went through the track, to see the place where a bear had been lying in the sun, the signs of a violent struggle, his son's hat, crushed and torn, and some pieces of his coat still wet with blood! He followed the trail, made in the grass, until it disappeared in the dense forest, and then returned to communicate the sad tidings to his almost distracted wife.

Robert was their only child—the last of a large family, who had all died in youth—and as the comfort and stay of the old couple, was by them almost idolized. They had looked forward with delight to his marriage with Jessie Lynch, who was as good as she was beautiful; and this dreadful blow at first paralyzed them with ter-

and grief. It was little Jake who first thought of letting the wedding party know of the sad accident, and without losing an instant, he mounted Robert's best horse, and made all speed to Mr. Lynch's, some four miles distant, there to bring sorrow and dismay by his tidings.

Harry let go the little fellow's shoulder—who, now his story was told, stood sobbing and wringing his hands—and in a hoarse, half-choked voice, cried:

"To your horses, boys!" and he left the room to make ready for an instant start in search of the lost one.

In five minutes a dozen of them left the yard at a gallop, headed by Harry, whose noble dogs bounded along, half crazy with joy at the prospect of a hunt. But few of the party were armed at starting—the houses on their way being laid under contribution for rifles and ammunition, so as to make as little delay as possible.

They had scarcely gone a mile, when Robert's beautiful horse passed them with a rush, little Jake being mounted on it like a monkey, and urging it to its greatest speed, eager to bear the news to the sorrowful parents. They met the young men at the gate, and with tears and blessings thanked them for their promptness in hastening to the assistance of their lost son, if assistance was not too late.

The old man would fain have gone with them, but this Harry would not hear of; he placed the tattered fragments of blood-stained cloth in his bosom, and wringing their hands with a farewell gripe, and shouting "Come on, boys!" dashed along the grassy path at headlong speed, while the tears actually rolled down his brown cheeks, and fell in hot drops on the hard hands that grasped the reins.

Poor Harry! his mind was travelling back to the days when Robert and he had learned to swim in the broad river; and one day, when half way across, he had given out, how bravely the slender youth had come to his rescue, supporting his sinking form, and bearing him safely to the shore, where, when he recovered, he found his preserver lying senseless, the blood gushing from his mouth, from the effects of his own exertion. From that hour they had been dearer to each than brothers, and many were the perilous adventures, numberless the dangers and escapes, they had passed through together since then.

We must now leave them to pursue their journey, and return to the wedding party, so rudely broken up.

As their homes were widely scattered, and the men had taken the horses, it was impossible for the girls to return, and so they wandered

round the house; and as evening came on, some of them assisted in the dairy, and some took charge of the household affairs, leaving Mrs. Lynch to attend to her daughter and entertain the minister, whose horse had gone with the others.

Poor Jessie sat pale and silent, smiling faintly when any one came and spoke cheering words to her, but evidently stunned with the shock. She was a true country girl, and knew nothing of fainting fits and hysterical screams; but there was a despairing look in her heavy eyes and white lips that more than once brought the tears into the kind minister's eyes, as he reminded her that there was One who did all things well, and to Him alone she could look for consolation in this, her hour of trouble.

There was one who never left her side for an instant, a fair, delicate girl, with large blue eyes and shining brown hair; a poor orphan, whom Jessie loved, and whom, if the gossips said truly, Harry loved too. Certain it is that, even in the hurry of his departure, he had found time to tell her to take care of his sister, and she had obeyed his commands to the letter. Poor Fanny Carrol's had been a lonely life; a dependent on the charity of strangers, and forced to repay their kindness by overworking herself, and taxing her strength beyond all reason.

Little wonder was it that she felt grateful to the warm-hearted brother and sister, who despised the listlessness of some of the Rivertown folks, and treated Fanny like a sister, always inviting her to their parties, and seeming perfectly unconscious as to whether she came dressed in silk or calico—a line of conduct by no means imitated by their neighbors, who put a great deal of faith in dress. It was to this young girl that Jessie first confided the great secret of her engagement to Robert Grant, and now in her distress, Fanny's sweet voice fell like balm on her wounded heart.

We will now go back to Harry and his friends, who soon got the dogs on the track, and after some desperately rough riding, were obliged to leave their horses and follow on foot. The dogs found the bear at last. It proved to be a large female with two cubs, and after a severe battle, they were all three killed, and then the search was continued for Robert. As nothing could be seen to indicate that he had been killed, they supposed that he had made his escape, and crawled off into the woods; but even then he might faint and die from loss of blood, and Harry groaned aloud as some one made the very reasonable remark. With the pieces of cloth they got the dogs on his track, but the

poor animals were torn and bleeding, and it required all Harry's coaxing to get them to follow it up.

The night was coming on, and then the hope of finding him in the dense forest would be less. Harry wiped his forehead, pulled his cap on firmer, and with an encouraging whistle to the weary dogs, and a shout to his lagging companions, he dashed forward with despairing energy. Suddenly the dogs raised a loud mournful howl, and hurried forward with increased speed. They had evidently come on a plainer track, and as the dismal sound echoed through the forest, Harry's heart sank heavy in his bosom; for that terrible cry told him they were on the scent of blood! A chorus of whining yelps, and then a prolonged howl, told the young hunters that the chase was ended; and when they came to the spot, it was to find Harry kneeling over the body of his friend, vainly trying to discover the faintest palpitation in his still warm bosom.

After bandaging his dreadful wounds, and making plentiful applications of cold water, but without the desired effect, they proceeded to construct a rough kind of litter, to convey him to Mr. Lynch's, from whose house they were not very far distant. A party returned for the horses, with orders from Harry to drive Mr. and Mrs. Grant over to his father's; and after carefully placing the insensible Robert on the leafy couch prepared for him, they set off on their slow and weary march, taking it in turn to carry their apparently dead friend.

They had passed the forest, and were almost in sight of the house, when Harry felt a slight movement under his fingers, which were pressed on Robert's wrist. They all moved forward with increased energy, and reached the house just as the old lady and gentleman stepped out of their wagon. There was a dreadful rush, and not a few screams, as they carried him into the light, and the state of his and Harry's clothes became visible; but the doctor soon had the room cleared, and with the young man's assistance, proceeded to apply such restoratives as soon had the desired effect.

Half an hour afterwards, his parents and Jessie were admitted; but as all conversation was forbidden, they could only kiss his death-like forehead, and offer up inward thanksgiving that he was still alive. On hearing that he was in no immediate danger, the wedding party gradually went home—all but Fanny, for whom permission had been obtained to remain all night with Jessie. It was midnight when the doctor went away; and as he insisted on all retiring but Harry, who had promised to sit up with the

sick man, the old farm-house was soon wrapped in silence.

Ten minutes after the doctor's old carriage had clattered out of the yard, a gentle tap might have been heard at the door of Jessie's little chamber, where she, poor girl, was buried in a deep sleep, completely worn out with the events of the day. It was not an unexpected sound, as the immediate opening of the door showed; and when Fanny's little waist was so suddenly encircled by a pair of strong arms, and she, usually so timid, evinced no signs of fear, we may reasonably conclude that she had been forewarned in some mysterious manner of this unwarrantable proceeding; and even become convinced of it if we watch her as she lightly steps through the entry, and still encircled by the mysterious arm, enter the room of the sleeping Robert, and take possession of a seat very conveniently placed for her accommodation.

Of course we are not to decide what were Harry's reasons for securing Fanny's company on this particular night; it might be that he felt lonely and a little frightened at his unusual position; or, it might be, that her reputation as a sick nurse induced him to have such efficient assistance at hand in case Robert should get worse; or it might be solely out of love for Fanny herself, and a desire for a little uninterrupted conversation; certain it is that when, towards morning, Robert awoke, weak and helpless, but in his right mind, he overheard Harry making an exceedingly sentimental speech, and ending with a question, to which Fanny, after sundry half-stifled sobs, whispered a very loving "Yes."

There is no doubt but that poor Robert speaks the truth when he says, that for an hour afterwards they never even looked at him; and he was deliberating on the propriety of asking for a drink, when the door was gently opened, and the flaxen head and the great gray eyes of little Jake confronted the astonished lovers, who just then made the discovery that it was morning. Fanny fled hastily, but not before the comic expression of Jake's face had made her cheeks burn crimson; and Harry bent over his friend with an appearance of great attention, and was evidently much relieved when he opened his eyes seemingly for the first time.

It was many days before Robert could tell them how he had jumped over the fence, almost on top of the old bear and her cubs; how she had seized him by the arm, tearing the flesh, and carrying him off in spite of all his efforts to the contrary; how she dragged him to the edge of the woods, and laying him down, deliberately

set to work to tear him to pieces, which there is no doubt she would have done but for the cries of her young ones. Leaving him, she went to them, and he, taking advantage of her absence, crawled off into the forest as fast as his failing strength would permit. After going some distance, he tied his handkerchief and cravat round his arm to staunch the bleeding; but they soon came off, and after going as far as he could, he laid down, as he thought, to die. For weeks afterwards, he would start up in his sleep, imagining that he felt the bear's teeth crunching into his flesh; and the cool autumnal days had come before he was well enough to leave the hospitable roof of Farmer Lynch.

It was a beautiful day in October when the young folks once more gathered in the large, old-fashioned parlor to witness Jessie's marriage—not the only one this time, for when the group of girls enter the room, and Robert comes forward to take the hand of his bride, and lead her to the minister, another also claims a little trembling hand, and with a word of encouragement, leads forward a white-robed maiden.

In ten minutes the ceremony is performed, and Harry joyfully embraces his bashful partner, who looks as if she would fain hide herself from the many admiring eyes that are watching her. It is easy to see that young Mrs. Lynch will be treated very differently from poor Fanny Carol by the good folks of Rivertown. Robert, if pale and delicate, looks no less happy than his friend, and Jessie only weeps because she is leaving her mother and the dear old home. The old folks are delighted, and Jake displays his exuberant joy in a noisy game of romps with Harry's great dogs, and devours an enormous quantity of the wedding cake.

Robert's adventure is the subject of many a winter's evening conversation, and he is often called on to tell the fearful tale, and display his wounded arm, the scars on which he will carry with him through life, as evidences of the bear's desperate onslaught, and as a token of his own almost miraculous deliverance from the very jaws of death.

II.—THE ROLLING FROLIC.

I had been in Rivertown only a few days, and had scarcely recovered from the effects of my journey from the distant city, when an invitation was sent to my young hostess and her husband, to attend a party at the house of a neighbor, three miles distant, who intended having a "rolling frolic" in the afternoon, and a dance in the evening.

Now as I had come into the country in the

character of an invalid, and for the purpose of recruiting my strength, and, moreover, as my name was not included in the invitation, I steadily refused to listen to their persuasions, intending to spend a quiet evening with my books. This sober resolve was however destroyed by the second appearance of the little red-headed messenger, who had returned with a request from his sisters, that the "strange young gal" should accompany Mrs. Black, the following evening. To refuse now would have been an insult, and I sent word that I would accept the invitation, taking care to make Lizzie and her husband promise to return with me at ten o'clock.

The day of the party was exceedingly warm, and I sincerely pitied young Black when I found out what the afternoon's amusements were to be. In clearing the new land, after "chopping," the fallen trees are burnt, or set fire to and partly burnt; then the blackened logs are rolled together into large piles, and finally consumed. It was for this latter purpose that the invitations were sent to the neighboring young farmers on the day in question, and when I say it was the first week in August, and under a broiling sun, the idea of a "rolling frolic" assumes rather a serious form; setting aside the dancing in the evening, which of itself is rather hard work.

At four o'clock Lizzie and I locked up the house, and set off in our three mile walk to the scene of action, the air absolutely suffocating, and the dust ankle-deep in the roads. I was in mourning, and my black gauze dress gave me no little trouble to keep it out of the dust, which soon spoilt the appearance of our slippers, rendering it difficult to tell where the shoe left off, and the stocking began.

We soon overtook some young ladies on the same errand as ourselves, and I quite forgot my discomforts in examining the extraordinary fashions that were evidently "quite the rage" in Rivertown. Pink, blue, buff, or green calicoes, adorned these fair damsels, and though there was a great diversity in color and shade, they had all agreed on one point, and that was in having a full flounce, about a foot deep, round the bottom of each skirt. As the said skirts were very narrow, I was at a loss to imagine what possible use these additions could be.

The head dresses were either black or white lace, and with only one exception, the thirty-three young ladies, assembled on this occasion, wore some kind of curls, either long or short, looped up or flying loose—an exceedingly comfortable arrangement of the hair when the weath-

er is considered, and that they had the prospect before them of a ten hours' dance.

I was greatly amused on approaching the scene of the afternoon's labors, to see the number of sooty-looking young men hurrying to the river's bank with their "best clothes" in bundles, there to perform their ablutions, and by-and-by make their appearance in all the glory of snowy linen, stiff stocks and broadcloth, to charm the fancies of the bewitching young damsels before mentioned.

On entering the house we were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Dickson and her two daughters, whose crimson faces and fiery-looking hands foretold the extensive preparations making for tea. Angeline Eliza, the eldest, was the very largest young woman it was ever my good fortune to meet with. She would have looked immensely tall but for her width, and enormously wide but for her height. As it was, I fairly shrank back as she came towards me; and not until I saw the exceedingly good-natured expression of her countenance, could I reconcile myself to the close companionship of one who could have tossed me out of the window with apparently as little trouble as a child would a kitten. Her sister, Maria Ruth—or "Ruthie," as her mother called her—bade fair to equal her in time, being now only fifteen, and weighing some hundred and fifty pounds. They were dressed alike—in the fashion, of course—and to describe the effect of the flounce on their extraordinary looking figures, would be impossible.

We found most of the company present, and when the gentlemen arrived—looking decidedly better for their visit to the river—we were all requested to "walk into tea." The tables consisted of long rows of boards, put up for the occasion, covered with snow white cloths, and loaded down with an immense quantity and variety of the most delicious eatables. I could not help thinking that I had discovered the secret of the extraordinary size of Mrs. Dickson's children (she had a son, exceedingly like Angeline, on a larger scale), as I looked on the tempting display of good things spread before us. To say that justice was done to the supper, would not give half an idea of the quantity of food consumed, and I was particularly amused in watching one tall, thin girl, attired in a delicate white muslin with little pink spots, and who looked as if she was ethereal enough to have lived on air, dispose of several slices of ham, half a dozen buttered cakes, with custards, tarts, preserves, tea and sweet cake, until I thought she must have given up all idea of dancing for that evening.

Tea over, we were all conducted to the dancing room, an immense barn-like unfinished place, originally intended for two or three rooms, but waiting till the owner finds means to finish it. Here the windows were darkened, and lots of home-made candles shed a brilliant illumination on the scene. I ensconced myself in a dark corner, and prepared to watch the proceedings. There were two fiddlers present, and for a quarter of an hour they kept up the most intolerable noise with their instruments, while several young men went round and selected partners from the rows of girls seated on benches round the room.

At last the violins were tuned to please, and at a peculiar sound, sixteen persons took their places on the floor. I have not the slightest idea of what they danced, or how they danced it; I only know that they did it with all their might, keeping time to the quickest tune I ever listened to; the men occasionally varying the monotony of their movements by a violent stamp, and the women, in performing the many whirls and turns that interspersed the figures, displaying some very substantially built ankles.

I was astonished to see Miss Arabella Thomson, the tall, slender young lady of the tea table, foremost in this most delightful dance, the lightest of step, and the smartest to turn, of the whole sixteen. Facing her, was the fair Angeline, making extraordinary efforts to keep time to the tune, and in her endeavors to keep up with her partner, inventing some entirely new steps, and industriously mopping her immensely fat face all the time. Oswald Dickson had a little, short, dumpy partner, with a curly head, that just came up to his waist. She appeared to enjoy the fun amazingly, throwing back her head, and holding up her dress in front with both her little fat hands. Her appearance amused me very much, and I laughed aloud as she gave a concluding whirl, and made her overgrown partner a dumpy little curtsy just like herself. Not a moment was lost in forming another set, and with a different tune, sixteen more began the same violent exercise.

I had not thought of being asked to dance, and was sitting very snugly in the corner, when a tall young man came to me, and, with an awkward bow, held out his hand. This was the usual mode of asking for a partner, and I, thinking to escape all further annoyance, immediately declared my ignorance of a single step. This did not have the desired effect, as he very obligingly professed his willingness "to learn me in five minutes," an offer I was so ungrateful as to decline, at the same time looking round for Lizzie to help me out of my difficulty. He

grew so earnest about it, that at last I began to entertain fears that he would take me up in his great arms, and carry me out on the floor in spite of myself, when to my great relief the gentle Angeline appeared, and on my explaining to her that I was not able to undergo the fatigue, she very plainly desired him to go away, and find some one else, at the same time taking one of my poor, thin hands in her own tremendously large one, she as plainly hinted her opinion that "I was not long for this world."

At nine o'clock a young couple entered the room, and I was instantly attracted by their uncommon beauty. The girl appeared to be about twenty-two—or perhaps not quite so old; but she had a deeply troubled expression in her splendid dark eyes, and at times there was a look on her countenance that betokened an early acquaintance with care. She had a quantity of jet black hair, simply put up in bands, and her white dress fitted her figure closely, and hung full and gracefully around her, without trimming or ornament of any kind.

The young man was dark complexioned, with most beautiful hair, eyes and teeth, and was dressed with much better taste than most of the beaux present. The young folks gathered round them, and I heard the girl say, in answer to some question, that "Annie was very low to-night, and they could only stop a few moments." I felt an unusual interest in the strangers; but no one was near that I could ask any questions of, and after dancing once, and talking for a few moments with some of the party, they quietly left the room.

When the clock struck ten I began to feel anxious to go home, being weary of the incessant noise and confusion, but when Simon Black made his appearance, it was to announce that the rain was pouring in torrents. Raspberry vinegar and cakes were now handed round, and after a short respite the dancing commenced again with renewed spirit, and it was kept up until one. By this time every one was feeling the united effects of the heat and exercise, and they commenced strolling about in couples, preparatory to securing some snug corner to hold a little sentimental conversation in.

Tired of sitting alone watching the manoeuvres of the would-be lovers, I started into the other rooms in search of Lizzie, whom I found sleeping on a wooden settle, with her head resting in her husband's arms, himself asleep. On an old sofa, in the corner of the kitchen, reclined the almost gigantic figure of young Dickson, with his great arm round the waist of the little dumpy girl, who was watching his slumbers with a very

dissatisfied expression, evidently annoyed at his flagrant want of gallantry.

Bolt upright in another corner sat the tall young man who had so kindly offered to initiate me into the mysteries of the dance. He was making spasmodic efforts to keep awake, and trying to watch the proceedings of "Ruthie," and the slender young lady, who were busily engaged in making themselves some tea—I fancy in the hope of getting some also. In a small room off from the kitchen, on a very moderately sized couch, reposed Angeline and five of her fair guests, a delightful arrangement for a cold night, but rather too close stowage for August.

At daylight the rain ceased, and the company began to stir and make preparations for departure. As I absolutely refused to mount an old gray mare, brought up to the door for my accommodation, a pair of boots were brought forward, and into them I manfully stepped, and set out on the homeward route, resolutely plodding through the mud, in many places ten or twelve inches deep.

It was sunrise when we got home, and tired, muddy, hungry, and most wretchedly sleepy, I went to bed, inwardly resolving, let me do what foolish thing I might, I would never attend another "Rolling Frolic." The idea of going through such exertion, in such weather, and calling it pleasure, was simply ridiculous in my estimation, and it required no little effort to enable me to keep a steady countenance while listening to the departing guests assuring Mrs. Dickson that "everything went off first rate;" that "it was a tip-top breakdown," "the best frolic on the river this summer," and numerous other flattering praises, which that good lady received with a comic expression of self-satisfaction on her round, good-natured face.

III.—THE CONSUMPTIVE.

I had learned from my friend Lizzie, that the strangers of the party, who had so attracted my attention by their different appearance from the rest of the guests, were the daughter and friend of a Mr. Gray, a gentleman in reduced circumstances and delicate health, who had come to the settlement in the spring, bringing with him a pale, careworn looking wife, and two daughters—Katie, the eldest, whom I have already described, and another, a poor, frail flower, already blighted with the disease that had robbed them of two noble sons, and was eating away the father's strength.

The young man was a Mr. Charles Curtis, the son of an old friend of Mr. Gray's, and on

his father's death he had joined them in their expedition to the out-of-way settlement of River-town. He had been betrothed to Katie in better days, when all was prosperity and sunshine; and now, when clouds darkened the sky, and sickness and poverty overwhelmed them, he was true to his love, content to wait her pleasure, so long as he could be near to assist and comfort her in her painful trials.

His own property was but small, but when united with the little remnant Mr. Gray had saved, they had found it sufficient to purchase a small farm, and erect a house large enough for their accommodation. This they had furnished with the remnants of former comfort, and in a style much superior to the neighboring farm-houses, their tastes and habits making many articles necessary, that to their neighbors seemed worse than useless. They had refused all invitations to visit among the gay folks of the settlement, and only accepted the invitation of the hospitable Dicksons, as a grateful acknowledgment of their many unostentatious acts of kindness.

I felt deeply interested in this little history, and scarcely knew which to admire most—the love and truth of the patient Charles, or the sisterly devotion of the beautiful Katie, who so faithfully performed her duty to the dying girl, dependent on her for care and attendance in her long, weary sickness. I was very anxious to know them better, but felt delicate about going unasked, as Lizzie said they were very shy of strangers, and I had no reasonable excuse to warrant such an intrusion.

I had almost given up the hope of making their acquaintance, when late one evening, long after I had retired, a loud summons called Mr. Black to the door, and on answering it, he met Charles Curtis, looking pale and anxious; and in answer to his astonished inquiries, heard the sad tidings that in a violent fit of coughing, poor Annie Gray had brought on an attack of bleeding at the lungs. He had come to borrow Mr. Black's horse, his own having got out of the pasture; and as the doctor lived ten miles further down the river, in the Lynch settlement, there was no time to be lost.

Lizzie had hurried on her clothes, and was listening with tearful eyes to the distressing account of the state of affairs at Mr. Gray's, when a lucky thought struck her, and she mentioned my having been attacked with the same fearful complaint, and also that I had the proper medicines to take in case of a relapse or fresh rupture of a blood vessel.

She immediately came and awoke me, while

the husband put the horse in the chaise, and in ten minutes I was seated, half awake and wholly stupid, beside Charles Curtis, and on my way to see the very family I had almost despaired of ever knowing, my little medicine chest at my feet, and my breathing apparatus defended from the damp midnight mists by sundry shawls and mufflers. It was now October, and the weather getting rather cold, so that I did not feel sorry when our ride was ended, and we drew up in front of a small, snug-looking house, with the light streaming from the open door and the chamber of the sick girl.

A tall, lady-like looking woman came out to meet us, but started, with an exclamation of surprise, when she saw who Charles was assisting to the ground. However, a few words from him set matters all right, and she clasped my hand with a warm pressure, and passing her arm round my shoulder, led me into the very neatest and brightest kitchen I ever was in, in my life. By the time Charles came in with the box of medicine, I had got rid of my shawls, and was ready to accompany them to the sick room. We passed through a short entry, and then softly opening the door, a sight presented itself to my gaze not easily forgotten.

Seated on the edge of a small French bed, was the beautiful girl I had admired so much at the party. Her hair hung disordered and unbound round her shoulders; over her night dress she had flung a large scarlet shawl, and her feet were partly covered by slippers. Her face was bent over the pale and death-like features that rested on her bosom, and her beautiful white arms were wound round the child-like form, supporting it in an easy position. At the foot of the bed knelt an old and very feeble looking man, with his face buried in his clasped hands, and the muslin drapery, suspended from the low ceiling, falling all over him. I soon had the mixture poured out, and never shall I forget the look of gratitude in Katie's beautiful eyes, as I handed her the spoon to give it to her sister. I knew from experience what the effect would be, and after she expressed a wish to be laid on the pillow, we all stood and watched her gradually sink into a deep sleep.

I had now an opportunity of seeing how perfectly angelic consumption sometimes makes its victims, in appearance, at least. Annie Gray, lying there, with her hands folded across her breast, her soft golden hair flowing over the white pillows, her delicate features composed to an expression of perfect peace, and her lips half parted, with a sweet smile, looked like some pure spirit about to return to its native skies.

SKETCHES FROM THE BACKWOODS.

That night, as, in the long hours, we kept watch beside the sleeping girl, Katie told me all her trials and sorrows. Her father was fast sinking under the power of consumption, her two brothers had fallen victims to the same treacherous disease, the family had been subject to it for several generations, and yet she entertained hopes of saving Annie's life—Annie, who even now had the impress of death on her countenance. I actually trembled at the overwhelming love she displayed for her sister, when, speaking of her engagement to Charles Curtis, and the motives that had induced her to dissolve it. "I will never marry," she said, "but when Annie is better, will devote my whole time to my father and mother;" and when I hinted that his friendship and love deserved a better return, she said that her only hope was that he might someday love some one who had no other duties to interfere with his happiness. I felt almost inclined to doubt if she really loved him, so little she spoke of her own feelings, and was half inclined to think her cold hearted, for so neglected his long enduring affection.

From this time I became an intimate visitor at Annie Gray's bedside, relieving Kate of much of her charge, and sharing the love the invalid so freely bestowed on those who were kind to her. It was a very severe winter, and frequently for three or four days, the roads would be quite impassable. On such occasions, Annie would leave the curtains undrawn, and pass the time watching for my coming, her window overlooking the road. She was exceedingly patient under her trials, always thankful for anything to relieve her cough or remove the weary pain that prevented rest or sleep, and never speaking a hasty or impatient word.

The winter passed very slowly to us all; to Charles, who, unused to farm work and exposure, suffered from the effects of the cold; to Annie, who longed for the bright, warm sunshine and the flowers, and whose delicate system was susceptible to every change of the atmosphere; to Mr. Gray and his wife, who missed their comfortable city rooms, and crept about the house enveloped in thick shawls and dressing-gowns; to Katie, who believed that with the spring strength would come to her darling sister; and to me, who missed my walks and rides, and who missed at being shut up in the house three or four days in the week.

At last the snow went away, the river burst its banks, the little leaf-buds appeared on the trees, and the sun shone from a blue sky. But with the frosts and snows, vanished our hopes and fond anticipations; the certainty of

Annie's speedy removal was apparent to all but her sister, and Mr. Gray's little remaining strength gave way, and he also laid his head on the pillow, to come no more among us.

For three days the sick girl had suffered fearfully from an incessant cough, and on the morning of the fourth, as I held her supported in my arms (the only position in which she could find rest), she suddenly opened her eyes, and seeing the tears on my face, seemed grieved that I should suffer such distress on her account. She spoke with unusual strength and energy, and gave me many directions as to what to do when she was gone. "Katie will not believe I am dying, but you know I am, and when I am gone, I wish her to marry Charles—he has been a good brother to me;" then bidding me call them in, she lay back on the pillow, pale and exhausted. They instantly obeyed my summons (all but the dying father), and it was heart-breaking to witness the agony of her who had so fondly hoped for an impossibility, as she became convinced that the shadows stealing over that beloved face were cast by the hand of death.

She would have flung herself frantically beside the dying girl, had not Charles restrained her, and clasping her convulsed form in his arms, she hid her face in his bosom. We scarcely knew when the gentle spirit left us, so calm and silent was the parting, and when Charles turned to lead the bereaved sister away, it was an inanimate form he bore in his arms. Mrs. Gray went about with her usual calmness, her cheek a shade paler, but with no other sign of the deep sorrow at her heart; leaving her dead child, to attend to the wants of her dying husband, and finding time to speak words of consolation to the almost distracted Katie.

The poor old father joined his children before another sun had set, and on the following Sabbath the neighbors gathered round the house of mourning to bear to the tomb the senseless clay of those, whose spirits had forever left the world of sad partings, to wait in a happy land for those loved ones still on earth.

It was long before Katie recovered from the shock of Annie's death and the effects of her protracted exertions through the winter; but rest and quiet had their effect, and one beautiful summer evening, when we had walked out to admire the beauty of the sunset, and listen to the robins singing their evening song, I told her what the dying girl had said about her wishes in respect to Charles. I was almost afraid to see what effect my words would have; but when, surprised at her silence, I stole a glance at her averted face, it was to behold the tears running

down her flushed cheeks, and every symptom of confusion depicted on his countenance. A good prospect for Charles's success, thought I, and as he joined us in a few minutes, I gradually lingered behind until they got fairly out of sight, and then ran home to play some of Mrs. Gray's favorite pieces on their elegant piano, one of the articles Charles had insisted on saving from the wreck of their splendid city establishment.

I know not what arguments the young man used to convince Katie, but six months after Annie's death, I stood beside her as she gave him her hand, and listened to the words that joined them for life. It was a very quiet wedding, quite unlike the style in which such affairs are usually conducted in Rivertown; but then the circumstances were to be considered, and though some few thought they ought to have been invited, and felt a little inclined to be angry at the neglect, it all passed away when the bride appeared at meeting, and received the kind congratulations of her neighbors with such sweet mingled smiles and tears, and looking so beautiful in her mourning, which she still persisted in wearing, that more than one kind-hearted farmer's wife shed tears, as she wished her joy.

I had delayed my return to the city, for the purpose of assisting at the wedding, and now, having seen them all happy and in a fair way to do well, I had to bid them adieu, but not before making a promise to return in the course of another year. I had become fondly attached to the whole family, and they had supplied the vacancies left in my heart by the death of various dear relations. Katie wept bitterly when we parted, and kissed and embraced me again and again. Even Mrs. Gray was moved to tears, and Charles expressed his intention of running away from us, for fear he, too, should grow sentimental.

It was nearly two years before I again visited the Rivertown settlement. Many circumstances had occurred to keep me in the city, and even Katie had to acknowledge that my excuses were good ones. We had kept up a pretty regular correspondence, but now three months had gone by, and I had heard nothing from my old friends. I knew, by her former letters, that worldly affairs were prospering with them, that her mother, in her daughter's happiness, renewed her own young days, that Charles was a model husband, fondly beloved by his beautiful wife, and as warmly attached to her, that Katie herself was the happiest of wives and daughters. She also told me that under Charles's care and good management, the house and farm looked very differently; that her garden was the pride of

Rivertown, her poultry unsurpassed in the settlement. I rejoiced to hear such favorable accounts of the circumstances of my friends, and anxiously expected the time to come when I should be able to once more leave the city to visit their country home.

I did not inform them of my intention, determined to punish them for their silence by taking them by surprise; and it was with a beating heart that I once more found myself close to the residence of those who had experienced so many of the trials and troubles of this life, and in whose present happiness I felt such a deep interest. I had seen mingled pain and happiness, myself, in the past two years; dear friends had been removed, and beloved ones were missing, in my household circle; but to sweeten the bitterness, a new, strange feeling had arisen in my heart, soothing troubles and lightening trials and griefs—a feeling so interwoven with my hopes of happiness, that I actually shuddered when I thought of how often the fondest anticipations are crushed and unfulfilled, and dared not trust myself to think what my state would be, should my hopes be destroyed.

I had long imagined Katie's warm congratulations, when I should tell her this news, and already I fancied I felt her affectionate kiss and saw the long loving look from those beautiful eyes, that first won my fancy. It was night when I arrived at the house, and sending back the carriage that had conveyed me from the nearest village, walked alone up the broad new carriage-road to the door.

I entered without ceremony, and passing through one dark room, went towards a door, from which the light streaming underneath gave token of some one being there. I unclosed it gently and gazed on an unexpected scene within. Dressed in white and seated in a well stuffed easy chair, was my friend Katie, looking very charming, and yet very much like an invalid; on a couch beside her, and with his arm resting on her chair, was Charles, his whole countenance expressive of proud happiness. A strange young woman was standing beside Katie, and she, too, appeared very much delighted with something; while Mrs. Gray was seated on a low ottoman, her head bent down in an admiring position over something she held in her lap. My curiosity was aroused, and opening the door wider, I stepped forward to discover this wonderful cause of so many smiles, when what should I see (while a chorus of voices greeted me), but a bundle of muslin, lace, and cashmere, snugly nestled up in Mrs. Gray's arms, and in an instant the problem was solved.

I never could account for the reason, but my usual enthusiasm for specimens of diminutive humanity, like the present one, was wonderfully cooled; and I actually felt jealous of the little unconscious innocent, that deprived me of so much of Katie's time and attention. I had anticipated so much pleasure in informing her of my own intended marriage, and had expected so much sympathy in my hopes and fears, that I felt not a little mortified to discover that anything, unconnected with her baby, had but little interest in my friend's eyes, and claimed but little of her attention; and the day of my departure drew near, and I had not told her my cherished secret.

It is true, I had got over my first feelings of annoyance towards the little intruder, who had so unceremoniously usurped my friend's affections, and would kiss it, and talk nonsense to it, with any of them; but Katie never asked me any questions about my future prospects, more than to make some inquiries as to the amount of property I had become possessor of, and for which I had paid the penalty of being relationless in the world. My visit was very pleasant; but I missed Katie's company in my walks and excursions, and did not grieve when the day arrived that was to bring my friend to escort me home. Several young ladies, the aristocracy of Rivertown, had come to spend the day with us, and there was quite an excitement when the handsome carriage came dashing up to the door, and a tall, elegant looking man descended, and was warmly welcomed by Charles Curtis, the cordial greeting proclaiming them old friends. There was a great fluttering among the girls, and sundry anxious inquiries as to the appearance of curls and collars, and not a few ran to the glass to assure themselves that they looked their prettiest, when the gentlemen were seen approaching the house. Even Katie looked a little flushed and hastily collected some scattered pieces of the work that had employed our busy fingers all the morning, and straightened the disarranged dress of her precious boy, who had been handed round among the young ladies, and tossed and caressed, until he looked much less neat than his mother usually kept him. A little black eyed witch had him in her arms, and I was amused to see how nervously she assisted Katie in pulling down the baby's dress, and gave an extra twist to her own shiny black curls. I listened to their hurried exclamations of "who is he?" "who can he be?" with as straight a face as I could assume, and as they did not condescend to address their questions to me, I did not think it worth while to give them the infor-

mation they wanted. I moved my seat into the window recess, and bent my head closely over my work, listening, with a beating heart, to the well known footstep. Charles first introduced his wife, and then, with a bow to the young ladies, announced the stranger as his friend, Mr. Leonard. They could not see me where they stood, and when they came nearer, and the same ceremony was gone through with me, it was with a steady face that I bowed in return, and taking the hint, he also assumed an unconscious look, that completely deceived them all.

Charles would not hear of Mr. Leonard's departing under three days, at least, and as he laughingly said his business was not very pressing, it was agreed that he should be their guest for that time, and plans were immediately laid for giving him some idea of how country folks enjoy themselves. A picnic for the ensuing day was unanimously decided on, and the young ladies were evidently very much pleased with the prospect of having the handsome stranger to entertain. After a very pleasant afternoon and evening, the party separated, attended by their brothers or friends; the little black eyed girl, alone, had no escort, and when Mr. Leonard politely offered his protection, there were many nods, and smiles, and whispered remarks, for Hattie Brown was a little flirt, and had had more lovers than any other girl in the settlement, and still boasted that she was heart free. I found an opportunity to slip a little note into his hand before parting for the night, telling him in it how I wanted to mystify Katie and the girls; and as the family had no idea that we had ever met before, I thought it a good opportunity to punish Katie for her neglect of me and my affairs, as I knew she would like to hear the story now.

The picnic, next day, passed off delightfully. Mr. Leonard was very attentive to Hattie Brown, and the other girls were very attentive to him, all pronouncing him the handsomest man ever seen in Rivertown. Even the young men could not find fault with him, he was so affable and kind to all, and entered so heartily into the enjoyments of the excursion.

I had no opportunity of conversing alone with my friend until the evening before his departure, and then it was merely to tell him I should be all ready to go at the time he had set.

The next morning, they were all surprised, at breakfast, by his informing them that he intended taking me away that day; and when, in answer to their inquiries as to the cause of such a strange proceeding, he told of our engagement and approaching marriage, there was a very re-

proachful look in Katie's dark eyes, that did not go away until he also told her why I had played her such a trick. She had to confess that if I did not give her my confidence, it was because she did not deserve it; and so, with their best wishes and kindest congratulations, we left their hospitable roof, and returned to the scenes of city life, so familiar to us both, but bearing in our minds the pleasantest recollections of the happy visit we had made to the "Backwoods."

I have visited Rivertown many times since these events took place, and have had the pleasure of always finding my friends prospering and very happy. Katie's baby, that once so occupied her mind, now shares her attention and love with five other little treasures; and I often smile at my childish jealousy, and have learned to make great allowance for the absorbing delight of young mothers, since a similar source of joy and pride has been given to myself.

Hattie Brown was so unmercifully teased about her conquest of the handsome stranger, that she wisely gave up her flirting propensities and finally married a young farmer, and is now as steady a matron as Rivertown can boast of.

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

The *Salut Public*, of Lyons, contains the following strange tale: "About two months ago, M. de Rhet—, a gentleman of large property, on leaving the theatre, after the performance of the *Etoile du Nord*, picked up a white satin shoe, which must have been made for a foot remarkably small and elegant. He took it home with him. The more he saw it the more he admired it; and he jumped to the conclusion that the owner, having so small a foot, was, in all probability, extremely beautiful. But he could gain no clue to her. At last, it struck him that, as the person who had lost it could not have walked home, he might gain some information from the cab-drivers. After eight days spent in inquiry, he found a driver who remembered having driven a young woman who had lost a shoe in the Rue Thomassin. M. de Rhet— thereupon made inquiries at every house in that street, and he at length discovered a young workwoman, who blushing confessed that the shoe was hers. As he anticipated, he found that she was remarkably beautiful, and that her character was very good. He fell in love with her, and a few days ago they were married."

A young Frenchman, a pupil to the Academy of Painting, having gone to Italy to perfect himself, at Naples met a Spaniard covered with rags and excessively dirty—a fault with which the Spanish people have been often charged. The young painter noticed that the Spaniard had very handsome hands, and proposed to draw from them. A bargain was soon struck; the painter took him home, and directed him to an ante-room to wash his hands. The fellow lounged towards the door, then lazily turning back, asked: "Which hand are you going to draw?"

STANDING AT THE CORNERS.

BY ANNE S. PICKERING.

O, how I hate the men—the wretches—
With their whiskers and deceit;
Smiling, bowing, smoking, chewing—
At the corners of each street.

With neck-tie of the latest fashion—
Pants "Paris cut," but rather tight;
Moustaches elegantly curling—
O goodness, what an awful sight!

Miss Affection passes by,
The gallant knights all smile and bow;
Miss, simpering to her schoolmate, says,
La, dear, they're so polite, you know.

They make obeisance to the dry goods—
Satins, tissues, silks and crapes;
And think in these they see a lady—
O the foolah, silly apes.

It would be fun to get a figure
Made of wood, with springs of steel;
And dress it up in silks and satins—
Little bonnet and veil of green.

And watch it slowly move down Broadway—
The gentlemen all would homage pay;
"Adolphus, who's that charming creature?
Introduce me—do now, pray."

A well bred gentleman would scorn
To stoop to actions mean and base;
For is it not insulting, too—
To stare a stranger in the face?

A lady looks for every courtesy
From her relatives and friends;
But when a stranger thus intrudes
He must feel sure that he offends.

THE MISSIONVILLE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

In the snug, cosy bar-room of the "Farmers' Inn," at Missionville, sat six young men. It was a cold, bleak evening in December; and the wind that howled and drove without, drifting the snow and rattling the shutters, gave to the blazing fire and steaming kettle additional charms and comforts. There was Peter Hobbs, a youth of five-and-twenty, who seemed to be the leader, *par excellence*, of the party. He was a good natured, intelligent, frank looking man, and was really a noble hearted citizen. Then there was John Fulton, a youth of the same age, who worked with Hobbs, both being journeymen carpenters. Samuel Green was a machinist; Walter Mason, a tin-worker; Lyman Drake, a cabinet maker; and William Robinson, a clerk. They ranged, in age, from twenty-three to twenty-eight, and were really industrious youths,

receiving good wages, and maintaining good characters for honesty, sobriety, and general good behaviour. Yet they were looked upon by some as ungodly youths, and given over to perdition. True, they belonged to no church; and, amid the various conflicting creeds by which they were surrounded, they had not yet settled down upon any one in particular, believing that there was good in all of them, and evil among the members of each.

On the present occasion, they were all of them smoking, and the empty mugs which stood upon the table near them, showed pretty conclusively that they had been drinking something besides water. The subject of the cold winter had been disposed of; the quality of the warm ale and cigars had been thoroughly discussed, and at length the conversation turned upon the missionary meeting, which had been holden in the town on the previous Sabbath.

"I don't know but this missionary business is all right," said Sam Green, knocking the ashes from his cigar with his little finger, "but at the same time I don't believe in it. Them Hindoos and South Sea Islanders may be savage and ignorant, by our scale of measuring folks; but that is no reason why we should send all our money off there, while our own folks are starving at home."

"Did you put anything into the box?" asked Lyman Drake.

"No, I didn't. When they shoved it into my face, I told 'em I'd left all my money at home—and so I had."

"You're about right, Sam," said Bill Robinson. "But I did more than you did. When the box was handed to me, I spoke right out, so that everybody around me heard. I told the old deacon if he'd take up a subscription to help the poor in our own town, I'd put in something."

"What did he say to that?"

"Why—he said '*Souls* were of more consequence than *bodies*. So I just said back that I guessed he'd find it hard work to save a soul out of a starving body. But you see that aren't the thing. They wont try to save the souls, nor the bodies, either, of their own townfolks. Now, when 'Squire Trueman came here to settle, they tried quick enough to save his soul. Ye see his body was already salted down with ten thousand dollars, so his soul was worth something to 'em. That's the dogs of it. Why don't they try to save poor old Israel Trask's soul, and his wife's, too?"

"Wasn't there a committee of the church that visited old Israel last month?" queried Drake.

"Yes—there was," answered Sam, giving his cigar an indignant shake; "and what did they do? They went there—four on 'em—and found the old folks suffering for want of food and clothing. They tried to make the old man believe their religion was the only true one in the world, but he wouldn't. So they gave him three tracts and a little cheap book, and then went away. That's what they did. By hokey, afore I'd give a cent to such chaps to send off to feed their missionaries in Bangwhang and Slap-flam Islands, I'd throw it into the fire."

"But these missionaries are honest people, and do some good," remarked Peter Hobbs, who had not before spoken on the subject.

"In course they do," responded Sam. "But wouldn't it look better of 'em to begin some of their charities at home? By jingo, I judge of a man's order by the way his own shop looks, and not by the way he may fuss around on another man's premises. And just so with these philanthropists. I'd rather see how much their religion does towards keeping the Gentiles of their own town, than to go away off to the other end of the earth to look for the fruits of their Christianity. Them's my sentiments."

"And mine, too," uttered Walter Mason, who had just thrown away the stump of one cigar, and was about lighting another. "Just think; they collected, last Sunday, to send off to the Hindoos, over two hundred dollars. Now, that would have made half the poor families in this town—and I don't know but all—comfortable for the winter. There was Mr. Netherly—worth forty thousand dollars—he put in a ten dollar bill. It was a great, new bill, and he opened it and held it up, and even turned it round, so't everybody could see it before he let it drop. Then at the end, when the box was carried up into the pulpit, the deacon whispered to the minister; and the minister got up, and, said he, taking hold of the corner of the rich man's bill: 'Here is *ten dollars* from one brother. Let that brother be assured that this deed is remembered of him in heaven.' Yes, that's what was said; and Mr. Netherly held up his head, bowed very low, and then looked round at the rest of the congregation, as much as to say, '*that's me*.' Now I know of another thing that I guess'll be remembered in heaven, alongside of this one. Last week, poor old Trask—Uncle Israel—called at Netherly's with some baskets. You know the old man gets out stuff in the summer, and then in the winter makes it up. Well, he went there, and asked Netherly if he wouldn't buy a basket. No; he didn't want one. Then the old man told him how he and

his poor old wife were suffering, and he asked him if he couldn't help him in some way; and what d'ye think Netherly said? Why, he said that he had to pay taxes to help support a poor-house, and told Uncle Israel that he'd find help there, if he'd only apply to the selectmen! Now what d'ye think of that, eh?"

"Why," returned Sam, "I think if he's got an account in heaven, he'll find a balance against him, when he comes to settle up."

"So he will," responded three or four of the others.

For some moments after this, the party smoked in silence. Peter Hobbs had been pondering very deeply upon something, and at length he spoke:

"Now, look here, boys," he said, throwing his half-smoked cigar into the fire, "there's a good deal of truth in what's been said—in fact, it's all true; but before we blame others, we ought to do something ourselves. Now, I'm ready to form a regular benevolent society. Let us six go at the work, and see what we can do towards alleviating some of the distress about us. What say you?"

The other five looked on in wonder.

"But," said Sam, "how are we to do it? We aren't among the favored ones. We wasn't born with silver spoons in our mouths."

"I should like to do it," added Drake, "but what's the use? We couldn't do much, any way—not enough to amount to anything."

And so the others expressed their opinions in like manner. They all "would like," but "where was the money to come from?"

"Listen," said Peter; and they all turned towards him with real deference, for they knew that he never wore a cloak over his heart, and that when he spoke in earnest, his meaning had depth to it. "Now I have formed a plan. There is old Uncle Israel and his wife; then there is the widow Manley, with four little children, suffering for want of the actual necessities of life; and then there is Mrs. Williams—she is very poor. Her son, Philip, who is her main stay, was sick all the summer and fall, and is sick, now; so the woman got nothing from her little patch of land, and is now absolutely reduced to beggary, with herself and sick son to support. Now let us take these three cases in hand, and support them."

"But how?" asked three or four voices, anxiously, for they really and fully sympathized with the noble plan.

"I'll tell you," resumed Peter. "Here, Tim," he called, turning to the bar-keeper, "what's our bill?"

"Let's see," responded that worthy, coming up. "There's two cigars apiece, three cents each—that's thirty-six. Then the ale—three pints—eighteen cents; and wine—three gills—that's eighteen more—makes just thirty-six more; and twice thirty-six is—is—seventy-two—seventy-two cents in all."

"Come, boys," said Peter, "let's pay an equal share to-night. Let's give him ninepence apiece."

So the "boys" paid up, and after Tim had gone, Peter resumed:

"Now see what we've spent to-night for nothing. I'll begin with you, Sam. How much do you suppose you spend each day for cigars and ale. Now reckon fairly."

"Let's see," was Sam's response, after gazing into the face of his interlocutor until he had fairly got hold of the idea. "I certainly average four—no, five cigars a day, and I suppose they average three cents apiece. Then comes my ale—but I couldn't tell how much that amounts to, for I don't drink it regularly, but perhaps six cents a day."

"That's just twenty-one cents per day utterly wasted," said Peter; "and I'll own up to wasting twenty-five per day. How is it with you, John?"

"I'll say twenty-five."

"And you, Walter?"

"Just about the same."

"Lyman?"

"The same."

"Bill?"

"The same."

"Now look at it. Here we are, a little worse than wasting about a dollar and a half per day. But let us put our loss at a shilling each—"

"No, no," cried Sam, who saw through the whole plan, "let's give honest measure. I'll own up to the twenty-five. Let's go the whole, if any."

"Very well," returned Peter; "then let us commence and pledge ourselves not to smoke or drink ale for one month from this date. Every night we will lay away a quarter of a dollar, and at the end of the week we'll put our savings all together and then go on our mission. What say you?"

With one voice, the other five joined in the plan. The novelty of the thing may have pleased them; but the real incentives lay deeper down in the natural goodness of their hearts. There was no written pledge; but they took a more speedy method. Peter laid his hand upon the table, and said:

"Here's my hand, pledged to the work."

"And mine, too," cried Sam, laying his broad palm a-top of Peter's.

"And mine," "and mine," "and mine," "and mine," chimed the rest, placing their hands one a-top of the other until the six right hands lay upon the table in a pyramid.

"This is Tuesday," resumed Peter. "Will we meet next Saturday?"

"Yes," answered Sam, "and call it a week. Let's throw in the two days."

And so the work was begun.

On the next day, as Sam Green sat a-top of his bench after dinner, he felt rather lost without his cigar, and for a while he argued the question with himself, whether 'twouldn't do just as well for him to put an extra quarter into his box and have his cigars as usual. But he remembered his pledge. He looked forward to Saturday, when he should find himself an ambassador of mercy to the sick and needy—and his resolution grew strong again. That was his last real hesitation, though it must be confessed he had some trials and hankerings.

And so with the rest—they had some moments of doubt and mental warfare with appetite and habit, but they conquered, and were true.

Saturday came, and the six youths left their work at noon, having done more than over-work enough to make up for the loss of the half-day.

"Must have a time once in a while, eh?" said Sam's boss, as the young man pointed to the work he had done, and informed him that he should not work the rest of the day.

"Some sort of a time," replied Sam.

"Very well. But you're too good a fellow to go very deep into dissipation."

"I'll be up bright in the morning, sir," and with this he left.

The new Benevolent Society met at Walter Mason's tin-shop. Each took out his money, and they had in all nine dollars, it being in thirty-six silver quarters.

"Now," said Peter, "let's visit the three families we have taken under charge. We'll go together, and expend the money as we see it is most needed. Let us go to Uncle Israel's first."

So off they went to Uncle Israel Trask's. The old couple lived in a small hut at the edge of the village, which was reached by a narrow lane, and here the six philanthropists found the old lady, who was now in her eightieth year, suffering with a severe attack of the rheumatish, while the old man sat crouched over the fire, shivering with cold.

"Good day, good day, Uncle Israel."

"Aha, good day, boys, good day," cried the old man, trying to smile. "Can ye find seats? Sit down somewhere and make yesselves at home. But ye see it's a poor home that old Israel can offer ye to-day."

"But how are you getting along?" asked Peter, after the party had found seats.

"Ah, God 'a' mercy, I wont complain, for he is a takin' meself and Molly home fast. Only cold an' hunger aren't kind help-mates, Mr. Hobbs, ye ken that, eh?"

"Right well, Uncle Israel. And we've come to help ye. Do you want any medicine?"

"Nay, nay, the old ooman's got a' the medicine laid up we want. It's only the food an' the heat we need. I can't wade through the drifting snow as I could once."

"Suppose we send you a dollar's worth of flour, a dollar's worth of pork, and then another dollar's worth of other things, such as tea, coffee, sugar, butter and the like—could you live a week on it?"

"Ah, God 'a' mercy, boys, mesel' and Molly 'd live a long, long while on that. But ye'll not do it for us."

"Yes, we will."

"Ah, it's too much."

"No, no," cried Sam, "we've got to do it, Uncle Israel, for we six have sworn to help you through the winter. So spunk up."

"D'ye mean that?" uttered the old man, clasping his thin, tremulous hands.

"We do," they all six answered, and then Sam added, "and while one of us lives, you shall not suffer the want of what we can give."

A moment the old man bowed his snow-white head, and then, while the big tears streamed down his face, he raised his eyes, and murmured:

"O God's blessin' be on ye, ye noble boys. If me heart was gold, an' I could take it out an' give it ye—for it's yours, all, all, your own!"

In a little while the six went away promising to send, or come back soon, and even after they had reached the yard they could hear the voices of Israel and his wife, both raised to God in blessings upon their heads.

"I say, Sam," said Peter, "this is better than cigars and ale."

"Don't say a word, now," replied Sam, "for my heart's full, and I can't bear any more."

Next they drove through the biting wind and snow to the humble cot of the Widow Manley. They found her in the only habitable room of her dwelling, sitting by a fire of chips and fagots, with a babe asleep in her lap, and engaged in sewing a coarse frock. Three other chil-

dren were crouched by the fire, the oldest not yet eight years old.

Mr. Manley had been one of the many unfortunates who are swept off by rum, and in the prime of early manhood he had gone, leaving a young wife with four children in absolute penury.

"Ah, good day, Mrs. Manley."

The woman would have arisen, but Sam Green placed his hand upon her shoulders to keep her down.

"We have come," said Peter, seeing that she was anxious and fearful, "to see how you get along, and also to see if we can help you."

"Help me, sir?" uttered the widow in amazement.

"Yes. Now tell us plainly how you are situated."

The woman was silent for a few moments, but at length she seemed to require her self-control, and replied:

"Ah, gentlemen, it's all comprised in three short words. Hunger, cold, and nakedness!"

"And if we will supply you with food and fuel for a week, can you manage to get along until that time without more clothing?"

"Oh—h—yes—yes sirs. But what is it? Who will help us? Who can care for the—"

"We can, we will," cried the energetic Sam, not so good to plan as Peter, but good at execution. "We six have pledged ourselves to see you safe through the winter. So cheer up and take hope, for neither you nor your children shall suffer while we can help it."

The widow's hands were clasped, and her eyes wandered vacantly from one to the other of her strange visitors. She saw tears of goodness in their eyes, and her own soul's flood burst forth.

"O God bless—bless you always."

"And shall we have something good to eat, mama, and something to make us warm?" asked the eldest girl, clasping her mother's knees.

"Yes, yes, you shall," exclaimed Drake, catching the child up and kissing her clean, pale face. "You shall have it before supper-time, too."

The widow gradually realized the whole object of her visitors, and she tried to express her gratitude in words, but they failed her, and her streaming tears had to tell the tale of thanks.

After this, our society went to the Widow Williams. Here was a neat cot, but they found suffering painful enough inside. Philip, a youth of about their own age, sat in a large, stuffed chair, looking pale and thin, and wasted away almost to a skeleton, and his great blue eyes peered at them wonderingly as they entered. The mother, too, looked careworn and sick, and

the dry, hacking cough that sounded in her throat, told how much she needed proper food and care.

The youths made their business known as before, and with about the same result. The widow and her son could hardly realize that such a blessing had dawned upon them, but when they did realize it their joy and gratitude knew no bounds.

"Look here," said Sam Green, as soon as they had reached the road, "it strikes me that we are just about a week behind hand. We ought to have commenced this work just one week earlier than we did, for our nine dollars won't quite bring matters all up square to the present time. But if they were square now they'd keep so with our weekly allowance."

"By crickee, Sam, you're right," said Fulton, gleefully.

"Then let's commence back two weeks—eh?"

"I think so," said Peter.

And all the rest said so, too. So they had eighteen dollars instead of nine.

First our party went and bought three half cords of wood, which they sent at once to their respective destinations, and they agreed that when the other matters were attended to, they would go and work it up. Then they went to the stores and purchased such articles of provision and comfort as they could agree were best adapted to meet the wants of their charges, and having done this they separated into three parties of two each, so as to have each family provided for with as little delay as possible. Peter and Lyman Drake went to Uncle Israel's; Sam Green and Fulton to the Widow Manley's, and Walter Mason and Robinson to Mrs. Williams's, and to each they carried provision enough to last a week, besides leaving with each about a dollar in change.

When the poor people saw the promised blessings—when they thus met the fruition of their newly raised hopes, their joy was almost painful. The noble youths were blessed over and over again.

The wood was sawed and split, and put under cover, and then the "society" returned to the village as happy as happy could be. On the next day they went to church and heard how many heathen had been converted to the peculiarisms of the preacher; and on the day following that they commenced another week of their newly found Christianity.

"Sam," said the owner of the machine shop, "what were you and the rest of your party doing last Saturday afternoon?"

"Converting the heathen," answered Sam.

His employer was a church-member, and went in for foreign missions, and moreover, had often tried to induct Sam into the mysteries.

It was sometime before Sam would tell the secret, but his boss became so earnest that he at length told the whole story. For a while the employer gazed upon his journeyman with wonder, but gradually, as a sense of the fact came over him, he hung his head.

"Sam," he said, at length, earnestly, and with a tear in his eye, "let me join your society."

"But how'll you raise the money?" inquired Sam.

"Money?" echoed the boss. "Look at my bank-book."

"Ah, but that wont answer. You must save the money by depriving yourself of some superfluity, or luxury you now enjoy."

"Is that the rule?"

"It is, most rigidly. Our cigars and ale furnish us."

"And wont you smoke again?"

"Never while within the reach of my influence there's a human being in want!"

"Then I'll throw away my tobacco and beer. May I join at that?"

"I'll propose you."

And the master-machinist was proposed and admitted.

Another week passed away, and the new Christians went again on their mission, and there were more tears of joy, more prayers, and more blessings. Mr. Boothby, the machinist, had gained a new ray of light on the subject of Christian missions.

At length it became known that the poor families in Missionville had found friends. People were wonder-struck when they discovered how happy and joyous these once miserable wretches had become; and more still, when, one Sabbath, they saw Uncle Israel and his wife, and Mrs. Manley, with her two older children, enter the church.

Of course the truth leaked out, and we can imagine where the public eye of sympathy and appreciation was turned. Before a month was out, more than fifty people had engaged indirectly in the work by placing money, food and clothing in the hands of the original six, for them to distribute as they deemed proper.

But there was one rule to which the "society" adhered. They would not receive a cent in money which was not the result of a cutting off of some superfluity, and thus they showed to the people how simple and easy in its work is true charity, and also how many professed

Christians not only lose sight of their duty, but really lose the greatest joy of Christian life.

It was a glorious day for Missionville when those six young mechanics met in the village bar-room, and concocted the plan for their society. And the good has worked in two ways. The members find themselves happier, healthier and stronger for having given up their pipes and cups; and the poor unfortunate ones of the town are once again basking in the sunlight of peace, content and plenty.

How many professed Christian churches are there in our land which would be benefited, and even Christianized, by following the example of the six noble youths who still stand at the head of the *Missionville Benevolent Society*!

YACHTING.

It is but of late years that the yacht, the vessel built and only run for pleasure, has been prominently before the American observation. Perhaps the word was first familiar to us when hearing, as a thing of oriental magnificence, of the yacht of the rich Crowningshield, who went to the European seas with his vessel. There was fast sailing in those days, now by many years past, and I shall arouse the memories of other times in some men, in alluding to the ship *Genesee*, which, in its progress over the river, was deemed the fleetest that sailed out of Albany. The craft of all most famous, and whose achievements were the marvel of the wharves, was the little sloop *Dread*, of Hudson. All manner of sailing in the very eye-teeth of the wind, was attributed to her, and her championship seemed undisputed. Those were the days when the sail was not yet out of the ascendant in the river, when steam was but warming up to its might—the days when the great "James Kent" was, at a large cost, built to be a twelve-hour boat, and did not quite work out such wonder. It was the "America" that made the yacht a familiar word to the thirty-one States. It was the hand of Steers, in the mould, and line, and model; and the enterprise and judgment of Stevens, and Hamilton, and George Schuyler, that taught English yachtsmen that there was born, out of our blue waves, the victor.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*.

The churches at the Eastward have, from the peculiar situation in life of many of the worshippers, furnished the material for many a good anecdote or pleasant jest. It had been the practice among the attendants of divine worship in one of our down-east churches, for some of the youth to flatten out pewter buttons, and pass them into the contribution box. The old dominie at length felt it his duty, in justice to his pocket, to check the growing evil.

"My dear friends," said he, "some of you are in the habit of flattening the eye of metal buttons, and contributing thereof to the treasury of the Lord. I would simply observe, that while the process makes the resemblance to a ten cent-piece no more complete, it renders them utterly useless as buttons."

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

A thousand streams glide o'er the earth,
That rise in mountains gray;
Which owe to clouds and storms their birth,
Swift speeding on their way.

Through fields of green and flowery meads,
The cooling waters rush;
And 'neath the shade within the glade,
Clear fountains freely gush.

The streams unto the ocean glide,
Their watery wealth to pour;
And leaves borne down upon the tide,
Return again no more.

So we, upon the stream of life,
Are swiftly borne along;
Through various scenes of peace and strife,
Of sunshine and of song.

Until at last, our bark shall ride
Eternity's dark wave,
Whose waters can return no more
The shores of time to lave.

Then may we, as we speed away
Upon the silver stream,
Rare jewels gather while 'tis day,
Nor stop to sleep and dream.

That when we find our journey o'er,
And life no longer ours,
We may rejoice on that bright shore,
Where bloom immortal flowers.

WEALTH OF PURSE,

AND

WEALTH OF CHARACTER.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Two lovers of very different pretensions visited the daughters of Andrew Seymour, the affluent merchant, who boastingly asserted that "provided his children married to his mind, they should inherit a princely fortune." Now this marrying to a miserly rich father's mind, means that the husband in prospective, shall be of fair character and great shrewdness in financial acquirements. Mr. Seymour had not half so exalted an opinion of talent as of wealth; so a poor student, or one who even bade fair to rise by his untiring industry, was not held by him in such peculiar favor as he who had actually invested his fifty thousand out of his business acquirements; and so generally was his opinion understood, that but few dared cross the threshold where the blooming daughters resided, unless they were duly qualified.

But daughters must be educated, and a very common idea pervades many parents, that away from home, in some famed boarding-school, where a showy exhibition of the scholars' acquirements is semi-annually made public, I repeat it, some parents are desirous their children should have the reputation of "finishing off" in such an establishment. A case somewhat analogous to the one we are relating, now occurs to us. In our girlhood, we remember our friends sought with anxiety to find the most distinguished school in which to place our humble self—the one that had attained the greatest newspaper notoriety was sought, but alas, so many applicants preceded us, we were voted out in despair; whereupon a worthy old lady remarked, "my child, I'm afraid you woud find another place where you can work a mourning piece to frame, or a sampler, or something to make us remember you put us to the great expense we must assume." We remember then to have felt how inconsistent was the reasoning, since if we left no marks of the benefit of a school, save a piece of faded embroidery upon the wall, we certainly should maintain we had not gained the worth of our money.

Anna and Angeline Seymour were accordingly placed within the precincts of a distinguished seminary, and the result proved that by this movement, their characters for life were materially affected.

Girls at boarding-schools always form intimate companionships with a few whom they love with great warmth, and to whom they generally confide numerous love tales, which, though very serious at the time, are very silly in the retrospect of after years. Such friendships were formed by the Misses Seymour at the time they were in the seminary, and an impression was made upon both their hearts which could be dated as accurately from the boarding-school as the piece of embroidery with the weeping willow branching over an urn, beside which a gaunt female stood, as if abandoned to grief, marked with equal certainty what was sure to be inserted underneath, viz., "This piece was executed at the school of Mrs. S and B., anno domini, 18—."

Laura Todd who was Anna's bosom companion, had a brother not far from the age of Anna Seymour. Mr. Todd, senior, was not a man of great wealth; he was, however, a worthy citizen, the oldest lawyer in the place, and of course was considered one of the first men. Aaron Todd, his only son, had from early boyhood evinced a desire to go to sea, and although his taste gave his parents much anxiety, yet he was so headstrong in his purpose, that opposition

only added more decision upon the point at issue. Aaron, therefore, was studying navigation at the time he became acquainted with our fair friend. Anna well knew how her affections were being enlisted—she early ascertained that nobody's name but Aaron's raised a blush, and no pain she ever felt at separation, would be equal to saying farewell to him. Yet she treasured him in her heart, and the fuel was constantly fed by familiar intercourse in the family, and daily attentions which were reciprocated. She therefore was delighted with the school, and sent home the most flattering accounts of her progress, but the name of Todd never escaped from her volatile lips or pen.

Angeline Seymour had found a very different acquaintance in Herbert Boswell, who was a young gentleman of fortune, fair appearance, good talents, and amiable deportment, and more than all, he was an orphan, and left wholly to himself to make his mark in the world. Being possessed of an ample fortune, there was little inducement to him to labor to acquire money; so he adopted no profession, but sought in investments of his surplus cash his business, and in gay society his pleasure, and in a fashionable hotel his home. But he had a companion in Jefferson Caswell, at whose house Angeline Seymour boarded, and his friend had written to him of the fair inmate in their family, and offered it as an inducement why he should give them a visit, adding, "now, my dear fellow, if my heart were not already pledged, I could not resist the attractions of Angeline Seymour."

Herbert Boswell took an early opportunity to accept the offer, and the delightful visit he had planned was fully realized. Angeline was the very model of grace, and if not of striking beauty, yet she was showy and fascinating. With all the common chit chat of the day, she was perfectly conversant—she had studied etiquette as well as music, and knew how to modulate her voice and manner so as to appear irresistible in conversation. Boswell felt as if in the presence of a superior and lovely girl, whom to call his own would add a new charm to existence. Angeline did not rebuke his attentions, or flirt with his acknowledgements, nor disdain to accept all the preliminary steps which usually precede an engagement.

Moreover she wrote to her parents and spoke of the gentleman in question as one in whom she felt they would find no blemish. Accordingly, Mr. Boswell was introduced to the parents, and having made known his intentions, was accepted as the lover of their daughter, while poor Anna felt that to assert her affection-

ate regard for a sailor would be absurdly considered by her parents, so she smothered her affections within her own breast, and carefully concealed from her sister the very name of him who had now gone before the mast in an humble capacity, preferring to rise from the lowest berth to the entire command of a ship, which he was resolved to do by his continued and laborious service. We are obliged here to take leave of our young friends, and after a lapse of four years, we will imagine ourselves present at Angeline Seymour's wedding.

It is a bright evening—the house of the rich merchant is fully illuminated—a gay throng are gathered—there is the priest to ratify the holy bands of wedlock—there is music and the jocund laugh, the merry-making of a wedding where all parties are fully satisfied, and this consummates the nuptial rites of Angeline Seymour and Herbert Boswell. To-morrow they will sail on a foreign tour freighted with love and blessings.

They have left home and friends, and how different is the prospect which awaits the pale, but patient and trusting Anna. We shall not wonder she is emaciated and lonely, for already the voice of reproach is again resounding in her ears in such tones as the following:

"Anna, my child, you have seen how brilliant are the prospects of your sister—she has borne away with her the respect and approbation of all her friends; she is united to a man of princely fortune, not a wish will be left ungratified, and how can you give yourself away to a sailor, who, with bronzed countenance and brawny arms, exposes his life to the dangers of shipwreck, and is every moment liable to be engulfed in the deep sea? What are your prospects, should you marry Aaron Todd?"

"That is quickly told," replied the father of Anna; "the widow of a shipwrecked sailor whose effects were left in a foreign land to pay the expenses of his sickness and burial, while at home in destitution, there may be a small cargo of little mouths crying for bread."

Anna could bear such a coarse thrust no longer. She felt how much more sterling wealth of character lay in Aaron Todd than in Herbert Boswell, and stung with the foul aspersion thus thrown on his character, she replied:

"Father, my hand and heart are sacredly pledged to marry him whom you thus vilify. He has a noble nature; it is unwarpd by contamination with the vulgar or mean; he is neither the slave of fashion, nor the tool of wealth; he has already gained a competency and an honorable name, and will go out as supercargo in the next

ship in which he sails, and should the adventures he takes with him realize his expectations, upon his return we shall be married. I hope for your consent—at all events, we shall be united if thus prospered. I shall take the next voyage when he is commander of the ship."

"Anna, you reason like a fool. Would to heaven I could make you enlightened upon your future career; so madly blind—so positive—so headstrong—so self-willed."

"And was it for this, daughter, your father sent you to High Brook Seminary—for your sister to bear away a prize, while you are equally contented with a blank?" interrupted the irritated mother.

Anna struggled through many such reprovals, firm and undaunted as a martyr—regularly she sent a fresh expression of love by every conveyance bound to the port whence her lover had sailed, and rich was his satisfaction upon his arrival, to feel that he had manifest proofs that his love was fully requited—it cheered him and compensated him for exposure to shipwreck, and it animated him to be prompt and faithful to his own and others' interests. Suffice it to add, he returned well rewarded for his voyage, and although the breath of scandal was never known to asperse his character, yet no warm greeting was extended to Aaron Todd by Anna's parents on his return.

Letters about this time were received more frequently from the petted Angeline, but they bore no marks of the exuberant happiness that pervaded her whole being when she left home. She made frequent mention of her husband—but he was generally absent from home on a pleasure tour, attended by some merry sportsmen, and now and then an allusion was made to her home in America with a saddened expression, as if her deepest sympathies were still there. To her sister Anna, she soon after wrote the following letter, as indicative of her feelings.

"NAPLES, July 12, 18—.

"MY DEAR ANNA:—Would that I could see you face to face—think not of me as an object of envy in this fair city, where all that is beautiful in nature and art is concentrated. The desolate heart, my sister, is not filled by outward fascinations, nor is the eye or ear charmed by the most lovely prospects or heavenly music, when it craves a companionship that it cannot know. Herbert is not a model husband, to my way of judging. He is sometimes absent for months, and although the semblance of a gentleman still characterizes him, yet I do fear he is a libertine and a rake. May God forgive me if I misjudge him—but alas, one cannot shut the

eyes forever upon palpable sins of omission and commission. Anna, to marry for money is a hazardous experiment—rather would I be the wife of the poorest 'Jack' that goes before the mast, than the mere slave of a man's passions, who is blind to self-sacrificing love, and would gladly rid himself of all the responsibilities that an honorable marriage imposes. Anna, there is a brutish excess which I fear is gathering on Herbert. The wine cup finds in him a faithful votary—and with reason perverted, a folly is visible at which I shudder. Rash in expenditures, allured by gamblers, who at a single throw will stake a fortune, with trembling voice I entreat him to beware—but what hand can stay the destroyer? I sometimes fancy, my dear sister, that you are with me in my dreams. I imagine it may be my blessed fortune to meet you and your devoted husband in prospect in this beautiful city—the thought cheers many a cloudy hour, for I cannot go to you. I trust our dear parents will never again prefer wealth of purse to wealth of character—both conjoined, make a desirable combination, but minus one, let it be the former. No greater curse can befall a young man than to be left with an ample fortune, and the feeling he has no incentive to industry. With Aaron Todd your peace is secure. I will not burden you further with my complaints. Come to me, if possible—devise a way which I cannot. Very truly your loving sister,

A. BOSWELL."

At the time this letter was received, Aaron Todd had just returned from a successful tour abroad. He had realized many thousands by his fortunate adventures, and true to his purpose, his employers offered him the command of a new ship for his next voyage.

Anna's heart swelled with grateful emotions as her fond expectations were so soon realized—she could not but perceive her parents were less hostile in their resentment of her proposed marriage; but as Aaron was a plain, unpretending man, with not a spice of the dandy to exalt him in Mrs. Seymour's conceptions, nor a boast of wealth to allure Mr. Seymour, it was thought no lavish expenditure would be appropriated to their wedding festivities. This so much more accorded with the taste of the bride and her lover, that it stood in striking contrast with the sumptuous entertainment a few years since made at Angeline's wedding.

Aaron Todd, therefore, took the hand of his long tried Anna, and both of them plainly attired, repaired to the village church where he was baptized in childhood, and the same spirit-

ual father in the church pronounced them man and wife. It was a simple, touching service, at which neither of Anna's parents chose to be present—no marriage allowance was asked or bestowed, yet it was apparent a rankling self-reproach made them unhappy at the time.

A few days after their marriage, the worthy sailor was known as Captain Todd. He sailed in a new ship accompanied by his mate Anna, whom of all others he would have chosen. During his voyage he found it convenient to touch at Rome; and thence they proceeded to Naples, where such a joyful meeting took place as beggared all description between the long separated sisters. It appeared, Herbert Boswell, by mutual consent, had deserted his wife and child, and allowed her a scanty pittance, which conjoined to some efforts of her own, served for their support. This was a fortunate circumstance, as since this settlement, he had abandoned himself to the gaming table and wine-cup.

Angeline bore little trace of her former self, but re-animated by the presence of her sister and her husband, without much delay, she joined them in the remainder of their voyage, and after a sea voyage of six months' duration, her spirits became cheered, and a new love of life sustained her—for Aaron Todd had pledged his word that she should be the companion of his wife in her future years, and little Herbert had the name of Aaron appended to him, and promises to make a hardy sailor when his education is completed.

There is a lovely, picturesque spot upon an island that skirts our harbor. A handsome house ornamented by a dome with a high staff, upon which a flag, bearing our stars and stripes, is known to many as the residence of Captain Todd—for he has retired on a competency, and is now enjoying the fruits of a well-earned reputation. Anna and Angeline are inseparable companions, and to this day the latter knows not whether she be a wife or widow.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour lived to witness the folly of making mere wealth the criterion by which they could judge of an eligible marriage—they were forced to respect Aaron Todd, for had not "the brawny arms" of the despised sailor been the support and cherished prop on which they had leaned, when the test between wealth of purse and wealth of character became apparent? Mr. Seymour rejoiced to leave his property in the care of his son-in-law, and with deep humility confessed his early preference to money rather than a noble heart and active industry, by which possessions can always be acquired.

WAYS OF COMMITTING SUICIDE.

Wearing thin shoes on damp nights in rainy weather.

Building on the "air tight" principle.

Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in a round of unnatural excitement by reading trashy novels.

Going to balls through all sorts of weather in the thinnest possible dresses. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home through the damp air.

Sleeping on feather beds in seven by nine bedrooms.

Surfeiting on hot and very highly stimulating dinners.

Beginning in childhood on tea, and going on from one step to another, through coffee, chewing tobacco, smoking and drinking.

Marrying in haste, getting an uncongenial companion, and living the rest of life in mental dissatisfaction.

Keeping children quiet by teaching them to suck candy.

Eating without time to masticate the food.

Allowing the love of gain to so absorb our minds, as to leave no time to attend to our health.

Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with niceties when the stomach says no.

Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing.

Retiring at midnight and rising at noon.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves when a simple disease first appears.—*Exchange paper.*

TOO ANXIOUS, BY HALF.

An amusing affair happened lately between a coal dealer and purchaser in Boston. The latter was very anxious to see that the former did not cheat him, so he—the purchaser—inspected the weighing of the coal himself, and felt perfectly satisfied that he got his allowance, without any desire on the part of the coal dealer to shave. However, while the coal was weighing, the driver of the team could not help laughing, aware at the time that the purchaser was particular about his full weight of the coal. The purchaser, noticing the laughing of the driver, asked him when he had received his coal, what it was all about? so the driver told him.

"Why," said he, "when your coal was weighed, you were standing on the scales, and were weighed with it."

"Is it possible? Why, I weigh nearly two hundred pounds!"

"Well, sir," said the driver, "you are sold."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I have bought myself, too."—*Journal.*

Sir Walter Scott in his diary, thus writes:—"When I had in former times to fill up a passage in a poem, it was always when I first opened my eyes that the desired ideas thronged upon me. I am in the habit of relying upon it, and saying to myself when I am at a loss, 'Never mind, we shall have it all at seven o'clock to-morrow morning.'"

EARLY DAYS.

BY WILLIAM ROWLAND, JR.

O give me back my early days,
The fresh spring and the bright,
That made the course of childhood's ways
A journey of delight

O give me back the violet blue,
The woodbine and the rose,
That o'er my early wanderings threw
The fragrance of repose.

And give me back the glittering stream.
The fountain and the dew,
That neither day nor nightly dream
Can ever more renew.

I would give all that tears have bought
Of wisdom, wealth or love;
For one sweet hour of early thought,
This sordid world above.

One happy flight, away, away,
On wings of tameless power;
One golden morn, one glorious day,
In childhood's rosy bower.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

HARRY ALLENBY was in every sense of the word a fast young man. That is to say, he drank hard—played high—was up to everything in the way of merriment and fun, and considered it his bounden duty to spend as much money as he could squeeze out of the old governor—as he dutifully called his father. Yet Harry was a good-hearted fellow, though he was now sowing his wild oats, and his mother would assure her husband that “he, in his young days, was quite as bad before she married him, but then,” said she, with a sigh, “poor Harry may not be so fortunate in his choice of a wife, as you were. Ah, there's not many women in the world like me, now-a-days,” and the old lady would finish off with a glowing catalogue of her hundred and one virtues; while he, poor old gentleman, would hide his diminished head behind a newspaper.

But this morning Harry was not in his usual spirits. Something unpleasant had disturbed him, for he sat in a listless attitude, his arms crossed over his head, and his heels considerably higher than the mantel-piece.

“What's to pay, old boy?” said Philip Clayton, one of Harry's firm friends, as he entered the room and noticed the rueful expression on that young gentleman's countenance. “What's to pay, eh?”

“O, my dear fellow,” said Harry, “I've just had a scene with the old governor, and he refuses to pay any more of my debts, or to furnish me with one cent of cash. He says I must work for it as he did. Heigho, I cannot tell how the old gentleman gets such strange ideas into his head. Work, indeed! It's ridiculous, isn't it?”

“Ah, well, never mind, Harry, I'm in luck, and will lend you as much as you want. So cheer up, my boy. I'll tell you what it is. You want a little excitement to drive away the blues. What do you say to advertising for a wife?”

“Hurrah! I'll do it,” said Harry, springing to his feet. “Let's go to work at once.”

After some consideration, Harry wrote the following lines:

“A gentleman possessed of considerable property, is anxious to meet with a young lady, tall, graceful and accomplished; age, from eighteen to twenty-five, to a lady of this description. He offers his hand, heart and fortune. It is as well to say that the gentleman is of medium height, possesses dark eyes and black hair, and is a very agreeable companion. Address to M. W., Box 3, Post Office, Baltimore.”

“That's it,” said Philip. “Now we'll be off and have it inserted in three of the leading papers.”

We must now leave our two friends for a short time, and introduce our readers to the beautiful heiress, Isabel Montague, who, seated in her elegant boudoir, is in earnest conversation with her cousin, Emily Carlton.

“O, Bell, do answer this advertisement, just for fun,” said Emily. “The poor fellow is in want of a wife. Tell him you are an heiress, twenty-three years of age, and miserably plain-looking; that your hair is so red, all the flattery of your friends cannot persuade you it is auburn. At the same time say that you possess a sweet voice and temper, and a warm, loving heart, and sign your name, Lillie G. The letters can be addressed to the care of my old nurse—we can call at the cottage for them, you know. I declare it will be quite an adventure.”

“Well,” said Isabel, “I will answer it, but might I not as well put my real age—sixteen?”

“No, put twenty-three; never tell the truth in these matters, Bell.”

Accordingly the note was written, sealed and despatched to its destination, and our fair friends anxiously awaited the result.

“Hurrah, Harry, hurrah,” said Philip Clayton, as he bounced into Harry's room without ceremony. “Here's three answers to the advertisement. We'll toss up, and see which is to

be opened first. Ah, this one;" and they read Isabel's note.

"I say, what delicate writing, Phil.; and as to her plain looks, that's all a ruse. I dare say she's as lovely as an angel. Ah, Lillie, sweet Lillie, you're the girl for me."

"Now do not be in such haste, Harry. There's two other letters, yet."

They read them, but the writing looked worse compared with Lillie's, and they decided upon corresponding with her and taking no notice of the others.

"I'll answer it right away," said Harry; and in the course of half an hour, he handed the following note to Philip for inspection.

"DEAR LILLIE:—I received your note in reply to my advertisement, and shall feel happy to make your acquaintance at the earliest opportunity. You speak of having red hair! I assure you, I consider that no detriment; and in looking for a wife, think more of a cultivated mind than personal beauty. The note I had the pleasure of receiving, and the beauty and delicacy of the writing, convince me, that in you I shall find an accomplished and agreeable companion. Hoping you will have an early period for our meeting, I remain

Yours, very respectfully, M. W."

Isabel and Emily laughed heartily on the receipt of this note, and feeling determined to carry on the joke, Isabel wrote the following reply:

"Lillie G. felt much pleasure in receiving M. W.'s kind note, and thinks it very probable that she will love him dearly, as indeed she almost does already, and will appoint a place for a meeting upon the satisfactory answer to the three following questions:

"What religion does M. W. profess? Is he sober, and does he like company? She would also like to know his real name, as she feels a delicacy in corresponding with a stranger."

The note was despatched and satisfactory answers returned. The correspondence continued regularly for three weeks, when Isabel agreed to meet Harry at the residence of Emily's nurse, stipulating, however, that she should remain veiled. All that eventful day the young ladies were very busy instructing a tall, black girl in the part she was to play that evening. They dressed her handsomely, and covering up her hands and arms, and fastening on a very thick green veil, they walked slowly to the cottage, arriving there a short time before the gentlemen did.

In about half an hour Harry arrived and wished to see Miss Lillie. Isabel and Emily whispered a last injunction to Dinah, and hastily hid themselves behind a screen. Harry bowed low as he entered the parlor, and the lady put out her delicately gloved hand, which he squeezed with the greatest enthusiasm. He tried to converse with her, but thought her unreasonably shy, as she made no reply whatever to his fine speeches. At last he said:

"Lillie, dear Lillie, remove that envious veil, and let me gaze upon your lovely countenance."

But she grasped it still tighter.

"Nay, dearest," he said, and hastily tearing it aside, he imprinted a kiss upon her cheek.

Dinah broke out in the laugh peculiar to her race, and hastily made her exit, locking the door after her, and a loud, silvery laugh rang out from behind the screen. He rushed hastily to the door to make his escape, but found it locked, and turning to the window, saw to his amazement, Isabel and Emily. He was fairly caught, for he had often met them at the balls in Baltimore, and they knew him well.

"How do you do, Mr. Allenby," said Isabel, while a roguish light twinkled in her large, dark eyes. "We did not expect the pleasure of meeting you here?"

"O," said Emily, "he came to see Dinah. What made her run away so soon, Mr. Allenby?"

"Ladies," said Harry, "I beg you will keep this secret, and not again allude to my folly. I know you are the originators of this ludicrous scene; it is really too bad of you."

"But, Mr. Allenby, we did not know that you were advertising for a wife. We thought you possessed better sense."

"Well, it was a joke on my part, and so I will forgive the joke on yours. Shall I have the pleasure of your company to the opera, to-morrow evening?"

Emily was engaged, but the laughter-loving Isabel accompanied him, and never had she heard music with greater satisfaction than she did on that evening. Harry was an agreeable, well-informed man, and seemed to feel peculiar pleasure in the society of the beautiful heiress, while she, with her mischievous freaks, and wild, joyous spirits, felt more pleasure in having Harry for her escort, than she did in any of the other applicants for her favor.

Time passed on, and one fine morning Harry offered her in reality his hand and heart. He said nothing about his fortune—mind—for he was not troubled with much; but she was rich, and did not care for a wealthy husband; so Harry became her accepted lover.

Then followed a round of pleasure and amusement. No balls, parties, or picnics were considered complete, without the presence of Harry and his affianced bride; and one fine morning a happy train passed merrily along to St. George's, and Harry clasped his dark eyed bride to his heart. And the friends crowded round offering their eager congratulations.

There was an elegant ball given in the evening at Mr. Montague's mansion, and the next morning, the bridal party, accompanied by Philip Clayton and Emily Carlton, proceeded on a tour to Europe.

Harry is in high spirits, and advises every unmarried man to advertise for a wife. Isabel looks very shy as she alludes to Dinah. She says, "you know Harry, you kissed her."

"I don't mind if I kiss her again, you gipsy," said he.

We must say in conclusion, that Harry Allenby, Jr., has renounced all his bad habits, and is a model husband. And his respected mother has come to the conclusion that Isabel is one of the very few remaining ladies who are good for anything.

THE DUKE AND WALKING-MASTER.

A cavalry officer was breakfasting one morning at Apsley House, and observed his grace to smile while perusing one of his letters, and afterwards set it apart. Some time afterwards, he found, on referring to that letter in conversation, it had come from a lady totally unknown to the duke, and who kept a boarding-school at Kensington. The lady solicited a particular favor from his grace—namely, that he would recommend her to some non-commissioned officer, whose character stood high in his esteem, for the purpose of teaching her young ladies to walk. Strange as this application was, it very much tickled his grace's fancy; and, during his morning ride, he called at the Senior United Service Club, and desired one of the servants to send immediately for Sergeant Murphy, of the Grenadier Guards. Upon the sergeant's arrival, the duke directed him to attend in full uniform at

House Academy, on the following morning, and mention to Miss ——— that the Duke of Wellington had sent him there to teach her young ladies how to walk.—*London News.*

SHORT LECTURE TO YOUNG LADIES.

Have a good piano, or none. Be sure to have a dreadful cold when requested to "favor the company." Cry at a wedding. Scream at a spider. Never leave your curl-papers in the drawing-room. Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are engaged, if you don't like your partner. Abjure ringlets on a wet day. It's vulgar to know what there is for dinner. Nuts are bad, if you are going to sing. Never see a black coat as long as there is a red one, and always give the preference to the elder brother. Get married at St. George's, if you can—at all events, get married.—*Punch.*

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL TREASURY.

A correspondent of the Transcript, writing from Moscow, gives the following interesting account of a visit to the Russian Imperial Treasury in that city: "I cannot forbear mentioning the attention which we, as Americans, received, not only here, but throughout all Russia, from those in official capacity, and the bare name of 'Americaine' proved an open sesame everywhere. In the imperial treasury are carefully preserved the platters and salt-cellar, upon and in which bread and salt are given to the Emperor on his arrival at Moscow; also a glass blown by Peter himself, with a ducat blown into the bottom of it. In one room are fifteen crowns, including those of the captured countries, Poland, Siberia, Astrachan, Georgia, and the Crimea. Peter the Great and his half brother, the foolish Ivan, who were crowned together, have each a crown of wonderful magnificence. They contain respectively 887 and 841 fine diamonds, besides some of the largest rubies and emeralds known. The imperial crown contains more than 2600 fine diamonds, and the ruby under the cross, the largest one known in the world, alone cost 120,000 silver rubles. Peter II. was the first monarch crowned with this, and Anne added the ruby, bought by her ambassador at Pekin. The crown of Poland (so called) is here, but it is merely a crown, made at Warsaw, to be used in the funeral ceremonies at the burial of Alexander in 1825. The sceptre of Poland is a single piece of aqua marine, two feet long, and by some strange fatality it is broken in the middle. There is also a throne here, which is studded with more than 2000 turquoises, and is covered with pure gold. The double throne of Peter the Great and his brother Ivan is of solid silver. A curtain hangs behind it, under the concealment of which their ambitious sister Sophia dictated their answers. Here are also two saddles of the Empress Catherine, given her by the Sultan at the peace of 1735 and 1775. The first is all diamonds, the horse-shoes silver and the stirrup gold (for she sat astride). One topaz, in the martingale, alone cost 10,000 rubles. The two are a perfect mass of diamonds, and altogether my eyes ached with magnificence."

MARRIAGE IN THE GREEK CHURCH.

The priesthood in Russia are peculiarly situated as respects the connubial state. The Greek, unlike the Roman church, does not prohibit their marriage; while the Russian polity goes so far as to enjoin, nay, to insist upon it. No one, in fact, can hold a cure until he is married; and it sometimes happens that a wife has to be sought for in a great hurry in order to secure a desirable parish. If a Russian priest loses his wife by death, he cannot wed a second time, because they interpret the phrase "having one wife" in its entirely literal sense; should he have the misfortune to become a widower, he generally enters a monastery, as he can no longer have the care of a parish.—*Life in Russia.*

The every-day cares and duties which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time.—*Longfellow.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE PURSUIT OF WEALTH.

Perhaps the most crying social evil that now exists in this country, is the avidity with which wealth is pursued—almost every channel of active and sedentary occupation being crowded with adventurers, bent, almost exclusively, on gain. The mere possession of wealth is regarded with far too much respect; the pursuit of it occupies far too much time, too much thought, and is, in fact, so universal, as to call for serious comment. The desire of a competence is praiseworthy; in fact, a total contempt of money argues neither good sense nor good morals. We have ever found that those who were loudest in their expressions of contempt for "filthy lucre," were the very men who did not scruple to levy heavy contributions on the purses of their friends, and were not in reality despisers of money, but of the toil necessary to obtain it in this work-day world.

But the desire of a competence which shall put its possessor above the danger of want in days of sickness, and inaction, and old age—which shall prevent him from becoming a charge upon the public, or a burthen on his friends and family, is a very different thing from that inordinate craving which is never satisfied, and which is always calling for more; which requires the devotion of all the faculties to the one pursuit of money, to be expended as it pours in on the purchase of mere externals, which is extravagance, or on the multiplication of itself, which is avarice. The "golden mean" of the poet is rarely sought for; the modest competence that satisfied our fathers is inadequate to the contentment of our desires. The ten or twenty thousand, which of old was a modest competence, and the result of half a life of moderate labor, varied by agreeable recreation, and mental and heart-culture, is now hooted at as a beggarly portion. With us, a million is success, and forty or fifty thousand dollars a failure. The pence are lost in the scramble for pounds; and the "pile," as it is—"pyramid," as it should be—called, must be won at a dash—as a fortunate better sometimes breaks the bank at *rouge et noir*. It is too true that success and wealth have come to be regarded as almost synonymous terms; and that wealth commands

too often more respect than steadfast virtue and laborious attainments.

What wonder, then, since such is the worship of Mammon, that hundreds yearly are dazzled by the gilded idol of the million to such an extent that they regard all means as justifiable which lead to the great end? The bank defaulters, the fraudulent treasurers, the absconding brothers; these are all, in a great measure, the victims of public opinion—a public opinion which sets up a false standard to be followed and which almost pardons the detected offender in admiration of the greatness of his aims, while, with a singular inconsistency, it visits with the severest reprehension the starved clerk of the millionaire, who is guilty of abstracting a few hundreds because he falls that much short of the means of decent subsistence.

It is quite time that those who perceive the enormity of the evil we have commented on, should speak out, trumpet-tongued, against it; that an effort should be made to return to the simplicity, moderation, and high-toned commercial integrity of the honored fathers of our country.

NEW YORK.—The odors of leaky gaspipes and ailanthus trees in New York, are said by the sufferers to be excruciating. The perfumes are worse than those of the city of Cologne, of which Coleridge wrote:

"The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne;
But say, ye nymphs, what power divine
Can ever wash the river Rhine?"

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.—Modern refinement is distinguished by the elegant appellations it substitutes for antique phrases. Thus a barber is an "artist in hair," a footpad, "an illegal tax-collector," and a bill-sticker, an "artist in paste."

IMMIGRATION.—The German immigration into the United States this year will probably number about 170,000 souls; and the British immigration will number about 70,000.

A FACT.—When flour sells for twelve dollars a barrel, marriages are few and far between; but when it falls to five, connubialism increases fast.

THE LAND OF GOLD.

Let no one say that poetry and romance have abandoned the world—that we lead a mere work-day life, and in the dreams of bards and the chronicles of old-world story-tellers alone we are to look for startling and thrilling events. The history of California within the past six years is a wilder and more gorgeous romance than any Eastern story-teller ever wove out of the golden thread of his imagination. Were it a history of the far past, we should class it with those mythological narrations which are blended with the mists of ages. An almost unknown region, stretching along the shores of the Pacific, thinly settled, but occasionally visited by traders, its agricultural capacities unestimated, its physical features undelineated, suddenly became the magnet of attraction to the eyes of the whole world. In 1848 chance revealed the fact that the new country contained within its bosom millions on millions of pure native gold. A nucleus of money seekers swelled majestically up to an almost innumerable host. Hollow-eyed, despairing men, from all parts of the continent, who had never been able, with the utmost exertion, to keep the gaunt wolf of poverty from their doors, hearing the wondrous tale, fled to the land of promise, speeding thither over the land or sea as in a dream, and returned to their old homes, some of them in a few months wealthy, loaded down with treasure. Then cities sprang up, with marble palaces, where just before the rude adobe huts of the old residents sufficed to keep the storm from their heads. There was revealed to the world the wonderful rise of a State that might almost be said to have sprung into existence "consummate from its birth." A new, a golden star was added to the constellation that already burned in the union of our banner.

But the progress of the State was not altogether a triumphal march—an agreeable drama, on which the world might look with unmingled satisfaction and applause. Gold and crime go hand in hand together. There was a season of perfect lawlessness, when fraud and violence accomplished their base and bloody purposes. Then came, born of necessity, the stern justice of self-constituted tribunals—fierce retribution overtaking crime, that wore, to those not eyewitnesses, the aspect of atrocious vengeance, until law assumed its superiority, and the triumph of civilization was complete. There were calamities, too—fires that swept away millions of property in a few hours, and vainly reduced cities to ashes, for they sprang again, almost instantaneously from their embers. The total result has been summed up by a very excellent journal,

the "California Farmer," in the following manner:

"We find ourselves quietly emerging from the wreck and the storm—only passing; and we find we can sum up of assets and valuables:—

1. One State of California with 121,000,000 of square acres.
2. Said acres have on them 250,000 sturdy young laborers.
3. These have a regular State government of 500 officers.
4. These last live on the fat of the land, earning \$2,000,000.
5. The State has a revenue of \$2,158,099.
6. A debt also of \$2,520,204.
7. Of taxable property, \$111,000,000.
8. Exports of gold and silver, \$36,000,000.
9. Of literary periodicals, in number, 82.
10. Of public and private schools, 214.
11. With scholars numbering 20,076.
12. Of cultivatable lands, in acres, 70,000,000.
13. Of saw mills some 100.
14. Of flouring mills some 60.
15. Of hardy, camp-inured, brave, ready equipped, ready mounted citizen soldiers in the coasts and sierras, 30,000. Besides ships, steamboats, sea steamers, 200 miles of electric telegraphs, 3000 lawyers 130 post-offices, 5000 miles of established mail routes, a weekly line of sea steamers connecting with the Atlantic, a railroad communication from ocean to ocean in six hours, another isthmus route through belching volcanoes, by daylight; twenty express companies, 100 bookstores, 100 churches, 150 cities, towns, and villages (all done in six years); an agricultural society incorporated, granting premiums of \$5000 annually, five volumes of State laws, thirty miner's canals of wonderful construction and great benefit, 500 miles of gold placers; silver, quicksilver, sulphur, salt, soda, iron, copper, lead, and platina mines; ocean coast of 700 miles, and three navigable rivers penetrating the State; a public penitentiary, an asylum for the unfortunates deprived of reason, conducted with great credit to the State and honorable to our pride as Californians; a commodious marine hospital, built with Uncle Sam's money, and an invaluable dry dock and navy yard for our maritime forces, some excellent highouses; a mercantile library association of 5000 volumes, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, plenty of banks and bankers, a fertile, fruitful soil, producing the grains, plants, and fruits tropical and temperate, and a climate of unrivalled salubrity. Also the sea abounding with fishes of divers kinds, great and small, even unto the great leviathan—all good, and fit and useful to make a great State, if the hand of the diligent shall bear rule."

In view of these facts, are we not justified in saying that the history of California is a wild and dazzling romance?

MORMONISM.—This delusion appears to be spreading instead of subsiding. There will be a larger immigration of foreign Mormons this year than any previous year. Polygamy still flourishes, and Elder Hyde has issued proposals for three or four more dozen wives.

NEW LINE OF OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

We rejoice to hear that subscriptions are coming in so fast in aid of the establishment of a line of steamships direct from this port to Liverpool, that the enterprise may be regarded as a "fixed fact." We think there is no commercial speculation that promises so well to the "solid men" and the solid capital of Massachusetts. This port is one day's sail nearer to Europe than New York. The point of departure for several great lines of railroads, communicating with Canada, and radiating to nearly all points of the compass, it affords rare facilities for the transportation of goods for the supply of a vast region of country. Such a line cannot fail to command a very large proportion of the travel from this country to Europe, and to convey a great share of foreign travellers coming to the United States.

The Cunard line, admirably managed, and important as its services have been, fails to meet all the requirements of our people. The delay at Halifax, and the fact of the monopoly of the news of these steamers by New York, for a period sufficient to deprive us of a great deal of its commercial value, are obvious points that need not be enlarged upon. We need not ask the question, can we build ships here that will compete with other lines? We will back Donald McKay against the world for building a boat that shall astonish everything afloat upon the ocean; and if any faster steamship than he can model can be set agoing, we should not care to take passage in her, for we shall be satisfied to cross the Herring Pond in eight days, and we think he can turn out a boat that would put us across in that period. Every city is bound to make the most of its own advantages, and this steam line is the one thing wanting just now to crown our business facilities. Everything promises complete success to it.

SUPERSTITIOUS.—The lower orders of Havana have been greatly exercised lately by a shapeless and nameless spectre, said to haunt a house in the Calle de Sol. We rather think the whole affair was a "sell," got up by some smart Yankee to pass the time.

THE MILLENIUM.—Robert Owen thinks the Millennium commenced on the 14th day of May. The war in the East, we should think, would make sad havoc with his theory.

JUST SO.—Saint Pierre says that one should never say he is right, but "I am of this opinion at present."

AERONAUTICS.

Among all the costly means and appliances for carrying on the war in the East, we are a little surprised that no attempt has been made by the allies to reconnoitre Sebastopol by means of observations taken from balloons. When balloons were invented in France, towards the close of the last century, it was believed that they would prove of utility in military service, and acrostation, or the art of navigating the air, was studied in several of the military establishments. The battle of Fleurus was said to have been gained in consequence of observations of the enemy's camp made from a balloon. An aerostat might be sent up when the wind was favorable (to return by a counter current) to a height that would baffle the aim of even Minie riflemen, while the passengers, by the aid of powerful glasses could learn the condition of the enemy beneath. Of course the experiment would be hazardous, but there are hundreds of gallant men who would readily volunteer on the service; and the result might prove of the highest importance to the allies. The navigation of the air has occupied so much attention at Paris that there would be no difficulty in finding experienced aeronauts to undertake the management of the balloons designated for this employment. The exposure of life, of course, would not be reckoned; for where thousands are sacrificed in one gallant dash on the enemy, two or three lives might well be hazarded in an experiment, in the success of which two armies would be interested. We think we shall forward this suggestion to the French minister of war—the British government are too old foggy to give it a hearing.

TURKISH LIBERADITY.

The bigoted prejudices against Christians in the dominions of the sultan is fast fading away, as might be anticipated from the present political condition of the Ottoman empire. Lately, the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem was thrown open to the Duke of Brabant, and a number of other distinguished Christian visitors. Under an improved political system, the Turks might yet become valuable members of the great community of nations. We can never forget how the sultan of Turkey sheltered Kossuth and his glorious companions, when the Austrian eagle and Russia bear were prowling on their track.

GREAT CRY AND GREAT WOOL.—The farmers in Ohio have sold \$6,000,000 of wool this season. We cannot deduct a mill from the amount, though it does seem a pretty large one.

ENGLISH SADDLE HORSES.

The spirited Paris correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times thinks the English saddle horses are very near perfection. Hear him: "I would rather take Ristori's superiority over Rachel for granted, than sit till midnight in a hot opera-house to hear her, instead of going to bed early after a cool stroll, and rising early to take a canter in the wood, which the 'embellishments' have not yet quite spoiled. Of all luxuries in this life, give me the luxury of a thoroughly good and well-broken English blood-horse. I never owned a *first-rate* one before this spring, and now I take back, too, all I ever said about English saddle-horses. We can't *build* anything to equal their best; any more than they can come up to our trotters. If the tales of Eastern travellers be really anything but 'travellers' tales,' and the Arab horses are better than the English, I don't wonder the Arabs have never showed any inclination for the civilization of Europe; with such horses, they can want nothing more."

ADULTERATION OF TEA.

The Chinese are adepts in trickery. The unhealthy effect of some parcels of tea which are dealt out in our cities, is owing to their being adulterated so extensively by the Chinese. Old and damaged tea is taken by them, and placed over hot pans of charcoal to dry. The dried leaves are put into cast iron pans—a few pounds of tea in each pan—and placed over furnaces. A little tumeric is now stirred in; but in order to secure a good green hue, lumps of Prussian blue and gypsum are added. These are then stirred before the fire until the tea has taken the fine, bloom color of hyson, with very much the same scent. The transformed leaves are then picked, sifted, chopped small, and sold for excellent young hyson.

THE TAMARIND TREE.—The tamarind tree has been grown in Virginia from seeds, and is highly spoken of as promising to be a valuable acquisition to our fruit trees, especially on the prairie lands of the west. Its growth is rapid, its appearance very ornamental, and it is perfectly free from blight and the depredations of insects. Last season, the trees in Virginia produced fruit as good as the imported.

PYROMANIA.—This is the name given to a peculiar sort of insanity, which induces the victim to set fire to houses and goods. A chambermaid in this city has lately indulged in her pyromaniac propensities.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A wedding took place in Bristol, England, a few weeks since, under somewhat romantic circumstances, realizing the old adage that "truth is strange; stranger than fiction." It appears that a sister of Mrs. N., who resides at Montpelier, some two or three years since married a merchant, and emigrated to California soon afterwards, with a view of bettering their fortunes, taking with her the likeness of an unmarried sister. The picture happened to be hung in a very conspicuous part of their house in California, and attracted the attention of a rich resident of that district, who happened to pay a visit to the house. He was enraptured with the image of the fair unknown, and exclaimed, "By Jove, I'll marry that girl, if she is to be found in the world."

He was told where she resided, and he posted to her a note enclosing a present of forty pounds sterling, and a few days since a knock was heard at the door, and on the young lady going to open it, a good looking, bronzed featured gentleman rushed into the house and gave a chaste salute, exclaiming that he had come from the other end of the world to find her, at the same time pulling out the likeness which first led him to seek his attraction. Of course they were married, and are to "live long and die happy," as usual.

ENGLISH CRITICISM.

"Miss Murray, Maid of Honor to Queen Victoria," travelling in this country, was shocked at the extravagance of our ladies' dresses; we are very sorry for it. The English are very apt to be shocked at many things we do. Our grandfathers in 1776 behaved in a way that Miss Murray's grandfathers considered "positively" shocking. Why can't our ladies dress so as to satisfy the fastidious taste of the Hon. Miss Murray? Remember that the Queen and Prince Albert were once "pleased to express their approbation of our Wenham ice." We must try to secure Miss Murray's approbation of our toilettes and demi-toilettes.

DECIDEDLY COOL.—During the long, terrible and destructive fire at Hamburg, a few years since, an Englishman writing a letter from a house not reached by the flames, said: "What a scene! and what a dreadful situation. Thirty-six hours without shaving, and twelve without eating!"

BRITISH CURRENCY.—The British House of Commons have adopted a resolution to issue silver coins representing the one hundredth part of a pound, and copper coins the one-thousandth.

JUDICIOUS COUNSEL.

Amos Lawrence, of Boston, in his "Diary and Correspondence," gives the following characteristic counsel:—"At the commencement of your journey, the difference between going just right or a little wrong will be the difference between finding yourself in good quarters or in a miserable bog or slough at the end of it. Do not cheat yourself by doing what you suspect may be wrong. You are as much accountable to your Maker for an enlightened exercise of your conscience as you would be to me to use due diligence in taking care of a bag of money, which I might send by you." 'Good principles, good temper and good manners, will carry a man through the world much better than he can get along with the absence of either. The most important is good principles.' 'Temptation, if successfully resisted, strengthens the character; but it should always be avoided.' 'The moral taste, like the natural, is vitiated by abuse.' 'He whose life ends at thirty may have done much, while he who has reached the age of one hundred may have done little.' Bring home no foreign fancies which are inapplicable to our state of society."

CHINA GRASS.—Is an article which should be immediately introduced into the United States. In China it is cultivated along the borders of rice fields. In Queen Elizabeth's time, clothes made of it were imported into Europe. The Hollanders preferred it for fine fabrics to those made of flax. The tenacity is such that a thread may be spun one hundred and seventy-five feet long without winding. It is fifty per cent. stronger than flax. A thread over six miles in length weighed only a trifle over 1200 grains.

SNAKES.—A man by the name of Mitchell, living near Peoli, Kansas, has killed more than one hundred rattlesnakes this season, while thousands in the aggregate have been slaughtered in the same vicinity.

SUICIDES.—A mania seems to exist in New York for self destruction. Two women have lately attempted suicide, one of which was successful, and the other was frustrated in her endeavors by some lookers-on.

A HARD TASK.—Lord Timothy Dexter once commissioned an artist to paint his portrait. "Make me the size of life," said the great man, "holding a book in my hand, and reading aloud."

"WAS NOT THAT THUNDER?"

One of the finest spectacles presented by the summer solstice, is a sudden thunder-storm, particularly when witnessed from an elevated point, commanding an extensive view. There is music, as well as scenery—the crashing boom of the heavy peals that reverberate among the hills, like the echoes of the bombardment of Sebastopol. Then the pouring rain, descending in torrents, flooding the parched earth, and drenching the heavy foliage, is an additional circumstance of interest, and when the drama winds up with a sudden outburst of gorgeous sunshine, with a rainbow spanning the retiring storm, the beholder feels that there is scarcely an episode in the story of natural phenomena more magnificent.

A COLD PLACE.

At Yakutek, 62 deg., north latitude, the Russian American Company bored for water in the courtyard of their establishment, to the depth of 360 feet, and found the ground frozen there. They could not obtain water and gave up the attempt. In that latitude the surface of the ground, a few feet deep, is thawed for a few weeks during the summer, but all below is frost and ice. The inhabitants have cellars under all their dwellings, which are perpetual ice houses; in them, when the sun is intensely hot outside, they place their milk, fresh meat, etc., which soon becomes perfectly frozen.

A CHILD OF THE REGIMENT.—Two or three years since, the *Garde Lafayette* of New York adopted the daughter of one of its members who had died, leaving her without friends or support. At the military procession on the Fourth, this young girl, dressed in colors corresponding with the uniform of the French soldiers, appeared with the *Garde*, marching by the side of one of the officers.

FLATTERING.—A correspondent of the Boston Traveller says that a respectable Moslem in the East informed him that in this country there was "no law, order or religion, and that people ate one another." This is too bad! We merely skin one another in driving bargains, and flay one another alive in political contests; but there's no cannibalism, we can assure our Oriental friends.

AWFUL.—The French lately sent home forty-three thousand wounded and sick from the Crimea, and they have buried at least one hundred thousand in that dreadful charnel-house. Such is war. Thank God for the peace we enjoy!

COMPENSATION.

This life is conducted on the compensating principle, and though we cannot understand all the operations of the principle, yet we see instances enough of it to infer that a wisdom, far above our finite comprehension, regulates the whole. How few of us understand the mechanical niceties of a chronometer watch, though we all know that it is accurate as the sun. And who shall attempt to explain the moral mechanism of the universe? Here and there a partial light breaks in on us—but this is enough for faith—too much for skepticism. How glorious is youth—with its ardent sympathies, its vivid imagination, its splendid dreams of the worldly future—its bounding blood and high health! Yet, who, in the noon of manhood or the autumn of age, who that is thoughtful, true and hopeful, would regret its passing away? Who, that is a really true man, would disguise the advance of age, darken the tint of the bleached hair, touch with a rose-hue the pallid cheek, and persist in wearing the garb of youth, in the vain hope of self-deception, in the vain endeavor to cheat Time of his due, when reason tells him that for what Time has taken away he has made atonement in gifts tenfold more precious could they only be appreciated? If youth be glorious, with its ruddy health, elastic steps and warmly wild imaginings, it is also beset with dangers, trials and temptations, peculiar to its fiery season. The passions besiege the citadel of the soul with a persistency that knows no rest. They hang out false lights on the lee shore of sin, for which imagination steers with reckless trust. On the shrines of youth stand idols of gold with feet of clay; what a record of trusts betrayed, of false friends, of fickle loves, of crushed hopes, is the history of youth, and this from the very existence of those dazzling qualities which stamp its character. The awakening from these dreams is a dreary period. Its brilliant visions fade into night like the kaleidoscope fires of a pyrotechnic display, where the roses and foliage first grow dim, then faintly sparkle, then flicker away into inky blackness.

But anon a steadier light dawns upon the clouded solitude of the soul—a light less brilliant, but serener far. Reason kindles the new dawn. For the fond credulity that saw a deity in every idol of clay, we have the keen intelligence which detects a thousand objects of interest in paths before hurried over with a thoughtless step. If friendships are less readily knit, they are more worthy and enduring. If the fiery valor is gone, steadfast fortitude and heroism occupy its place. Passionate enjoyments begin to pall upon the

senses, but the glories of the intellect are an unfailing resource. Nature bares her bosom to the eye of manhood, and it marks the very pulsation of her heart. Yet another stage of existence, and another change—but still for the better. If the eye grow dim, the inner vision is brighter. If tried and trusty friends are summoned, one by one to take their places in that vast caravan which is ceaselessly moving forward towards the unknown and the infinite, to each of them we may say:

“Thou marshall’st me the way that I was going.”

The memories of sorrows become feeble, but those of long gone innocent pleasures are vivid and entrancing—a childlike joy in simple things affords a glimpse of the childlike guilelessness of the Hereafter—when knowledge will no longer be either imperfect or forbidden, and we shall learn how complete is the system of compensation, and how seeming evil is reconciled with perfect good.

FORTUNES OF WAR.

It is rather singular that of the many strong places of defence in the world, hardly one remains, at this day, in the hands of the original builders. It may here be stated the French built Quebec, but the English hold it. The English built Moro Castle at the Havana—the Spanish hold it. The Spanish built Vera Cruz—it is now in the possession of a mongrel breed of Spanish, Indian and negro blood. The Moors fortified Gibraltar, and passing into the hands of the Spanish, it was finally taken by the English. Sebastopol, one of the strongest of the strong fortresses in Europe, it is hardly necessary to say, will soon pass into the hands of the English and French, as will the many fortresses in the Black Sea and in the Straits of the Dardanelles.

A SAFE GUARD.—The Albany (N. Y.) Knickerbocker says: “They have just opened a public reading-room in Schenectady, N. Y. The contents consist of two almanacs and an old dictionary. The mayor thinks it will have a tendency to check immorality in the young.”

INGENIOUS.—A Londoner has taken out a patent for tipping cigars with a composition capable of being fired by friction, so that when a smoker wishes to light a cigar, he has only to rub the end of it against any hard substance.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—This popular and wonderfully cheap monthly is outstripping all similar publications in its circulation. Mr. Ballou has large experience in periodical literature, and makes a most admirable work. —*Boston Daily Mail.*

Foreign Miscellany.

The French government are about to increase their navy largely.

In a single day seventy thousand persons visited the Paris Exhibition.

Within a year the King of Sardinia has lost five members of his family by death.

An elephant, 120 years old, was lately shot in Birmingham, on account of age.

A colossal statue of Berzelius, the chemist, has just been cast at the foundry in Munich.

The Journal de la Corse announces the discovery of a mine of mercury in the district of Ajaccio.

The Ex-Queen of France, after the numerous vicissitudes of her lengthened career, is in the enjoyment of excellent health, in London.

One of the officers of the allied army at Kertch, observing an unusual number of new graves, caused them to be opened, when they were found to contain cannon.

A comparison of the sums insured against loss by fire, in the different assurance offices of England, shows that property exceeding in value one thousand millions sterling is thus protected.

It is stated that nearly all the branches of the Bonaparte family will in a very short time be assembled in Paris, round the emperor, who desires that the several persons bearing his name should form a *faisceau* near him.

The Paris Unvers, the organ of the Jesuits, lately made a virulent attack upon Beranger. The reply was found in the sale of the thousand copies of a bust of the old poet, adroitly put upon the market by a Parisian sculptor.

A creditor in France has availed himself of an excellent plan to make his debtors come up and settle. He has posted up in a conspicuous part of his inn a list, on which he affixes their names, with the sum due by each.

A means of impregnating silk with gold, silver, brass, or iron, so that it can be woven with perfect flexibility, has recently been discovered by a chemist in France. It is said that the price of the new material will not be high.

The Austrian Gazette has an article endeavoring to prove that the allies should abandon the siege of Sebastopol, because the taking of the town will involve a sacrifice disproportioned to the advantages of victory.

The science of photography is now assuming such universal dimensions that we find the large cities and towns on the Continent are following the example set by London in holding their "Expositions Photographiques."

The Allies have given orders to complete the destruction of the fortifications at Anapa. Two hundred pieces of cannon and two years' provisions were found in the forts. The Circassians plundered the town.

A monument to Daniel O'Connell, executed by Benzoni, at the expense of Mr. Bianconi, the well-known car proprietor in Ireland, has been completed and is to be placed in the church of Sant' Agata della Suburra, belonging to the Irish College at Rome.

The project of closing the bakers' shops in London on Sunday has caused riots.

Fourteen thousand men of the Austrian army in Galicia have died.

It is said that more churches have been erected in England during the last fifty years, than had been built for five centuries before.

The Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Society have presented a fine Cheshire cheese, 90 lbs. weight, to the Emperor Napoleon.

John Black, for twenty-five years editor of the London Morning Chronicle, and "father of the London press," died a short time since, aged 72.

On the late anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, Lord Seaton caused a gratuity of 5s. to be given to each survivor of the memorable conflict at present residing in Kilmainham Hospital.

A proclamation has been published in Altona prohibiting enlistments for the Foreign Legion. The penalty for disobedience is eight years imprisonment and hard labor.

The imperial Brazilian decree for the construction of a railway in Bahia has arrived in England. The maximum capital on which a premium is at present guaranteed is £1,800,000.

The fine arts department of the Paris Exhibition is truly wonderful. It is said to contain the largest and finest collection of pictures which have ever been brought together under one roof.

Some ladies in England, who have been remarkably successful in ecclesiastical embroidery, have formed themselves into a society for supplying poor churches with such things at mere cost.

During the year 1854, 388,714 cwt. of foreign cheese was imported into the United Kingdom. Of this 349,696 cwt. came from other parts of Europe; 38,987 cwt. from the United States, and 30 cwt. from British possessions abroad.

A gentleman of the name of Delle Cose has just died at Verona, leaving a million of francs as a fund for the relief of poor workmen unable from sickness or other causes to maintain their families.

The publishers of the Melbourne Argus have raised the price of that paper from ten to twenty dollars per year. They say it costs them half a million dollars per year to carry on their establishment.

The present war footing of the Austrian army is said to involve an expense of 650,000 florins (say £65,000) a day. The annual cost, therefore, it is calculated, will carry the deficit in the Budget to about 300,000,000 florins (say thirty millions sterling).

The ground left disposable by the demolition of the buildings of the Temple, in Paris, is to be transformed into a public garden in the English style, in the centre of which will be erected a monument to Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

The duke of Nassau has given a commission to the sculptor Hopsfgarten for a group in marble, representing Christ in the midst of his Apostles, destined for a church in Wiesbaden. These figures are to be much larger than life size, and the sum paid to the artist is to be 75,000 francs.

Record of the Times.

A wire cable is to be laid between Ogdensburg and Prescott, connecting them by a telegraph.

The total valuation of the real and personal property in the city of Detroit, is \$12,250,381.

A wicked book is the worse because it can't repent.

By a recent act of Parliament, the repeal of the Usury Laws of Great Britain has been effected.

There are nearly 5,000,000 sheep in the State of Ohio.

Who have most to fear, the *uninsured from fire*, or the *insured from insurance companies bursting*?

Toads are said to be particularly fond of cancer-worms, and eat numbers of them.

Eleven of our fourteen Presidents have been lawyers. Encouraging to the briefless!

Pearls have lately been found in the Ohio, near Cincinnati.

A seceding Mormon has recently been writing a book blowing up Mormonism.

The Churchman thinks the use of fans in church a sinful luxury.

A doctor approves tight lacing, because it kills off foolish girls.

Queen Elizabeth never wore a dress twice—and never gave a dress away.

The British Government don't like our stopping recruiting in the States.

James Horrocks, whose father was a drummer under Cromwell, died so late as 1843.

There are stated to be fifty-four mills in California, supposed to be able to turn out 4000 barrels of flour per day.

Between fifteen and sixteen thousand reaping machines, it is said, will be manufactured and sold this year in our country.

A donation of \$5000, from some unknown source, has lately been received by the treasurer of the Massachusetts Missionary Society.

The great bell of St. Reni, at Moscow, weighing 80,000 pounds, which fell more than three months ago, has been swung again.

Five English females pay twenty pounds a year for the privilege of selling gingerbread at Ormakirk, in Lancashire.

The first steamboat ever built on the waters of the Western Missouri, launched at Kansas city, is called the "Kansas City," and is intended for the Kansas river trade.

The reporter of the N. Y. Times went to a hop the other night, and in his rose-leaf, sky-blue account, says there was not a homely face, an ugly foot, or a vulgar waist present.

The *Amenia Times* (N. Y.), states that A. Hotchkiss, of Sharon Valley, Conn., has invented a new kind of ball for rifled cannon, which is to overcome all the difficulties heretofore experienced in rifled cannon for firing iron balls.

Pulmonary consumption, the great scourge of our northern climate, is disarmed of half its terrors since we have a remedy so singularly efficacious as Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It is worthy of the high reputation which it enjoys.

Our contributions to the Paris Exhibition are chiefly revolvers and India rubber goods.

The Courier and Enquirer proposes a public subscription for General Scott.

Mrs. Le Vert, the American belle, visited Vesuvius during the eruption.

The Grand Duke Constantine will be Regent of Russia if Alexander dies.

They publish a tri-weekly Gazette at Hoboken, N. J. It is a smart paper.

Forty-six infernal machines were destroyed by the British, off Cronstadt.

The London Times thinks the war will take care of itself—very likely.

Seven thousand tons of ice are cut from the lakes in Lynn, per year, on an average.

In the United States there were, in 1850, 1666 persons over 100 years of age.

A salt lake has been discovered about 150 miles from St. Cloud, in Minnesota.

The Fall River News calls New Bedford the *sperma-city*!

The rate of interest established by the Nebraska Legislature, is 10 per cent.

A few drops of ether it has been found, will, when mixed with rancid oil, restore its freshness.

The Bristol, R. I., Railroad, built at a cost of \$400,000, has been opened for travel, the cars being run by the Boston and Providence Co.

A cutting objection is made to the elevation of Gen. Houston to the presidential chair. They say he would whittle the arms off!

The British court, it is said, is setting its face against racing, and that the prize cup is to be discontinued.

The Dayton Journal publishes a report of a sermon under the head of sheriff's sale. Funny people up in Dayton.

Betsey Leonard of Keene, N. H., relict of one of the Bunker Hill minute men, recently attained her hundredth year. She was married in 1775.

Among his other high sounding titles, the king of Ava has that of "Lord of twenty-four Umbrellas."

Hair, feathers, woollen rags, leather, horns, dry blood, dry flesh, and fish, contain from fifteen to seventeen per cent. of nitrogen, and are consequently good manure.

Prof. Thayer, of Woodstock, has examined the body recently disinterred at Middlesex, and described in the papers as a case of petrification, and pronounces it not stone but *adipocere*.

The amount of stocks in banks, railroads, and turnpikes, owned by the State of New York, is estimated to be worth \$2,244,800, having cost a much larger sum.

The New York Tribune says the Commissioners of the Canal Fund will make a further loan of \$2,250,000 for the enlargement, soon after the 30th of Sept., next.

The "Hansom Cab," is the name of a new carriage just introduced in Boston from London. It is singular looking but very convenient; and is said to have supplanted most others in the great city.

Merry Making.

The young lady who "jumped at an offer" dislocated her ankle.

They have a clergyman down in Portland by the name of Sunrise.

Young ladies should never object to being kissed by printers, they should make every allowance for the *freedom of the Press*!

A vender of quack nostrums inscribed on his window pane—"Don't confound this shop with another quack's on the opposite side."

The Albany Knickerbocker says that there is a man in Greenbush who believes in rotation of crops. One year he raises nothing, the next weeds.

Dobbs is a strong believer in "guardian angels." If it were not for them, he asks, what would keep people from rolling out of bed when they are asleep?

A traveller, about to start on a journey through a country infested by robbers, took the precaution of putting a brace of Colt's revolvers at the bottom of his trunk!

"What's the matter now?" cries the housewife to the servant maid. "The dish is only cracked, ma'am." The next day to the same question—"The dish was cracked before, ma'am."

Rowland Hill used to ride a great deal, and by exercise preserved vigorous health. On one occasion, when asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed, he replied: "My physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

Stocks took a decided rise a day or two since. An eight-foot Vermonter bought a dozen at one of the furnishing stores, and put half upon his neck at once. Queer institution—the stock market.

A venerable young gentleman, four years old, recently threw his maternal relative into a fit of admiration by the following speech: "I like most all kinds of cake—pound cake, sponge cake, and jelly cake—but I don't like stomach-ache."

A gentleman on a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage money if there was any danger of being blown up, as the steam made such a horrid noise. "Not in the least," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."

A gentleman living upon his means, in the country, wishes for a town house, where his *distingue* manner, unrivalled powers of conversation, and general accomplishments, would be considered an equivalent for board and attendance during the season. N. B.—Abundant whiskers, and foreign aspect.—*London Diogenes*.

The following is a verbatim copy of a petition presented to the Rhode Island Legislature a day or two since: "To the onable Genable Assembly: We the undersign petishenors pray your orsaible Body to make a Law so that if a Man presents a good Bank Note to the Gate Keepfer, he shall make the change or let the Traveler pass over any Bride or Turnpike."

Reform is an omnibus that's always "just going to start."

The new skirts worn by ladies are six feet in diameter.

The poor fellow "who couldn't hold his own," has got himself into a worse difficulty by trying to hold another's.

Mr. Jenkins says he has a house to let—wants the rowdy boys to let it alone. Jenkins is right. "Them boys," says Jenkins, "is rascally."

The best stick a man can carry about him, is a stick to business. Try five years, and report the result in a fly-leaf of a next year's almanac.

Sealed proposals will be received until November next for supplying walnuts to the city squirrels the ensuing winter.

There is a thriving friendly society in Manchester, Eng., under the somewhat forbidding title of "Antediluvian Buffaloes."

There is no doubt that when our ships are ploughing the main, they must meet with some very harrowing scenes.

A man said of a painter he knew, that "he painted a shingle so exactly like marble, that when it fell into the river it sank!"

An eminent housebreaker, having completed the term of his imprisonment, applied to the Grimsby magistrates to have his skeleton keys and other professional tools given up to him.

"This way, captain," shouted an English soldier at Inermanna. "I have a prisoner." "Well, bring him here." "I should like to do it—but the scoundrel wont let me go."

"Has a man," asked a prisoner of a magistrate, "any right to commit a nuisance?" "No sir, not even the Mayor." "Then, sir, I claim my liberty. I was arrested as a nuisance, and as no one has a right to commit me I move for a nonsuit."

A little fellow, weeping piteously, was interrupted by some occurrence. He hushed his cries a moment: there was a struggle between smiles and tears; the train of thought was broken. "Ma," said he, resuming his snuffle and wishing to have his cry out, "Ma—ugh! ugh! what was I crying about just now?"

A young gentleman who wished to send his likeness to a young lady whose parents had forbidden him the house and, who of course, would object to her having his miniature, directed the artist "to take his likeness, but in such a way that nobody should recognize it." Most painters can do that.

An editor of a paper, who was a great sufferer from toothache, made the following observation, after a violent attack: "The person who can write editorials while suffering with toothache, could kick up his heels over the grave of Hope, and snap his dying fingers in the face of Time and Sorrow."

CHEAP LIVING IN TEXAS.—You borrow your neighbor's frying pan, hook his bacon, and make his hens lay in your own nest. Doughnuts grow on the bushes, and gutta percha oysters can be found most anywhere. For people of "limited means" and no principles, Texas opens a wide area for comfort and kindred estates.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 10.

THE COQUETTE: OR, THE YOUNG SCHOOLMASTER.

BY MISS M. A. AVERY.

If Miss Ellen was fair, so was Stella Cline, and if Ellen was an arrant coquette, Miss Stella—who is to be the heroine of this little story—was, by some, feelingly accused of that odious crime. Being keen and witty, lively and pretty, she attracted much attention from the gentlemen of her native place; and the fact of her being the daughter of one of its wealthiest men didn't at all lessen her attractions in their eyes; so that she had a fine chance for speculation in hearts, and, for a time, was just thoughtless enough to consider it fine sport.

"Why will you be so wild and thoughtless, Stella?" said Susan, her elder and more dignified sister, one day. "It really hurt my feelings to see you so rude to Arthur Bruce this morning, and I know he felt it deeply. He knew well enough that you and Juliet were making fun of him; and he showed it by his heightened color. He is a stranger here, and as such, deserves to be treated with more politeness than you and Juliet seem willing to bestow."

"Well, he needn't be so odd and awkward, clownish and glum, then, if he don't want to be laughed at. Why, he didn't say five words all last evening, except when father asked him some questions; did he, Juliet?"

"I didn't count them, but it may have been a trifle more," said Juliet, laughing.

"I know—it's easy enough to see that he is very bashful, has never seen much society, and does not feel at ease among strangers, as yet; but if I am any judge of looks and bumps, you

will find that our young schoolmaster is not such a noodle as you take him to be, and that there is more sense and intellect in that fine head of his than half a dozen of our Chichester beaux could display, all put together."

"Ah; but will you include Nick Rainsford among that number, Susan?"

"You know I don't, well enough," said Susan, blushing.

"I don't know it neither; and I declare, Juliet, I believe Mr. Bruce has made a great impression. I must tell Nick to look out for breakers."

"You'll do no such thing, Stella; but if you did, you'd have your labor for your pains, for Nicholas knows you too well to believe it. But to be serious, girls, I do really wish you'd be more considerate in your treatment of Mr. Bruce, for all who know say that he is a very deserving young man, if he is poor; and that he has, by great exertion, obtained a first rate education, and bids fair to become something a little above the common class of young men."

"Well, it's nothing to us if he does; is it, Juliet? And for myself, I'm sure I shouldn't want anything of such a *donkey*, if he were to become the governor, I can tell you, Miss Mistress."

"You don't know that. And supposing now that I should prophesy that you will one, or both, be in love with the same donkey before six months are over, what would you say to that?" said Susan, laughing.

"That you were a false prophet, and a fool into the bargain; for I should much sooner fall in love with the 'man in the moon,'" said Stella, shortly.

"Ay, or Louis Melton," said Juliet Day, roguishly, as she ran out of the room, laughing—fearing, perhaps, a box on the ear for her sauciness.

Mr. Cline had accommodated the young teacher with board, for the reason that he had once known and highly esteemed his parents, who had been dead for years; so that Miss Stella was likely to have a good chance to make him the butt for her ridicule for some time if she thought best. But somehow, after a few days spent so much in his society, she, and Juliet Day, too—who was a frequent caller—seemed to forget that he was such an awkward donkey as they at first imagined him to be. And when they began to find out the extent of his acquisitions, heard him talk eloquently with Mr. Cline, and the old doctor and minister, upon some very abstruse subjects, read elegantly, and play beautifully upon his flute, as an accompaniment to their singing, they forgot it altogether. And when, by degrees, his reserve and diffidence wore away, they found that he could be a very conversable and genial companion; and then all the fault Miss Stella in her heart could find with him was, that he was too much occupied with his books, out of school hours, to please her. She liked reading herself well enough, but it would be much more pleasant, she thought, to have a more social boarder. The rarity of his genial moods, perhaps enhanced their value in her eyes, and somewhat piqued her vanity. She had always before been able to attract the notice of all the gentlemen who came in her way; but he would sometimes sit for hours, apparently so absorbed in his books that he did not notice her, or any one else, at all—though she sometimes thought he was not so regardless as he seemed, and saw and heard things not intended for his eye or ear; and she had some reason for the supposition one evening, when Juliet called for her on her way to a party at Mr. Harlem's. He seemed deeply absorbed in his book, by the west window, after tea, while they conversed in low tones by the door.

"So Nick and Susan are not going," said Juliet; "and we must go alone, if at all. But there's Bruce; he's invited. Isn't he going?"

"Are you going to the party this evening, ladies?" said Bruce, rising, and laying down his book. "If so, I should be happy to accompany you."

Of course they wanted a beau enough to accept the offer, and for the first time that night Bruce attended the proud belles of Chichester; but it was not the last time, by any means; for, having once broken the ice, and found that his company was acceptable, he did not afterwards hesitate in offering his services, when occasion offered. And the occasions soon became very frequent, too, as the season advanced and the evenings grew longer; for there were parties, and singing schools, and the meetings of the Chichester Benevolent Society, and the Friday evening lectures, and we don't know how many more things to be attended to, though we must not suppose these fair ladies were always tied to the young schoolmaster, when there were a dozen others anxious to gain their favor, with all the benefit of old acquaintance and previous propositions to back their claims. No, indeed! They were belles, and bells ring and make a noise in the world.

Juliet Day had her admirers; and as for Stella, there was Louis Melton, the young merchant, who was considered one of the best matches in Chichester by more than one fair miss; and Henry Walworth, the minister's eldest son, a student at the university; and James Sinclair and William Ward, two young farmers; and we don't know how many more, all anxious to obtain the slightest notice, and all, for the present, kept in leading strings by the coquettish girl, who seemed in no hurry to choose from the lot, so long as all flattered, and paid her devoted attention wherever she appeared.

Melton, who was a fine-looking fellow, was supposed by many to be the favored one; but of this he was not so sure as other people, for he knew very well that when with him, she always avoided all conversation that would lead to the subject nearest his heart; and that he had never as yet been able to get in a word on the subject edgewise. He loved Stella Cline, and hitherto had had pretty fair hopes of ultimately winning the heart and hand of his wayward mistress, in spite of all rivals; but when Arthur Bruce came upon the arena, with his intellectual face, diffident manners, and fine dark eyes, and became an inmate of Stella's home, he began to feel such pangs of jealousy as none of her other admirers had ever been able to arouse in his breast—a jealousy that displayed itself almost unconsciously in such little slights, vexations and annoyances to its object, as no gentleman of right feelings would have been willing to display, without a sufficient cause; and he did this, too, in ways that were most mortifying to Bruce, thus displaying his own meanness.

Unfortunately for Bruce, the remarks Stella had made upon him the morning after his arrival in the place, had taken wings, and thus, upon every convenient occasion afterwards, Melton called him Stella Cline's donkey—sometimes even in his hearing, although he, for a long time, knew not what was meant by the allusion, and was too proud to ask. He was, of course, annoyed by the frequent and petty insults he received from Melton and his clique; but he found some true friends, whose kindness and sympathy amply compensated him for their ill will; and among these, William Ward, who, possibly, would have been better pleased to have the unpretending stranger win the prize he coveted, than the proud, supercilious Melton, who, because he held the exalted position of tape measurer, and butter and cheese weigher, to the people of Chichester and vicinity, looked down with disdain upon the young farmers and mechanics around him, as upon inferior beings, even when they were every way his superiors.

"You wonder, Bruce, why it is that Melton and his loungers persecute you in this small way, do you?" said Ward to him one day. "I can tell you. It is your position at Mr. Cline's that excites their envy. They fear a rival in you, that's all."

"A rival! Why, I'm merely a boarder, and have put forth no pretensions of any kind."

"It don't take much to excite Melton's jealousy, and ever since you went with Stella to Mr. Harlem's, he has shown his ill will, and paraded the silly speeches she thoughtlessly made upon you when you first came here. He loves Stella Cline, as well as so selfish a fellow can love any one but himself; and many have thought she favored his suit; but his present ill concealed jealousy of you proves to me that they've been mistaken."

"You seem to have studied the subject deeply, my friend," said Bruce, looking up, smilingly and searchingly in Ward's face.

The blood mounted to Ward's cheek, and he cast down his eyes.

"Yes, Bruce," he said, feeling that he had betrayed himself, "I have studied it—to my cost, too. I have loved and do love Stella Cline better than any other woman; but I'm not a favored lover. I was not one to be put off with smiles and jokes from year to year—I would know my fate; and when I found out what it was, I knew that I had been deceived, and that Stella Cline was an incorrigible coquette."

"You are severe, Ward. You must allow that a girl cannot return every lover's passion," said Bruce, earnestly.

"Yes, I know; and yet she need not look and act encouragement till he proposes, and then give a decided refusal."

"Did Miss Cline do that, Ward?"

"She certainly did, if I'm any judge of such things; and now that I have unguardedly exposed my disappointment and mortification to you, I would just warn you to beware of her art yourself; but don't expose me."

Bruce walked home that night in a deep study, thinking over all that he had heard of Stella, and comparing what he had himself seen, by it. He knew that she had at first laughed at his awkwardness; but for that he could hardly find it in his heart to blame her, as he was sufficiently conscious that he did not then appear to advantage; but he knew that she had since then appeared well enough pleased with his company and attentions.

"Can it be that it is only the deceit of a coquette?—a bait to win a silly fish into the net?" he asked himself. "I will not believe it. Poor Ward's disappointment makes him judge her too harshly; and yet do not her looks, and her gay, good nature and witty speeches, continually exert an attractive influence upon all around her—perhaps, unconsciously, to herself? They do upon me, that's certain. I every day feel increasing pleasure in her society—every hour find myself thinking more of her smiles and her approval—every minute, when I am near her, find my eyes wandering from the books, once my delight, to that interesting volume—her form and features. And why it is so, I have never before seriously inquired of myself; never before have I critically analyzed my feelings; and what but love, a passion I have before known nothing of, could create such all-absorbing sensations? Yes, it must be so. I do love her, and that is the reason I have been so blind to her faults, so charmed by her society, so glad when I came home to find her alone, that we might talk unrestrainedly of all that we have heard, read, and seen; so rejoiced whenever there is an opportunity to walk with her alone, and study the book of nature around us, made all the more beautiful by her enchanting presence. But to what does it all lead? Strange that I never thought of it before! I am as poor as a church mouse, and in no situation to marry if I wished it; and it's not at all likely she would think seriously for a moment of marrying me, brought up in the midst of wealth as she has been. If I were only rich! I wonder if I ever shall be. I have had a long dream; but I must try to awake from it to the hard reality, and think of something else."

From that evening, Stella felt that there was a marked change in Bruce's manner towards herself, from some cause, she knew not what. From being free and confiding, and plainly showing the pleasure he felt in her society, he grew reserved again, courted his books with greater assiduity than ever, and seemed to shun all appearance of intimacy, designedly, almost rudely. Stella felt the change deeply; for if the truth must be told, she had now more than begun to love Arthur Bruce. She had been gay and thoughtless, and never before, in reality, realized the pain she was inflicting upon others by her coquettish behaviour, looking upon it more in the light of a play than anything else. But now, when her own feelings had become deeply interested, she began to understand what others might feel in similar circumstances. A bitter pang shot through her heart as she thought of it, and a change from that hour came o'er the spirit of her dreams. One evening Bruce came home and found Stella alone, her father and sister being out for a call.

"You look very sad and pale to-night, Miss Stella," he couldn't help saying; "and I have noticed that you frequently do of late. Are you not well?"

"Yes, well enough," said she, rather shortly.

"But you certainly do seem changed, Miss Cline."

"It is you who are changed, Mr. Bruce, and not I; and I would now like to ask, if I have offended you in any way?" said she, looking up with a slight blush.

"Offended me! No, certainly not. But why do you think so?"

"O, you seemed all at once so cold and reserved to me that I imagined you were offended. I thought in some of my wild moods, I might have said or done something to wound your feelings, as I have sometimes done to others, to my sorrow."

"Are you then sorry for such things, Miss Stella?"

"Nobody is more so, sometimes, than I am, in spite of my gay nature; and of late more than ever."

"Why so?"

"Because I more frequently see the consequences of my past folly and thoughtlessness."

"Will you tell me what they are?" said he, earnestly.

"That were another piece of folly to be repented of, if I should tell you," said she, smiling rather sadly.

"I think not; and perhaps I could absolve you, if you would confess willingly," said he.

"No, you wouldn't be willing to forgive some of the follies I can think of, so I dare not confess to you."

"Come, supposing I could help you; where shall we begin?"

"With yourself, perhaps," said Stella, looking down.

"Well, then. You laughed at me, and called me names, perhaps?"

"And can you forgive me, if I did?" said she, in a low tone and with a blushing cheek.

"Forgive you? Yes. But you confess it; do you?"

"I suppose I must; and will own to being very sorry for my rudeness afterwards," said she, seriously.

"That score then is settled; and now for more serious ones. Some of your male friends could, perhaps, bring worse charges against you than that."

"Of what nature?" said she, in some surprise.

"O, such as raising their hopes up to the skies, and then, by some little word or look, lowering them down to the earth, or a little lower."

"If I have ever done such things, I could now sincerely wish them undone," said Stella, somewhat confusedly.

"And how long is it since your repentance commenced?"

"Some time. But tell me now, if some one hasn't been filling your head with some of my misdemeanors?"

"Only a few," said he, smiling at her earnestness, but with a slightly scornful look.

"And that, then, is the reason of your reserve; you despise—"

"If I were not firmly convinced of her coquetry, those words, and looks, and tones, would give me courage to tell her how deeply I love her, in spite of all this studied coldness," thought Bruce, as he gazed upon her face till the warm blood mounted to the temples, and the sparkling eyes were modestly cast down. Then he remembered her last words, and starting from his reverie, he said:

"People are sometimes reserved in self-defence when they fear to expose their feelings, or their ignorance; but we will be better friends in future—will we not?"

"Just as you please," said Stella, coldly, as she left the room.

"I could almost swear I saw tears in her eyes as she went out," said Bruce to himself. "What if she does love—pshaw! what am I thinking of? Her feelings were wounded by my words;

and it was ungenerous and impolite to twit her of it, even if she were a coquette. I must ask her pardon. But O, how can I live here day after day without exposing this love, which I feel is every day growing stronger? If I stay much longer, I shall make a fool of myself."

In the privacy of her own apartment, Stella gave way to a passionate flood of tears.

"I see it all now," she thought, "as plain as daylight. He really loves me, but believing I am a coquette, he despises me. O, how bitterly do I now regret that I ever gave any one reason to call me so! The sir has certainly brought his own punishment."

"Why, what's all this about?" said Susan Cline, bursting into the room, suddenly. "There is Bruce below, walking the room like Banquo's ghost, and Stella above, weeping as if her heart were breaking, which I'm afraid it is."

Stella pouted, and dashed off the tears as quickly as possible; and in answer to Susan's repeated inquiries as to what was the matter, said:

"Didn't you never have a fit of the blues, you simpleton?"

"Ay; but it's something new for you, I should think. Tell me now, Stella, isn't Master Bruce at the bottom of the affair?"

"Master Bruce!" said she, scornfully; "as if I haven't half a dozen lovers to plague me, without troubling myself about Master Bruce!"

"Yes, I know it, and what is more, that you are sowing fruitful seeds of sorrow and trouble by encouraging so many, as you begin to find out to your cost."

"I don't encourage them," said she, between a laugh and a cry. "And how can I help it, if they will keep around me, like a swarm of mosquitoes, each one trying to get a bite; or flies around a honey-pot."

"But I thought you really did like Melton, Stella. What has set you against him, pray?"

"I'm not against him; but I've been out of patience with him ever since he began to din the donkey in my ears."

"Well, you alone were to blame for that, for you should never have given him occasion. Punishment follows sin."

"I know it, and that's the reason I don't like to hear it at every turn."

After that time, Stella and Bruce met less formally, and confidence was apparently restored between them. They walked, read and talked together much oftener than they had ever done before; and as she grew more free and confiding, the power of her fascination over him was increased to such a degree that he was

upon the point of following Ward's example, in disclosing his feelings to her, when an incident occurred that clouded all his bright visions, and upset every plan he had heretofore dreamed of, or matured.

His term was just closing, and he had agreed to let the committee know next day whether he would commence another, when he was called upon to attend a wedding party in the village, at Mr. Randall's. The house was crowded with guests, among whom were several strangers, friends of the parties, from a distance. One of these—a Mr. Waldo—seemed particularly struck with the appearance of Stella Cline, who was present; and after the ceremony was over, sought and obtained an introduction, and for some time kept up a spirited conversation with her. He was finally called away, when she rose and joined her friend, Juliet Day, in a promenade through the rooms.

Bruce had seen the whole affair across the room, and could not help feeling a pang of jealousy, as he surveyed the stranger's handsome face and noble form; and wishing to compose his disturbed mind, he went out and seated himself in a window-seat of the only room he found empty. And he sat there musing upon the slight foundation upon which his hopes rested, and the danger they were in of being overthrown, when the two young ladies came sauntering into the room, and stopped to examine some engravings that were lying on the centre-table. They seemed in high spirits, and Bruce was just rising to join them, when Miss Day said, somewhat archly:

"O, how do you like Mr. Waldo, Stella? I saw that he obtained an introduction, after staring at you a full hour."

"All people stare at new faces—don't they? It's the way men always do."

"Perhaps so; but tell me what you think of him."

"O, he is a very agreeable, handsome fellow, and there are few who can compare with him, in my estimation."

"So—so—we shall have another love affair off hand, or I'm mistaken."

"You're not so sure of that, Miss Suspicion, in my case."

"Ah, but I take the papers, and can read Cupid's phonographic characters as well as another, so please to own up, Miss Loveliness."

"When there's anything to own; but seriously, Juliet, who is this Mr. Waldo?"

"Why, he is a young lawyer, just commencing business in Salem; and he is the son of old Mr. Waldo, the minister up in Pepetog."

"Then, of course, he's as poor as Tom Prop-
er's old cat."

"Poor! Well, what if he is, if he has only the talent that wins the gold. I, really, sat there thinking what a fine couple you'd make, and I'm not going to have my imaginary match spoiled by the gentleman's poverty, for I could find it in *my* heart to work my fingers off for such a fine fellow, if I loved him, and he me."

"And do you really suppose, Juliet, that a girl, brought up in affluence as I have been, would condescend to wed a *poor man*, when I could have my choice of rich ones, who would gratify my every wish?"

As she was saying this, in a tone loud enough to be heard over the whole room, Stella turned her head at a slight rustling noise, and there before her in the shade, with one hand clutching the curtain, stood Arthur Bruce, with pale face, compressed lips and staring eyes, that gazed upon her so sadly and reproachfully, that she instantly understood the language they uttered as well as if she had heard it in words! She saw that he had misconstrued her meaning, and she trembled and grew pale at the thought of the consequences of such a misconception to herself. Juliet looked wonderingly upon her agitated countenance, and then turned in the direction she was looking to see what had caused the commotion.

"Upon my word, you *are* a fine fellow, to be listening to a private conference, Mr. Bruce," said she, somewhat angrily.

"It was entirely unintentional on my part," said Bruce, as soon as he could suppress his emotion enough to reply; "and I can assure you, ladies, that I shall not expose you to others, as your secrets might not be of service to any but your present company."

He cast a meaning glance at Stella as he said this, that she could not help understanding; and then suddenly changing his grave mood to a gay one, he said:

"But let us return to the company. They will by this time miss some of their 'bright particular stars.'"

A pang of regret shot through Stella's heart, as she thought of the construction Bruce had put upon her words; but there was no excuse for unsaying what, in reality, was only a query, put forth to sound her friend's opinion upon her own position. But her fears gradually died away as the evening advanced, for Bruce had never before appeared gayer or happier; and never before had he paid her such devoted attention in public; and yet she could not help feeling occasionally that there was a mockery in

all he said and did, and that his gay manner was only a cloak to hide some deeper feelings. And in this she was not mistaken, for her equivocal remarks upon marrying a poor man had not been taken in the light of a question, but an assumed position. They had cut him to the quick, and toppled all his airy castles to the ground with the speed of thought; and within ten minutes after she had uttered them, his mind was made up, and his answer ready for the committee men.

"I will stay here no longer, to be flattered and fooled by that artful girl," he thought, "whose only aim seems to be that of making poor men miserable, and herself, too, perhaps, at last, by marrying some rich old codger, for whom she does not care a straw. But she shall never know, now, how deeply, how truly I have loved her; for, if I am capable of deception, my face shall, for one day, wear a mask; and after that—the world is wide."

"Your school is out, and you are going home to-morrow, I suppose," said Ward to him, late that evening. "But when do you return?"

"I shall not return at all; for I have decided to seek some more encouraging business than school teaching."

"Indeed! But this is a sudden resolution; is it not?"

"Yes, Ward. Some slight circumstances that have come to my knowledge this evening have decided me."

If Bruce had seen the sudden start and agitated countenance of Stella Cline at that moment, he might have hesitated; but he did not, and the next day, with a firm heart, apparently, he bid adieu to her, and to Chichester.

More than five years have passed away, and now we will take our readers down to one of the wharves, in the good old seaport town of Salem, where our old friend, Juliet Day, now Mrs. Waldo, is waiting, with her husband, to welcome his only brother from a South American voyage. It was very pleasant standing there, upon that glorious September day, with the wide ocean spread out before them, upon whose treacherous bosom now slumbered quite a number of large ships. From one of these, whose large draught of water prevented her nearing the land, boats were busily loading with passengers and baggage, and putting off for the shore, and upon her deck everything seemed to be in commotion, as it always is, upon the day of coming into port.

"That must certainly be the Salonica, Juliet, and Ryan is probably in one of those boats. We shall soon see him," said Mr. Waldo.

"Yes, and how glad he must feel to see his native land, after so long an absence. And how pleasant, too, to see it first all bathed in this glorious sunshine, which is making all those sails, the houses, those old forts, Pickering and Lee, and the lighthouses on Baker's Island, glisten like silver or gold. One could almost imagine this a fairy land, in such a golden halo. But come, those boats are nearing the wharf, and you must remember, William, that your brother does not know his sister, Juliet."

The boat landed, and the long separated brothers were soon clasped in a warm, fraternal embrace. The new sister was duly presented, and kissed; and then Ryan turned and introduced a dear friend, to whom he had been under many obligations in that southern land, where they had both so long found a home.

"Bruce!" said Juliet, as she intently surveyed the face and form of the stranger. "As sure as I live, it is Arthur Bruce, our old Chichester schoolmaster."

"It is even so," said Bruce, returning the surprised glance with interest. "But you—can it be possible that Juliet Day and Mrs. Waldo are the same?"

"They have but one identity, I believe," said she, laughing; but "come, as you are an old friend of mine, and our brother's friend, too, you must go home with us."

"Yes, do come, and make our meeting all the more joyful," said her husband, earnestly. "My wife has so often mentioned your name to me, that I feel acquainted already, Mr. Bruce."

"My name! Why, I didn't suppose any one would remember my face, much more my name, till this time," said Bruce, smiling.

"We will convince you that there are still others who remember you, Mr. Bruce, and in a way that may surprise you," said Juliet.

Bruce finally consented, at Ryan's earnest request, to make Mr. Waldo's house his home, while he remained in Salem to transact business; and it was so much pleasanter than a hotel, that he was quite satisfied with the arrangement, and the more so as his friend left soon afterwards, on a visit to his friends in Pepetog, and he was glad to have one friendly face left, and one friendly voice to tell him of the history of the past.

"And you have really been in South America these five long years, Mr. Bruce, and have brought back a handsome fortune with you?" said Juliet to him that afternoon, while her husband had gone out upon some professional business.

"Yes, I have certainly been there, and as to

the fortune, I hope I am a *little* better off, on that score, than I was when I left home," said he, smiling.

"Ah, you don't know that Ryan has exposed your affairs to us a little, do you? and told us of the cool hundred thousand you have brought home?"

"No, and I'd much rather he would have kept silent," said Bruce, looking rather displeased, "for the name of being rich is sometimes troublesome. But come, let us change the subject; and first, please to tell me what has become of our old Chichester friends? Many changes, I suppose, have swept over them."

"Well, where shall I begin?" said she, smiling.

"O, any where, so that you remember them all; for you know I've heard nothing from them for years. I had one letter from Ward after I left, and that is all."

"Well, you knew Ward was married?"

"No, I did not."

"He is, and has got a sweet wife, too, and two pretty children, and seems quite to forget that a certain friend of mine once disappointed him sadly, for she and his wife are now the best of friends. And there is Sinclair, and Brown, and Benton, and Rainsford, and Walworth, and Clayton, all Benedicts, too, since you left us."

"Indeed! you seem to have been doing up matrimonial affairs by wholesale; and you, too, have gone into the fashion?"

"Yes," said she, laughing, "there was such a rush that I began to fear I should be left behind all alone, and so took pity upon one of the great rejected—thus making him one of the happiest of the lot."

"Well, that does honor to your kindness of heart," said Bruce, smiling. "But are there no other changes—has not death, too, been busy?" said he, more seriously, as a sudden fear came over his heart.

"Yes; some that once you knew are gone, and among that number, our kind old minister, and your old friend, Mr. Cline, who died some four years ago."

"Then I can never more see their friendly faces on the earth," said he, solemnly. "They were both kind to me, and for that I have always felt grateful. How blind we are to the future, and how little do we know, when we return from a long journey, who of our friends will be left to greet us upon our return!"

"That is true, and also that the changes come so gradually to those who stay at home, that they seem to feel it less. But are there no others for whose fate you feel an interest?"

"Yes, many; and among the rest, Melton—what has become of him?"

"O, he is still flourishing at the head of the aristocracy of Chichester; and he is still a bachelor, like yourself, though Mrs. Rainsford slyly hinted that he might not be always, when I was there last."

"And Mrs. Rainsford was, I suppose, Susan Cline?"

"Of course; but why is it that you have so entirely forgotten her sister?" said Juliet, a little mischievously.

"Forgotten Stella Cline? No. But how and where is she, Mrs. Waldo?"

"Well, and on her way here, I hope?" said she, archly.

"Here!" said he, with a look of surprise.

"Yes. She has been promising me a visit for some time, and I am now expecting the dear girl every day."

"She is unmarried, then?" said Bruce, almost breathlessly.

"Yes; and seems resolved, for aught I can learn, upon living and dying an old maid, though *you*, perhaps, can persuade her off from such a fate. But you will be surprised to see what a change has come over her, since you left us. Once, as you know, she was all life, spirit and gaiety, and as thoughtless and coquettish as the spring breezes; but now she is a reasonable, thoughtful, serious minded woman, warm and impulsive, perhaps, in her friendships, but always careful of giving offence, or encouragement, to any one she does not mean to favor."

"Indeed! but when did this thoughtful mood come over her, and what, think you, caused it?" said he, earnestly.

Mrs. Waldo surveyed the earnest face of her questioner for a minute with a half serious, half quizzical glance, and then said:

"What will you say, Mr. Bruce, when I tell you that I always suspected *you* of stealing away the sunlight from the proud belle of Chichester, and leaving a gloom upon her before buoyant spirits."

"Me!" said he, in a tone of the greatest surprise. "You must have been mistaken in *such* a supposition, surely, for no one was less likely to do it than I—an awkward, penniless youth of twenty—"

His speech was cut short by the bustle of an arrival in the hall. The door opened, and Stella herself was before him.

"Why, Stella Cline, how you surprised me," said Mrs. Waldo, joyfully, as she came forward and saluted her; "I hardly expected you till to-morrow, but the sooner the better. But

come, shall I present to you a mutual friend?" said she, leading her up to where Bruce was standing, gazing with a surprised and admiring look upon the beautiful and well-remembered face he had never again expected to behold.

Stella looked up at the tall, elegantly formed, but sun-burnt man, and for a minute seemed in doubt as to his identity; and then, as the truth flashed upon her mind, the warm blood mounted to her cheek, suffusing it with a bright crimson glow, and then as quickly retreated back to her heart, as thoughts of the past swept over her.

"Arthur Bruce," said she, mechanically, holding out her hand to him; "or am I mistaken?"

Shall we blame him, if the grasp she received in return was warm enough to bring back the glow to her cheeks, and the sunshine to her eyes? No. We will make suitable allowance for the circumstances.

"This is certainly an unexpected pleasure," said he, with a happy look. "To meet and be recognized by two of my old friends, so soon after landing upon my native shore, when I really expected every one had forgotten me, who ever felt any interest in the welfare of the poor wanderer, is much better luck than I had reason to hope for."

"Well, here you have two fair ladies, who have mourned your absence, and rejoice in your return, already," said Mrs. Waldo, laughing; "and how many more there are we can't as yet ascertain. But excuse me, Stella, and you, Mr. Bruce, for I must attend to some of my domestic concerns a few moments," said she, going out.

Stella looked disconcerted, for the presence of Bruce made her rather nervous; and the first remark he made didn't add to her composure.

"I think Mrs. Waldo rather over-estimates my good fortune," he said; "for one of the ladies, at least, *does not* seem rejoiced to see me, and probably, till this hour, had forgotten that I existed."

"There you are mistaken," said Stella, earnestly; "but we knew not what had become of you. We heard, indeed, that you had gone to sea, but never a word more."

"And you cared to hear nothing more, I suppose, from the poor despised pedagogue. Am I not right?"

"No; for we valued him higher than he did us, or he would have sent us some note of his existence," said Stella, in a low tone.

"O, could I believe that *you* thus valued him!" said Bruce, rising and coming near her.

"And why not?" said Stella, looking up, while a thought of the misconstructions of the

last evening they had spent together passed through her mind, and suffused her cheek with blushes.

"Why? because, in spite of some faults, he learned to love you better than the whole world besides; but he did not, and could not, hope for a return, when he heard from your own lips that you could never ally yourself to a *poor man*."

"And are you sure that you heard aright?" said Stella, in an agitated tone.

Bruce eagerly watched the varying expression of her face for a moment, and as he did so, a ray of hope illumined his soul.

"O, can it be possible that I have all this time been deceiving myself?" he said, at length; "and that happiness could have been mine, if I had sought for it, dearest Stella?"

"Can you ever forgive all the pain I have caused you, and others, by my waywardness?" said Stella, pleadingly.

"Forgive you I can, and love you I must, though I have been trying in vain to forget you for years. But is it vain for me to hope for a return, even now?" said he, taking her hand in his own, and looking into her upturned face with a passionate, pleading glance.

"No, it is not vain; for I do love you, and have done so for years," said Stella, frankly but timidly, casting down her eyes.

"Ah! I thought so," said a laughing voice behind them; and they both turned, and saw the mischievous Mrs. Waldo, who had come in unperceived, so absorbed had they been in their own thoughts. "Well, you are a fine looking, rosy couple, that's certain," she continued, as she glanced merrily from one blushing face to the other. "But I must confess it was a little too bad for me to come in and disturb so interesting a *tete-a-tete*, at such a moment; and I beg that you will excuse me, for, I assure you, I did not know that I was intruding till it was too late to retreat."

"I, for one, am very willing to excuse, and even thank you, too," said Bruce, "for but for the words you dropped, before our meeting, I might never have had the courage to address Miss Cline in the way I have done, and never been assured of the love I prize so highly."

"Just the way with nine-tenths of the world—they never, in such cases, can see what is plainly visible to everybody else. I will give Stella the credit of deceiving everybody but Susan and me, however; and you, I will allow, played your part to perfection, till the evening we parted at Mr. Randall's."

"And do you then remember that never to be forgotten evening?"

"Remember it? yes, as well as if it were but yesterday; and I can see now just how you looked, as you stepped out from behind that curtain, after playing eaves-dropper to some unmeaning remarks that have probably embittered years of your existence."

"And how, pray, could you know that?"

"O, by intuition, I suppose, for I read both of your faces at that moment as plainly as I could a flaming handbill; but the books soon closed, and have remained so for years, though now again they are opened."

Stella glanced at Bruce with one of her old arch, inquiring glances, and then at Juliet, as she said:

"And what, pray, do you read there now?"

"O, the looks and words of exquisitely happy lovers are as unmeaning as a blank page. It is when the thunder roars, and lightnings flash; when the winds howl, and the billows foam and dash, that the ocean is worth looking at, and not in a calm. And just so with human souls; they are more interesting when anger, jealousy, love, or some other strong passion, stirs up their hidden depths, than when at rest, in peace and quiet."

"And so you thought us more interesting when overwhelmed in seas of trouble, did you?"

"Just so. And yet I can and do wish you joy of your reconciliation, and you, Mr. Bruce, especially, as you know what Stella cannot know, as I do, that you have not returned to your native land as poor as you left it. I have always firmly believed, however, that when she asked me, that night, if I supposed she would marry a poor man, she was at that very time perfectly willing to have done so, if you had asked her to."

"Was that true, Stella?" said Bruce, turning to her inquiringly.

"Too true to jest about, I believe," said she, seriously; "but I was a wild girl then, and said and did a good many things I have since repented of, which only those who love me can forgive."

"Then all must forgive you, dearest," said Bruce, with a beaming look.

"Not all," said Mrs. Waldo, mischievously; "you forget Melton, and Ward, and half a score of others, who would dispute your claims, if they were not other ways provided for."

Stella looked as if she wished to cry, and taking Juliet's hand in hers, she said:

"You have been generous in the past, in not wounding my tenderest feelings by a word or look. Be so now, and for once let me forget past folly in present happiness, dear Juliet."

How easy it was, now, for our lovers to ex-

plain away all past differences and misconstructions, as they passed long hours of the pleasant autumn days in each other's society, with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Waldo, smiling approval, and with no envious or disappointed faces around them, to mar their present happiness, or remind them of past troubles.

With what surprise did the gossiping Chichesterians hear, a few months after, that Stella Cline had become the bride of a rich South American; and with what wonder did they at last learn that that South American was no other than their quondam school-master, Arthur Bruce.

Melton, and some of the loungers around his counter, sneered, and said "donkey," with infinite disdain; but Ward, who had long ago forgiven her, and all who were Stella's true friends, said they were glad of it, for Bruce was always one of a thousand, and that the disappointed ought always to have the privilege of *braying*.

HOW THEY READ THE NEWSPAPER.

It is a proof of the great variety of human development to notice persons reading a newspaper.

Mr. General Intelligence first glances at the telegraph, then at the editorial, and then he goes into the correspondence.

Mr. Sharper opens with stocks and markets, and ends with the advertisements for wants, hoping to find a victim.

Aunt Sukey first reads the stories—then looks to see who is married.

Miss Prima looks at the marriages first, and then reads the stories.

Mr. Marvellous is curious to see the list of accidents, murders, and the like.

Uncle Ned hunts up a funny thing, and laughs with a will.

Mrs. Friendly drops the first tear of sympathy over the deaths, and then over the marriages; "for," says she, "one is about as bad as the other."

Mr. Politician dashes into the telegraph, and from that into the editorial, ending with the speeches alluded to.

Our literary friend is eager for a nice composition from the editor, or some kind correspondent. After analyzing the rhetoric, grammar and logic of the production, he turns a careless glance at the news department, and then takes to his Greek, perfectly satisfied.

The pleasure-seeker examines the programme of the public entertainments, and decides which will afford him the most amusement.

The laborer searches among the wants for a better opening in his business, and—but enough; an extension of the list is useless. There is just as much difference in readers as in—anything.

But the worst is yet to come. If each does not find a column or less of his peculiar liking, the editor has of course been lazy, and is unworthy of patronage. O, who wouldn't be an editor?—*New Orleans Delta*.

'TIS MOTHER.

BY HARRY HASELTON.

Who calls the childish prattler to her side,
And kisses sweet that brow of purest mould?
Who tells the little son, he may confide
His troubled sorrows to her? Who will fold
The erring child unto her breast, and hide
All youthful follies? Who will never scold
The bright-eyed schoolboy for his pranks so wild?
'Tis mother—ever gentle, ever mild!

When verging into manhood, who will long
To "trip it on the light, fantastic toe?"
When mingling with proud fashion's selfish throng—
When lured by rosy wine—that subtle foe
To all that's manly—who forgives the wrong
Thou'st done to her, and with that voice so low,
Recalls thy pride? Was 't not thy mother's joy
To first forgive, and then reclaim her boy!

When lured by distant lands of beauty rare,
And priceless treasures which the eye will meet—
When after years of trouble, toil and care,
No son returns the mother's eye to greet,
Who soothes the maiden of thy choice, so fair,
And bids her hope, and in those accents sweet,
Speaks of thy honor, and thy love so true?
'Tis mother's voice—"Twas ever kind to you."

THE PHANTOM HUSBAND.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

If you should go some day to Taille, you would not fail to visit the Fontaine and Sables, where, as in the times of the patriarchs, the most beautiful women and the prettiest young girls of the neighborhood repair together at sunset, with their hands on their hips and pitchers on their heads. There, among the most alluring, and especially the most coquettish of these Burgundian Rebeccas, you will notice one whose white coif surrounds a face more alluring and more coquettish than all the others, while her short petticoat of violet stuff, and her elegant scarlet corset, reveal a foot and a form unrivalled in the neighborhood. This is the Beautiful Vintager. She has no other name in the village, though she has already changed her name more than once; for after having been simply the daughter of the fisherman Yves, she became first Madame Pennil, and afterwards—but she is now a widow, and we must not anticipate events.

A widow at twenty-two! a rich widow! and a marriageable widow! Catherine could not fail to be courted by the handsomest young men and the wealthiest farmers of the village. So, though she sincerely regretted her poor young husband, borne to the cemetery of Taille eighteen months after their marriage, Catherine found herself

obliged to forget him now, in order not to throw into despair the numerous suitors who disputed for her hand, to the detriment of all the young girls in the neighborhood. After having hesitated for several weeks between these impatient rivals, her choice was nearly fixed, according to the secret impulse of her heart, on a young widower, of the simple name of Martin, whose good mien and sincere love nobly atoned for his poverty.

"I am rich enough for two," said the young widow gaily; "I may prefer the most tender heart to the best filled purse."

And Martin already accompanied his future bride to church on Sundays, in the face of his disappointed rivals. But man proposes, and God disposes. This proverb applies here better than in most other cases; for Heaven opposed by a miracle the tranquil love of Martin and Catherine.

"Ah, mistress," said one evening to the latter, her servant Marinette, returning terrified from the Fontaine-aux-Sables, "if you knew what has just happened to me!"

"What, my dear? You seem frightened."

"With good reason, I assure you. Imagine that being left alone at the well, after the departure of the villagers, I suddenly perceived behind me, as I turned to go away—guess who?"

"Martin?"

"O, you think only of him! But it was another, whom you have forgotten for a long time; your deceased husband, my mistress! Maitre Pennil in flesh and blood!"

Catherine uttered a cry of horror, and almost fainted.

"Are you very sure of it, Marinette?"

"I saw him as plainly as I see you, with the long beard that he had when he died, and the white shroud in which you wrapped him with your own hands. Besides, even if I had not known him, he told me who he was."

"He spoke to you? Holy Virgin!"

"During a quarter of an hour—with a voice! a voice from another world. 'Marinette,' said he, 'go and announce to Catherine that you have seen me, and that she shall soon see me in her turn!'"

"I shall see him also? Merciful Goodness!"

"Listen; it is he who speaks: 'This evening, between eleven o'clock and midnight, I will appear to her in her chamber to inform her of my will and that of God in her approaching marriage. Let her not be terrified at this visit, it is for her interest that Heaven permits me to make it!' The phantom vanished as it finished these words; and I ran, more dead than alive, to fulfil its terrible errand."

It will be readily imagined in what anxiety

the expectation of such an event plunged poor Catherine. Convinced that her husband would return as he had said, she passed the day in prayer, and saw night arrive with terror impossible to describe. Shut up in her chamber, and with Marinette beside her, she counted the hours until morning, without seeing appear the phantom announced.

New anxieties during the day following; new precautions at the return of evening; new waiting with Marinette for the formidable hour of midnight. Suddenly at the moment the two women raised their pale faces from the bed to listen to the strokes of the midnight bell, they involuntarily drew back beneath the clothes, with a stifled cry on hearing a knock thrice repeated at the door of the chamber.

"Just Heaven!" said Catherine. "This door is shut! must we then open it for the ghost?"

"I hope not," replied Marinette, "phantoms doubtless do not need keys to enter where they have business. But hold! hold!" added she, raising herself timidly, "it is already beside us."

The young woman turned, not without seizing both hands of her servant, and trembled from head to foot, at sight of the spectre whose portrait Marinette had traced. It was indeed her husband, such as death had made him at his last hour, and as nearly as time and the darkness permitted her to recognize him. From the long black beard to the white shroud, nothing was wanting.

"Catherine!" said the phantom, in a voice which had nothing human, while a bony arm issuing from the winding-sheet extended solemnly towards the bed, "Catherine! thou seest that I am Jean Pennil, formerly thy husband, and now an inhabitant of the other world. I have returned to earth to announce to thee that thou mayest, without offence to my memory, replace me in thy heart by espousing another man. But, as I wish that thou shouldst be happy with my successor, I must name him who deserves the preference among thy numerous suitors. It is the good Jonas, son of the sacristan of the parish, and the most constant of our friends. He alone is worthy of thy hand and can ensure thy domestic felicity. Promise me then to choose him among all, if thou wouldst please God and thy faithful husband."

After having listened to the commencement of these words with terror, the young woman heard the end with much more pain, and it was necessary that the summons should be repeated in an imposing manner, before she could stammer, falling back on her bed, the promise demanded.

The speaker then congratulated her on her submission, and disappeared, after having repeated that her happiness would be her reward.

"Well," said Marinette to her mistress, as she saw her fallen back on her pillow. A sigh from Catherine was her only reply, and this sigh was followed by a thousand others until the next morning.

The pious widow did not doubt the wisdom of her husband's counsel any more than the reality of the apparition; but she could not believe that Jonas was calculated to render her happy in the bonds of a second marriage.

The son of the sacristan of Taille was indeed one of the warmest and most assiduous of her admirers; he was equal to many others in fortune and influence, and Martin himself was his inferior in these; but she did not love this Jonas; she thought him disagreeable, and believed him to be neither frank nor devout. Endowed, in fact, with a double skill in love and in business, which had acquired for him in the neighborhood the reputation of a rogue, Jonas did not possess the confidence of the young men any more than the sympathy of the young girls, and he had allowed himself to calumniate his rivals to the beautiful vintager. We may imagine, therefore, the invincible repugnance which Catherine experienced to obey the commands which her husband had returned from the other world expressly to utter in favor of Master Jonas. Unfortunately she had given her word to the phantom, who might come to remind her of it daily, or rather nightly; and in this cruel perplexity she dared neither banish the young widower nor accept the son of the sacristan. All that she could do was to gain time by telling both that she had not yet decided. But this poor resource could not last long, and a new incident took place which compelled her to decide.

"Your husband has appeared to me again," said Marinette, on returning one evening from the fountain, "he has commissioned me to tell you that you have not obeyed the orders which God has transmitted to you by his mouth. 'That she may no longer doubt my will and my mission,' added he in a severe tone, 'let her repair this night to my tomb at the village cemetery. I will come out of the grave before her, and will repeat again what I have already told her in her chamber.'"

Whether the widow dared not disobey this new injunction, or whether she had really some doubts on the apparition of her husband, she had the courage to be punctual, with her servant at the fearful rendezvous assigned. At eleven, while all in the village were reposing, they took

together the road to the cemetery. The night was cold and gloomy, not a star shone in the sky, and the moon showed her timid crescent only now and then between dark clouds. Arrived at the gate of the funeral enclosure the two women paused, chilled with terror, and asked themselves, pressing closely together, whether they had courage to proceed. The spectacle which met their eyes might have terrified persons more intrepid than they. The cemetery lay extended in the obscurity, with no other visible limits than the white grottoes excavated here and there in the dark walls. The floating foliage of the willows and cypresses veiled and uncovered by turns their fantastic spots, so that it seemed as if a multitude of ghosts were flitting in the distance. In the midst rose the charnel-house, the last place of deposit of the skulls and bones which the earth yielded to the gravedigger when there was no longer upon them food for worms. The pale gleam of a funeral lamp shone through a bronze grating, casting around sinister rays on the green turf furrowed with new graves, or the little crosses with white inscriptions, and on the sombre squares of box ornamented with emblematic flowers. No sound disturbed the silence of this fearful spot, except the sighing of the wind among the leaves, the rustling of the latter against the tombstones, the buzzing of an insect on the grass, and at a little distance, and at regular intervals, the scream of an osprey on an isolated tree.

What was most frightful for those females was that they must traverse the whole enclosure to reach the tomb of Pennil. They therefore hesitated a long time before resolving to go on, and the servant was obliged to encourage the mistresses, in order to revive her resolution. Then they resumed their walk, and stumbling at every step over graves, turning at the slightest sound, supporting each other with their arms and voices, they reached, breathless, the termination of their fearful walk.

"I am here, Pennil," said the young woman, piously kneeling before the black cross on which was traced the name of her husband.

"It is well!" replied a subterranean voice. "I am here also!"

In fact, the ground was immediately agitated, and opened to give passage to a body; and the same ghost which Catherine had already seen, rose at once before her. It shook its shroud thrice, fixed on the widow a sparkling glance, and commenced, according to its promise, to repeat the things it had said in her chamber. But scarcely had it pronounced a few words than it stopped and started, as if the terror it was im-

posing had suddenly reached itself. Involuntarily imitating the movements of the phantom, the two females looked around in their turn, and immediately fell, with a shrill scream, at sight of the horrible vision which froze them with terror.

• Three spectres more frightful than the first, had risen from three neighboring tombs. Three others, more monstrous still, appeared at the same instant in an opposite direction, then three others followed, at the extremity of the cemetery. Nine menacing cries resounded at once, as many arms were extended from the ghosts, with a threatening gesture, and, darting at the same signal, with unanimous imprecations, ran together towards the one which still stood on the grave.

"Impious wretch!" cried a voice.

"Profaner of our tombs!" added another.

"Cowardly impostor, and sacrilegious monster!" cried a third and fourth.

"Thou shalt expiate thy crime, and the dead will avenge themselves!" repeated the others in chorus.

The spectre thus attacked—strange circumstance!—began to tremble from head to foot in its shroud, and quickly forgot everything to attempt to flee. But seized and arrested at the first step, it could only roll on the ground and ask for mercy.

"O ye dead!" it cried, with clasped hands, and in a tone which was no longer sepulchral, "O ye dead! pardon me, I entreat! in pity pardon me!"

"No," replied the phantoms, "no pity! no pardon! Thou hast violated the tomb and the shroud; the tomb and the shroud shall be thy punishment!"

And, without listening to the cries of the unfortunate man, they wrapped him in his own shroud, and fastened him in it so closely in every direction that his most convulsive efforts could not succeed in disengaging him from it. When this useless struggle had exhausted his last strength, and the nine spectres had finished their pitiless work, two of them went to the charnel-house to get the spade and pickaxe of the gravedigger, and began to dig the earth, while the others were preparing to deposit their victim in it. But, at the moment they were about to fill it up, the two women, who had until then remained petrified with horror, at last found in this very horror strength to flee from the sight of this frightful execution.

On the morrow, at daybreak, all the inhabitants of the village passed in terror before the great door of the church. A body was deposited there, immovable and wrapped in a white sheet.

For a long time no one dared approach, each persuading himself that it was a dead body taken from the cemetery. But at last some young people, less timid, disengaged the shroud from its fastenings, and the morning air striking on a face that had nothing cadaverous about it, restored to himself a poor fellow, in whom they immediately recognized Jonas, the son of the sacristan.

Universal hootings pursued to his dwelling the unfortunate ghost, in the simple apparel of a dead man, and the telegraphic tongue of the gossips circulating the adventure from mouth to mouth, everybody knew in less than half an hour for a league round, the fantastic receipt of Master Jonas to ensure the dowry of rich widows.

As for the phantoms who had so cruelly chastised him, the sacrilegious fellow long believed, with all the superstitious of the place, that they were genuine ghosts; but Martin, his happy rival, at length made known the truth.

Some indiscreet words of the beautiful vintager, at the first appearance of the phantom, had led Martin to watch and discover the wonderful invention of Jonas, and he secretly arranged with eight young fellows of the village the trick which was to unmask the impostor.

Six weeks afterwards, Catherine Pennil became Catherine Martin, and the adroit Marinette having proved that her accomplice had commenced by being her lover, compelled him to pay for her services by espousing her.

A PECULIAR CASE.

A finder of money or other valuable property should always take prompt measures, by advertising or otherwise, to make restoration to the owner. In Rochester, N. Y., a short time since, a dishonest man, by the name of Thomas Hall, who neglected this duty, was convicted of grand larceny and sentenced to two years hard labor in the State Prison. He had found a package of \$1600, and carried it to his boarding house. During his temporary absence, a woman discovered the package and took from it a small portion of the money. Hall subsequently carried the remainder to his brother, and asked him what it would be best for him to do in relation to it. His brother counselled the honest course, but before Hall could adopt it, he was arrested and held to answer for larceny. Upon the trial it was not shown that he had appropriated a dollar of the amount to his own use, but as he had neglected to take the proper steps to find an owner, he was obliged to suffer the consequences.—*N. Y. Albion.*

Lord Brougham hoped to see the day when every man in the United Kingdom could read Bacon. "It would be much more to the purpose," said Cobbett, "if his lordship could use his influence to see that every man in the kingdom could eat bacon."

BEAUTIFUL ROSALIE.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

ONCE upon a time, there dwelt in a certain village, a young girl named Rosalie. Now Rosalie was the most beautiful young girl that any body had ever seen; but it was a great pity that people had told her of it so often, for now she grew vain of her own charms, and apt to believe herself a great deal better than she really was.

Rosalie never did any work, for that would have spoiled her beautiful hands that were white as snow and smooth as a roseleaf; she left her mother to do all the drudgery, while she herself, dressed finely in her best white gown and her hat trimmed with flowers, wandered away to pick blossoms or berries in the woods, and deck her lovely hair with oak leaves, and admire her fair image in the brook.

And so Rosalie was always idle.

But somehow it happened, that notwithstanding the neighbors all declared that no one was ever so beautiful as she, and the young girls envied her for her lovely face, and the young men flattered her and sung songs in praise of her beauty, yet nobody ever said among the young men, "I should like to marry Rosalie." Other girls not half so pretty or graceful as she, were wedded from year to year in the village, and still she was the fairest who ever danced at their weddings, or brought flowers for the bride. But she remained single, though she was fast coming to her twentieth birthday. True, there was one who had thought many times how charming a home he should have, if Rosalie were only in it, and if Rosalie could work; but how could the clothes needed be made, or the butter and cheese laid on the pantry shelves, if the spinning-wheel was never heard to hum, and the churn always stood idle? Now Rosalie might well have been ashamed if she could have heard reflections of this sort coming from Fritz Hahnmann's lips, for Fritz was the plainest youth in all the village, though he was, perhaps—yes, certainly, the best, and the most sensible; and because he was plain, and so retiring as to be laughed at by all the maidens for his awkward bashfulness, he had never succeeded in getting married himself; and Rosalie had always looked on him with disdain.

So it was that Fritz remained single year after year, thinking of Rosalie, and wishing that she had more care for her mother's household labors, and that she would be a little more sensible; for he could not help loving her, despite her vanity and her scorn. Fritz said to himself, "there is a little spark of real excellence in every

human heart, if we can only find it, and fan it up to a flame; perhaps if I wait patiently, we shall find hers by-and-by." And so Fritz waited, hoping to get Rosalie for his wife some day, and teach her to be a sensible woman; while Rosalie laughed at him among her companions, and said to them, "poor Fritz Hahnmann—doubtless he would be glad to marry, but who would have such a hum-drum, silent, bashful lover as he? One might wait forever for him to speak, much less to make an offer."

One day Rosalie's great-uncle wrote a letter to her mother, to say that he was going to pass a little while with them, and would come in a week to make his visit. Now Rosalie had never seen this uncle, but her mother told her that he was very wise, and knew more than all their simple villagers put together; "and he is a very excellent man, too," said her mother; "I desire greatly you should gain his good-will."

So all this set Rosalie to thinking and wondering what the good and great Wilhelm Muhler could be like; and while her mother bustled about the house with greater energy and anxiety than ever, setting a chair straight here, and smoothing a table-cover there, and examining every article of furniture to find dust that was not on it, Rosalie went and made herself as fair as possible, thinking silently, "who knows if he is pleased with me, as of course he cannot help being—but he will offer to take me to his house in Stockholm, to pay a visit to his wife and daughters? It is a long way off, and I shall be envied by all my companions; and then, who knows who I may see there?"

By-and by, the stage stopped at the inn in the village, and shortly Wilhelm Muhler opened the garden gate and advanced towards the cottage; whereupon Rosalie went forward to meet him, with her brightest smiles; but he only looked down upon her with a short nod, and some indifferent greeting, while he passed her, and went to embrace her mother, who, in her plain gown, had been waiting behind until he should come.

"Now, my dear friend," he said, in his strong voice and kind manner, "let us be rejoiced to meet after so many years of separation. Thou wert younger than now, when we met last. Time and toil have shaken hands with thee as with me."

The good woman was almost too rejoiced to speak, at greeting her good relative again; but she made him sit down and set before him fresh milk and excellent white bread, of her own making to refresh him; and talked with him meanwhile, of his family, and of old times. But Rosalie, angry at the slight notice he had given her, ran away to cry. So she went to her fair

vorite seat by the brook to braid wild-flowers for her hair, and to dream of a thousand silly and foolish things. She met Fritz by the way, and was more haughty and unkind to him than ever. He went along quietly, without noticing, apparently, her ill-humor; but he sighed, and said within himself, "Ah, that Rosalie were as gentle and kind as she is beautiful!"

She went home again in an hour; she was beginning for the first time to find herself dissatisfied even with idleness; for to-day it brought to her only unpleasant thoughts. She found the guest and her mother seated by the door in conversation; and it suddenly struck her, as advancing towards them, she observed the peculiarly calm and noble grace of her uncle's countenance, and the dignity of his manner, that he was certainly a very pleasant, fine looking old man. The clear, warm sunset shone across his high brow with its scanty silver locks, with a warm and mellow glory. "How like a saint he looks!" thought Rosalie, with admiring awe.

If he had spoken to her kindly then, she would have been gratified; but he only noticed her approach with a short, cold nod, as before, and went on talking with her mother. And again she was angry with him.

"Rosalie, where hast thou been, child?" asked her mother.

"I have been walking," said the daughter, without lifting her eyes.

"And now thou shouldst be busy," said her uncle, drawing forward the spinning-wheel at which her mother had been toiling. "Come, thy mother is weary, child. Thou canst take her place here."

Rosalie looked at the wheel a moment, and then at her Uncle Wilhelm; and the red color came into her cheeks.

"I cannot spin," she said, with downcast eyes, for she was ashamed to say it to him.

"Thou canst not spin?" he echoed, looking calmly at her blushing face a moment. Then, pushing back the wheel, he turned to her mother once more, and talked of something else. Rosalie went away, and cried again; but she could hardly tell whether it was because he seemed to think her of so little consequence, or because she was ashamed not to know how to spin.

When it was near supper-time, Rosalie's mother spread the cloth upon their little round table, and set the dishes ready. Then she went out to call the cow, and milk her.

"Rosalie," said Uncle Wilhelm, "go milk the cow for thy mother."

"I do not know how, sir," confessed Rosalie, more ashamed than before.

"Then thou canst bake some cakes for supper. Thy mother has overmuch labor, child."

"I cannot—I never tried." And now, shrinking before his scornful and wondering glance, the lovely Rosalie covered her eyes, and turned away to conceal her tears and blushes.

He quietly called her back; and, half in anger, half in fear and shame, she returned.

"Let me see thy hands, Rosalie," he said; and he looked at them with a curious glance, as she, obediently, held them out.

"What evil has happened to thy hands, child?" he asked; "they are fair and well-formed. They are not maimed, are they?"

"No, uncle."

"How much strength have they? Let me see. Lift yonder picher, Rosalie."

She obeyed him. The picher was filled with water, and was somewhat heavy. She had never lifted such a burden before. But she raised it to her head, as the village girls carried theirs from the spring, and stood before him with downcast eyes.

"Truly, Rosalie, thou canst bear a weight. Why, then, didst thou not bring it from the spring, where thy mother went for it, a little while ago?"

She was silent.

"Thou helpst thy mother in *something*, child, dost thou not? Wherein is it?"

And with quivering lips, she answered:

"In nothing."

"Thou canst now go, Rosalie," he said. "I thought thy hands must be hurt. I thought some terrible misfortune must have happened to thee, because thou wert always idle, leaving thy mother to toil for thee as well as for herself, and never lifting one of those hands to help her. I find that vanity is as much to be feared as a bodily evil, for it renders thee equally useless. Thy mother is made a slave to thy pride and indolence. Art thou not ashamed, child?"

His eyes wore a glance of severity. His voice was stern. Rosalie was so distressed that she could have sunk into the earth. She felt that her uncle, harsh as he was, was only just; and at that moment she would have given beauty and finery to the winds, if she had only been able to perform every one of the tasks of which she had been obliged to confess herself ignorant.

The next morning she rose early, and while her mother was making a fire, went to the spring with her picher, for the first time, and filled it there. The fern leaves all about the spring were fragrant and dewy with the spray that fell over them, and Rosalie thought they had never looked so beautiful. Then she sat all about her was

fresh and sweet; the cool, clear water ran in crystal waves over her hands.

"How pleasant everything is so early in the morning!" thought she, for Rosalie hardly ever left her pillow till long after sunrise. Looking up, she saw a young man going by, with a rake on his shoulder. It was Fritz; and Rosalie was in so happy a mood, that before she had time to think, she had bidden him a smiling "good morning." Fritz smiled too, as he returned it, and his satisfaction at seeing Rosalie thus employed, together with his pleasure at her kindness of manner, gave an unusual animation to his generally quiet countenance; so that she could not help saying to herself, as she lifted her pitcher and turned away: "Fritz Hahnmann is not so very stupid after all."

She had not gone two steps before he had turned back, and stood by her; offering, with diffident gallantry, to carry her pitcher; and to her own surprise, she permitted him to do so. They walked home, side by side, and talking as they went, of one thing and another, until they had reached the cottage door; and then, while he went his way, she entered the house, and set the pitcher of water on the table, much to her mother's surprise, who could only hold up her hands in mute wonder at so strange a thing. Then Rosalie, without a word, went to the cupboard, and, standing on a chair, reached down from the high shelves the dishes for breakfast, and placed them, with wonderful order, on the table, with its snowy cover. Then she cut the white bread, and piled the fresh and fragrant slices neatly in their plate, and brought the butter, and some fresh eggs, and some nice plums. And when the breakfast was all prepared, she could hardly believe she had got it, so well it was done.

Her mother smiled to see it; but the good woman could not bring herself to speak a word about it, lest the whole affair should turn out to be a dream. She was still more surprised when, after the breakfast was over, Rosalie with her own hands washed the dishes, and placed them, glittering and clear, on their shelves again. To be sure, the young girl performed her task rather awkwardly, but it was done well, finally, and then she looked about for something else to do. The crumbs on the floor attracted her attention, and she brought her mother's brush and swept them up.

All this time, Uncle Wilhelm sat without appearing to notice these things; but he spoke to her often, and his kind manner, so altered from yesterday's sternness, assured her of his approval. That made her light-hearted. So she went,

with increasing confidence, from one thing to another, always finding something to keep her busy. By night she was surprised to find how much she had done, and how much she was capable of doing; and, although, when the day was over, she felt fatigued, yet she was happy, too; happier than she had been for a long time, and all night she slept sound as could be.

The next day Rosalie began to learn to milk the cow, and to make bread, and to do a thousand things to help her mother, who had only just begun to realize that it was her own daughter who was doing all this. And Rosalie went on from day to day, working with a good will, and wondering at the pleasure she found in it, and why she had never thought before that there could be pleasure in it. She learned how much satisfaction there is in being able to do something for one's self, and for others; and when she found that all the work which her mother and she could do now, had formerly been done by her mother's hands alone she was truly sorry.

And now Rosalie's mother was the happiest woman alive. She smiled when her good neighbors congratulated her on the change in affairs, and said, "I have an excellent daughter, my friends." She thought it was the most wonderful thing in the world, that the young girl should have become so altered.

When Uncle Wilhelm saw that the change was permanent, and that Rosalie really liked and took pleasure now in things which she once despised, he manifested the most sincere happiness. She perceived, with delight, his satisfaction; she said to herself that it was worth all the work in the world to gain the approbation of so good a man.

"I had heard of Rosalie's idleness," said Uncle Wilhelm, to her mother; "and, believing that, if she had one spark of really good sense remaining, she could be cured of her folly, I determined to try. She had been flattered until there was a dozen chances to one that her wits were not turned; but I find that, underneath all this garment of vanity, she is really a sensible girl, and an excellent one."

Rosalie was a favorite with him ever after. He not only brought his wife and daughters to see them, but he took her and her mother to Stockholm for a visit; and when she came back, Rosalie was—well, what do you think? Why, married to Fritz Hahnmann; for after, to express it in her mother's laughing terms, "Rosalie had come to her senses," she began to like Fritz better than any of the gayer and wilder gallants of the country. His manly and earnest affection won hers, and so they married after all.

TO A FRIEND:

BY MRS. E. T. EDWARDS.

O, we have loved as few have loved,
In this cold world of ours;
Through Nature's fields we've often strayed,
And called earth's fairest flowers.
How oft I've watched the love-light glow
In thy soul-beaming eye;
My heart to thine was ever bound,
By friendship's holiest tie.

Thank heaven, thy home is truly blest,
Thou art a happy wife;
And many a tender smile of love
Now cheers thy earthly life.
Thy chosen one has ever tried
To make thy pathway blest;
And many an infant kiss of love
Upon thy brow is prest.

At nightfall, when thy little ones
Are slumbering side by side,
And thou art gazing on thy fold
With a fond mother's pride,
Think of thy lone and absent friend,
Rest of her earthly all;
I ask thee not to breathe one sigh,
Nor let one tear-drop fall.

PETER DOWDY'S PLAN;

AND HOW IT WORKED.

BY ARTHUR APPLETON.

PETER DOWDY was a funny old man—at least, so all his neighbors said; but his funniness consisted in goodness, after all, for he was never funny at the expense of any real pleasure or peace. Peter had seen the frosts and sunshine of three score years, and had now settled down to enjoy himself. His wife had been dead many years, but he had a faithful daughter, who lived with him and took care of his home. He had only two children living,—the youngest, who was now almost thirty, was married to a Mr. Claudius Brown, and had moved to a distant town; while the other, who was some three years older, yet remained beneath the paternal roof. She is what we call an "old maid," but the state was one of her own choice. While the flush of early youth was upon her cheeks, she had been loved, and had loved in return; but death came and took her loved one away, and since that time her heart had been her own, and as long as her father lived, she had resolved not to leave him.

One bright day in autumn, just as the leaves began to turn yellow and fall upon the ground, the stage stopped in front of Peter Dowdy's

house, and a lady alighted. The driver took off a trunk, and then drove away, while the female walked up the yard.

"Why! Hannah! Is it you?" cried the eldest daughter, rushing out and throwing her arms about the new-comer's neck.

"Yes, Sarah, it is me at home once more."

The two sisters kissed, and laughed, and cried, and then entered the house. Peter Dowdy sprang from his chair when he saw his younger daughter, and the quick, joyous light that overspread his face, and danced in his eyes, told how happy he was.

"And where is your husband?" asked the old man, as soon as the trio had become seated.

"He will come to-morrow," the wife replied.

"But why didn't he come to day? What business has a wife to run away in this fashion?" cried Peter, merrily.

Hannah tried to smile, but she could not. Even a little drop of moisture gathered upon her dark lashes, and before she could wipe it away, it fell upon her lap.

"He had business," she said, at length, "or he would have come with me. He will be here to-morrow."

Peter saw that something was the matter, but he resolved to wait before he asked any questions. Yet he felt very curious, for he knew that his child could have been guilty of no wrong, and he thought it impossible that Claudius could have been so; for two more loving or milder and good-natured people, he did not know. However, the conversation went on, and Hannah brightened up.

After supper, Sarah went out to milk the cows—a work she always did from choice, when it was convenient, though there were two hired men on the place who would have been glad to relieve the good girl of the task,—and when she was gone, the old man drew Hannah to his side.

"My child," he said, kindly and lovingly, "what has happened to make you unhappy?"

"Me? Unhappy?" she repeated, trying to look surprised.

"Yes, Hannah—unhappy. Do not try to deceive me, but tell me the truth. I may help you."

"And have I seemed unhappy, father?"

"When speaking of your husband you have; so I know there is some domestic trouble."

At this the young wife bowed her head, and the big tears began to roll down her cheeks; but her father drew her head upon his shoulder, and after a while he succeeded in getting at her secret.

"O," she said, "Claudius is a good, kind

husband, but he has allowed himself to be overcome by—by—strong drink. He has not yet become a drunkard, but my unhappiness is from my fear, for I know his nature and disposition so well that my fear has grounds. I know if he keeps on, the habit will grow with him, and that before he knows it, he will be lost."

"But how long has he been so?" asked the old man, with mingled anxiety and surprise.

"It is now about a year since I first saw him at all disguised with liquor, but within the last two months he has been so very often. He spends much time in the bar-room, and I know that he spends much money."

"Has he ever ill-treated you?"

"O, no, no! He is the same kind soul always when he is sober, and when he is—is—not sober, he crawls away out of my sight."

"And what have you said to him?"

"Nothing."

"What? Have you not spoken to him about it?"

"O, I cannot. I know not what to say. I know he would laugh at my fears, and be hurt if I should tell him he had been drunk."

"But you may save him if you go to work in the right way."

"I know it, and I have come to advise with you. You know his social qualities, and his keen susceptibility; and you know, how impulsive he is. You can help me in some way."

"You say he will be here to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Then let the matter rest for the present, and I will help you if I can."

"But you will not abuse Claudius. You will not—"

"No, no, my child. I shall be as kind and gentle as you could be, so have no fears on that score. Now go out and see Sarah, and forget all your fears. We'll have all right yet."

Hannah went away, and for a long while the old man remained walking up and down the room alone. An hour afterwards, he went out and walked down to the village, and stopped at the doctor's. The man of medicine was at home, and Peter Dowdy made known his errand. He wanted a dose of something that would put a person to sleep, and make them sleep soundly for two or three hours.

"Now mind," said Peter, "I want something that won't hurt 'em, but that'll make 'em sleep like a log."

The doctor knew Peter well enough to know that no mischief was meant, and he prepared the potion without hesitation, and gave the old man instructions how to administer it.

When the aged parent reached home, he found his daughters quite merry, and he joined them with a keen relish. Hannah seemed to have forgotten her grief beneath the old natal roof, and the evening passed pleasantly away.

On the following morning Sarah was up first, and the old man related to her all that Hannah had told him. As soon as the elder sister had expressed her surprise and sorrow, her father told her of the plan he had formed for curing the young husband of his fault.

"Now you will help me," he said, after he had made his plan known. "You will give me all your assistance and secrecy."

Sarah promised, and shortly afterwards Hannah came down, and ere long the two sisters were out in the barn feeding the horses and cattle. The forenoon passed pleasantly away, but as noon approached, Hannah began to grow more sedate and silent. Peter knew that the stage would be along about one o'clock, and he proposed not to have dinner until that time. About half-past twelve he called Hannah into his room, and asked her if she would not like a glass of wine?"

"For what?" she asked.

"To do you good."

"Ah! there can be little good in it," she returned, sadly.

"As a mere beverage, I grant ye; but this is medicated. Just try a glass."

Hannah took the glass, and drank off the contents.

"That does not taste like wine," she said.

"There is no alcohol in it, my love; if there had been you would not have found it here."

In ten minutes after that, Hannah felt so sleepy that she had to go up stairs and lie down, and in ten minutes more she was buried in a slumber so profound that a pistol-shot would not have aroused her.

As soon as the stupor was fairly on, Sarah went up and did her part of the work. She took some tan juice, and worked it on around her sister's mouth and eyes, giving the face a dull, bloated look; and then she took down the sleeper's hair, and dishevelled and matted it up. Then she took off her collar, and unhooked part of the dress, and in this shape she left her.

In half an hour afterwards, the stage came, and Claudius Brown was quickly in the house. He was a good-looking man—even noble looking,—and his face bore in every feature the stamp of a generous soul. But the footprint of the destroyer was there. The old man was joyed to see his son-in-law, and the greeting was cordial and affectionate.

"Where is Hannah?" asked Claudius, after he had waited some time for her to come.

Both Peter and Sarah changed countenances in a moment.

"Never mind now," said the old man, sadly, and with a dubious expression.

"But where is she?"

"She is safe. You shall see her this evening."

"But why not now?"

"Why—she is—a—not well."

"Not well!" echoed the husband, eagerly and startlingly. "Sick—and I not see her? What do you mean? Where is she?"

"She is safe, my son; but I would not disturb her now. You will feel better not to see her until night."

But the husband had not the power to wait now. His anxiety was intense, and he would see his wife at once. So, with seeming reluctance, the old man led the way to the chamber where Hannah lay. He opened the door, and let Claudius pass in first. The young man gazed upon his wife, and for a moment he seemed transfixed—and no wonder, for she looked fearfully—pale, ghastly, livid, and disfigured.

"Mercy!" he gasped, starting forward; "what is it? Hannah! Hannah! Hannah!—my wife! O, what is it? Hannah! Hannah!" he cried, catching her by the arm, and shaking her.

The sleeper opened her eyes, and looked up with a dull, vacant stare, and a low, guttural sound came up from her throat.

"For the love of God, sir, what is it?" Claudius cried, starting now towards the old man, and seizing him by the arm.

"Can you not guess?" Peter asked, in a whisper.

"No—no!"

"Well, to tell you the truth, she's been at the wine-cup!"

"What! Drunk? My wife—"

But the husband did not finish the sentence. With a heavy groan he sank down upon the side of the bed, and covered his face with his hands. For the moment, Peter felt sorry that he had tried the experiment; but it was only for the moment, for on the next he saw that such a state of things must work out some good.

"Come," he said, laying his hand upon Brown's shoulder, "let us go down."

"But how happened this? Tell me how it happened," uttered the husband, starting up.

"Why, you see she has been drinking. She has some, how contracted an appetite for it, and probably being away from home she gave way to it. Did you ever know of her drinking before?"

"Never—never."

"But is there not some way that she can get it at home without your knowing it. Does she not keep it in the house?"

"I didn't know that she—"

But Claudius stopped. At length he finished by saying:

"I have kept it in the house."

"Ah!—then there's the mischief. She has got it there, perhaps," said the old man; and then he added, with much feeling: "O, rather than see a child of mine under the influence of strong drink again, I would rather see that child in its grave. But I can cure her. Promise me that you will never mention this to her, and I will engage to cure her."

Claudius promised readily, and the parent promised that she should never be seen in such a plight again. Very reluctantly the young man left the room, and shortly afterwards dinner was ready. But Claudius Brown could not eat. He drank a cup of tea, and then went out. Half an hour afterwards, Peter found him sitting under a tree in the orchard, crying; but he did not disturb him.

"The medicine is working," the old man muttered to himself. "It is harsh, I know, but the malady to be cured is ten thousand times harsher."

Sarah went up towards the middle of the afternoon, and awoke her sister, and wiped her face, and smoothed back her hair, before she could know how bad they looked. The wife was all astonishment when she found how long she had slept, and blamed Sarah for not waking her when her husband came.

"Now remember," said Peter, as he heard the girls coming, "do not on any account let Hannah know what you have seen. Never breathe it to her, nor let her suspect it from your looks, and I'll pledge you my very life that the thing shall not happen again."

"But will she let it alone?" asked the husband, anxiously.

"If you are careful to keep the temptation away from her a while she will give it up. Remember, you must do your part of the—"

But before the old man could finish his sentence, the females entered. The fresh air and water had entirely revived the young wife, and she never looked more lovely than now. Her husband almost forgot the dreadful scene he had witnessed for the while, and when she threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him, he loved her more than ever.

Peter saw that she was upon the point of making some excuse for not coming down before,

and he commenced a rattling, laughing conversation, and this he kept up until Hannah had entirely forgotten the excuses she would have made.

That evening there was a merry party at Peter Dowdy's house. Somehow or other Claudius himself felt more happy than usual. Perhaps he had called up some new spirit from within that helped him. It was late when the family separated for the night. For some time after they had retired, the husband and wife remained silent. At length Hannah placed her arm about her husband's neck, and in a low tone, said:

"Claudius, we will be happy henceforth."

"Yes, yes," he murmured; and as he kissed her, they both burst into tears.

It was curious, how those two felt at that moment. Hannah felt sure that her father had said something to her husband about his domestic joys; for the strange shades of thought she had seen upon his face convinced her; and under this impression did she make that fond remark. And Claudius felt sure that the old man had been saying something to his wife on the same subject, and he thought she made the remark as a sort of pledge that she would be all that she had ever seemed to be.

On the following day the husband and wife took the stage for home, and when the former crossed his own threshold again, he felt like a new man. On the next day he went to his place of business, and the evening he spent at home with his wife. And so the week passed away. When Sunday came, he reflected upon the turn he had taken. He felt better in body, better in mind, and better in soul; and then he had money in his pocket.

And so the winter wore away, and when the spring time came, and the blossoms put forth, and the green verdure adorned the earth, the husband and wife went once more to the old homestead. Claudius Brown was now a man in every sense.

"I have a little old wine in the house, Claudius—would you like some?" asked Peter.

The young man started, and a flush came to his face, but he answered, quickly:

"No, sir. My mouth is closed forever against such stuff!"

"God bless you, my son!" cried the old man, while the tears started to his eyes. "Forgive me—forgive me."

"O, I have nothing to forgive. You meant well enough."

"Meant well enough in what?"

"In asking me to drink."

"Ha, ha, my son, I didn't mean that. But here comes Hannah and Sarah. We'll have it all explained now. Here, Hannah, did you ever tell your husband why you didn't come down to see him when he first came here last fall?"

"No," answered the wife, looking up in surprise at the oddity of such a question now.

"But why was it?"

"Why—I fell asleep, and Sarah wouldn't wake me up. I scolded her well for it at the time."

"And what made you sleep?"

"Why—I was sleepy, I suppose."

"No—a—yes, you were sleepy, but 'twas I who made you so. That glass of sweet, innocent grape-juice, which you took from my hands, contained a powerful sleeping potion, which I got of the doctor on purpose; and when you were asleep, Sarah bedaubed your face and matted your hair. In that shape your husband saw you. Don't ask me any questions, but you and Claudius may solve the enigma now at your leisure. Come, Sarah, I want your assistance in the garden a while."

So Sarah and her father left the room, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"What does all this mean?" inquired the husband.

"I'm sure I can't tell. What does it?" returned the wife.

Then Claudius went on and told what he knew; and then Hannah told what she knew; and ere long it was all plain as day. They now saw through the whole plan, and when Hannah began to weep, and ask her husband to forgive her for having sought her father's assistance, he drew her upon his bosom and blessed her.

By-and-by, when Peter came in, he found his children happy and smiling, and he knew how his plan had worked. It had worked well, and so it continued to work; and the warm breath of summer, and the chill blast of winter, found sunshine alike in the saved man's house—for the warmth and light of his life was in his own soul, and no outward storm could chill or extinguish it.

REMARKABLE SELF-CONTROL.—The Brunswick Telegraph tells a story of a young widow down on the Kennebec, who said to an acquaintance who was condoling with her upon the recent death of her husband, "I hope you'll excuse my not crying; but the fact is, crying always makes my nose bleed."

Good fortune and bad are equally necessary to man, to fit him to meet the contingencies of this life.

A KISS.

BY W. COWPER, JR.

A kiss—O, 'tis a magic spell
That wildly thrills the breast,
And bids it with emotion swell,
When lip to lip is pressed;
'Tis friendship's pledge—affection's seal—
And, though a transient bliss,
Yet still the coldest heart must feel
The rapture of a kiss.

A kiss—'tis love's own servant breath,
Fond language of the heart;
The last communion held in death,
When friends forever part.
When gloomy cares disturb the breast,
No charm can soothe like this;
The mind is sweetly lulled to rest
Beneath a magic kiss.

A kiss!—yes, 'tis a dear delight,
Whose memory often cheers
And shines through clouds serenely bright,
Recalling bygone years.
Who hath not felt the bosom beat
With an ecstatic bliss,
As loving souls together meet
In transport's glowing kiss?

MY VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

BY MARTHA MELVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

THE country! What a joyful sound the word had; what visions of shady groves and green fields, picnics and berrying-parties, birds and flowers, filled my imagination as my father made known his intention of sending me to board with an old acquaintance of his, whose farm I had heard so much about, and the products of which had often graced our city table. My father was about starting on a long journey, and at a loss what to do with his motherless daughter, whom he did not care to trust with any of the numerous city acquaintances, who would so readily have undertaken the charge. He had written to this Mr. Page, stating his difficulty, and requested him to become the protector of his child during his own unavoidable absence, offering a handsome remuneration for the trouble, and liberally paying all expenses.

In answer to this appeal, he received a warm invitation for his daughter, and a decided refusal of all payment; expressing his delight at being able to make in this manner a slight return for some favors done him by Mr. Stewart in days gone by.

I had known nothing of the changes in store

for me all this time, and had wearily dragged through the monotony of a city life in summer, unenlivened by society, or in fact any of the pleasures that usually fall to the lot of rich men's daughters in large cities. My mother had been dead many years; the housekeeper that presided in her place was cross and unlovable; my governess, was the strictest of all old maids; our servants, grave and reserved, had lived with my father from his infancy. They consisted of an old cook, a butler and coachman. I was considered too young to receive visitors or see company, and so in study and strict seclusion I was brought up without the slightest knowledge of the world, or what its dangers or attractions were. Books were my delight, but the kinds allowed me did not always come up to my ideas. I knew that there were others, thousands of others, kept from me, and though I was forced to read the few given to me for sheer want of something else to do, I mentally resolved to make up for the deprivation some day or other.

The occasional visits of Mr. Page, and his animated descriptions of country life and country scenery, had filled my mind with regret for the sad fate that condemned me to be shut up in a large brick house, whose blinds were never unclosed, and its silence almost unbroken; surrounded with elderly persons, who performed their various duties almost mechanically; and who looked the astonished displeasure they did not speak, if I ventured to display any of the overflowing life and spirits that filled my heart. My governess, in particular, would draw down her eyebrows, and close her thin lips, with an expression so chilling, that even I, wild romp as I longed to be, was checked, and returned to my usual slow pace and orderly behaviour.

My father was a Scotchman by birth, of good family and highly educated. He had married my mother against her friends' consent, they not approving of his plan of emigrating to America, and had succeeded beyond his utmost expectations in his new home; and when independent, and wearied with city cares, he was about to purchase a farm and settle down quietly with his wife and child, that beloved partner sickened and died, leaving him broken-hearted and lonely, forced to resort to business to drown his sorrow, taking no pleasure in the surrounding world, no delight in his only child. From being kind, cheerful and loving to all, he became gloomy and reserved, shunning all, or nearly all, his former associates, secluding his child from all society or young companions—a proceeding I always think he was influenced in

by knowing how my mother had loved himself, leaving home, and friends, and all for him, and no doubt wishing to guard me from a similar fate.

He was now obliged to visit Scotland on business of consequence, relating to property there, to which he had a claim; and it was this unexpected journey, which bade fair to be a long one, as the lawyers had got their hands on the object of dispute, that caused the sudden change in our domestic affairs, the discharge of his housekeeper and my governess, and the establishment of Mr. and Mrs. Grant, our butler and cook, in a profitable business on their own account, the departure of himself and Saunders the coachman, for Scotland, the closing up of our house in the city, and my sudden removal to the much longed-for scenes of country life, the long cherished hope of my childish days.

My love for my father was not a little mingled with fear. I had never been used to take those liberties with him that more petted children take with impunity, nor to bestow those caresses that fonder parents receive with such pleasure; seldom in his presence, and then almost unnoticed, I had grown used to his neglect, and though, at times, I felt just like throwing my arms round his neck, and asking him to love me, his cold, indifferent manner always destroyed the warm feeling; and I went on in the same calm way that had now become habitual. When the day came that we were to part, it was with no small astonishment that I felt my father's tears on my cheek, as he kissed me and placed me in the carriage; and clinging to him, I sobbed out the inquiry, so often mentally asked:

"Dear father, do you love me?"

I shall never forget his look, as he answered:

"Too much, too much. I never thought to love again. God bless you, Olive, my child!" and with another kiss, and a close embrace, I parted from my new found father, my heart swelling with emotion, and almost repenting that I did not entreat him to take me with him, so great was my joy at the discovery of his love.

I arrived at my new home tired and weary, and was thankful to go to sleep and get rid of the fatigued and oppressive excitement brought on by my unusual exertion and exercise. The sun was shining in my windows next morning, when I was awakened by a sweet voice whispering my name, and opened my eyes to meet the loving glance of as beautiful a pair as ever expressed mingled mirth and mischief. I was bewildered at first at the unusual appearance of everything around me, and had only a vague idea that some pleasant change had taken place.

But soon the delightful reality presented itself; it was not a dream or a vision, but a truth! I was in the country!—the long wished-for country! No more brick walls and confined streets, no more smoke and dust, no more cross governesses, if the smiling countenance of my host's beautiful daughter might be taken as evidence to the contrary.

To rise and dress was the work of a few moments, and then I hastened out into the air, the beautiful, fresh country air, now loaded with the perfume of the roses unfolding their hearts to the glorious sun. O, how I loved them, those beautiful roses! How I rejoiced in their loveliness, inhaling their sweet perfume with increasing pleasure, every sense receiving gratification from their beauty! Never, to this day, do I see a rose without expressing similar feelings and emotions, and a vivid recollection of my first visit to the country. From that time I date my conviction of the goodness, the infinite goodness of the great Creator of our beautiful world. The numberless evidences I then beheld of his care, his bounty and his handiwork, impressed that conviction indelibly on my heart and mind.

Mr. Page's family consisted of himself, his wife, his son James and his wife Sophia, and an unmarried daughter, Mary. Their house was large, and not only convenient, but beautiful, uniting the beautiful and ornamental, the farmhouse with the genteel country residence. On either side it was sheltered by groves of fine, old trees; at the back, the barns, poultry yard and carriage, root, and ice houses—everything, in fact, for summer convenience or winter comfort. In front a magnificent garden presented a tempting display of fruits and flowers, and furnished ample employment for the leisure hours of all the family, as well as the whole time of a man, to take care of it. I soon relieved Mary Page of her daily task of filling the vases with fresh flowers, and my mornings were generally spent in wandering round among the parti-colored beds, selecting my favorites, and always ending with making a bouquet for myself, composed of a choice rosebud, and a sprig of some sweet-smelling jessamine leaves.

The family were very kind to me, evidently enjoying my delight and appreciation of the beauty of their home. Sophia, the son's wife, took my fancy the most; her high spirits and unrestrained wildness were something so different to what I had been accustomed, that I was completely fascinated by her, and was never so happy as when roving through the woods in search of berries or flowers, listening to her happy laugh, and joining in her merriment at

any unfortunate mischance that might happen, as a wet foot, or torn dress.

Mary was a cheerful girl, very beautiful, but not so wild, and a little too apt to laugh at my enthusiasm for the country. She was so used to it, that my rejoicing to leave a city for the seclusion of a farm-house was beyond her comprehension. Another circumstance caused a little feeling between us. She had always been considered an excellent performer on the piano, and one stormy day, when the weather prevented our going out, had displayed her skill to our admiring ears for several hours. Worn out at last, she turned to me and proposed, as I had nothing to do, that she should give me a lesson.

Now it so happened that of all the various accomplishments my governess had tried to teach me, music was the only one I ever really felt an interest in, or strove to learn. In that I had found a balm for ruffled feelings, and a pleasant pastime for dreary hours, and had studied with earnestness the splendid compositions of the old masters. Of songs or the music of late composers, I absolutely knew nothing; and I listened, entranced, while Mary's sweet voice warbled the loving words of a delicious serenade, feeling myself entirely inferior. But her question mortified my feelings, and going to my room I soon returned with my ponderous books, the choice instructors of my late teacher, and taking Mary's vacated seat, was soon lost in the sweet melancholy beauty of a German hymn, a splendid thing, and a great favorite of mine. I had scarcely finished, when Sophia's arms were wound round my neck, and kissing me, with the tears in her eyes, she bestowed the most rapturous praises on my playing, praises in which all joined, but which I knew hurt Mary's feelings not a little. I played no more that day, and never again when she was present if I could possibly avoid it; but I saw she felt aggrieved, and gradually a coolness grew up between us.

James Page was a handsome, good-natured young man, devotedly fond of his gay, young wife, and equally beloved by her in return. In spite of her wild ways, and his almost boyish fondness for gaiety and mirth, they were actually the heads of the house and establishment, Mrs. Page being rather feeble, from the united effects of good living, contentment and ease, and Mr. Page from some of the same causes, and some others with them, being disinclined to take charge of the house, farm, and the various matters pertaining thereto, and of which James and Sophia had the sole care and control, the old lady and gentlemen being only nominal master and mistress. Their duty was performed

faithfully, and all things seemed to flourish under their control. They had been married three years, and I was not long in finding out that, happy as all hands seemed to be, and surrounded as old Mrs. Page was with comforts and luxuries, one thing was wanting, and that one thing was a grandchild; without that, she was not contented.

CHAPTER II.

ADVENTURES.

I had been at Brooklands more than a month. The first intense feeling of novelty had worn off, and I did not go into raptures at the sight of a rosbud, or scream with joy at discovering a bird's nest, as Mary had affirmed I had done on my first arrival. I had learned to enjoy the delights of my life calmly, and with thankfulness to appreciate, more and more, the difference between this and my former existence, to form resolutions for the future, to study more and play less, in fact to become a better girl or woman, for I had now entered my seventeenth year.

I was much better in health, and though still small and delicate, had improved in appearance greatly since my arrival—at least, so they all said. I had become so well acquainted with the neighborhood that I no longer needed the guidance of Sophia, but arrayed in a summer wrapper and wide hat, with my basket on my arm, and a luncheon in my pocket, would search the woods for hours in pursuit of mosses, flowers, or berries. In one of these excursions I had wandered further than ever, and coming to an open space, I suddenly discovered a quantity of delicate blossoms, a new flower to me, and to be saved at any cost. I felt half inclined to throw away the berries, already half filling my basket, but concluded to let them remain, and gather as many of the new-found treasures as I could conveniently carry.

After stooping to gather them till my head felt giddy, I was busily arranging them in the overflowing basket, when I was startled by a large drop of rain on my hand, and looking up I beheld the sky overcast with heavy black clouds, and evidently a violent storm approaching. In my eagerness to gather the flowers, I had lost the path, and after wandering round and round, each moment getting more bewildered, I came out on to an unknown road, but bearing the marks of many carriage wheels. I was sure it must lead to the Brookland farm, but which way to go I could not tell; and now, to add to my comfortable position, the rain came

pouring down, soaking my clothes in a few moments, and with its force actually crushing my broad straw hat completely over my face. To walk on was impossible, and I took shelter under a large, leaning tree that bent over the road, and if it did not keep off the rain, it broke the force of the heavy drops.

The lightning now began to flash, and I could hear the roaring thunder grow louder and louder. I had a terror of the sound, and was faint and trembling with fear and excitement, when the noise of wheels, and the quick tread of a rapidly approaching horse, revived my sinking spirits, and made me hope that help was near. Closer the sound came, and then I discovered that the driver was not James Page, as I had hoped, but a stranger.

He instantly stopped his horse and alighted, and with gentlemanly politeness, though evidently much surprised at the rencontre, proffered his assistance to convey me to my home. I have a perfect recollection of my feelings on this very disagreeable occasion. I was very much alarmed, and not a little ashamed—the first feeling was very natural, the latter not less so. One can imagine the plight I was in, with my hat flapping down over my face, dripping and soft; my beautiful blue and white wrapper, in the morning so clean and nicely starched, its pretty frills neatly crimped by Sophy's own white fingers, now wet and draggled, clinging close to me, the waist colored with the drippings from my brighter blue hat strings, and the skirt woefully stained with the juice of my basket of berries, which I kept fast hold of in all my trouble. I could feel the water make a "squashing" sound in my boots every time I moved my foot; and when, in compliance, with the stranger's request, I attempted to walk to the comfortable looking carriage waiting for me, I moved as if my feet were tied together, not daring to lift my wet dress out of the way for fear he should see the horrible condition of my once neat little gaiters.

He would not wait for my trembling attempts to get into the carriage, but lifted me in without asking leave; then springing in after me, asked where I was to go. When I said Brooklands, he gave a kind of start, and looked very earnestly in my face for a moment; but apparently convinced that he was mistaken, he proceeded to wrap me up in an overcoat and sundry shawls lying on the back seat, the storm meanwhile raging around us, and increasing in violence every instant. At last a flash came, almost blinding in its intensity, instantly followed by a fearful thunder crash right over our heads. I

screamed and covered my eyes, my long, wet hair, which had fallen down when he removed my dripping hat, hanging over my face. He put his arm round my shoulders, and drawing my head close to his breast, shut out the dreadful lightning from my sight. Cheering words he spoke, too, but I was incapable of listening, and when after half an hour's rapid driving we drew up at Mr. Page's door, and they all came rushing into the porch to meet us, it was an inanimate form he bore in his arms, and so carefully deposited on the parlor sofa.

I never knew how I was conveyed to my own room, but there I found myself ten days after, weak and helpless as an infant, surrounded with anxious faces, two of which I could not recognize. Exposure and excitement had done its work, and I had been raving in a brain fever for more than a week, and even now was not out of danger. Care and good nursing, however, soon got me well again, and I took my place on the good old sofa in the sitting-room, pale and weak, but still happy in the feeling of recovered health.

I found a new member added to the family, in the shape of a brother of Sophy's, a fine, handsome young man, like her, full of fun and mischief, always telling some laughable story, or playing some sly trick on the girls. The whole family were very fond of him, and his being without a relation in the world but Sophy, gave him a large place in Mrs. Page's motherly heart. To James, he was a delightful companion, always ready to accompany him on a shooting or fishing excursion, and equally ready to amuse the way by making fun out of their disappointments or mishaps.

His days were spent in winding knitting cotton for Mrs. Page, talking politics with the old gentleman, disarranging Sophy's domestic arrangements in the kitchen, reading aloud, or playing the piano, for me, and driving out with James. To all he was useful, to all attentive, with the exception of Mary; but to her he rarely spoke—still more rarely offered his services; but there was an expression in his eyes when he looked at her, that I, lying there quietly on my couch, and watching all that went on, felt was deeper than any of them imagined. I knew, little as I was acquainted with the workings of the tender passion, that Thomas Harding loved Mary Page, that love alone could light up the fire that I saw burning in those dark blue eyes.

My protector from the storm was an old acquaintance of the family—a Mr. Rufus Cameron, a schoolmate of James and Mary; but who had left the neighborhood of Brooklands when quite a lad, and now, after spending eight

years abroad to complete his studies, had returned to his native land to practise as a physician. His father's house was only five miles from Brooklands, and it was to his care and skill that I mainly owed my speedy recovery from my dangerous illness. He was unceasing in his efforts, untiring in his attention while danger remained; and when I was almost well he still continued to make a daily call, until at last I learned to watch for his coming, and count the hours until he would be with me.

My hair had all been cut off, and over this I mourned long and deeply. It had never been cut before, and was so long and heavy that I, feeling I had not many attractions of person, sincerely regretted the loss of this, in my opinion, my greatest one. He first consoled me for the loss by explaining how much better my health would probably be without it, and instead of being spoilt, he prophesied that it would be more beautiful than ever when it should grow again. This reconciled me greatly to my loss; but when he one day remarked that nothing could be more bewitching than the tasty little black lace cap that Sophy had made for me, I never fretted any more about my lost hair.

The trees had put on variegated dresses when I was once more able to go out again, and then it was for an airing in the carriage, with some of the family for companions, and Tom Harding for a driver. Once, only, did Rufus Cameron offer to take me out, and then, just as we were about to start, Mary complained of a sudden pain in her head. The doctor stopped to attend to her. Mrs. Page took her place, and Tom drove as usual. That ride was a dull one; I was disappointed, Mrs. Page uneasy, and Tom—an unusual thing for him—both silent and sad. When we returned, Mary was better, and the doctor was gone; but from that day we saw but little of his company. Pressing business was his excuse, and gradually I gave up watching for him, and almost smiled at my own folly in starting at the sound of coming wheels. That I missed him I could not deny—there was a great blank somewhere, and how to fill it up, I hardly knew.

Ever since coming to Brooklands, I had been learning to ride, under James's instruction, and now, when the cool autumn days were come, and I had almost entirely recovered my strength, our favorite amusement was resumed. I always enjoyed the exercise, and took pleasure in dashing along, unheeding Mary's screams and Tom's warnings. No matter how dull or sad we might feel on starting, I always returned home in high spirits and good humor. Mary was a timid

rider, and apt to scream, and lose her presence of mind. She had several times been nearly thrown off in attempting to spring to the ground on some sudden fright.

We had long planned an excursion to a neighboring lake, where James and Tom in one of their hunting expeditions had seen a beautifully variegated grove, and one charming afternoon we all started to find it. Sophia was a companion after my own heart, careless and fearless, dashing along with graceful ease, and without a thought of danger. We arrived at the beautiful lake in safety, admired the reflection of the many-colored foliage in the clear, still water, plucked innumerable beautiful leaves as trophies of our expedition, and after watching the glorious sunset, started for home. Sophy and I had been daring each other to a race, and after we left the woody paths and overhanging boughs, we started at full speed along the smooth, hard road. Mine was by far the best horse, and I soon passed and turned to meet her. We then slowly rode to meet the others, wondering that they had not come in sight before.

All at once Sophy gave a loud scream, and there, at a few rods distant, stood the horses, while James and Thomas bent over Mary's prostrate figure. We were soon beside them, Sophy's gaiety all gone, her face like death, and her hands trembling; but still calm and sensible, giving directions to her almost distracted husband and brother.

"James, ride instantly for Rufus; Tom, dip this in the brook; Olive, help me to get her habit loose," were the fast following directions hastily spoken, and as hastily obeyed. For half an hour we vainly tried to bring her back to life, and then Tom mounted his horse, and with her senseless form in his arms, we slowly pursued our way.

It was almost dark when we reached home, and we had scarcely laid her on the bed, when Rufus entered. I met him in the outer room, and he grasped my hand painfully, but did not speak. Passing into her room, he leaned over the bed for a few moments, with his fingers on her wrist, then taking out his lancet, and pushing up her sleeve, he prepared to open a vein. Poor Tom stood supporting Mrs. Page, and I saw a shudder pass over him as Mary's white arm was stained with the crimson fluid, and he uttered an audible "Thank God," as she slowly opened her eyes and looked once more upon us.

It was midnight when Rufus left. Mary was asleep, and sending the others to bed, Sophy and I watched beside her. Towards morning she awoke; but her mind wandered, and she

kept calling on Rufus to come to her—not to leave her all alone there in the dark. "He shall not love Olive!" she almost screamed. "Rufus, my Rufus!" and with a heavy moan she closed her eyes, and sank back helpless on the pillow.

I could not look at Sophy; but when she came and knelt beside me, hiding her face on my shoulder, and murmuring, "My brother—my poor Tom!" I fancied that in her anxiety about his happiness, she had no suspicion of the state of my feelings. I could not trust myself to speak to her, not even to whisper a word of comfort, and there we two sat until the morning light streamed in the windows, and showed that pale face lying on the pillow in all its deathly whiteness. A strange, heavy weight was pressing on my heart, an overpowering sensation of trouble, but still undefined, and without shape or form.

With the sunrise, came the young doctor, and a sharp pain darted through my heart as I saw him bend so tenderly over her, while a flush of delight colored her pale face, and brightened her heavy eyes. It seemed almost like an insult when he came to the window where I was standing,—after giving the necessary directions for the treatment of his patient,—and with anxious kindness advise me to take some rest, as he saw by my paleness that the fatigue of a sick room was too much for me. I felt angry with him—certainly without any just cause—and turning away, begged him not to alarm himself on my account.

That he must have felt hurt at my tone, I very well knew; but unmindful of all his kindness, and urged on by a feeling of revenge, or something similar, I persisted in my rude conduct; and when I saw him approaching to take leave, after cheering them all with the hopes of Mary's speedy recovery, I got up and left the room; then running up stairs, I stood behind the curtain and watched him slowly pass down the walk to his carriage, and stepping in, soon leave Brooklands far behind.

CHAPTER III.

THE SKATING PARTY.

I mourned over the loss of my cherished flowers, and looked forward to the winter with a kind of fear. To walk or ride out in the bright sunshine was so delightful to me, that I dreaded the time to come when the fields should be white with snow, and the lakes and brooks frozen up, the trees bare, and the flowers all gone.

Since her recovery, Mary had been distant with me, and our former coldness had greatly increased. Rufus very seldom came to see us,

and when he did, Mary engrossed his whole time and attention. I tried hard to overcome my own foolishness, but do what I would my heart would beat quickly at first seeing him; and when I was under the necessity of giving him my hand, it would tremble in spite of all my efforts to the contrary.

Sophia had told me all her hopes and fears about her brother. That he loved Mary, we both knew, and that Mary had no more than a friendly regard for him, was equally certain. "If Rufus would only marry some one else, she would soon forget this school girl nonsense, and Tom would stand a better chance," was Sophy's half vexed speech one day, after we had been lamenting over her brother's changed looks and spirits. That he was deeply attached to Mary was evident from his returning cheerfulness at any proof of her regard, however trifling; and Sophy, in her love for her brother, could almost have found it in her heart to be angry with the unconscious object of her sister-in-law's love, the innocent cause of Tom's unhappiness.

Since my stay at Brooklands, I had read but little, and that little consisted chiefly of the papers and such books as Mr. Page brought forward on wet Sabbaths, or when we were prevented from attending public worship at the village, some five miles distant. My childish reading had been so little to my taste, that it was a constant source of trouble to madame to make me perform the allotted task, and I had learned to associate books with all kinds of unpleasant punishments.

Now, however, when the days grew so cold that going out was an impossibility, I asked Sophy for some books to help beguile the long hours. In answer to my request, she took me up two long flights of stairs, through several passages, and unlocking a narrow door, I found myself in a little room, fitted up quite snugly, with a sofa, stuffed chairs, a tiny little stove, and the walls almost covered with book shelves, making the small room look smaller than it was.

"This is poor Robert's room," she said, in answer to my inquiry. "He died three years ago, soon after James and I were married, and no one has ever touched his books or papers but myself. Mother rarely speaks of him; but the other day she told me I had better bring you up to get something to read, you seemed so dull, and I never thought of it again until you spoke about books."

We soon had a fire kindled; and when the furniture was dusted and the window cleaned, it was the picture of a snuggery. Here I was allowed to remain unmolested; here I spent long,

happy hours ; and here I first learned what treasures are contained in books.

The owner of this little study had been Mrs. Page's second child, a gentle, delicate boy, unable to share with James in his rude sports and amusements, and passionately fond of books and music. His flute and violin were now lying on the topmost shelf, and from the music in his desk, I judged that he had made considerable progress in the art. Consumption had taken him away soon after his twentieth birthday, and none, perhaps, in the whole household grieved more sincerely for him than his brother's gay young bride, whose tender heart was melted with pity for the suffering youth, whose gentle hands bathed his burning brow, and whose sweet, loving words helped to pass away the weary hours of many a long, sleepless night. He died at last, with his head on her bosom, his arms round her waist, and breathing blessings on her for her kindness. Even now, Sophy said, she often heard that voice in her sleep, and saw those large dark eyes lifted to her own, with the old look of love.

Her description of the good and gentle youth, who had once spent happy hours in this little room, filled my mind with love and pity, and my feelings were still more deeply interested when, on examining the books, I found innumerable marks and comments in a delicate handwriting, evidently the enthusiastic raptures of an ardent young man in want of a friend to share its emotions. I spent several days in examining the books, their titles, and the remarks on the margins ; and then deliberately sat down to read one that he had evidently enjoyed very much. To describe my joy, my amazement, would be impossible ; I, who had so disliked reading and books, to discover such treasures, such delights in them.

My choice had fallen on Lever's "Charles O'Malley," and if any one can imagine the effect produced on a young mind by the perusal of such a book, always remembering that it was the first entertaining work I had ever read, I leave them to form their own idea of how I actually devoured it, how I entered into the writer's spirit, how I longed to know the end, and yet grieved as the leaves grew less. Reading soon became a habit, and it would have interfered with my happiness far more to have deprived me of my books, than to have compelled me to subsist on bread and water.

In Mr. Page's house every one seemed at liberty to do as he or she pleased, without any questions asked, and I spent day after day, and week after week, in the little room, and no one

thought it strange, or made any remarks, more than to inquire if I was spending my time happily. I had received several letters from my father ; but he had no prospect of returning home before the spring, and he bade me be contented and happy where I was so comfortably situated. I wished much to see my father ; but as his return would take me back to the hated city, I cannot say I grieved at his prolonged stay, or wished the time to fly very fast.

On Christmas night, Rufus came to tea. He had been to the city, and brought us each a book for a Christmas present. Sophy thanked him cordially for hers, and paid him some flattering compliment for remembering a married lady as well as the young girls. Mary did not speak, but held out her hand ; and as he took it in his, I saw a delightful expression in her eyes. He was still speaking to Sophy, and did not observe her looks.

I felt sorry that he had made me a present, after all the unkind feelings I had been cherishing against him, and to hide my annoyance, I opened the leaves, and looked at the beautiful plates. Near the middle of the book was one representing a young and very lovely girl, with a handful of roses and buds. On her head was a wreath of the same, and underneath was the word "Olive." The opposite leaf had been taken out, and another put in its place, on which Rufus had written some very pretty verses, dedicating the exquisite engraving to me.

I felt my face burn crimson as I read them ; and the more so as I knew he was watching me, although apparently devoting himself to Mrs. Page, who always had some interesting questions to ask the kind, young physician, concerning her health, or the health of her friends. I was about making my escape from the room, with my book in my hand, when James and Tom entered, and called me back, saying they wanted to get up a skating party. They had just returned from the lake, and pronounced it in excellent order. We all joined eagerly in the proposed excursion ; and after Rufus had given his consent to accompany us, New Year's day was decided upon, as suiting all parties.

On hearing what day was proposed, Rufus suddenly recollected that he was the bearer of invitations for us, to a party at his father's house, given in honor of the birth of his twin sisters, girls of seventeen, and who had just returned from school. This invitation, which was accepted, of course, did not put off our skating frolic, and it was arranged that we were to start for the lake at nine o'clock. All the following week we were busied in our preparations for the

approaching birthday ball, and Tom's time was quite taken up in supplying our various wants from the neighboring town. Old Mrs. Page roused herself to take an interest in the proceedings, and appeared much flattered when Sophia left it to her to decide what dresses we were to wear. For Mary, she proposed white muslin, with blue ribbons; for Sophy, bright brown or lavender silk; and for me, a white skirt and black velvet waist.

I had scarcely opened the well-filled purse my father had presented me with at parting, so little opportunity was there for spending money at Brooklands, and it was with almost childish delight that I wrote down the various articles needed for my dress, and placed the bills in Tom's hand, with which they were to be purchased. He performed his errands well, and for four or five days nothing was talked of in the house but the fit of our dresses, the length of our sashes, and the beauty of our satin shoes, Tom having surpassed himself in the purchase of that particular item of our attire.

On the day before new year, we were all ready, and turned our attention to a few preparations for the icy excursion of the morrow. Punctually at nine o'clock, Rufus drove up in his splendid sleigh, and as no arrangement had been made about drivers, some little delay took place as to how we were to go. I saw him cast an admiring glance at Mary, as she stood in the large porch, the rose-colored lining on her hood casting a sweet color on her face, and her figure displayed to such advantage by the close-fitting waist of her dark green riding-habit, which she wore with the skirt of a dark maroon dress. That glance decided me, for I had been before half hoping that he might ask me to go in his sleigh, and with a laugh, I sprang into James's family conveyance, calling on Sophy not to "stand there disputing all day."

"I'll decide it," exclaimed Rufus. "Tom, you drive Mary in my sleigh, and I'll take a seat beside your sister;" and handing Sophy in, he took a place beside her, as he said, and James gathering up his reins, we were soon on our way. I sat very erect indeed, for every time I leaned back, I felt an arm on the edge of my seat, where Rufus had laid it in the earnestness of his conversation with James.

We soon arrived at the edge of the ice, and leaving James to attend to the horses, proceeded to buckle on the skates. We had almost finished the operation, when the other two came along, neither of them looking very well pleased. Mary at first refused to try the ice, preferring to stand and look at us. After considerable coax-

ing, Tom gave up in despair, and joined his sister and her husband; and all three of them glided over the smooth, hard ice, like swallows in the air.

Sophy skated, as she did everything else, with her whole heart, and I watched her with delight, wondering if it would ever be possible for me to accomplish the feats she was now performing.

It had been considerable trouble to adjust my skates, but at last I had them on, and with Rufus's assistance, tottered to my feet, and slipped and slid on to the ice. After the first ten minutes, I found more courage, and when Mary, tired of standing alone on the shore, called him to assist her also, I made him leave me and go to her, trusting to my own skill to enable me to keep my feet. After getting on the ice, she seemed so frightened that he could not leave her, and giving her his hand, he started to take her across to where the others were. I stood looking after them for a short time, and then, feeling cold, attempted to reach the shore. I succeeded in getting about ten yards, when, feeling that I was losing my balance, I attempted to grasp a shattered old stump, that rose some two or three feet above the surface of the lake; but falling in my endeavor, I fell with violence, my hand striking the jagged points of the old tree, tearing my glove and cutting my hand in several places. It pained me considerably; and when Rufus came hurrying back, I was sitting on the unfortunate cause of the accident, wiping away the blood and picking out the pieces of decayed wood that had stuck in the flesh.

He blamed himself much for having left me, and putting his arm round my waist, helped me to the shore; then, after taking off my skates, he sat down beside me, and taking my poor hands, now trembling with pain, gently drew off the tattered remnants of kid, and, wiping off the stains, proceeded to tear his linen handkerchief in strips to bind it up with, apologizing all the time for his neglect and unkindness in leaving me alone so long.

When the dressing was finished to his satisfaction, he proposed on returning home, as neither of us felt like going on the lake again. I agreed to this, and after laying my glove where the party could find it, so as to account for our hasty departure, he helped me into his sleigh and we started on our homeward way.

After riding a little while in silence, he suddenly looked up, and with an anxious expression in his eyes, and an attempt at a smile, asked me to explain the cause of my recent coldness and evident displeasure. "I

am certain you would not willingly hurt my feelings, without a good cause, and equally certain that that cause is now unknown to me. Perhaps I am now doing wrong, but if you knew how much your coldness has wounded my feelings and puzzled me, I feel sure you would forgive me and relieve my anxiety."

Here was a dilemma. I could not tell the truth, and confess that my childish jealousy had caused such a display of ill-temper, nor did I like to refuse an answer to his earnest questions. Summoning courage at last, I said: "You gave me no reason to treat you so rudely. I should rather not say anything more about it, if you will forgive me, and I will promise never to be so unamiable again."

He thanked me very warmly for my promise, and taking my hand in his, gently loosened the bandages that were now becoming tight and painful. As he lifted me from the sleigh, he held me in his arms one moment and hurriedly whispered: "Will you give me as kind an answer, if I ask you another question this evening?" I made him no answer, for my heart beat quick, and I felt dizzy with the rush of feeling that swept over me, and hastily entering the house, sought my own room, and there gave way to the overpowering excitement the events of the morning had caused.

I knew very little of love or lovers; but there was something in Rufus's manner, in the tone of his voice, and the touch of his hand, that convinced me my jealous fears about Mary were unfounded, and a silent voice kept whispering to my heart-mingled hopes and fears—hopes, that I might at last realize the love that had all my life been a want, leaving my heart empty and unsatisfied; and fears, lest my wishes were misleading me, buoying me up, only to cast me back into a deeper sense of loneliness. Once I half resolved not to attend the party; but then the absurdity of such changeableness would cause so many remarks, that I resolved to go, but inwardly determined not to give Rufus any opportunity of renewing his conversation.

Mary looked bewitchingly beautiful, as we all came down to be admired by her father and mother previous to putting on the cloaks and shawls, made necessary by the length of the cold ride before us; her blue ribbons became her well, and I thought I never saw anything more graceful than the movements of her exquisitely white arms, as she exultingly flourished a bouquet (procured for her by Tom with much trouble), before our admiring eyes, and bestowing animated thanks on the delighted giver. As

Mrs. Page had expressed her opinion that "young girls needed no trinkets," we were no ornaments except the lace that trimmed our dresses, and the rich satin ribbon that looped up the short sleeves and also composed our sashes.

When we arrived at Mr. Cameron's, the rooms were fast filling with gaily dressed young belles and beaux, all talking and laughing, apparently come together to spend the hours as happily as possible. The young hostesses glided round among the different groups, or welcomed the new comers with graceful, lady-like ease. They were slender, delicate looking girls, with gentle, sweet voices, mild blue eyes, and actual masses of light yellow hair, the heavy curls of which fell low over their white shoulders. So great was the likeness between them, that I gave up the hope of knowing them apart, and addressed them each as "Miss Cameron." They wore white dresses, and broad, rich plaid ribbons, the latter to please the Highland taste of their father, who no sooner discovered that my parents were from the same country, than he showed me most marked attention, drawing my arm through his own and leading me round to examine the various beautiful pictures that adorned the walls, being almost entirely views of Scottish scenery, and most exquisitely painted. After wandering through the parlors, he led me into a pretty little room, a miniature conservatory, where the girls kept their birds and flowers. Here we found Mrs. Cameron, Sophy and Rufus, who were in deep discussion on the various merits of singing-birds in general and these in particular. I returned Rufus's bow, and drawing my hand away from the arm that held it, began to examine the flowers, always objects of interest and pleasure to me. My mind was so taken up with the beauty of Grace and Katie's pets, that I never knew the others had left the room; till I felt an arm round my waist, and heard Rufus whisper his rejoicings that they had gone.

My first impulse was to go, too, but that he would by no means permit; and first shutting the door, he led me to a seat and began to examine my bandaged hand, the useless glove of which I carried in the other. I scarcely knew how we commenced the conversation, but I found myself giving him a description of my lonely childhood, my longings for a companion or friend, and the pain my father's indifference had caused me. After describing my happiness at Mr. Page's, and the new ideas of life I had formed, I found that I had rather an inattentive listener; but on attempting to withdraw my hand from his clasp, it was pressed closer, and

looking in my face with an earnest, searching glance, he asked me if I had never found the ideal of my childhood, the kind, loving friend, to take the place of all others. There was something that sounded like suspicion in his tone, and I answered, a little coolly, "No, nor ever expect to."

"Forgive me," he hastily answered, "I meant not to wound your feelings, but some time ago I was informed that you were engaged to another. Subsequent circumstances strengthened that belief; and not until quite lately have I doubted the truth of the statement. I have now reason to think that it was quite false; and if it is so, and your heart is still your own, Olive dearest," and his voice sunk into a whisper, while I tried vainly to keep my hand from trembling, "will you not let me be that dear friend, to sympathize in your joys and sorrows, to strew your path with the flowers you love so well, both imaginary and real, to guard and protect you, and evermore call you mine? and, dearest, in return, will you, can you, do you, love me?"

I trembled violently at hearing this sudden confirmation of what I had hardly dared to think could ever be possible, and to his anxious questions, could only reply with tears. He seemed much distressed; and it was only after several attempts that I could command my voice sufficiently to tell him that I was not offended. The first question was still unanswered; but he seemed perfectly satisfied, and drew me closely to his bosom, whispering kind, gentle words in my ear, and by his own calm joy, stilling my excitement.

For a long, delightful hour, I sat thus clasped in his arms, listening to the sweet, loving words, that fell so refreshingly on a heart pining for sympathy and love, and then the sounds of merriment recalled me to a sense of shame for remaining so long from my friends. Smoothing my disordered curls, I prepared to leave the room; but not until he had placed a lovely rosebud in my hair, and gathered a little fragrant little bouquet for my hand. I mingled in the crowd, and soon recovered my self-possession, although my heart beat high and my cheeks burned every time I saw those expressive eyes following me with watchful tenderness.

Now, when numerous ties bind my affections, and numberless words of love are poured into my ears, I look back with strange emotion on that night when I first felt the joy of being loved, the happiness of listening to the vows of a heart all my own. Rufus has kept his promise faithfully; and I can truly say, my heart has felt no vacancy since it responded to his love.

My father at first demurred a little to my marrying so young; but having taken a great fancy to old Mr. Cameron, he could not refuse his intercession for his son's happiness. He lives with us, and if my own childhood was made unhappy by his indifference, my children have no cause to complain on that score, as he devotes his whole time and attention to their studies and amusements. Tom and Mary were married at the same time as ourselves, when the roses were in bloom. Mary told me all her treachery towards Rufus and myself, and penitently asked forgiveness for her deceit; she had her punishment in the slight coolness that was always apparent in his behaviour towards her. James and Sophy are even happier than they used to be, Mrs. Page's fondest wishes being fulfilled in the possession of a grand-child, a handsome, unruly, fearless boy, a perfect terror to all peaceably disposed visitors; but in their eyes, the perfect one among children, never so happy as when, mounted before his father, he gallops along, screaming with delight, and urging him to make the "orse do faster."

My husband has gratified my taste for flowers, by scattering them profusely round our cottage, and filling my garden with the choicest kinds. The most beautiful roses fill my vases, peep in at the windows, and greet me wherever I turn, to say nothing of those that are so lovingly placed in my hair by gentle hands.

I am quite a near neighbor of the Pages, and in our frequent calls on one another, we often talk over my first visit to the country.

THE LAST DROP.

An old gentleman and lady in a back town, rode to the village both on one horse. After purchasing a few articles, and drinking pretty freely of whiskey, they concluded they would return. The villagers assisted the old lady in mounting her horse behind her already intoxicated husband, and they started for home; which was north of the village, about two miles through the woods. Their son, a lad sixteen years of age, was watching with much anxiety for the return of his parents. About twelve o'clock at night, the old horse stood at the door, bearing upon his back the old man, who was aroused from his drunken stupor by his son's inquiry, "Where is mother?"

"O, she's on behind," said the old man.

The lad, seeing the situation of his father, guessed his mother must have dropped off; so, after assisting his father into the house, he rode back in search of his mother, and found her about a mile from the house, sitting in a mud hole up to her arms, and getting hold of her, said: "Mother, are you hurt? Come, let us go home."

"No, I thank you," said she, "I've a plenty; not another drop!"—*Michigan Temp. Journal.*

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY E. G. DENIO.

Away in the past, a picture I've traced,
Which the changes of time have never effaced;
Those scenes of my youth, O whatever may come,
I ne'er can forget thee, my own childhood's home.
A chain of bright memories still haunts the spot
Where stood in my childhood, that dear little cot;
Near the door of which wandered in beauty along,
A clear winding stream, with its murmuring song.

O never, while wandering the wide world o'er,
Has a scene like that at our cottage door,
Ere met my sight, but a strange thrill has come,
And a yearning wish for my childhood's home.
Yes, often in fancy I see thee once more,
And gaze on thy beauties so cherished of yore;
While back to my heart like a wandering bird,
Come thoughts of the past which within me are stirred.

But those scenes and those days are past and afar,
"Yet she'll live in the blaze of bright memory's star—"
For that dear little cot, with its murmuring rill,
By thy soft rays illumined, seems lovelier still.
But alas, those scenes will return nevermore,
To us, as we linger on time's dull shore;
But the heart will still dream, wherever we roam,
Of that dear sunny spot, our own childhood's home.

MADÉLINE.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

In the pretty village of Mandulein, laying across the river Inn, which rushes towards the Tyrol from the glaciers of the high and verdant valley of Engadine, dwelt Adam Camogast and his daughter Madeline. Old Adam's cottage stood near the bank of the river. There was but one cottage near, and that belonged to Pierre Guisolan, who lived there, with his daughter Marie and nephew Arnold Werdenberg. At this time there was a feeling of bitter hatred, upon the part of Marie, towards her pretty neighbor, the cause of which was Marie's cousin, Arnold Werdenberg. Both girls were beautiful, and the palm was given by some to one, and by some to the other, although the majority declared in favor of Madeline.

Arnold loved Madeline, and was loved by her in return, and he was also loved by Marie. Arnold had always lived with his uncle, and regarded Marie in the light of a sister; but not so felt the young girl herself, and her heart was filled with rage and bitterness for her rival. Being of a vindictive nature, she sought every opportunity of annoying Madeline. An opportunity soon offered, which she made the most of. In the high and lovely valley of Engadine, stood the gloomy castle of Gardovall, on the rocks

above the village of Mandulein. There dwelt the arbitrary bailiff of Croire, who governed and judged in the name of the bishop of Upper Engadine. The chief delight of this man seemed to be to oppress all who came within his power. An act of justice was almost unheard of among his deeds, or, if he performed one, it was entirely counterbalanced by his tyranny afterwards; and a good deed, done by him, was as much dreaded as an act of oppression.

Marie Guisolan was standing at the door of the cottage, gazing listlessly across the waters of the Inn, which were hurrying onward, when this same wicked bailiff rode by. As he passed the cottage, he espied Marie, who looked uncommonly lovely, as she stood in the doorway, half in light and half in shade. Her beautiful hands hung listlessly before her, and the sun was lighting up her bright brown hair and tinging one shoulder. With an exclamation or grunt of satisfaction, the bailiff dismounted and proceeded towards the door. He stood a moment contemplating the girl, who had shrunk back in terror.

"Aha! My pretty girl is timid, is she? Let me kiss you, my beautiful child." And he approached her; but Marie drew still farther back, and suddenly flung the door to in his face. With one push of his powerful hand, the bailiff reopened the door, and burning with rage, he sprang into the entry, and laid his hand anything but gently on her shoulder. "So, miss, you dare to refuse to let me kiss you—you, a serf! Well, well; we'll see. You are the most beautiful maiden I have seen in any one of the villages, and you must come to my castle."

"Not that," pleaded Marie, with white lips.

"I have said it. You must come. Ah, you are very beautiful. What is your name?"

"Marie Guisolan," she answered.

"Well, my beautiful bird, I must have one kiss before I leave you, and you must prepare yourself, for, upon my return to my castle, I shall send my servants to bring you to me. Kiss me, now."

Marie crouched down and put out her hands to keep the bailiff away, while she spoke. There was now a flush upon her cheek, and a glitter in her eye, which showed a desperate design.

"Hear me. You think I am the most beautiful girl in the village; but you are wrong. In the next cottage above here, dwells Madeline Camogast, as beautiful as an angel. I am a fright, compared to her. Go see for yourself if what I tell you is not true, and if not, I will go to your castle—willingly."

"More beautiful than yourself?" queried the bailiff, in astonishment.

"Yes; she is the most beautiful maiden in all Switzerland."

"By heavens! but you seem in earnest. I will satisfy myself; but remember, my sweet maiden, that if you have sent me on a wrong track, you will have to pay dearly." And so saying, he sprang upon his horse, and dashed away. A low laugh escaped Mario's lips, and she exclaimed, clasping her hands together:

"Now I shall be gloriously revenged!"

"Upon whom?" asked her cousin Arnold, coming up in time to hear her words.

"Upon you," she answered, quickly and sullenly, and walked into the house.

On rode the bailiff, repenting, at one moment, that he had let one lovely maiden slip, although only for the time, because another *might* be more lovely; the next, chuckling to himself, and gloating, in imagination, over his lovely prize. As he neared the cottage, he heard a sweet young voice, and he smiled grimly as he said:

"At least, there is a girl here, and it remains to be proved whether she be pretty."

He sprang from his horse, and unceremoniously entered the cottage and proceeded to the room from whence the voice seemed to issue. He paused on the threshold, overwhelmed with astonishment.

"By the Holy Virgin! I never dreamed of such beauty. The blessed Mary could not be more divinely lovely!"

The exclamation caused Madeline to look up, and she sprang from her seat white with terror, when she saw who the intruder was. The bailiff gazed a moment longer, his eyes lingering admiringly over each charm of her he considered as already his own. Then, as an excuse, and not wishing to alarm her, he asked for a glass of milk, which she brought him. Having emptied the bowl, he placed it on the table, and, leaving the cottage, he bade Madeline watch for him, for he would come again.

Madeline sank upon her knees. "Great God, help me! What misery is coming now?"

Shortly after, her father entered, and, struck with his child's pale, anxious look, he demanded the cause. Tremblingly she told him, adding: "O, father! his looks of admiration, and wickedness, and promise to come again, make me fear a thousand things."

Even while she was speaking, a dozen of the bailiff's men entered the room.

"Our lord has sent us to bring Madeline Camogast to him."

Old Adam was filled with terror and rage, and his poor child sunk senseless on the floor. Just as the captain gave orders to have Madeline

lifted and borne off, Adam mustered courage to say: "Tell your lord I will bring my child to him to-morrow. She is unable to go now."

As soon as the men had gone, Adam rushed from the cottage.

The next day the sun rose, in unclouded splendor, and while the dew was still on the fields, old Adam went forth towards gloomy Gardovall, accompanied by many friends as a train of honor. Madeline was dressed in her holiday attire, and, spite her paleness, she looked lovely. On the train moved, by the river side, into the castle gate. When the castellan saw the beautiful girl, he sprang down the steps of the castle to embrace the maiden in presence of all. But with a cry of "Swiss, to the rescue!" Adam drew his sword and plunged it into the heart of the tyrant. Then the train of honor, and a large party of Swiss, who had been concealed, sprang forward, and, before the sun sunk, the castle of Gardovall was in ruins.

Not long afterwards, Madeline and Arnold were united, and Marie Guisolan, overwhelmed with disappointment at the failure of her wicked design, silently left the village, and wandered far away across the mountains, where her bad deed was unknown, and there remained, her vanity being gratified by being the most beautiful maiden of all.

TURNING THE CENT.

"Now, 'Bimalech,'" said Mr. Slow, gravely, the night before Abimalech went to town to try his fortune as clerk in his uncle's grocery store, "Now, 'Bimalech, you are gwine out into the world, and I want to impress a lesson onto you. Here is a cent, you see,"—holding the coin up to the admiring gaze of the boy, who began to dream of untold riches—"a cent of the U. S. A. currency, dated 1815, which I shall give to you as a memento. Now I want you to take this 'ero cent—not quite yet"—said he, as if anxious to hold on to it as long as possible, when the boy attempted to take it—"take this cent, and when temptation comes over you to spend it, take it out, and turn it over just so, and look at it, and then put it into your pocket agin, and move right along, and that are cent'll be saved. By turning cents over, other cents may be saved—that's the way. Save 'em up till you get a dollar; then put the dollar into the bank, and that's safe. And when you git with folks that dresses better'n you, and you want to buy new clo'es or a new hat, take out your cent and look at it, and turn it over just so, and look at your clo'es, or your hat, and say to yourself, 'I guess that are will do a little longer, and that'll give you ideas of economy, that'll make a respectable man of you, and a useful member of society. And them bime-by you'll be rich, and—and—and—and die, and have a gravestun full of virtues.'"

Abimalech took the cent, and his father's injunction, and went out into the world to make money.—*Boston Post.*

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

BY TAMAR ANNE KEMMERE.

He died—not in his native land,
 With the friends he loved around him;
 But far away on a foreign shore,
 With none to smooth his passage o'er
 The river dark before him.

An angel band that were hovering round
 Beckoned him far away;
 He smiled—and followed them up on high
 To regions far beyond the sky,
 To dwell in endless day.

They made his grave 'neath the shady trees
 On the banks of the calm Lake Erie;
 And gently smoothing his dark, brown hair,
 They mournfully, sadly, laid him there—
 Saying, there's rest for the weary.

THE CONVENT BRIDE.

BY E. ALMY.

CLIDE HURST was about to die; he lay upon a luxurious couch, watching, with an expression of intense pain, the countenance of the physician as he counted the beatings of his pulse, which was to determine the length of his mortal being. With a hollow moan his eyes closed, large tears coursing down his hollow cheeks, as the doctor gave no hopes of his life after sunrise.

It was now nine o'clock of the evening, the winds howled in sad notes without, sending the rain in a deluge against the window; ever and anon the heavy peals of thunder shook the dwelling, while the lightning glared through the thick folds of the massive curtains. It was a fearful night to die. A shaded light burnt upon the table, leaving the features of the dying man in shadowy ghastliness. The outlines of his form beneath the covering, as he lay straight and motionless, gave indications of manly proportions of height and breadth; his bared arm that lay passive as the doctor had placed it, showed strong muscular formation; his hand was fair, and on one finger sparkled a diamond ring. His dark hair, slightly sprinkled with gray, lay in glossy waves over an unusually broad, high brow. Firm and white his teeth shone through his pallid lips as they parted to give vent to the struggles of inward emotion. Clide Hurst was dying in the prime of life; it cost him bitter pangs of regret to yield thus early to the fell destroyer. The physician sat by the table, shading his face with his hand; he too lamented the inevitable death of one so young, surrounded by all the luxuries

that ensure comfort and afford pleasure to the refined intellectual epicure.

Clide Hurst was a bachelor; he was dying alone, only his domestics surrounded him; he was wealthy, broad lands were his, and a costly mansion stored with art, usefulness, and ease; these were to be disposed of within a few hours. The doctor waited his orders, before calling his household to his bedside.

Clide Hurst was strong even in death; his emotion had passed, he unclosed his eyes, and gave orders in a clear, distinct voice, which the doctor hurried to execute. With eyes red from excess of weeping, his faithful secretary and nurse came to his bedside to watch and fulfil his last wishes, for he was dearly beloved by his household. While the nurse bathed his brow and moistened his parched lips, he dictated his will to the secretary, in presence of the doctor.

Clide Hurst had one male friend, and one only relative, a female. Lloyd Mortimer had been the friend of his bosom from youth to manhood, partner of his joys and sorrows, of his troubles abroad and solitary hours at home, yet never had Clide spoken of this relative, Ida Hurst, his niece, daughter of a beloved sister, ruined and dead, her child reared in a convent.

To these two individuals Clide Hurst left his heritage, if they were united in matrimony before his death. Messengers were despatched through storm and darkness to summon these persons to his deathbed.

Three hours of weary watching had passed, Lloyd Mortimer stood by the side of his friend; their hands clasped in vows of eternal friendship and fidelity, Lloyd Mortimer might have been taken for a brother of Clide Hurst, so much did he resemble him in height and features; his manly form shook with uncontrollable emotion as he listened to the last testimony of friendship from his dying friend; pressing his lips to his brow, he promised faithful obedience to his wish.

A female closely veiled knelt opposite, the left arm of the dying man circled her form as a shield of protection in her utter loneliness. Her face was buried in the covering, while convulsive sobs and moans shook the trembling form of Ida Hurst. These two were alone, then came the minister and household to witness the marriage ceremony of Lloyd Mortimer and Ida Hurst; these two, with no previous knowledge of each other's existence, were pronounced man and wife. It seemed to the parties and witnesses but an awful form imposed by a dying man, a sacrifice on the altar of friendship.

Clide Hurst was ready to die, he pressed the shrinking bride to his bosom, murmured a few

words of endearment, and bade the nurse lead her to her mother's suite of rooms.

The morning sun shone not on the form of Clide Hurst. Amid the rattling storm, in the darkness of night, reclining on the bosom of his friend, his spirit had taken flight; in a darkened room he slept the sleep that knows no waking.

LETTER FROM LLOYD MORTIMER TO PIERRE VERNON.

MY DEAR PIERRE,—In my last I gave you an account of the untimely death of my invaluable friend. I will not trouble you again with a rehearsal of my unmitigated sorrow; dark is the earth even yet, without the twin spirit of my soul. I told you also of my singular marriage with the niece of my friend and, the consequent heritage. Without considering the binding qualities of my new relationship, I gave promise to join you in the Eastern tour. But you will find, my dear Pierre, if you are ever fortunate enough to get a wife, that a Benedict is not a bachelor. I say fortunate, because at this moment I am the happiest of men,—aside from my great sorrow—and would willingly renounce any project, however brilliant in anticipation, if the fair hand of my darling Ida was raised against it.

I know you will be delighted with the romance of my courtship, aside from the veil that surrounds it. Of course I stand deeply criminated in not paying timely devoirs to my charming bride; but I did not feel at liberty to claim her as part of the heritage without her special commission, I considered myself as her protector, nothing more; it was sufficient if my body was bountifully provided for with no restraint upon her time or wishes. All this I left with the secretary, believing he understood such matters better than myself.

My wife was the last person that occupied my thoughts; indeed I knew not who or what I had married, except she was the niece of my friend; and strange to say, I did not care to know, so blinded was I with sorrow; even if Mrs. Mortimer had bestowed her most fascinating smiles upon me, I feel as if I should have repelled her advances: fortunately for my repose she was young, modest, and belonged to the convent, and therefore liked seclusion.

Ida was closely veiled during the marriage ceremony, and I do not remember of having a desire to see her face, so overwhelmed was I with grief. Madam Teil led her from the room, and I saw no more of my wife, and forgot almost the existence of Mrs. Mortimer, who occupied the suite of rooms formerly her mother's, in the north wing above; my rooms being below on the first

floor north, we never came in contact. The house is after Clide's own heart, large and elegant, with nearly fifty spacious rooms, beside the culinary department, all furnished as magnificently as his own refined taste ever suggested.

The reception of your letter, which contained your anticipated journey, inviting me to join you in the pilgrimage, I received about three months after the death of Clide. It awoke me to life again, for I seemed buried with my friend. I felt I must soon change the scene, or I should indeed join him in the tomb. I made immediate preparation, and after arranging my own affairs, I summoned my secretary and was about giving orders during my absence, after stating that I was about leaving for two or three years, when I was arrested by the rather peculiar and scornful look of said secretary. He is a man of fifty, has been in the service of Clide many years, he has an eye for a bargain and a hand for business, and is honorable withal, in the strictest sense of honor. I returned his look with a "Well, sir." "I beg your pardon," he said, in a sharp, sarcastic tone; "would it not be well for you to inform Mrs. Mortimer of your intentions? She is of age, and might be interested in the choice of her disposal." Here was a thunderbolt. I felt it, and staggered a little; sure I am that I grew pale, to be so politely informed that I had a wife, whom I had forgotten and neglected. "Mrs. Mortimer?" I repeated rather laconically, smoothing my beard. I was about denying all claim to Mrs. Mortimer, and shaking off the yoke at once, since I must consult that lady, but honor forbade, yet very strangely "Mrs. Mortimer" sounded in my ears for the first time.

I think I bowed to the rather amused secretary twice, for teaching me a married man's duty. I wrote a hasty, polite note to Mrs. Mortimer, introducing myself by letter, telling her my arrangement, and saying that I would call on her ladyship previous to my departure, which the secretary received and delivered.

"Mrs. Mortimer!" surely my ears must be echoes, so many times did that name repeat itself. I tried to impress myself with the importance of my matrimonial relationship, but it interfered with my plan. Must I stay at home and play the ladies' man? Not I; long ago I had passed that age of folly. Women were well enough, but I did not care for them. Clide, my friend, my life, my joy, my spirit, and soul, as was my all, but never loved I a being like him; what was woman's love compared to his? No, it was evident I could never love again, he was my all! I sank again in despair, and wept myself.

Yet above my groans rang the name of Mrs.

Mortimer. *Ida was his niece, that was a comfort; she might—perhaps she might possess a spark of his spirit, that would be joy again.* But no; she was only a woman, a child, how could her small soul hold a ray of the divine love of Clide? Still the echo of “Mrs. Mortimer” made me reflect, and thus at last I was brought to think of her. I rubbed my stupid brow, and tried to kindle a fire on the cold altar of my heart.

How should I present myself to my wife? should I give her the kiss she ought to have had three months ago? what excuse could I render for not even recognising her existence? Was she pretty, and foolish? or ugly, and sensible?

It was an ugly affair. I had much rather my secretary had confined himself to his own profession. What right had he to interfere between man and wife, making a disturbance, when we never had had the least difficulty?—it was an unpardonable offence.

I did wish heartily I had been introduced to Mrs. Mortimer at least, during *our honeymoon*, it was so awkward, staring at one's wife for the first time and then, not being positive whether it was indeed the person you had married, or her chambermaid.

How would she receive me? blushing like a peony, chiding me for neglect? or with tones of gentle entreaty? or would she frown and banish me altogether? I hoped so; indeed I did; then I should glory in single blessedness forever, with no earth love between the spirit love of my immortal friend. Now, more than ever, I condemned hasty marriages—yet this, was it not Clide's dying wish? I bowed my spirit to his will, and tried to seem a married man.

I dreaded an interview with Mrs. Mortimer. If I could have escaped with honor I should now have been with you. It was nearly sunset before I ascended the stairs leading to her apartments, guided by the secretary. I think I looked like a person going to execution; I felt so at least, yet I hadn't a doubt but what I should join you on the morrow, and this would be my farewell to Mrs. Mortimer.

I think my heart palpitated audibly as I was bowed into my lady's room, and left alone with the rather loud introduction of “Mr. Mortimer, Mrs. Mortimer; your husband, madam; your wife, sir.” What a farce! Good heavens! Could Mrs. Mortimer be lame, or foolish? she did not rise to meet me, but sat motionless behind the window curtain, with only her skirts and feet visible. I thought her feet delicate, and should have liked a peep at her face, but that she was careful to conceal, and I was far too haughty to ask a woman the privilege of gazing at her, even

though she were my wife. If Mrs. Mortimer was a fool, so much the better. If she had no manners I should not be her instructor, so I began to converse incoherently. Politely begging her pardon for intruding, I stated my reasons, and inquired if I could serve her in any respect before leaving. Mrs. Mortimer made no reply, so I proceeded to express my regret that a hasty union had placed her perhaps in an unhappy position, then, out of the great generosity of my heart I dilated on her entire freedom, giving her all the privileges of a maiden, disclaiming all right to restrain her action, and begged she would be as happy as possible. Ah, Pierre, I felt myself a noble fellow just then, for setting such an example for *husbands*! My wife should have her own will. No voice said yea or nay, but the curtain trembled, and I thought I heard a faint sob. Being in no mood for a scene, and justified in my proceedings by the stupidity of Mrs. Mortimer, I prepared for exit, bidding the pretty feet good night in a gentle, manly manner, closing the door of her apartment softly behind me. And now that this first marriage duty had been performed and I was safe in my bachelor hall again, I was ready to depart on the morrow, congratulating myself that no opposition was raised.

But Pierre, my dear fellow, did your conscience ever rise up suddenly, as you were about eating your supper, perhaps tossing your soul on mountain billows, until you fell prostrate, dizzy and sick with conviction, strong as heaven's light, that you were guilty of a base act, perpetrated against some one, perhaps a dear friend, dead or living it matters not, if the spirit rises like a reproaching ghost? So to me came the noble spirit of my friend, filling my soul with anguish, causing me to rise hastily from my evening repast, and sending me in deep humiliation to meditate in solitude.

I sat bowed in sorrow in the library of Clide, while his ample spirit filled the room. I had wronged my friend, neglected his only charge. Was it for this he had given me his wealth which I selfishly enjoyed, while the rightful heir wept alone in misery? I knew it was a sob I heard; she too wept for Clide. How my stoical indifference must have sounded in her ears! and I, the pretended friend of her uncle's? and I to treat her thus, and then abandon her? She *was* young, timid, reared in a convent, what did she know of the manners of the world? No wonder she hid herself and wept. Poor child! I must have seemed like a wild beast to her! How roughly I harangued her, as if she had been the most designing woman. No wonder she did *not* speak, I insulted her woman's nature. God for-

give me; I am not fit for companionship, so long have I nursed my selfish feeling.

The moon filled the room with a sad, pale light, and I knew the spirit of Clide was there in judgment over me. In my love for him I had abused the pledge of his love for me; how could I regain his favor? Tears of contrition rained down my cheeks, and when I cried "O, my friend, light of my soul, smile upon the selfish clay of thy friend, and let his spirit again hold sweet converse with thine," I heard a sigh which I almost believed was the spirit of Clide in answer. I sat breathless with my face toward the window, almost expecting to see his shadow pass, one moment of suspense, followed by another sigh so mournful that I was startled. I arose quickly and turned to the spot whence the sound proceeded, and came in contact with a white figure closely veiled. I uttered an exclamation, and stretched out my hand to see if it were tangible. Without a sound it retreated toward the door as if to elude me. I sprang forward and gently seized the figure, which proved flesh by the touch. Again that same heart-breaking sob sounded behind the veil, and so violently trembled the former that the floor appeared to quiver beneath my feet. "Speak to me," I said, and drew her closer, for I knew it was my wife. Then she broke forth in the most uncontrollable grief, throwing herself on the sofa, and burying her face in the pillow.

Like a penitent husband as I was, forgetting all my own selfish anticipations, I knelt by her side and implored forgiveness, alleging my deep grief as the cause of my neglect of her and of my departure. Good Heavens! was Mrs. Mortimer dumb or obstinate? Not a word could I obtain; though I entreated her to speak to me, her sobs only increased; how I came in possession of her hand, I know not, but the soft, delicate touch thrilled my pulse. By the pale moonlight I saw the ring of Clide upon her finger. It was our wedding ring. I remembered now I hurriedly placed it there on that fearful night, and forgot it as soon. I pressed the ring to my lips, and the hand, until it grew cold beneath my burning kisses. The trembling form was still. O how light and perfect was that childish form as I lifted it in my arms and bore it to the open window. I pressed her head to my throbbing heart, and kissed the sacred veil before lifting it from her face. But suspense was growing torture, I removed the veil between us. Pierre, did you ever see a perfect angel? No; of course you ever did—you never saw my wife. It is only in her you can behold seraphic beauty. I sank in the window seat weaker than a child, weeping

over the very loveliness I gazed upon so tenderly. This then, was the angel I had scorned. Never had I seen features so perfect, complexion of such purity. I did not call her back to life, I only gazed enraptured. Luxuriant dark curls fell over her polished brow and neck below her waist, long lashes fringed her lids, and every feature was perfect as a star, and they were Clide's—the same classic mould, softened and refined to the most delicate formation. Her parted lips revealed the most perfect gems. The cool evening air brought her to life again. She opened her eyes with a start; I kissed her again and again, calling her the spirit of Clide; her silent tears bathed my cheek. Then I won her name, and drew from her an opinion of my ungracious self. She did not blame me, only she was glad I loved her at last. Ida sealed my forgiveness with a kiss,—and so the Eastern tour proved but a bachelor's dream. You may be sure I thanked my secretary very sincerely for the lesson he gave me, and rewarded him by taking Mrs. Mortimer entirely to myself. Though reared in a convent, she is the most charming and delightful companion, wise as Minerva, beautiful as Venus. But, my dear fellow, I am giving you a tremendous letter. I close with this advice: if ever you marry, be sure you have as early an introduction to your wife as possible, especially if she is a convent bride. Adieu.

Yours, MORTIMER.

COMPOSERS.

Pacsiello could only compose in bed, and Cimarosa's muse never inspired him unless in the midst of a dense and mirthful crowd. The historian Mezerai had contracted the habit of writing by candle-light, and could not dispense with it even in the clearest day and hottest month of the year. Descartes thought and wrote stretched at full length on his back; while the great jurist, Cujas, wrote all his works lying prostrate on his stomach. Guido Reni found it impossible to handle his brush unless attired in magnificent apparel; and Haydn himself declared he found composition difficult unless he wore on his finger the ring given him by Frederick II. Maturin, the poet, always stuck a wafer on his forehead, between his eyebrows, while writing; Napoleon used to mutilate the sides of his arm-chair with his pen-knife; and the readers of Glover's ballad of "Admiral Hosier's Ghost," would never divine that it was composed while the unconscious author destroyed with his cane a magnificent bed of tulips, to the horror of its fair owner, Lady Temple.—*Journal of Music.*

RELIGION.—As mankind only learnt the science of navigation in proportion as they acquired the knowledge of the stars—so, in order to steer our course wisely through the seas of life, we must fix our hearts upon the more sublime and distant objects of heaven.

STANZAS.

BY DENNIS G. GILBERT.

A vision is passing before me,
 'Tis a vision of beauty and grace;
 A form that was one of the fairest,
 And a beautiful, radiant face.

Soft locks that were flowing o'er shoulders
 As pure and as white as the snow;
 And cheeks that would vie with the roses,
 With lips like the ruby's red glow.

A step that was one of the lightest,
 And a voice that was music to hear;
 Clear as the tones of a silver bell
 As it fell on the listening ear.

O this vision, 'twill haunt me forever,
 While memory has power to recall
 A being so fair and so lovely,
 Which once did my spirits enthral.

But, alas, the fairest fade early,
 And those whom we cherish and love,
 Too pure for aught that is earthly,
 Are conveyed by the angels above—

To bloom in the garden of heaven,
 To dwell with the happy and blest;
 Near the peaceful shore of life's river,
 Where the weary forever may rest.

AUNT DEBBY.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

I LIKED to look at the placid face of Deborah Hedge. She was a staid Quaker matron, answering to the familiar appellation of "Aunt Debby." Every child in the neighborhood knew her, being daily recipients of her bounty in the shape of seed-cakes, tarts, and apples, of which she kept a never failing supply. My father lived near the Hedge Farm, and my frequent visits are souvenirs of some of the happiest hours of my life. Her unruffled serenity, quiet benevolence, and unostentatious goodness, attracted me. Her voice was soft in its every cadence, and her musical "thee" and "thou" I loved to hear. She not only preached, but practised; a fact that even in my younger days I thought very extraordinary.

But patience was Aunt Debby's cardinal virtue. Under the most trying circumstances, she never manifested that fretfulness and irritability so common to the human family. If a woman ever *did* have her good nature put to the test, Deborah Hedge was surely that woman. I will tell you why: She was a living impersonation of method, order, and exactness. Everything

had a place and was kept in it. You could see your face in the glistening tin ranged upon the white shelves. Not a stray leaf, nor a straw, nor a bit of dirt the size of a pin-head, could be detected on the unspotted floor. Her transparent windows ignored dust; it didn't offer to stick to them. She had no regular or irregular periods of "cleaning up," turning of things wrong side out, which have such a tendency to put to flight those of the masculine gender; but each day had its apportioned duties, which were inexorably discharged. An air of unchanging repose reigned over the house. Nothing was missing when it was wanted, although nothing seemed to be doing, or going to be done. Aunt Deborah did not depend on the co-operation of servants. They could not be brought to that state of perfection satisfactory to such an embodiment of neatness. Falling far short of her standard, she dispensed with their help altogether, a method enabling her to suit herself in every department.

Now let me say a few words respecting David Hedge, Aunt Debby's consort. He was certainly the best natured man I ever saw. A genial smile played over his broad face from morning till night, while his words seemed to well up from a great fountain of good will to all men. I don't believe he had an enemy in the world; and yet, for all this, he had a failing that proved a heavy trial to his wife. He was unconsciously careless, both in his dress and habits, placing a very insignificant value on the ways of "particular" people. It didn't make the least difference to him whether he ate off a plate or the table; whether he wore slippers or ran round in his socks; whether he went bare-headed or wore a hat; whether his wristbands were white, gray, or black; or whether he sat in a chair or a dirt-barrel. It was all the same to him, providing that he felt comfortable. As to the ways and means of bringing this desirable end about, he was wholly indifferent. How these opposites happened to come together, was a wonder to everybody; in this particular, they were no more alike than heat and cold. Line upon line, precept upon precept, had been delivered to the transgressor. In every instance he promised amendment, to forget it as soon as the words were out of his mouth. He bore rebuke with such exemplary humility, appearing to realize his short-comings, at times, quite as vividly as Aunt Debby, that she had not the heart to chide him very severely. Remonstrance, in her own mild way, was the worst form of scolding resorted to.

David had a strong attachment for tobacco. If a spittoon was handy, he used that; if not,

the floor. He didn't seem to experience a single prick of conscience at a sight of the dark-looking spots on the tidy door-stone, or the suspicious quids that he pushed under a chair to hide from the keen-sighted Deborah.

"Why will thee use the nasty stuff, David?" she said, after one of these unavailing operations. "Doesn't thee see what work thee makes of my kitchen? Look there, and there, and there."

"Why, Debby, dear, the spots are almost dried up. They wont do the least hurt. Thee givest thyself a great deal of trouble."

And as usual in such cases, the mop was put in requisition, while David entered the pantry to get a lunch. In disposing of the good things he found there, he broke a tumbler, cracked a tea-cup, dropped some butter, and spilt a bowl of milk. In his eagerness to stop the progress of the fluid, he took a milk-strainer and sopped it up, concealing the cloth in the churn. In doing this, he unconsciously stepped on the butter, leaving, at every tread, a greasy mark on the scoured boards. Assured that damages were all repaired, he flung the fragments of glass out of the window, wiped the two knives he had used on a clean table cloth, in which was wrapped a loaf of bread, put the injured tea-cup behind some tall articles on the highest shelf, and on tip-toe proceeded to the sitting-room, where he spread himself on a lounge, with the most innocent look in the world.

Aunt Debby looked resigned, but sober, as she came out of the pantry, an hour after, and tracked the incorrigible, by the butter, to his retreat, where he pretended to be asleep. But he was not quick enough; she saw the paper drop and his eyes suddenly close.

"How could thee be so careless, David?" she said, reproachfully.

"Did thee speak, Debby?" he responded, opening his visuals, and yawning, as if just aroused from a nap.

"Don't make believe, David; it isn't right," continued the matron, shaking her head. "Thy heedlessness has laid me out half a day's work. Why can't thee be more careful, I wonder? If thee had to keep things clean, thee wouldn't be spilling and dropping round so."

"What is thee talking about, Debby?" asked the detected Quaker, elevating his feet to cut off the scrutinizing glance of his questioner.

"Look at thy boots."

David wasn't more than a minute obeying this reasonable request.

"What in the world is it, Debby?" he queried, eyeing his soles dubiously.

"Butter."

"But how could it get on there? I declare, Debby, I'm sorry enough!"

"Thee always says so; but if thee really was, thee'd do better. I found the butter, what thou hasn't brought in here, on the pantry floor. I am sure thee dropped it, David." The evil-doer had to own up, and to show contrition, helped his wife scrape French chalk over the unlucky spots on the bright carpet, feeling all the time that it was labor thrown away. Aunt Debby laughed at his awkward movements. "I'll finish the rest, David, if thee'll make a fire for me," she said, as he rose from his knees, with the remark that "there wouldn't be a spot in sight by morning."

A little suspicious that the matron had some cause for complaint, he complied with obliging alacrity. She was sorry she asked his assistance. The fire was made, to be sure; but he had dropped shavings all the way from the shed to the stove, scattered the ashes about liberally, and a portentous crack announced that he had set on the tea-kettle to heat without filling it. That was the way Mr. Hedge helped Aunt Debby; the trouble he made overbalanced the good he did.

At supper-time a tea-cup was missing. The thrifty housekeeper knew it was in place in the morning, for she had carefully counted the set. Not finding it, she appealed to David, who was generally supposed to be the author of any accident that transpired. That worthy evaded her inquiries awhile, not wishing to be in disgrace again that day.

"Thee knows where the cup is, or thee would look me in the face. Why can't thou be honest and tell me all about it?" resumed his fair tormentor.

"Thee does beat the Dutch, Debby, about finding me out! It seems, verily, as though thy eye was everywhere. I cracked the cup and put it on the top shelf, out of thy sight, thinking thou wouldn't miss it. But I'll putty it for thee, Debby," said the good natured delinquent, patting Deborah's dimpled chin, and laying his broad palm on her shoulder.

Mistaken David! Not miss it! The gentlest hand couldn't take up and lay down the smallest article, but she would discover it. Nobody moved anything belonging to her, without being detected. And to think that she wouldn't miss a tea-cup! Pretty certain that he should soon be called upon to account for the tumbler, he acknowledged the breakage on the spot, assuring the thoughtful Debby "that he'd look out another one didn't slip out of his fingers so strangely." That lady shifted, meaningly, and

tamed away to prepare the cream for churning, while the tumbler-breaker, butter-dropper, and egg-hider went off, whistling, flustering himself that his crosses were over for that day.

What ailed the churn? It acted strangely, the crank refusing to turn one way or the other. Singular! It had always been a well-behaved churn, bringing golden butter in fifteen, and sometimes ten minutes. Aunt Debby took off the lid and looked in. Something very much like cloth was wound around the interior arrangements, naturally stopping their action. It came out as quick as it went in. Her milk-strainer! A discovery, truly! And more, a quantity of seed that David had wiped up with the remaining fluid, was distributed generously through the cream, an ingredient which did not promise to improve it.

Aunt Debby was ready to cry. Was *every* woman so afflicted? She might have felt vexed, but she looked only grieved—sorry that so much must be thrown away through somebody's carelessness. Knowing the churn had been left thoroughly sweet and clean, she had not thought it necessary to inspect it very minutely. While she stood lamenting her loss, the tractor of this newly-discovered piece of mischief walked into the room. Comprehending it all at one look, he ignobly tried to back out unperceived. But Aunt Debby saw him. She pointed to the open churn, and the dripping cloth, without a word.

"There! if I didn't forget to take that out!" he exclaimed.

"David, thee tries me!" was her simple reply.

"I declare, Debby—" But his asseveration was cut short by a loud scream outside.

Husband and wife ran to the door. Their only child, a boy of six, sat on the ground, crying, and pressing his bare foot, which was wounded by a piece of glass.

"Where has thee been to find glass?" asked the mother, inspecting the cut.

Jimmy couldn't stop sobbing long enough to tell.

"Where did thee put the broken tumbler?" she added, turning to the silent Hedge.

"Klugg it out of the window."

"O, David, how could thee! And the child musing about without shoes!"

"But I didn't think, Debby! I meant—"

"Thee never thinks, till afterward," she interrupted, in a tone of gentle reproach, taking the boy in her arms, and carrying him into the house.

"Debby is wonderfully patient! Six times a day! I must be a blockhead to punish her

so!" mused David, half a mind to go to bed at once to avoid any additional misdeeds. Yet when he did go, reader mine, mentally determined to practise some of his good wife's carefulness at the first opportunity, his hat found a resting-place in a pan of meal in the sink-room, his cravat fell from the bureau where he had flung it, into a wash-bowl nearly full of water, while his nicely brushed coat, black pants, tidy vest, and muddy boots, made one lump on the carpet. Then in the morning he slopped more water than he put on his face, finishing by using a clean towel for a floor-cloth, and his pocket handkerchief for a boot-cleaner.

Now does anybody think I was rash in asserting that Aunt Debby's patience was put to a severe test, or that her disposition was most unmistakably dove-like? The day in, her life I have tried to describe was but a fair specimen of every day; yet the same quiet endurance and long sufferance makes her memory pleasant to think upon. Would there were fewer Davids and more Debby's.

A NEW ZEALAND LADY.

A young gentleman who left Preston in England above four years ago, thus writes home from Wanganui, in New Zealand, to a friend:

"Needlewomen are much wanted in a double capacity; in the first and most important as wives, in the second as dressmakers, etc. All young men should marry before emigrating. Many who come out here form matrimonial connections with the natives. My partner is a native, and, though faultless in form, her complexion is not more fair than black—in plain language, she is a woman of color, the exact shade approaching much nearer to polished brown paper or mahogany than anything else I can remember. She cannot speak English, and is much addicted to what you would call smoking, but what she elegantly terms *kai tupeka*—Anglice, food tobacco. Her hair hangs in negligent gracefulness, and is of a beautiful and brilliant black. Her eyes are brown, her person tall and erect, and her carriage faultless and as dignified as that of any European. From one ear is suspended a shark's tooth, and the other is embellished with a bit of colored worsted. Her feet were never tortured by shoes, nor concealed by stockings; they are as free as when Nature formed them. She swims to perfection, can manage a canoe in a sea that would appal a London waterman, and is such an adept at catching fish that Isaac Walton would have shrunk in competition with her. I have been induced to make these remarks, as they will apply to the whole native race. European women are so scarce that English and Maori connections are little noticed. The practice is common, and the dark complexions, naked feet and *kai tupeka* become as familiar as possible.—*Home Journal*."

Many people are esteemed merely because they are not known.

A WINTER IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

THE terrible amount of suffering undergone by the pioneers of the immense emigration that poured into California after the gold discovery, can never be realized by those who have not had instances come under their personal observation.

In '47 I was cognizant of a peculiarly fearful case, which, in its different phases of horror, I think stands unrivalled. It was in the last part of the long and severe winter, that news reached Yerba Buena of a party of emigrants being overtaken by the snow, in the nearest spur of the Sierra Nevadas, whose snowy peaks were plainly visible from the village. The information came from one of their number who had managed to push on ahead and escape the last storm. He stated there were some eighty, men, women, and children, in the party, that they had lost nearly all their animals, that he had been dispatched on the last mule, and that falling speedy succor they must all perish.

The call was promptly responded to, for the populace, though rough and apparently heedless of the little conventionalities of life, were ever ready to aid the suffering to the extent of their means. A party was fitted out and started, with horses and provisions. They were strong, hardy mountaineers, and felt no doubt of reaching the emigrants, but at the end of several weeks they returned, worn out with their efforts, saying it was impossible to penetrate through the immense beds of snow to the place where they expected to find the objects of their search; nevertheless another expedition was sent, but with no better success. At last, as a dernier resort, a band of ten men, taking snow shoes, and packing on their backs what was necessary in the shape of dried venison, etc., left the town, riding as far as they could, and then proceeded on foot the remainder of the way. After great hardships, several having their feet frozen, and almost despairing, they at last reached the camp in the mountains, finding of the party but sixteen alive, five women and eleven men—all the rest had perished of starvation. They managed to bring these to the settlement, and for a time they excited a great deal of interest among the community. One of the females, a young girl of nineteen, who during all their trials had borne her sufferings without a murmur, was a remarkable specimen of a western frontierwoman, possessing an indomitable energy and courage worthy of a man. From her I received an account of their journey.

I will relate it as nearly as possible in his own words.

"We left Fort Laramie late in the spring, the train comprised some eighteen wagons and about eighty persons, well provisioned, with a large number of cattle and horses, and every prospect of a speedy journey. For the first two hundred miles we had nothing to alarm us; at night the camp was well guarded, and we slept quietly, trusting to the watchfulness of our sentries. But one day a single horseman was seen on the prairie, apparently watching us with interest, the distance at which he kept, and the sudden manner of his disappearance, gave us assurance that he was an Indian. Now all rest was over, where there was one there was every probability of more. As we had been warned at Laramie of the extremely hostile character of the tribes we might encounter, the men made all necessary preparations for an attack, keeping the train close together, increasing the guard at night, &c. For several days we saw no signs of Indians, and they were becoming again careless, relaxing the guard, and straggling along in the journey by day. Accustomed as I had been from childhood to frontier life, and familiar with the habits of our North American savages, I did not feel easy. That we had been observed by an Indian was certain, and why, seeing our large train of horses, so much coveted by them, should they abandon us without an attempt to possess themselves of them? Perhaps this lone one had gone some distance for the remainder of his tribe; our track was so plain, that it might be followed weeks after. I spoke of this, and was rewarded by my brothers with a laugh at my womanly fears, as they were pleased to call them. I was convinced that we should yet see more than we desired of these rascals, and trained to the use of the rifle, I slept each night with one by my side, on the *qui vive*.

"One night I was peculiarly restless; the darkness was intense, and the day's journey having been a long one, I knew our men were much fatigued and might sleep at their posts. I could not but think how favorable an opportunity offered for an enemy to steal on us unawares. The cries of the coyotes and the shrieks of the prairie wolves seemed unusually near, and very frequent; our horses also seemed restless, and an occasional movement among them would arouse me, to drop off again in an unquiet sleep. As I lay near the head of one of the wagons, I pushed aside the curtains and looked out; not a sign could I discover of life, no sentry in sight, all were evidently wrapped in slumber, and the camp fires neglected, had burned down and grown

out. The deathlike stillness alarmed me. As I gazed fixedly into the darkness, my eye becoming accustomed to the want of light, I fancied I saw an object moving; I was at once aroused; it appeared to undulate along, scarce crushing the grass, and without sound. It might be a wolf, and yet the very quietude of its movements made me suspicious. As I watched, it approached the corral, and was within reach of the animals. With scarce a thought whether 'twere man or beast, I levelled my gun without arising, and fired, meaning at least to alarm the camp.

"A shriek! a fearful yell! as if a legion of fiends in reply, and the rush of our horses followed on the instant. All aroused and sprang to their arms. "A stampede!" "The Indians!" was the cry. A shower of arrows fell among us as nearly half our horses were seen dashing away, urged by Indians, who sprang on their bare backs. Pursuit was useless as well as dangerous in the extreme. Expecting momentarily an attack, all stood to their arms till morning. We then found the body of a savage shot through the top of the head, the ball having evidently passed through the brain. In their haste to escape they had left the body, contrary to usage, and from its appearance, we judged the party to have been of the Apaches, and only wondered we had escaped slaughter, for this tribe are invincible in their hatred towards the whites. Our sentries had dropped asleep on their watch, and the Indians preferring to secure their spoil without an attack; had planned this stampede. Crawling among the horses, they had cut the hobbles; and had it not been for my timely discovery, we should have been left an easy prey, alone in the midst of the prairies, without means of escape.

"After our loss our progress was much retarded, and as the summer wore away, we began to fear being overtaken by the snow before we could reach the settlements.

"We reached the great desert, several hundred miles in extent, without water or vegetation, except at rare intervals. The ground was covered to the depth of several inches with a kind of alkali or soda ash, and as the train moved on all were enveloped in the dust raised by our cattle, causing the most unpleasant effects to the skin and eyes. This part of the journey was most trying to man and beast, the sun pouring down from overhead, and reflected again from this white carpet was overpowering; all seemed a glare of light, and the poor oxen panted on, almost dropping beneath their loads. We travelled now by night as well as day, halting only at those places where water was found; and so

brackish was this, that had we not been suffering it could not have been used. During this transit the first death occurred among us, and little thinking how hardened we should yet become to this, we stopped at one of the green spots to perform the sad office of burial. It was a young man, who was accompanying his parents to the gold region. During the journey he had engaged the affections of a young woman, and they had engaged to become one after their arrival in San Francisco. Alas! that day was never to come for either. A slight cold, had from neglect and exposure, become seated on his lungs, and rapid consumption ensued. Through all the girl nursed him, hoping till the last moment against hope; but all was of no avail, the dread summons had gone forth, and he was no longer of this sphere. The grave was dug deep down in the sand; lest animals or the savage should disturb his remains; and at midnight, with the full, round moon shining down upon us, the solemn burial service of the church was read, one of the elders of the company officiating on the occasion. Never before had death appeared to me half so fearful. In the midst of this desert, cut off from civilization, it was as if one link had been severed from a chain that seemed to bind us together. In our present precarious position we felt fully our dependence on Divine Providence. "Ashes to ashes! dust to dust!" the grave is filled up and smoothed, so that none may suspect what is there; and we depart, scarcely out of sight, ere the wind has effaced all traces, and his resting-place will never more be known. The desert passed, hope revived with us, and we trusted the worst was over. The very sight of vegetation and running water was joy enough for a while; our cattle now luxuriated in the rich grass, and bathed their heated, dusty sides in the cool streams.

"We were four months from the Fort, and only half the distance yet accomplished, and the chill nights warned us of approaching winter. It was necessary to determine the pass by which we should endeavor to cross the mountains; some were in favor of the South Pass, a route coming in to California by San Diego, but the majority, fatally as it proved, decided to go more to the northward. After many days we entered what was supposed to be that passage. At first it promised fair, but we eventually found it would be impossible to proceed, and were forced to retrace our steps—all this occupying precious time. We kept on to the north, and finally came to what appeared to be the route laid down for us; but hardly had we begun the passage when a storm arose, raging with violence, and at last

changed to snow. Still we pushed on, each day becoming more discouraged and weakened, till we were finally brought to a stand by our few remaining animals giving out. So, finding no more could be done, they came to the conclusion to build cabins, and pass the winter, or at least a portion of it where we were.

"Never was so wild a project conceived. Not willing while there was yet time to abandon the wagons and push on as we best could, for the settlements, they seemed bent on this scheme of self-destruction. Those who would have protested against this were voted down, and weak woman was not allowed a voice in the matter.

"For a time the plan seemed to answer well, the relief from toil and care was very agreeable; there was abundance of wood, and the occupation of building huts was a change from the monotony of our daily life for so long a time past. One man was determined to attempt alone to force his way through; and taking the best horse we had left, and such food as could be spared, he departed—he was ultimately our salvation. Our few cattle found food enough under the snow and in clear places. Hunters were sent out each day to add if possible to our stock of meat, but their success was not great, and this hope on which we had trusted so much was shattered. One day a man felling a tree, heard a great trampling and crushing in the brush, and on investigation discovered a bear. This was joyful news, and a party soon started to secure him; he was brought to bay, and proved to be a monstrous grizzly. He was by no means an easy conquest, and one of the horses was embowelled by a stroke of his huge paw ere he was dispatched. It was the first specimen of the kind I had ever seen, and a most formidable monster he was; standing nearly as high as an ox, covered with long, shaggy, reddish hair; his claws were two or three inches in length, and he certainly seemed a match for anything, he must have weighed thirteen hundred pounds. This gave us food for a week, and was a perfect godsend, but strange as it may seem, it was the last one we saw.

"The snow had now fallen to such a depth as to prevent any very extended hunts, and all we could depend on from the woods, was what small game could be shot from our clearing. We calculated with great care; our food, with the cattle, would last a month, and by then we hoped the weather might abate, or at worst our two or three horses could be eaten. The last ox was killed. We had by this time learned to practise the greatest economy, one good meal answering for the day. The meat was dressed, and hung up to a tree for the night. In the morning, on going

but to obtain a portion for cooking, to our horror we discovered tracks of animals about the tree, and the meat entirely devoured, the bones alone remaining to account for the loss. This was the crowning blow, and now commenced the agony of starvation. For a short time we subsisted on the horses; but mere skeletons, they afforded no great amount of food, and eighty mouths made rapid work. The bones previously thrown away were carefully collected, and like wolves we cleaned them till not a morsel of anything remained. All the amenities of life were now over, each cabin was distinct in itself, though previously we had been as one family.

"For days no food had passed my lips. Lying in a sort of stupor, visions of feasts of the richest kinds seemed ever before me; this dream would only give place to the gnawing of hunger the most fearful, when a smell as of something cooking reached me—could it be another dream? No, 'twas real, it must come from the next house. Had they secreted food?—were they devouring it in private? I tottered from my room, and pushing open the door, saw a family, haggard and ghastly as myself, collected around a smoking pot of some kind of meat; the smell was sickening. At once the dreadful thought flashed through my mind!—Good God! they had become cannibals!

"It was true; two days before a lone boy had died of starvation, and his companions frenzied by hunger, were actually devouring the body. The ice was now broken, and nearly all resorted to the same horrid practice. Deaths were common, but the survivors seemed to rejoice at the increase to their stock of food. Neighbors actually sent from one to another portions of bodies."

But enough; the story is too sickening to expatiate on further. Can it be believed that civilized beings, within two hundred miles of the settlements could be reduced to such a state? When these wretches were found, of eighty, only sixteen were living, and one or two of these died. All must have been insane, for with the greatest difficulty could they be forced from the camp, and some really shed tears at leaving their goods. The stench from the cabins was overpowering; they were fired on leaving, and so ended this fearful and disgusting tragedy. The girl owned that she ate a portion of one body herself after the others had set the example.

"Well, Jane, this is a queer world," said a husband to his wife one morning at breakfast; "a set of women philosophers have just sprung up."

"Indeed! and what do they hold?"

"The strangest thing in nature," said he, "their tongues."

MY PIPE.

BY BRUFFO.

Why has my harp so long been hushed,
And wherefore mute my tongue?
While yet thy virtues and thy charms
Remain, old friend, unsung.

It may not be, for I will fill
Thy quaint, capacious bowl,
With weed, whose balmy fragrance can
Delight and lull my soul.

And I will draw my easy chair
Before you blazing hearth,
And there in soft, luxuriant ease,
I'll muse upon thy worth.

'Tis now full nigh a score of years,
Since first thou didst delight
My sanctum with thy virgin charms,
And bless my eager sight.

And as I from my fireside bright,
Look back upon the past,
And mark how oft misfortune's clouds
Its fairest scenes o'ercast,—
My heart with honest, friendly warmth,
Goes out to thee, old friend;
For thou didst to my troubled soul
Sweet soothing solace send:

And oft, when gloomy doubts and cares
Came crowding on my brain,
And life seemed only at its best,
A burthen and a pain—
Thy genial influence hath subdued
My agitated breast;
Hath banished every boding ill,
And lulled my heart to rest.

And thou hast shared my merry mood,
As well as saddened vein,
And as promotive art of mirth
As comforting in pain.
And as I watch thy smoke, and strange,
Fantastic forms ascend,
That seem to writhe, and twist and nod,
And oddly bow and bend—

The air seems peopled with a train
Of fancy's fairyays;
Where oft my muse doth cull the gems
That ornament her lays.
Let no one censure then, the love
I bear, old friend, to thee;
Nor sneer, because I celebrate
Thy charms in poetry.

HENRI THE CREOLE.

A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS, SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

There is perhaps no city in the Union that affords so great a variety as it regards the national character of its inhabitants, as New Orleans. Every nation on the globe seems to be fully represented here, and the capital of Louisiana is

noted for being composed of a most heterogeneous compound of human nature. Distinct from all is the class known as Creoles. They are proverbially handsome, and in their blood is mingled the fire of the Spaniard with the determination of the Southern American. Some of the proudest families of the south are immediate descendants from them, and they form much of the wealth and aristocracy of this portion of the country. Their characteristics seem to be, a pride of birth, quick, jealous dispositions, and a warmth of temperament that thrives in either sex in the low latitudes.

Henri Brent was a young man of two-and-twenty at the time we would introduce him to the reader, and a descendant of the people we have described. He had just completed his collegiate course, and commenced the study of the law under the most flattering circumstances. He was a person of acknowledged talent, possessed a remarkably handsome person, was witty and agreeable in conversation, and enjoyed the advantages of distinguished birth. His future seemed to present nothing but a path of enviable fame and happiness. To add still more, he was engaged to a beautiful girl of the same race and standing in society as himself, who was no less remarkable for her mental accomplishments than for her personal beauty. She had all the marks of beauty peculiar to her people—the deep brunette, the large dreamy eyes, with lashes to shade them of the most bewitching length, and the roundness of form that is so natural to the race, presenting a *tout ensemble* that a naiad queen might have envied her. Such was the lovely Cecil Drellare, the betrothed of the handsome Henri Brent.

The two seemed to love each other with the deepest and fondest regard. When not engaged at his studies, Henri was ever by her side, reading or talking of the affection that seemed the main spring of his life. The day for their marriage was appointed—just one year from the opening of our story they were to be united; on the day that Cecil should be seventeen years of age, and Henri should commence practice. The fortune of both would be ample, nay, magnificent; but Henri desired to rise above the mere considerations of wealth, and gain a name in society for honest merit, if industry and hard study would enable him to do so. He had chosen the law as the best field for him to operate in, and all his energies were bent towards acquiring his profession.

In the employ of Cecil's father, as his private secretary, was a young Italian, about a year older than herself, who was of a remarkably intelli-

gent character, and being an excellent musician, he had, by request of her father, taught Cecil nearly all she had ever acquired in the divine art. He could not be so near and intimate with a being of her transcendent beauty, without feeling the influence that such perfection in the other sex must ever have upon us. He was himself a fine looking man, with the dark complexion of his country, and the deep black eye that calls Italy its home. A dark, silky moustache curled upon his upper lip, and gave a classic appearance to a really handsome face. Such a tutor was, beyond doubt, a dangerous one for a girl of Cecil's age and sanguinary disposition; but still the father, who had brought Perrot—his secretary's name—from Florence, had great faith in his discretion and honor, and heeded not the matter.

Cecil loved Henri, but still she felt something very nearly akin to a like sentiment for Perrot, who, so often by her side, evinced the gentlest solicitude and care to please her, while his own accomplishments ever delighted the romantic girl. Had Perrot loved her, and dared to tell her of it, her pride would have revolted at once, and he would have been coldly repulsed; but it was the very uncertainty as to the sentiment which he cherished towards her, that was so delightful to her mind. Perrot was, as we have intimated, far from being indifferent in his feelings for the beautiful Creole; but her father did well to trust to his honor, for the secretary would have perished before he would have violated his word. This was, to say the least of it, a dangerous state of affairs for even the affection of Cecil; for the silent, yet deep, fire that burned in the secretary's bosom could not but furnish some warmth that extended beyond its own precincts, and at times Cecil found herself lost in thought about the handsome Italian when she was expecting Henri. It was not long before the feelings that actuated Cecil ripened into absolute love; and one evening when Perrot was instructing her upon the guitar, a *dénouement* took place that was as unexpected to the secretary as it was delightful.

"Perrot, you have been long with us," said Cecil, smiling kindly upon him.

"These five years, my lady."

"Is your home a happy one?"

"I would not change it, lady, for—"

He blushed, and left the sentence unfinished; for he had nearly betrayed himself.

"And why not, Perrot, if a better salary were offered?"

"My lady!"

"Perrot!"

As their eyes met there were glances exchanged that could not be mistaken. On the part of the secretary, it was of deep but respectful devotion, touched a little with the hue of reproach for the words Cecil uttered, while, on her part, her eyes said at once in the burning language of passion, "Perrot, I love you." And so did the Italian translate their meaning, for the next moment he was kneeling at her feet, with her tiny hand pressed to his heart, and his eyes bent upon hers as though he had been entranced by their power.

"Lady," he said, at length, "my soul is yours. For years I have nursed this passion in secret, and yet I never would have revealed it first."

"My heart is yours, Perrot, let what will be the consequence. My father might have anticipated such a result. How could I be so long associated with thee, know thee every hour, hear thy sweet voice constantly, and be subject to thy thoughtful kindness for years, and not love thee?"

"Lady, I bless thee for this. I am beyond the reach of woe; for thy love, the consciousness that I am dear to you, would bear me up even in death."

As he spoke, he pressed her soft and jewelled hand again to his lips. At the same moment the door opened, but was instantly closed again, and neither Perrot nor Cecil knew who it was that had thus broken into their privacy, though both trembled for the result! They did not part until Perrot had pressed her to his heart, and both had sworn faithful devotion.

On the same evening that Perrot had acknowledged his love to Cecil, Henri sat in his study, his face hid in his hands, while a single candle on the table by his side had burned dimly for want of trimming; but yet it served to show the hands of the clock pointing to midnight. The young man did not move, and you would hardly have known that he was alive, so still did he remain, but for the heavy breathing that moved his body. At length he rose, and after pacing the room for a few moments, sat down again, saying to himself:

"This, then, is the climax of all my hopes, wishes, and love—foiled, duped, and rendered miserable! Deceived by Cecil! How horrid! Would that I could die! But no—revenge first, at any rate! Let me see; upon him? No, he would never have dared to kiss her hand, as I saw him do, had she not first given him encouragement! O, the sin lies at her door, and on her will I revenge myself!"

The native blood was hot in his veins. He

drew a dagger from his bosom, and tried its point; then putting on his hat at that mid hour of the night, he sought the street.

Henri, with a quick step, sought the street where Cecil resided. He knew every gate and avenue of the spacious building. He entered by a postern gate, and soon effected an entrance silently to the house, and passing along the well-known gallery, sought the apartment in which Cecil slept. It was unfastened, and scarcely breathing lest he should alarm the inmate, Henri entered and closed the door behind him. There was a lamp burning, and there lay the beautiful girl sleeping in innocence before him. He thought he had never seen her look more beautiful; her bosom partially exposed, and across it lay an arm of alabaster whiteness. A smile wreathed her lips, and her long eyelashes slumbered just where the carnation began to blend its soft hue with the pearly whiteness of her cheek.

The Creole paused and looked upon the picture for more than a minute, then whispered to himself, "No, no, I cannot do it—I will away!" and he turned to depart; but at that moment a lip from her lips arrested him. It was so low that he was obliged to put his ear almost in contact with the ruby lips of Cecil to gather its import. He paused; she lisped again—it was the name of Perrot! The next moment Henri's dagger pierced her heart! One faint, thrilling cry, and she was dead! Henri sprang to the window, from which he dropped himself upon a lower wing of the building, and thence to the ground. But the alarm had been given, and as he struck the ground, a watchman confronted him; a man he knew, and who called him at once by name. Henri answered him not, but after a short struggle with the man, who, from a sense of duty endeavored to detain him, although he knew him full well, he escaped from his grasp, and was soon lost to sight.

When it was discovered that a murder had been committed, and the watchman's story had been told, the police went at once to Henri's house, where they found him in bed, though not sleeping; but on the oath of the watchman, he was at once committed to prison, it having been proved, also, that some one had entered the house within a few minutes past, one of the servants innocently testifying to the fact.

Great was the consternation that possessed the public on the following day, when the murder was made known. Henri was, as we have intimated, a son of one of the first families in the city; so, also, was Cecil; and the excitement that existed was absolutely intense. An

immediate examination was had, and the evidence against Henri was considered of such a conclusive character, that he was fully committed for his trial. Another watchman had been found in the meantime, who testified to having seen the person of Henri on the fatal night, hurrying from the street in which the murder was perpetrated, and just at the time that would go to make up another link of the evidence. As for Henri, he had but one remark to make to the court—"I am not guilty."

Perrot said little; but it could be seen by any one who suspected the secret of his love, that he pined under the grief that bore him down, until at length he was miserable indeed. In his despair, he sought oblivion in the intoxicating cup, and the formerly quiet and temperate secretary passed his evenings in an adjoining bar-room, drinking and carousing with those he met there. Thus in one short month he had so shattered his constitution that he seemed to be on the very brink of the grave. In vain did the numerous friends he had made endeavor to persuade him to leave the miserable life he was leading, but he still kept on, and it was painful, indeed, to look upon the poor inebriate, and realize the cause of his ruin, and that so bright and noble a soul must thus be sacrificed to disappointment. But thus it was, and Perrot was a ruined man.

In the meantime the day for Henri's trial was fast approaching. His friends had procured for him the first counsel in the State, but all despaired of his acquittal. Indeed, it was evident that, under the present state of things, he must inevitably be convicted. Henri said little, but seemed absorbed in a constant reverie, and at last was told by his friends that conviction was certain, and that he must make up his mind to the criminal punishment that would follow!

One day, after a long talk with one of his old comrades, in which he had learned of Perrot's misery and resort to drink, and also that he passed his evenings at "La Cafe du Soleil," a thought seemed to strike upon his brain.

"Brenton," said he, to his friend, "you must lend me your cloak, and thus help me to go out of the prison for a few hours. I will soon return."

"Impossible, my friend!" said his companion, "You would be detected in passing out."

"I will try it any rate, if you will loan me your cloak; and, Brenton, you may expect me back again in an hour."

He threw his friend's garment about him, and made the signal for the turnkey to show him from the cell. The man approached with his lantern, and observing the same cloak that went in, led on, after fastening the cell.

"I shall be back in the course of half an hour to bring my friend a book," said he, "and will pay you for troubling you twice in one evening."

"Very well, sir," said the turnkey, as they separated.

It was about nine o'clock that night, when a person, enveloped in a cloak, entered the drinking room of "Le Cafe du Soleil," and taking a seat, called for a glass of liquor, which he sat and sipped by himself, watching a group on the other side of the room, among whom was the poor inebriate, Perrot the secretary. After a while, when Perrot was relating some jovial story, and all eyes were turned upon him, the stranger in the cloak rose from his seat, and approaching the group, walked deliberately up to Perrot, and stabbed him to the heart! Then throwing back the collar of his cloak from his face, amid the consternation and surprise that ensued, he made his escape, while several voices in the crowd cried, it was Henri Breat the Creole!

"Impossible," said others, "he is in prison."

"But I'll swear it was him," said the landlord of the cafe; "I have known him from a boy!"

Poor Perrot! He soon followed Cecil to her grave, and his dying request to be laid by her side was granted. He was not yet twenty years of age, and had literally fallen a victim to the ardor of his love for the beautiful Creole. Again was consternation depicted on the faces of all those who knew the circumstances.

Henri returned, as he had agreed to do to his friend in prison, within one hour of the time he had left him.

"Well, Henri," he asked, "what use did you make of your liberty?"

"Swear never to reveal my secret."

"Certainly; I swear."

"Brenton, I can now prove an ALIBI!"

"You can, Henri?"

"I can."

"Then you are safe."

"In person; but in soul I am lost!"

"What do you mean?"

"I have murdered Perrot!"

"Horrible!"

"It is indeed horrible, Brenton," said Henri, covering his face with his hands; "horrible! horrible! horrible!" and as he repeated the words, his voice grew fainter and fainter, until he sank lifeless into the arms of Brenton.

The murder of Perrot was at once charged to Henri, but the judge had only to summon the turnkey, who, for his own sake—did not his convictions tend that way—swore readily that the

prisoner had not at any time been absent from his cell since he had been conducted to it by order of the court. In vain did the keeper of the cafe swear that he knew it was him, and even three or four others did the same. Notes of this were taken by Henri's lawyer, and the day following, his trial came on. The court room was crowded to suffocation; for his standing in society was such as to draw many of the first class to hear the sentence, and to witness its effects upon him. No doubt he would be convicted.

The usual forms had been executed, when the counsel for the defence addressed the jury. He commenced by saying that he should rest his case on the proof of an *alibi*, of so strong a character that the acquittal of the prisoner must of necessity follow its proof. Then, after slightly glancing at the evidence offered in behalf of the government, and showing how possible it was that Henri was not the person, after all, the watchman had taken him for, and, indeed, how improbable it was that he would commit such an act upon Cecil, he adroitly brought up the keeper of the cafe, and the others who had sworn that Henri had committed the murder of the secretary, Perrot, when it was proven to the satisfaction of the court that this same Henri was at that very hour immured within the walls of a stone prison! Thus he laid the case before the jury, who acquitted Henri, without leaving their seats.

This plea was entirely unexpected, and the excitement was tremendous when his acquittal was announced. His friends grasped him warmly by the hand; but it was cold as stone! They spoke to him; but he answered not! He was carried to the hospital, evidently in a fit, from which he did not recover for hours, and when he did so, he was a maniac! And thus he remained for a twelvemonth, when he died without ever having uttered a coherent syllable since the day of his trial and acquittal! So ends my tale of sixty years ago in New Orleans.

SAM SLICK ON MEMORY.

There is something very curious about memory. I don't think there is such a thing as total forgetfulness. Memory has many cells. Some of them ain't used much, and dust and cobwebs get about them, and you can't tell where the hinge is, or can't easily discern the secret spring; but open it at once, and whatever is stowed away there it is safe and sound as ever. I have a good many capital stories poked away in them cubby holes, that I can just lay my hands on when I want to; but now and then, when looking for something else, I stumble upon them by accident. Tell you what, as for forgettin' a thing tototally, I don't believe there is such a thing in nature.

YOUNG LOVE'S A SWEET REEF.

BY MRS. ADA M. HOYT.

Sweet spirit of light,
With a clearer hue,
Than e'er sparkled the May-morn's
Glistening dew—
With a mission as pure,
And as free from alloy,
As the messenger dove's,
On its errand of joy.

Bright, beautiful wanderer,
Spirit of love;
Like an angel thou'rt sent,
From thy dwelling above;
Like a peace-angel sent,
And we welcome thee home,
As a guest of the heart—
Wilt thou ever more roam?

Hearts are light—
Hopes are bright—
As the gems
Of the night.
Not a sigh heaves the bosom,
Or tear dims the eye,
When thy presence is with us,
Thine influence nigh.

AN ANATOMICAL RENCONTRE.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

GREEN is not a fast color. Transplant the verdant youth into the city, and give him there a local habitation, and he will soon outshine the most ruse native. The change from the "gawky" to the "lion" is as rapid as the transition from a Russian winter to a Russian summer. Cowhides change into *bottes vernies*, mittens into kids, with really marvellous celerity. You soon find it difficult to distinguish the exotic from the indigenous.

Mark that young man who sports a cab and a cigar, and handles his ribbons with Paris kids. A year ago, he was following the plough-tail—happier, in all probability, than he is now—a student of surgery.

A year ago, when he came down to Boston, with all his earthly possessions, viz., a homespun suit of go-to-meeting clothes, a tin razor, a fine-tooth comb, two dozen socks, and a box of blacking in a cowhide trunk, he was one of the most verdant specimens of simplicity you ever encountered. His golden hair slightly shaded his ruddy cheeks, his garments savored of a remote—an almost medieval age. He put up at a fourth-rate house, and then strolled forth to look about him. His only acquaintance was a far away cousin, a student of surgery and medi-

cine (Mark Merriweather by name), and on him Verdant relied for information and aid, as he had come to Boston to pursue the same career. Now Mark had paid Verdant a visit in the mountains some years previous, and the young Vermonter had "said" the city buck extensively—that is, he had put him on the back of a wild filly, had upset him in a boat, broke his head at cudgelling, and extended numerous other civilities with which some country cousins are in the habit of welcoming their city friends.

They met in town, then, and Mark, after the first greeting, inquired the purport of his cousin's visit.

"I've come up here to stay a spell," was the reply.

"Glad to hear it."

"Heow da youn like youar trade?"

"Very well."

"Most learned it—hey?"

"Most."

"Wall—I'm thinkin' to foller the same line of business—and I want you to help me along."

"With the greatest pleasure, Zeke—I'll put you through an entire course of sprouts."

"Sprouts?"

"Show you the ropes."

"Ropes?"

"Let you see how we do things. Where shall we begin?"

"Wall—I want to see that ere place where you cut folks up—fast thing."

"O, very well—come along."

Mark did the honors of the college to his guest, and it may be imagined that his professional *sans froid* offered a strong contrast to the native horror of his guest. Still, there was a sort of fascination in what he witnessed that impelled Zekiel to pronounce, though in a faint and gasping voice, that everything was "fast rate." At last they reached a little mahogany cabinet.

"What's in thar?" asked Zekiel.

"Open and see," said his friend.

Zekiel did so, and was instantly clasped in the arms of a skeleton!

With a howl of horror, he exclaimed: "Lem me go! help! help!"

Mark was dying with laughter.

"Here's Death alive caught me, sure enough!" exclaimed the sufferer. He again appealed to Mark for help. Finding his cousin inexorable, he determined to help himself. "Look here—old Bonypart," said he, "if you don't lem me go, I'll lick you into fits!" and getting one arm free, he dealt the skeleton a tremendous blow in

the head, which knocked him back into the box, the doors of which closed instantly, leaving Zekiel a free man again.

"That ere 'natomy was a poofy behaved pup," he remarked, re-assured by the success of his exertions. "I've a good mind to snake him out of his box and gin him a regular lickin'. Why didn't you step in when you see him attackin' me?"

"I stood by to see fair play," said Mark.

"Wall—jest you tell him this from me," said Zekiel, "as long as he keeps himself in his own quarters, I'll let him alone; but if he ever comes across me outen this ere place, I'll wallop him like winkin'."

A few days after this, Zekiel, who had made formal application to Dr. ——— to be received as a student, received a note from that gentleman, requesting him to call at his office.

He accordingly rang at the door of the doctor's aristocratic mansion. It must be borne in mind that the doctor is as thin as it is possible for a live man to be. He was seated in his study-chair when Zekiel entered, so that the young man did not at first glance recognize the peculiarity of his appearance; but when he stood up and extended his hand, a luminous idea flashed through the brain of his visitor.

"Hands off," said he; "no shakin' paws with me. I know your tricks."

The doctor assumed an air of astonishment and offended dignity.

"As you please, young man," said he, sitting down.

"O, you needn't be so offish!" said Zekiel. "You and I have seen each other afore to-day."

"Not to my knowledge," said the doctor.

"P'raps not," said Zekiel, knowingly. "I say, old feller—how's your head?"

"My head! you're crasy."

"Not by a long chalk. I say," he added in a confidential whisper, "how often do they let you out?"

"Let me out!"

"Yes, darn you; I know you if you have got your clothes on; you're the livin' skeleton they keep up to the college, there—the chap I gin the lickin' to the other day."

The doctor burst into a laugh, undeceived his visitor, and received him as a pupil; but even his cousin dares not remind him of the adventure, for if he did, he would not have whole bones enough left to make a skeleton.

The power of faith will often shine forth the most where the character is naturally weak. There is none to intercept and interfere with its workings.

CARRIER PIGEONS AND THE TELEGRAPH.

Many of the readers of the newspapers, who wake up in the morning and find a column of European news, by telegraph, ready for their perusal in the morning paper, the steamer having arrived only at midnight before, do not know the labor and the enterprise which are involved to procure this early transmission of the steamer's news. The "associated press" have an agent for the arrival of the New York steamers at Sandy Hook lighthouse. He has fifty carrier pigeons, which are trained for the purpose of conveying news from the steamships to the shore. A man in open boat, in all kinds of weather, drops alongside of the steamer as she bears directly for Sandy Hook. The news is thrown over in a water-tight can, and the news being taken out, a single sheet is affixed to a bird's leg. The man then gives the signal to the bird, which raises his wings, and away he goes, with all his powers of locomotion, in a straight line for the office, going a distance of three or four miles in as many minutes, and popping in at the window, is received by the agent, who transmits the intelligence over the wires to New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and thence to St. Louis, New Orleans, and all parts of the country, so that the news is frequently received over a large part of the United States, and published before the steamer leaves the quarantine. —*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE REASON.

An old farmer, who had a fund of shrewd sense, and a prominent person in town affairs, being one year a selectman, had to preside over the annual meeting of the citizens; and after he had read, among other things, the names which had been put into the jury box, a man got up and asked why his son's name had not been put in as a candidate for juror. To which he immediately replied: "The selectmen considered the office of juror as requiring great prudence, discretion, and intelligence. It was a situation demanding judgment, caution, clear sense, integrity, firmness, and a just regard for the rights of others;" then, turning to the inquirer, he added, "in all of which we consider your son deficient." Turning to the people with impudent coolness, which I cannot describe, he inquired: "Is there any other person who wishes to know why his name was not put into the box?" —*Maine Farmer*.

A WHALE IN THE HEART.

"I was at one time," said Mr. B., "trying to converse with the captain of a whale ship on the worth of the soul, when he broke out most abruptly, and said: 'It's no use; no use, sir. Your conversation will have no effect; no, sir, no effect whatever; I cannot hear or understand you. I know nothing of your subject. I have been out twenty-one months looking for whales, nothing but whales. I have been ploughing the mighty deep in search of whales; and, sir, I am bound to have a whale. And now, sir, if you could look into my heart, you would see only a whale there!'"

Few are so spoken as this blunt seaman; yet, without doubt but a whale is in the heart of most men. —*N. Y. Observer*.

MUSIC.

BY ANNE S. PICKERING.

There is a power in music's magic strain
That raises from the heart its load of sorrow;
Bids all discordant feelings "Peace, be still!"
And points to a brighter, happier to-morrow.

It falls with a fascinating, soothing spell,
Like moonbeams on a rough and troubled sea;
O, sweet and heavenly strains, I love you well,
You're twined with every pleasant memory.

I love to hear the organ's soft, sweet note
Steal gently forth on the still evening air;
There's music in the silvery-tinkling bell
That calls the Christian to the house of prayer.

Musical must be a foretaste of that heaven
Where the angels tune their harps in joyous glee;
O, may I, when this life of care is ended,
Join in their songs for all eternity.

BAD COMPANY.

A SKETCH FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

It is an old saying that "a man is known by the company he keeps," and a saying more true was never uttered. This means that the person is *judged* by such company, and such judgment must have a powerful weight against the character and interests of any person. A simple life-picture—one drawn from actual observation—will illustrate my meaning.

In a small country village lived a wealthy machinist named Clark. By industry and perseverance he had collected a handsome property, but he still carried on his business the same as before, save that he did not now work at the bench, having as much other business as he could attend to. Among his workmen was a youth named Nathan Wilder. Nathan was now almost twenty-one years of age, and had been in Mr. Clark's employ nearly seven years, having been bound to him as an apprentice. He was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence, and was respected and beloved by all who knew him. His direct qualities were all good, and his personal appearance was not only manly, but eminently handsome.

Yet Nathan had one fault. He had contracted a habit of associating with some of the reckless, unprincipled youths of the town. He loved to go away in the evening and meet them at some store or hall, and join with them in laugh, story and jest; and his social nature was of that ardent, impulsive kind which leads one to join in

just such sport as may chance to be started. Such a youth would never project a bad plan, but should his companions do so, he would be almost sure to join them. Some of these youths were low and degraded in character; but yet managed to hold on to a certain degree of respectability, through the influence of respectable connexions. Young Wilder knew that they were "jolly good fellows," because he had heard others say so, and he looked at nothing beyond this. He felt sure that nothing could induce him to do an evil deed, and with this self-assurance he was satisfied.

"Where now?" asked Mr. Clark, as Nathan was preparing to go out one evening. The young man lived with his master, and had been a member of the family during the whole term, thus far, of his apprenticeship.

"O, just going out to spend the evening with a few friends," replied Nathan, with a slight smile.

"Anything particular going on?" pursued Mr. Clark.

"Why, I believe some of the boys think of going over to the back village," answered the youth, with some hesitation.

"For what?"

"Well—there is a sort of a party there to-night."

"Where?"

"At Billy Mac Wayne's."

"And did you think of going with them?"

"Why," answered Nathan, looking down upon the floor, "I thought if the rest went, I should go. I didn't suppose you would forbid it."

"No, Nathan, I should not *forbid* it; but I should not give you my consent, for I should hope that you would not go."

"But why? A lot of my friends are going, and they are only going for a little sport."

"But do you know what kind of sport they will have before they get back? Now mark me, Nathan, I do not wish to deprive you of any real pleasure, but I do wish to keep you from danger. You know the character of those who are going, and you know that they will be very sure to commit some evil deeds before they get back. I heard some of the boys in the blacksmith's department talking about it this afternoon. The Peterkin boys will be there, and so will the Hamptons and Lumbyes. You know they will get rum at Mac Wayne's, and that they will disturb the peace."

"But I should not engage in any such thing as that," said Nathan, with much earnestness. "I never take a part in their doings."

"You only go to see the sport, eh?" queried Clark, with a significant smile.

"Why—yes—I s'pose so."

"So I thought. And now I want you to understand this thing: 'A man is known by the company he keeps.' There is no mistake about this. Now you know that most of the people over in the back village are poor, though they may be industrious and frugal. And you know, too, that the boys in our village go over there to have their scrapes *because* of the poverty and ignorance of the people there. Hence the very starting point is not only wrong, but low and cruel. Only last week, poor Johnny Eastman's fence was torn down, and his barn doors carried off, besides several other tricks of the same stamp. Perhaps you knew of this."

Nathan Wilder hung down his head and blushed, and a faint "yes, sir," escaped from his lips.

"You were there, weren't you?" pursued Mr. Clark.

"Yes, sir, I was; but I had nothing to do with that—not a thing."

"But you stood by and laughed to see it done?"

"I couldn't help laughing, sir."

"I am sorry, Nathan, that you should have thus helped the evil-disposed ones in their work. You needn't look so wonderingly at me, for I mean just what I say. These wicked rakes ask for no other pleasure but to cause poor people pain, and make their companions laugh. Anything at which you would laugh, they would do. Now, I cannot conceive of a meaner or more niggardly act than that. Had they come and torn down my fence, it would not have been half so criminal, morally speaking, for Eastman is poor, and must feel such a loss very much."

"I know it was a mean trick, and I would not join them in it," said Nathan.

"But you stood by and saw them do it?"

"Yes, sir; because I didn't want to come home alone."

"I understand it, Nathan; and let me assure you that the best way to avoid coming home alone is never to go in the company of anyone who may do that of which you would be ashamed. Just as sure as you continue to be seen in that company, just so sure will you be judged with them. Now I am going to give you a bit of information. Only yesterday, a gentleman asked me what kind of a young man 'that Nathan Wilder' was. Of course, I told him you were a good youth, and asked him what he meant. He then informed me that you were with the party who tore down Eastman's fence,

and did other things of equal shame and sin. He did not know that you lived in my family, and he only asked for information, as he had seen you often, and supposed you to be a fine young man. I hope you will not go out this evening."

"Of course I shall not, if you do not wish it."

"But do you wish to go?"

The youth hesitated. The fact was, he had been anticipating the sport for two days, and he could not immediately give it up.

"Cooper is going," he said, after some moments of thought.

"Joseph, do you mean?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am sorry for it, then, for Joseph Cooper I know is a kind, generous, honest youth, and he ought not thus to ruin his reputation. You look surprised, but I speak the truth. No man, be he ever so pure, can associate long with evil companions without losing his standing among respectable people. Why, even you are looked upon by some as having had a hand in the mischief of which I have spoken."

"But people who know me would know better," uttered Nathan, quite confidently.

"How should they know better? You seek those evil companions, and are present at their evil work. You know who pulled down Eastman's fence, of course. I don't mean to ask you who did it, but I say you know."

"Yes, sir—I do."

"And yet, were you asked who did it, you would not tell."

"Of course not. I would not expose a companion."

"So I supposed. And now look at it: You were in the company—one of the party; the party did certain deeds, and you must bear your share of the blame. But let this pass. You know that those young men with whom you would associate are evil-disposed, and you know, too, that if they go over to Mac Wayne's to-night, they will be up to some sort of mischief. I think I have said enough to enable you to understand the rest. Now you may spend the evening with Mabel, or you may go over to the back village, just as you choose."

Nathan Wilder started as he heard these words, but before he could make any reply, his master was gone. But he was not long left alone, for in a moment more a bright-eyed, lovely girl, of some nineteen summers, came tripping into the room. She was Mr. Clark's only child. Long had the youth loved that fair girl, and he knew that she loved him in return, but he had not yet had the courage to mention the subject

to his master, for he was only an apprentice now, though a few short months would see him free. But a strange hope started to life in his bosom now. Those last words of the parent, and the peculiar tone in which they were spoken, and the look which accompanied them, meant something.

"Are you going out this evening?" the girl asked.

"No," he promptly answered.

"Good. I shall have company, for father and mother are both going out to spend the evening."

Half an hour afterwards, Joseph Cooper called for Nathan to accompany him, but his mission was fruitless. He urged, and urged, but Nathan said "no."

"When will you go?" asked Cooper.

"Never again on any more such scrapes, and I advise you to follow my plan."

Cooper at length found that the youth was in earnest, and with a derisive laugh, he went his way.

We need not tell how Nathan Wilder spent the evening, nor how happy he was. But one thing we will state: Very late, after many very meaningless things had been talked about, Nathan arrived at a point where he found courage to ask Mabel if she thought her father would ever consent to receive him for a son-in-law.

"He has spoken with me on the subject," answered the maiden, frankly and firmly, "and he told me that if you made as good a man, morally and socially, as you had thus far been as a boy and youth, he should be happy to see me your wife."

For some moments after that, the youth thought more than he spoke, and the glistening tears that stood in his eyes told how deep were his feelings.

On the following morning, Nathan went early to the shop, happy and buoyant. About an hour afterwards, Joseph Cooper made his appearance, looking sleepy, and with a pale face.

"Well, Joe," said Nathan, "what sort of a time did you have last night?"

"Glorious—glorious," cried Cooper. "Rum enough, though, and I was fool enough to drink some."

This last clause was spoken in a changed tone.

"Why, I did not know that you ever drank!" said Nathan, with much surprise.

"I don't like to; but I had to do it last night. They hung on so, that I couldn't get rid of it."

"Ah, Joe, you'd better have taken my advice last night."

"And how long is it since you have become so nice?" asked Cooper, with some irony.

"Only since last evening," kindly replied Nathan, "and even then I became so only from the plain advice and counsel of another."

"But we had some rare sport."

"And what kind of sport was it?"

"O, some—I tell you." And as Cooper thus spoke, he gave a significant wink, and then went to his bench.

Joseph Cooper was only two-and-twenty, and had been an apprentice to Mr. Clark until his majority, since which time he had been at work as a journeyman.

Nothing more was said on the subject of the last night's scrape until near the middle of the afternoon. It was near three o'clock, when the deputy sheriff entered the shop and inquired for Joseph Cooper.

"Where is Cooper?" the officer asked of Nathan Wilder.

"That's him, at the other end of the shop, sir."

"Let's see," resumed the visitor, glancing over a paper he held in his hand, "where were you last night?"

"At home, sir."

"You didn't go over to the back village?"

"No, sir. I've concluded to let that company go without me, hereafter."

"Good. I'm glad of that," uttered the sheriff, emphatically; and then he went along to where Cooper was at work.

He spoke with the young man, and the latter turned pale as death. There was much evident begging and praying, but in vain. The officer had come for Joseph Cooper, and he could not go without him. So Joe washed his hands and put on his coat and hat, and then, with a trembling step, accompanied the officer from the shop.

When Nathan went out, after his day's work was done, he learned the whole story: On the night before, a party of young men had gone over to the back village and had a carousal at Billy Mac Wayne's; and on their return, they tore down fences, carried away barn-doors, opened barn-yards and let the cattle out, stole water-melons, and several other things of like character: News had been received there that the party were coming, and they were watched. They were seen to do these things, and though it was too dark to distinguish faces at the time, yet all who were at Mac Wayne's were known, and they had been traced to their mischief.

That very evening the whole party, fourteen in number, were arraigned before a justice, and

the complaint was entered against them. Poor Cooper plead that he had nothing to do with the work, and while the tears rolled down his cheeks, he asserted his innocence.

"You have been in this same company before?" said the justice.

"Yes, sir," hesitatingly answered Cooper.

"And you have known their character for mischief and disturbance?"

"Yes, sir; but I—"

"Never mind, now," interrupted the judge. "You should have thought of all this before. No one man of this party would have ever gone alone and done that work. It takes a gang to make such doings worth while, and you have been a member of that gang for some time. If you would be pure and above suspicion, you must beware what company you keep!"

After this, the justice went on to speak of the many wicked deeds which had been done in times past, and which, for the sake of the friends of the perpetrators, had been passed over; but the thing could not be overlooked now. The crime may have been sport to the doers; but poor, honest people had suffered heavily. A stop should be put to it.

"I," said the judge, "can only impose a fine of twenty dollars, and as I think the enormity of the offence demands a heavier penalty, I must commit you to be tried at the next term of the Superior Court."

Each of them was required to give bail in the sum of one hundred dollars. Nathan Wilder became bail for Cooper, and the others found bail among their friends.

That night Nathan went home a wiser man, and in his heart he thanked Mr. Clark for the counsel he had given. Joseph Cooper went home wiser, too, but he was miserable and unhappy. He now saw what evil company had done for him, and he wished that he had been wise before.

Within a week, eleven of the guilty party went and saw the people whose property had been abused, and not only confessed their error, and offered to make pecuniary restitution, but they also implored forgiveness, and promised to do so no more. The consequence was, that at the next term of the court no complaint appeared against the contrite youths. Only three ringleaders—three low, reckless, hardened youths—were tried, and were sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the county jail.

It was a good lesson for many a youth in that town, and from that time forth there were no more such disturbances of peace and injuring of property; for, the more virtuous of the youths

had learned how dangerous it was to be found in bad company, and had consequently withdrawn from all connection with such, while the few who were evil in mind and wish dared not go alone upon any such work, having lost the respectable cloak which the presence of decent people had formerly thrown over their deeds.

In time, Nathan Wilder became the husband of Mabel, and a partner in business with Mr. Clark. He is now a middle-aged man, and has a family of noble children, and no lesson of social life does he urge more strongly upon his children than the simple truth: "*A man is known by the company he keeps.*"

GOOD-BY, OLD BOY!

The venerable General H—— was for several consecutive years returned to Congress; and as the hotels and boarding-houses in Washington City, in those days, were all on a par, or rather below par, the members were in the habit of occupying, year after year, the same rooms. The table of Gen. H.'s boarding-house (which was kept by a widow lady and her two daughters) was regularly furnished with stereotyped dinners, and at one end of the table always appeared a broiled mackerel. Gen. H., whose seat was near the fish, had gazed so frequently upon it (for it never was touched except by the cook), that he knew it all "by heart." Now if the distinguished representative had any one peculiar virtue, it was an affectionate desire to make every person and every creature around him happy. In the course of time, Congress adjourned, and Gen. H. paid his bill to the widow, and got ready to start for home. The stage stood at the door; and the old gentleman, showing the goodness of his heart, took the widow by the hand, and pressing it, bade her farewell; then kissing the daughters, said he would like to see them in Ohio, and furnish them with good husbands, etc.; but even this was not all. The black boys, who stood along the walls, were not forgotten, and grinned as he handed each a silver dollar. As he passed around the breakfast table, which was not yet "cleared off," he saw his old friend, the mackerel. The tears came into his eyes, and raising it by the tail, with his thumb and fingers, parted with it, saying: "Well, good-by, good-by, my old boy—you and I have served a long campaign together; but (wiping his eyes) I suppose we shall meet again next winter. Good-by." The old gentleman rapidly left the house, and jumping into the stage, rattled off, and fortunately for his ears, the widow never saw him again.—*Washington Union.*

HAPPINESS.—True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions: false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others.—*Addison.*

THE LUCID INTERVAL.

BY A. F. HYATT.

There is a bright and sunny spot
 Within my memory, fresh as yet,
 Though cares and trouble be my lot,
 May my sad destiny not set
 Oblivion's seal upon that name,
 Which lights within my heart a flame—
 A flame of purest glow, for she
 I loved so well, was life to me.

I gazed amid the stars at even,
 And wished to count them o'er and o'er;
 I loved the mysteries of heaven,
 But loved thee, false one, loved thee more;
 And when with thee I gazed and gazed,
 "Ha, ha," thou saidst that I was "crazed,"
 And Fortune tore us far apart,
 Thou light of my now broken heart.

O little didst thou dream the while,
 Thou with the heart so free from guile,
 That thou didst doom me to a fate
 More sad than lover's last farewell;
 But still there is a sunny-spot
 Within my memory, fresh as yet,
 It bids me still "forget thee not,"
 As if I ever could forget—

Even one link of such a chain
 As love has made, fate rent in twain;
 Thus through a weary life of care,
 I've learnt to battle with my woe;
 Yet shut within my heart, O there
 I find the name I loved so;
 But she I loved, O she is not
 A sharer of that sunny spot.

Yet was her love more dear to me
 Than riches from an India's mine,
 Or pearls that stud the pathless sea;
 For O, her smile was half divine—
 Her light blue eye was full of trust,
 The soul of loveliness and worth;
 Her form—O God, she now is dust—
 Returned to her mother earth.

But still there is a sunny spot
 Within my memory, fresh as yet;
 I turn to that, 'tis as a cot
 Of love, or spring in desert met.
 Love's broken chain is there, but I
 Can bear it now without a sigh;
 For ah, the bond on earth that's riven,
 Will soon be joined again in heaven.

SAYING AND DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. STEVENSON.

MR. PLUME knew as little about the expenses attendant upon housekeeping, as he did about guiding the helm of a ship. He had a vague idea that money was considered an equivalent for beef and potatoes, but of the amount, he was woefully ignorant. Eight years experience, however, had made little Mrs. Plume quite cer-

tain that three good meals a day could not be obtained without a liberal investment of the "root of all evil," notwithstanding nice management would sometimes make a little go a long way. Mr. Plume provided the wood and coal, paid for it, and when it was safely housed, felt that he had done considerable towards the maintenance of his family. There his labors ceased. His wife did all the marketing, bought the groceries, settled with the milkman and Irish girl, and took the general responsibility of the financial department, besides buying caps, shoes and jackets for the children. But where did the money come from? O, it was doled out to her by Mr. Plume, in sums of two, three and five dollars. Sometimes, when she talked eloquently of her needs, his munificence ultimated in the magnificent sum of ten dollars; but this was a rare, a very rare occurrence, as that amount, in his comprehensive view of things, would buy eatables sufficient to last a fortnight, besides paying a month's wages to Nancy, buy three pairs of new shoes, and a quantity be left for pocket money.

Poor Mrs. Plume! It was seldom she treated herself to anything new and pretty, as every cent was needed in other directions. Her wardrobe was in poor condition, for the children must be made tidy for church and school, at all events, and then where was the money to come from to get velvet capes and silk dresses, to say nothing of French gloves and kid gaiters? Her life was spent in ceaseless exertion to spend as little as possible, making that little tell to good advantage. This was no easy matter, and years as they went on, but added to the burden which induced a careworn face, and an anxious, restless manner, unpleasant to observe.

This state of things subjected Mrs. Plume to much inconvenience and humiliation; it was inconvenient to go from shop to shop pricing goods, that she might get them at the lowest possible figure, and humiliating trying to cheapen articles that she knew were already put at a reasonable price. What added still more to her perplexities, Mr. Plume insisted upon the cash system. He would have no long bills run up against his name, which prevented his wife from showing him the items in plain black and white.

Now Mr. Plume was not niggardly nor parsimonious; he was simply a little too wise in his own conceit, and a great deal too thoughtless. He did not appreciate his wife's carefulness of his pecuniary interest, or her faithful performance of the manifold duties assigned her. What husband does, who is fortunate in having such a partner? Housekeeping, he didn't doubt, was a

very agreeable employment, exceedingly healthy for body and mind—a kind of recreation, in fact, which put in action all the muscles of the physical system, and brought into play all the forces of the mind. It wasn't to be compared to the *real* drudgery of superintending a dozen men—the enormous labor that devolved upon him. Mrs. Plume smiled; and what woman wouldn't that ever kept house, with an ignorant domestic to teach, three children to look after, all the family sewing to do, and withal, who was expected to buy a dollar's worth of meat with fifty cents? We only wonder that she didn't scold! Under such circumstances, we can safely put her down as an amiable woman.

One Saturday morning Mrs. Plume found her purse empty. She disliked to name the circumstance to the head of the family, he supplied her necessities so grudgingly. But the unpleasant task must be performed, else they would be dinnerless.

"I'm out of money, John," she said, at last.

"I wonder now how many times you've made that same remark?" he rejoined, in a manner decidedly grumpy.

"No oftener than I've been obliged to, John."

"I dare say not! Didn't I give you money a day or two ago?"

"A little, only. And you know I can't spend money and keep it, too."

"It seems as though you get rid of it unnecessarily fast, though," he continued, reluctantly drawing out his pocket-book, and taking therefrom two bills of the respective denominations of one and three dollars. "Will those do?" he added, eyeing the notes, as he placed them in her hand, with a look that plainly said, "About to be wasted."

Mrs. Plume tried to look resigned, and to feel grateful; but she failed. Mr. Plume was an observing man; he noticed it!

"I presume you think there isn't enough?"

"No, John, there isn't enough. I have to-day's dinner to buy, an expensive roast and vegetables for to-morrow, two or three dollars worth of groceries, and then Nancy wants five, which is only half the amount due her. John, you do not realize what it costs us to live," said the little woman, earnestly.

John regarded the speaker compassionately, pitying her ignorance. He, a man who had kept house (in the general sense of the term) eight years, and found all the money that had been spent in that time, not know what it costs to live! He didn't say anything, but he looked volumes. What was the use of talking when one couldn't be understood and comprehended?

"I am certain you are not satisfied with my method of doing things. Why can't you be induced to take the responsibility of providing for the family upon yourself for a month or two? Give me an example to imitate, and I will copy as near after the original as I can," she said.

"Pshaw! I can't be bothered! The insignificant details that a woman finds her chief happiness in, are beneath a man's notice."

"Her chief employment?" suggested his companion.

"No, Mrs. Plume, her chief delight—I repeat it, her chief delight! A woman will busy herself all day and bring nothing to pass; it's characteristic of the sex. I don't say that you do, my dear, but it makes me nervous to see you pattering round all the time, when I hire a girl to do the work and wait upon you."

Little Mrs. Plume opened her large black eyes.

"Why, John! Nancy can't cook the least thing, nor iron linen, nor—"

"Send her away and get another."

"A dollar a week will not pay a competent girl, and that is all you have allowed me."

Mr. Plume was cornered; he remembered a remark to that effect.

"Well," he went on to say, "anybody will admit that making pies is easier than scrubbing floors. But as regards work, when we consider the idea of overseeing a dozen men, then one gets a tangible demonstration of the word 'labor,'—a literal reality that won't be slighted nor set aside. I merely mention this, Mrs. Plume, in order that you may acquire a more correct notion of the term work; for it strikes me that your ideas on the subject are excessively loose. But as regards managing family matters, it's a grand thing to calculate a good deal. I've heard my sister say (and you know she's a model housekeeper) that a good calculator would make four dollars go farther than most people would five. I expect she was right, too."

Patient Mrs. Plume! She had studied nothing but calculation for eight consecutive years. No want of material prevented her from writing a treatise on the science, with her numberless experiments and results. It was her chief household god, advising her in different dilemmas, guiding her in crooked places, anticipating obstacles, and despatching work with system and promptness. But calculation, though a great help, would not take the place of money; it may be relied upon as a truism. Yet Mrs. Plume had no fault to find with the quality recommended. It had served her well in many a time of need; made new jackets out of old cloth, mended bad holes so they couldn't be de-

tected, skilfully covered soiled places, and by a mysterious process, termed "cutting down," made worn hose "do" another season. It had helped her to make light, wholesome cake of very slender materials, to produce excellent pastry out of "little or nothing," and concoct a palatable "hash" with an alarmingly small quantity of meat. But Calculation, as has before been said, could not always be depended upon. Sometimes he was fickle and obstinate, refusing to be of any service, when Mrs. Plume, in despair, would go in search of his aid, Money.

Mr. Plume had no disposition to undertake the management of the domestic finances, yet he gave his wife the comforting assurance that should he do so, his expenses would be sensibly diminished, and the work be despatched in half the time she took for the same. An opportunity for the display of his unusual tact and smartness soon offered. He found himself in a position which promised to demand all his profound insight into the manifold branches of domestic economy. Mrs. Plume had a violent attack of acute rheumatism, which cast her off from personal communication with the lower apartments, and forced her into a horizontal attitude, where she had plenty of leisure to solve the problem of patience, and dive into the hidden depths of calculation; while her other half walked briskly about, down stairs, in the full dignity of authority, ordering Nancy, scolding the children (for men need not an atom more provocation than women to get their equanimity turned over), cuffing the cat, and making a great deal of litter for somebody to clean up.

The very first day he made out (mentally) the order of arrangements, parcelling the work for the same somebody to do, fully resolved that the internal machinery should move on noiselessly, accomplishing an astonishing amount of work in a period that should set everybody to wondering how it was done. As his intended system may be useful to ambitious but inexperienced housekeepers, we will give a brief idea of his classification of duties, which, upon mature consideration, he thought "it would not do to omit."

Monday morning, according to time-honored usage, washing; Monday afternoon, excellent chance for ironing. "Two bad jobs in one day," remarked Mr. Plume, complacently, to himself. Tuesday morning, clean enough to last a week; and after dinner, bake a quantity of bread, pies, and cake, obviating the necessity of cooking any more for a period of at least seven days. "There," mused our calculator, "I should like to know why just two days don't take in all the

heavy weekly business that Mrs. Plume obstinately affirms can't be hurried? Haven't I methodized it so that I can gain precisely four days, not including Sunday, where my wife don't get a single half day of spare time? It's all in calculation; I've said so repeatedly, several years, and this proves it. Women, in particular, work three times as much and as hard as they need to, besides complaining dolefully about being tied up to the house. All talk! Haven't I demonstrated it to be mere talk? Now what disposal shall I make of the four remaining days? When one hires a girl it wont do to have her idle; and preparing our meals is but a trifle. Let me see; ah! I have it! I need half a dozen more shirts. I'll get some cloth and set Nancy to sewing; I heard Mrs. Plume say she was uncommonly skilful with the needle. Then, after the shirts are done (and she ought to make one a day) she can make up a quantity of bed linen, against a time of need; and afterward, to keep her out of idleness, I can get her some shoes to bind, or some light thing of that kind. Mrs. Plume declines having a nurse, owing to the expense, and I think myself, in such a peculiar complaint as hers, that a nurse is more plague than profit. They can't relieve her pain, and Nancy can run up and rub her well, once in a while, and see if she wants anything. She wont need much waiting upon. I think I have considered every item, and provided for all exigencies. How easy it is to keep house, if one only knows how!" And Mr. Plume went home.

The details of his plan of action were at once delivered to Nancy, who received them in sullen silence, with half-closed eyes and compressed lips, that did not bode a ready acquiescence in his wishes.

"The mistress allows me a whole day for the big washin', sir, an' I can't be doin' it no quicker," she observed, after he had finished, with a manner that said decidedly, "I shall do just as I have done."

"I am aware, Nancy, that Mrs. Plume has an erroneous notion that Monday must be spent in washing; but with system you can despatch the whole business in half a day, leaving you the remainder to iron. Don't you see my policy, Nancy?"

Nancy didn't. She distinguished nothing but a hard ironing after a harder washing—unremitting labor for two tired hands and two weary feet, from six in the morning until seven in the evening, thirteen hours. This fact seemed to stand out in bold relief before her visuals, besides additional visions of troublesome children,

getting meals, and waiting upon the prostrate Mrs. Plume.

"It can't be did, sir—washin' and ironin' can't, in one day, an' the mistress never 'quired it of me," replied the girl, in an injured tone, and looking quite flushed.

"You will recollect, Nancy, that your mistress and I are two people. We look at matters in a different light, and act accordingly. At present, I have authority here, and expect to have my wishes attended to. Monday, washing and ironing," said Mr. Plume, authoritatively, as he left the house.

Nancy dropped into a chair and meditated ten minutes, then laid the matter before Mrs. Plume, with sundry interjections of her own. The good lady was greatly disturbed, and spent the morning in disagreeable reflections on the prospect ahead. It was sufficiently obvious that Mr. Plume was bent upon doing a very foolish thing, to practise upon his favorite theory; and it was quite as evident that trouble would be the principal result. She expostulated with him on his unreasonable demands, urging him to abstain from introducing innovations at a season so inconvenient and unpropitious. But Mr. Plume's mind was "made up," and he prided himself on his inflexibility of purpose. Nancy wouldn't submit; she packed her "things," demanded her wages, and left for some place where she wasn't expected "to wash and iron in one day."

"This is unfortunate," said Mrs. Plume, regretfully. "The girl was honest and obliging, and has served me well. I hoped that by taking bread and cake of the baker, and sending your shirts to the laundry, we might get along comfortably until I am about again. I think you have made a mistake, John."

"I never make mistakes, Mrs. Plume! I dare say I shall have no difficulty in getting a girl to suit me."

But he did, although half a dozen applied for the vacant place. None were willing to accede to his unheard-of demands. Washing and ironing in one day! Was the man out of his head? Our manager was getting somewhat fearful that he should have to yield an inch or two of ground, when a stout, broad-shouldered Scotch damsel professed herself willing to "take a try at it," provided fifty cents were added to her weekly stipend. Having no choice, he complied with her terms, rather than to withdraw his unusual requirement.

The trial morning came, warm and sunshiny. The dinner served up to the master of the house was not exactly to his mind—or rather taste;

but that slight disappointment was entirely overcome at seeing a large basket of folded clothes in a corner. Calculation was in the ascendant; confirmed habit succumbed to its magical influence! Night brought with it the welcome assurance of the new Scotch auxiliary that the ironing was not only done, but every article laid away. What a treasure that girl promised to be! His triumph was so complete, his self-satisfaction so thorough, that he ate a poor supper without a word of complaint, generously supposing that want of time was the governing cause.

Our reformer judged that it would not be judicious to have too many "irons in the fire," so with long-headed wisdom refrained, for the present, from giving his views respecting the too lavish use of whatever might be provided to eat and drink. Time enough for that, after one experiment proved successful. "Tuesday," so ran the programme, "whatever cleaning may be necessary, and in the afternoon cook sufficient to last a week." That part, too, according to Scotch authority, had been despatched with alacrity, though Mr. Plume, being a neophyte in house-cleaning, could not tell where she had scoured and where she hadn't. However, if it had been done, the purpose was answered, and he was content. As to the cooking, he saw a quantity of bread, pies, etc., ranged on a long table, and, naturally enough, concluded it was "all right." True, one of the pies had a curious flavor, making it difficult to determine to what species it belonged; but being assured that it was a new-fashioned composition, he partook with resignation.

To the question whether she could sew, Broad Shoulders avowed her ability to "do anything," particularly to "make shirts well."

"You are used to it, then?" added her employer, highly pleased at the willingness she manifested to make herself useful.

"Naebody be handier wi' the needle," was the ready response. And an hour after a large bundle of cloth was left at the door, which, following instructions, she proceeded to cut up and then sew together. During that and the two successive days, she attached herself to that cotton, not once stopping to prepare a meal thoroughly, or wash the children's faces, because Mr. Plume expressed the desire that she would work as fast as convenient, and get three or four shirts ready to show him on Saturday. He had also requested her to say nothing to Mrs. Plume of the nature of her employment, and that worthy lady lay uneasily in her chamber, alone, racking her brain to invent some probable gas-

son for the non-appearance of the girl, and the utter stillness that prevailed below. Once she rung a hand-bell, standing on the table beside her, and made inquiries. After a long delay, she elicited the simple information that she was "bustling herself wi' the work." The victim of rheumatism groaned, repeating earnestly these five words: "What a blessing is health!"

It was Mr. Plume's intention to make a weekly investigation into everything pertaining to his position as chief supervisor. Accordingly on the last day of the week, he began a careful, though circumspect examination of the progress of his promising aid. He called for the shirts. Now Mr. Plume wasn't a good judge of needle-work, but he thought he had worn shirts long enough to know when they *looked* right. It struck him forcibly that a shirt proper did not so closely resemble a large bag, with balloon sleeves flapping on either side, as did the nondescript article held up to his view. He had a faint idea, also, that the useful appendage in question, opened in front, secured by buttons; *this* one, however, afforded a chance for ingress and egress on one shoulder, a pair of tape strings conveniently closing the aperture. There were no wristbands, but to supply their place, the quaint sleeves terminated in a narrow hem, a piece of twine being run in to draw it about the hand as close as was desirable. But the size puzzled our gentleman the most. Certainly, the maker must have had Daniel Lambert's circumference vividly in her mind, judging by the amplitude of the body. Mr. Plume never could hope to grow to that shirt, unless he became an alderman, and that was an event extremely improbable. He scrutinized one end, then the other, turned it up, then turned it down, took a front view, then an opposite one; but that odd, indescribable look *would* cling to it. He laid it down, and took up another; for all he could see, it was fashioned precisely like the first; and a third, he was chagrined to find, was cut after the same pattern.

"You don't know how to make shirts, Janet," he exclaimed.

"Did na I put them thegither right?" asked she, innocently.

"No, indeed! Why didn't you take a pattern, and do it correctly? These look more like horse blankets than shirts!"

"Could na stap; twad tak' time."

"Well, don't make any more, and put these out of sight," said Mr. Plume, trying to act, if he didn't feel, good natured.

"Cloth maistly gone, sir," responded Janet.

"Gone! Twenty yards of cloth gone!"

The girl tried to explain how and why;

but another view of the three things, denominated "shirts," and a glance at a huge pile of "cuttings" under the table, were better elucidators of the mystery. Disheartened, but not discouraged, Mr. Plume went down into the kitchen, after advising Janet to give her attention to his wife, who, he suspected, had been rather neglected.

The girl's bungling, Scotch handiwork was suggestive. Perhaps (the idea was not wholly absurd) a person could not make a nice shirt in one day, and attend to minor matters indispensable. There *might* be more stitches than he anticipated; Mrs. Plume *might* have been right in saying that a man had no correct estimate of the labor of family sewing, when he so confidently affirmed the contrary. It was not improper to admit that considerable time, a little patience, and a trifle of knowledge, were requisite in apparently so trifling an act as making a shirt. The twenty yards of cloth, with Janet's aid, proved a stronger argument than any Mrs. Plume had made use of. But one reflection consoled him for the mortification of this failure—washing and ironing had been done in one day. Was not that a triumph?

Our reformer opened a closet door, not unsullied in whiteness. Mr. Plume buried both hands in his pockets, and contemplated the unusual spectacle that presented itself. The linen that constituted the aforesaid "washing and ironing" was piled indiscriminately on the floor, the outside layer having received the droppings of different kinds of fluids, bits of butter, shreds of meat, and crumbs of bread. Woolen hose, damask napkins, dish towels, cambric handkerchiefs, rags and diceys, laid lovingly together, waiting to be "sorted." The advocate for innovation suddenly felt a sensation, very like suspicion, creeping over him. He knew that it was his duty to analyze that agglomeration of articles, yet he dreaded to begin his self-imposed task.

With a dainty touch he took up the outside piece, soiled with drops of coffee and molasses. Unfolding it, he discovered it to be one of his shirts—a genuine, substantial shirt of his wife's own making, albeit it was so streaked and variegated with divers hues, dotted with dirt, spotted with indigo, and the fine linen bosom so entirely destitute of starch, that he hardly recognized his property. One thing was a sample of all the rest; speckled and freckled, they presented a curious specimen of Janet's abilities. That was "washing and ironing in one day, and the things all aired and laid away." Mr. Plume, uncharitable as it may seem, thanked fortune that Mrs.

Plume couldn't get down stairs. A nervous attack would be sure to follow a sight of that linen.

The shelves were crowded with unwashed dishes, and a quantity of odds and ends, so unwelcome to a thrifty housewife. Upon one stood nearly all the eatables prepared on Tuesday for the purpose of "lasting through the week;" and according to present appearances, and a vivid remembrance of the peculiar flavor of one of the pies, it was not at all unlikely that they might "last" more than a week. Mr. Plume's courage failed him. He didn't care to look any farther. His hopes of making Janet the favored instrument of carrying out his reformatory designs, were summarily cut off. Janet was dismissed.

More than ever convinced that the old proverb, "If you want a thing done well, do it yourself," was unqualifiedly true, he gained a few days' leave of absence, resolved upon putting his own shoulders to the wheel. He did not purpose to turn laundress, having conceived an utter disgust for that wholesome employment; but he felt inclined to demonstrate to the world, and to Mrs. Plume in particular, that calculation would nearly double one's money. He proposed to see with how little and cheap material he could get up a good dinner. Bucking on his armor of prudence, he betook himself to a market. At first he contemplated a roast, but changed his mind upon learning that a shilling per pound was the penalty of that description of food. Beef steak and salmon proved objectionable for the same reason; but after considerable hesitation and inquiry, our economist made up his mind that a tongue was the very thing he needed; it was easily cooked, and would keep so nicely. So a tongue was bespoken, with sundry vegetables indispensable to Mr. Plume's palate. His bill was larger than he expected, but reflecting that his purchases would undoubtedly last several days, he followed them home with quiet complacency. Then he began to calculate:

"The tongue cost me eighty-four cents. Now supposing it makes us four dinners (and of course it will), that will put each dinner at the low figure of twenty-one cents. Cheap enough, I should say! As to the vegetables, they ain't worth taking into account; the quantity I got to-day will serve us a week. However, I shall make a grand boil of them this morning, and they can be warmed as needed. Nothing like saving time and fuel. Why can't people comprehend that two pots can be heated by the same fire? What's to prevent me from making a

pudding that'll do to eat cold? The same fire that boils the tongue, will bake it, and the stove can do inside and outside service. A great idea! I'll do it!"

Mr. Plume would not compromise his dignity by asking the advice of his wife, but he took the next best way, consulted her cook-book. Was it possible that it took so many different things to compound a pudding? Such a variety of articles—milk, eggs, butter, spice, sugar, crackers, etc., etc.? He had concluded that bread and milk were the component parts, with perhaps an egg, and a trifle of sugar. Somewhat startled at this unlooked-for discovery, he paused a moment, undecided what to do; but his deliberations ultimated in this conclusion: a good pudding is the cheapest. And it was made according to rule, though his calculation received another shock upon paying twenty-five cents a dozen for eggs, and two shillings for a small square of butter.

Mr. Plume was a proud and happy man as he put the finishing touches to his dinner table, and seated the hungry children around it. The tongue was tender, though it had unaccountably diminished in size; but that and the pudding disappeared rapidly under the assaults of school appetites. The proprietor of the eatables began to fear there wouldn't be enough left to make a lunch of. His surmises proved correct; he had not the heart to allowance the hungry ones, inasmuch as this was the first good dinner they had tasted since the mother's illness, and it did him good to see them eat so heartily. But alas! a few vegetables, one solitary slice of tongue, and a spoonful or two of pudding, were all that remained of his morning purchases. Wasn't it possible money lasted no longer than that? Did every dinner cost as much as *that* had done? Mr. Plume resorted to calculation: If Mrs. Plume spent the same each day (and her meats were always excellent), how much would that amount to in a week? His aid put the figures together at once. Impossible! Why, that would be several dollars more than he had allowed Mrs. Plume for *all* her domestic expenses! There must be an error. Calculation said No, and ran over the items a second time, with a like result.

While he was casting up accounts with himself, Mrs. Plume (who had daily been improving in health) limped down stairs to see what was going on, having the more curiosity as everything had been kept so secret. The kitchen took the first survey, then the closet in it. One glance told the whole. With a despairing "O dear!" she stood gazing dubiously at the discouraging

exhibition. Hearing the exclamation, the husband made his way to the spot.

"O, John! who has done this? Your shirts, my damask napkins, my best table-cloths, Harry's new frock, my nicest sheets, those handsome towels, my—my—why didn't you tell me, Mr. Plume?" she added, in distressed tones, as he entered the disordered room.

"Because I've been a fool, Mrs. Plume!"

The little woman's eyes dilated with astonishment.

"I've been trying to put what I thought I knew into practice; but as I haven't succeeded, the inference is that the knowledge was wanting," he said.

"You forgot to calculate, John!" said Mrs. Plume, slyly, remembering the sovereign argument in spite of the awful condition of her kitchen closet.

Our would-be reformer laughed, and then made a clean breast of his doings since Nancy's departure; the washing and ironing experiment, the cooking that "lasted a week," the shirt-making, and lastly, his own attempt to spend money to advantage.

Though glad to hear this confession, Mrs. Plume was quite rigid in her examination of the active workings of her husband's system of housekeeping. Chaotic confusion reigned in every department; each object bore the imprint, "Haste makes waste." The evidences that remained of Janet's cooking were not of a nature to quicken the appetite. The pies, when analyzed, proved unworthy of human confidence, while the bread resembled gusta percha in its primitive state. The shirts, brought from their hiding place, were subjects of much mirth to one party and considerable confusion to the other. They were carefully preserved as specimens of Mr. Plume's acute calculation.

Mrs. Plume recovered her health, and content with her victory, like a prudent woman, made no disagreeable allusions to what had passed. Several advantages resulted from her illness; she was allowed, weekly, thereafter, a much more generous supply of means, her cares and labors were appreciated in a greater degree, and there was much less grumbling at family expenses. "Calculation" seemed blotted from Mr. Plume's vocabulary, he referred to it so seldom. Mrs. Plume had a wiser, if not a better husband.

Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her, but, if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.

ANOTHER ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Some years ago an American vessel was attacked by the natives of the islands mentioned below, who succeeded in killing the captain, and severely wounding several of the crew with arrows and spears.

Mr. Benjamin Boyd, a Scotch gentleman of fortune, who has for years roamed the ocean in a pleasure yacht, and who paid a visit to San Francisco in 1850-1, with his beautiful craft, the *Wanderer*, has for three years been supposed dead. In 1851, after leaving San Francisco, he purchased one or two of the Solomon Group of Islands in the Pacific, designing to establish a government there over the natives, according to his own peculiar and eccentric notions. While lying at anchor in a bay of one of the islands, he went ashore, accompanied by a native boy, to hunt. During his absence, the *Wanderer* was surrounded by the natives, who attempted to seize her, but were prevented by the intrepidity and determination of the first officer, an American. From information afterwards derived, as well as the long absence of Mr. Boyd, they concluded he must be murdered, and after searching for him several days in vain, they found, as they supposed, full evidence of his having been murdered. The vessel then bore off for the coast of New Holland, and was wrecked at Port Macquaire. During the latter part of the summer of the last year, a whale ship was at one of these islands, and the crew discovered the name Benjamin Boyd cut in nearly all the trees. They were also told at another island (St. Christopher's) that a white man was living on the island and that Capt. Boyd was supposed to have been murdered upon. The authorities at Sydney are taking every means to ascertain the truth of the matter, and release him from imprisonment as soon as possible.—*San Francisco Herald.*

A FIRE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Rev. Mr. Righter, the agent of the American Bible Society, in a letter from Constantinople, says that one of the finest palaces in that city, belonging to the Sultan, has fallen a prey to the flames. The writer was near the scene when the fire broke out, and saw the vast building in flames. The wind was very high at the time, and fears were entertained for the safety of that part of the city. "The sight," says Mr. R., "was fearful beyond description. To see the fire spreading from room to room, and column after column falling; the burning of furniture of the richest kind, and no engine of any magnitude at hand, was most painful. There were men, called firemen, rushing from all quarters with their little pump engines; but what avail could such machines be at such a fire? Again, there were perhaps not less than fifty women flying from the harem, in the utmost confusion, and without their veils. They were followed by the eunuchs, who endeavored to prevent their escape. The pachas came with their guards to prevent robbery, and direct the movements. People ascended on the house-tops with water to prevent their dwellings from taking fire, while others were employed in removing furniture to places of safety. The fire raged for two hours, and was then checked by high walls on the hill-side."

THE FETE AT THE TUILLERIES.

BY SMITH ELY, JR.

High carnival of mirth—
Mirth by imperial edict—care and fear
No entrance find; yet round the scene appear
Dim shadows, not of earth.

Hovering o'er dance and feast,
Gaunt, ghastly ghosts in thick battalions throng;
Scarred spectres, honored in the drunken song—
The army of the East.

A ghastlier vision starts—
Red dinctured Revolution, gross with age,
Treading a wine-press, crushing in hot rage
Clusters of human hearts.

A regal feast and dance!
Round tables spread with "funeral baked meat,"
O'er greedy graves that gape 'neath gliding feet,
Humra for merry France!

THE HORSE-DEALER.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

GARRET VAN VOORST was a worthy whose acquaintance we made some years ago, in that part of Brooklyn, Long Island, called the Wallabout, where he resided on a small homestead which had been left him by his father, a painstaking milkman, who managed a pretty extensive dairy. Both the old gentleman and lady died about the same time, and as Garrett was an only child, he might be, and indeed was, regarded by the neighboring gossips very much in the light that a semi-millionaire is in the city. The property, the possession of which now devolved upon Garret, consisted of a six-acre lot, well planted with fruit trees, and currant-bushes, with a small patch of roses and lilacs in front of the house. The mansion was one of those one-story houses which abound so on Long Island, or in fact, wherever the descendants of the Dutch exist; snug enough boxes with double pitched roofs, and long projecting eaves, apt to be a little curved up like the roof of an Italian verandah. These projecting eaves afford a shelter to the *stoop* or *piazza*, of which there is generally one in the front and another in the rear of the house. The most common material of these houses is stone, but the gables are built of brick; they are rarely painted, whitewash being deemed more cleanly and economical. In the old colonial houses the date of the erection is generally inscribed in iron characters on one of the gables. The windows are always furnished with substantial wooden shutters instead of Venetian blinds,

and the front door generally opens in two horizontal parts, the upper portion being furnished with two great bull's eyes to admit light into the hall. The houses are by no means deficient of a certain picturesqueness, and far from uncomfortable. They differ from the sharp-angled, two story, green-blinded, pert Yankee house, as much as the broad-built, slow, unenterprising Dutchman does from his spare, quick, and go-ahead compatriot of the New England States. These old houses are fast disappearing from the immediate environs of New York, but at the distance of a few miles you find specimens abundant. They are apt to have one or two gigantic willow or butternut trees in front, and there is always at least one *Althea* in the garden-plot or door-yard. There were two in front of Garret Von Voorst's—I remember them well.

It may be well imagined that Garret was looked upon as an eligible match, so far as his property and position were concerned. By continuing to carry on the business of his father, he might readily have attained to competence or even wealth; at any rate he could support a wife handsomely, and provide well for any given number of children. But the young heir did not seem inclined to connubialize. Neither was he any better disposed to the business of his father. He sold off all his cows but one, ploughed in the green corn which his father had planted for fodder, and sowed his entire patrimony with oats. In a few days a pair of prancing colts made their appearance in his barn; and with this plunge in *medias res*, Garret commenced the business of a horse-dealer. From his youth upward, he had been silently developing a passion for horses. When an infant, he had been lulled to sleep by the jingling of a bridle or a pair of spurs. It is true that he was descended by his father's side from the "Van Pelts of Groodt Esopus, dexterous horsemen," according to Diedrich Knickerbocker, so that blood had something to do with it. Very shortly after learning to walk he was placed upon a horse's back, and from that time forward he may be said to have almost lived in the saddle. If a neighbor wanted his horse taken to the farrier's or to the spring, young Garret Van Voorst was always at hand to volunteer his services. When a colt was to be broken, he was the first to mount the animal, and he used, when a little older, darkly to hint to the boys who stood in awe of his equestrian genius, that he had once rode a two-year old on the Union Course, when a celebrated turfman wanted a feather-weight upon the saddle. At any time young Garret would have walked three miles for the sake of riding one. His father kept but one

sorry nag that had been purchased out of a sand-cart, and which young Van Voorst was too proud to ride or drive, but as he was continually doing odd jobs for livery stable keepers, he was never at a loss for the means of witching the world with his wondrous horsemanship. And great was his glory, when upon a holiday, the glorious Fourth, or Evacuation Day, he could sally forth upon a prancing pony, the observed of all observers. The crosser-grained and mote unruly the animal he bestrode, the greater his delight. In this way he grew up, and from constant association with his four-footed companions, he came to approximate to them in character and appearance. His ears became as flexible as a pony's, and their motion would pretty generally indicate the thoughts that were passing in his mind. His laugh was a horse-laugh; his giggle was a neigh. He had a way of curling up his lips and the epidermis of his nose, that reminded you of a horse the moment you glanced at him. When he moved through the streets in a hurry on foot (which was very seldom), he cantered. He had picked up, by unconscious imitation, many vices from the cross animals with which chance brought him in contact. He grew obstinate from associating with a stalking mare; fickle and insincere from training a baulky horse; irresolute from riding a nag that always refused his fences.

There was no horse he was afraid of—none that he could not perfectly subdue in the course of a few days. With little study of the veterinary art, he effected some wonderful cures; it has even been reported that he cured a bone spavin.

Garret's manner varied very much. He essayed to be all things to all men. He had jockey-slang and flash talk for turfites and fast men with whom he dealt, while, when trading with a clergyman or an eminent merchant, his language was moderate and humble, his voice low, and his bearing so meek, that, but for a roguish twinkle in the corner of his eyes, and a nervous twitching in his ears, you would have thought him a saint on earth.

We have said that Garret could tame any horse alive. We repeat that he could do so. In his hands, any horse, no matter how furious or ill-tempered, could be made obedient to him, but the moment it passed out of his hands, the new owner would find him perfectly unmanageable. If Garret could only warrant a horse sound and kind for three days, he was perfectly happy. He would buy for a song a perfect Tartar of a horse, that had been given up by everybody as incorrigible, and in about a week reduce him to the most perfect obedience by the united influences

of fearlessness, perseverance, and severity. After a sufficient lapse of time he would sell the animal for a large figure—but always left him with apprehension, lest he should eat some ruinous caper before the day was out, and be flung back on his hands.

I remember well his passing off one of these born brutes on an aged and rather nervous gentleman of Brooklyn. The animal was a strapping grey, sixteen hands high, strong as an elephant and ferocious as a tiger, when it came into Van Voorst's hands. He had almost every vice belonging to his species. He stalked, he bit, he ran back, he kicked, he reared. Garret had his hands full for some days, but starvation and whip cord made him amenable to rule. Yet though Garret could now drive him with a silken rein, a steel chain in any other hand would not have curbed him. At last, however, he was deemed sufficiently manageable to be quiet in strange hands for two or three days, and Garret drove him down in his gig to the nervous gentleman's. The nervous gentleman admired the appearance of the nag, his fiery eye and flexible nostril, his proud gait and silken shining coat, but asked:

"Is he gentle?"

"As far as I know, sir, he's perfectly gentle," answered Garret. "As far as I know, a child might drive him with a thread. I never see nothing to the contrary. Would you like to try a turn, sir?"

The nervous gentleman got into the gig. Garret seated himself beside him, and took up the reins. "Lines aint no use, sir," said he; "I only handle 'em 'cause here the ribbins is."

Off went the gallant grey under no pull at all. When the owner said "Whoa!" he stopped, without a finger to the rein. When he said "Go," he was off.

"This is wonderful—a child might indeed drive him!" said the nervous citizen of Brooklyn.

Garret listened to the praises of his horse quite meekly.

"What do you want for this superb animal?"

"I ought to have three hundred and fifty for her," answered Garret, with a deep sigh. "But as I'm in rather a tight place just now, I'll say three hundred."

"Step into my counting-room," said the nervous gentleman, "and I'll write you a check for the money."

"I've only jest one thing to say about the horse," said Garret, as he stowed away the check in a little dark wallet; "he's mighty particular about his harness. If you put a hundred dollar harness on him, he'll be so proud and vain that Old Nick himself couldn't hold him. And if you

put a very cheap, mean harness on him, he'll run away and break everything to bits. But if you give him a harness worth from twenty-five to thirty dollars, he'll be satisfied, and go just right."

"That's very strange," said the nervous gentleman.

"It's gospel," said Garret.

The next week the nervous gentleman was run away with, and his carriage dashed to pieces, while the horse came foaming home to Garret's, with nothing but a snaffle-bitted bridle on him. The purchaser made his appearance the next day full of indignation to demand an explanation. But Garret was before-hand with him.

"Didn't you drive the grey in a bran new harness?"

"Yes."

"How much did you pay for it?"

"Forty dollars."

"I thought so from the looks of the head, stall. It's your own fault. I told you thirty—but you couldn't be satisfied with that, and pride was the ruination of you."

"I can't have so particular a horse," said the nervous gentleman. "What will you give me for him and take him back?"

"A hundred and fifty," said the horse-dealer.

"Give me the money and he's yours, and when you come across a horse that isn't more nice than wise, let me know—that's all."

I have given but one specimen of Garret's mode of doing business. Though a Dutchman, he was as shrewd as a Yankee, but knew how to veil his acumen by an exterior of simplicity so well conceived as to dupe the most astute. He is still, we believe, breeding and trading horses.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

The following colloquy lately took place out west between the census marshal and a German.

"Who lives here?"

"Yaw."

"What's your name?"

"Sharmany on the Rhine."

"What's your father's name?"

"Nix for straw."

"When did you arrive in Albany?"

"Mit a steamboat."

"Got any children?"

"Yaw—two barrels mit krount."

"How long have you lived in this house?"

"Two rooms and der basement."

"Who owns the building?"

"I pays noting. Hans pays the same twice a month."

"Where did you live last year?"

"Across der red store as you come up mit de market in your right hand, behind der pump what pelongs to de blacksmid shop.—*Cleveland Herald.*

CONSEQUENCES OF BAD GOVERNMENT.

An English paper exclaims, in the bitterness of mortification at the present humiliated state of the nation: "England, the richest country in the world, the mistress of the ocean, the guardian of the Protestant faith, the protector of constitutional liberty, the liberator of the slave,—England, with its enormous appliances of steam and mechanical power, with its ability to clothe and enlighten the whole earth, with its sons who fear no danger, and its traditions which are sublime,—this, our native land, with its merry homes, its masculine language, its inspired literature, and its glorious history,—England, with her arms round the zones of the world, and her energies gigantic and colossal, is yet, two hundred years after the age of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, incapable of reformatory progress; and behold her lie low and prostrate at the feet of the nations, humiliated by her Eastern quarrels, dishonored by her feeble voice, and paralyzed in all her mighty limbs! And wherefore? The people are the same—the blood is the same—the institutions are the same—the very atmosphere is strong and fresh as before—nay, in our industrial pursuits we have gained ground every day, the wealth of the country multiplies and becomes a mountain of gold, the means and appliances of knowledge increase, and yet we sink. The reason is plain—we are not governed well. All countries are governed ill when the people do not govern. It is useless for England to cry out about administrative reform, unless they reform their government altogether by changing its form."

CAPE COD VILLAGES.

The villages that have sprung up on the south shore of the Cape, within the past ten years, are among the marvels of the time. These owe their rise and growth to the commercial and maritime enterprise of the people, who here pursue their business energetically, and, we trust, profitably, in spite of the natural disadvantages of their position. There are few harbors on the coast to shield the vessels from the rude blast, and shoals and bars beset the mariner on every side. It takes a great expenditure to build wharf structures, and make them safe and secure, in such a locality, but the enterprise of our south shore neighbors has enabled them to surmount all these obstacles, and to lay the foundations of an extensive and prosperous business, and to dot the sea-coast, for miles along, with pretty and flourishing villages, where school-houses, halls and churches lift their spires heavenward, and, as we trust, point the inhabitants in the same direction.—*Yarmouth Register.*

XTRAVAGANZA XTRAORDINARY.

Charles X., x king of France, was xtravagantly xtolled, but is xceedingly xcerated. He exhibited xtravaginary xcellence in xigency; he was xemplary in xternal, but xtrinsic on xamination; he was xatic under xhortation, xturem in xitement, and xtraordinary in xtempore xpression. He was xpatriated for his xcesses; and, to xpliate his xtravagance, xiled and xpired in xile.

ALONE WITH THE CLOCK.

BY SHARAKIA BETHKE.

Tick, tick, tick, tick—
 How the bright hours hasten by!
 Does the old clock like to call their names,
 And hurry them momentarily?
 While on their wings,
 Earth's precious things,
 Youth, friends and fortune fly?

Tick, tick, tick, tick—
 Does it think to count my sighs,
 As I muse of the loved ones far away,
 And recall sweet memories,
 Till tears of pain,
 Like burning rain,
 Are falling from my eyes?

Tick, tick, tick, tick—
 The sound is maddening me;
 So many moments are utterly lost,
 I might spend joyously.
 A venom'd dart,
 It strikes my heart,
 And my blood boils like the sea.

Tick, tick, tick, tick—
 Well, yours is the fleeting hour;
 But I will calm my troubled pulse,
 And measure my rightful power;
 And tell like beads,
 The glorious meeds,
 Which are my spirit's dower.

Tick, tick, tick, tick—
 O you shall have work to do,
 To number the generous schemes I'll form;
 And God helping, carry through.
 No lifeless block
 For you to mock,
 Is the figure that listens to you.

Tick, tick, tick, tick—
 Yours is no endless sway;
 But I shall endure when you are dust,
 And pendulum worlds decay.
 Outliving time,
 My song sublime,
 Shall peal forever and aye.

THE PAWNBROKER'S CUSTOMERS.

BY WALTER HENDERSON.

ONE lowly, dark day in autumn I made my escape into a pawnbroker's office, there to look over the daily papers, and chat with the keeper, who was an intimate acquaintance of mine. I loved to go in there once in a while to see the various people who came in, and observe the different characters and bearing of the various applicants. If any man has extended opportunities to study human nature, and to read strange and startling episodes in human life, it is the fair, candid, yet shrewd pawnbroker. On the present occasion I had taken my seat back of the

counter, near the stove, and had opened my paper, when the door opened, and a young man entered. He was well dressed, though some of his clothing showed marks of great service; and his hat, which was very smooth and polished, had certainly passed under the renovating hands of the hat-dresser many times. His coat, which was black, and polished about the elbows and breast by much wear, was buttoned close up to the chin, and from the fact that he kept it thus buttoned, despite the heat of the place, I judged that he had but a poor apology for clothing beneath it. Under his arm he carried a small, square bundle, and in his hand was a small paper roll. His face was pale, his eyes were large and dark, and altogether he had one of the most intellectual looking faces I ever saw. But one thing was lacking. There was some fire in his countenance, but it was a passive, tame kind, and he had little energy or assurance.

This youth regarded me for some moments uneasily, but the broker asked him if he had business, and this served to start him up. He beckoned for my friend to come away further from where I sat, and then, in a low, tremulous whisper, he explained the first part of his business, which seemed to be connected with the small paper roll, as he turned his back to me and opened it. I saw the broker shake his head with a dubious smile, and I could understand that he gave a most emphatic negative. I could see the youth's cheeks, and I saw that the blood rushed up to them, remaining there a few moments, and then settling back again, leaving the face as pale as before.

Next the square bundle was opened, and four books were taken out. The broker looked more ready for business. He examined the books, and offered nine shillings for them. The youth seemed thunderstruck.

"They're worth six dollars, at least," he said, with some energy.

"Not to me. But I'll say two dollars, if you'll redeem them in a month."

The young man hesitated a long while, but at length accepted the offer. The money was paid over, and the contract entered upon the broker's book.

"What name shall I say?"

"Never mind the name, sir."

"But something. I must have the name, if you ever expect—"

"Very well—Smith—John—John Smith."

So the name was entered, and the youth turned away.

"Poor fellow!" uttered the broker, after the applicant had gone.

"What is it?" I asked.

"He's one of those whom the ungrateful public don't appreciate. He's an author. Didn't you see the roll of paper he showed me? Well, that was the manuscript of part of a new novel he's writing, and he wanted to leave that as security for money until he could finish the rest, and get a publisher and some advance. I've no doubt that the work is destined to be a great one, but 'twould be poor stuff for me now. He's hard up, poor fellow, and yet one can see that he don't dissipate any."

After this, I dove into the paper, but I could not read. I could only think of the pale, young author, away in his distant attic, and by degrees I came to the conclusion that he needed only one thing to lift him up in this world. He had talent, I felt sure—and native goodness, virtue, and modesty; but he needed what is vulgarly denominated "*brass*!"

Ere long another customer came in. This was a young man, but as much unlike the other as possible. His dress was flashy and jaunty, and his face coarse and marked with dissipation. His business was bold and reckless.

"Hard up again, old fellow," was his first salutation, at the same time pulling a gold watch from his pocket. "Here—full jewelled, double-timer—won it in a raffle—off it goes. Now do the handsome thing, for there's no redemption here."

The broker knew his customer. He looked at the watch, opened it, and examined the works, then hung it up, and pulled out his pocket-book, from which he counted seventy-five dollars.

"Is that all?" asked Flash.

"You may have the watch for that amount at any time within four and twenty hours," was the broker's laconic answer.

"All right." And thus speaking, the youth rolled the bills up, jammed them into his pocket, and then left.

"Now that fellow's superlatively happy," remarked the broker. "He's a king now, and will be for about eight-and-forty hours, and then he'll be hard up again."

So goes the world.

But soon a different customer came in. It was a female, closely veiled, and dressed in deep mourning. She entered slowly, and I could see that she trembled considerably. She gazed around for some moments through her black veil, and then she approached the broker. He spoke to her, and she then raised her veil. Her face was very pale and very beautiful, but the dark shade which the sable surroundings threw over her face made it impossible to judge of her

age. She was a slim, frail-looking woman, and had surely seen much sorrow. Her raven hair was glossy and smooth, and one little fugitive curl had stolen out from behind the crape trimmings of her bonnet, and now lay trembling upon a temple as white as alabaster.

But I had surely seen that face before. It was familiar from sight, but not from acquaintance. At length I remembered. Some two weeks before I had attended the funeral of a member of one of the military companies, and I knew I saw the woman among the chief mourners on that occasion, and I also felt sure that she was made a widow by that bereavement.

"Can I do anything for you, to-day, ma'am?" asked the broker.

Slowly the woman opened a small purse she had in her hand, and from thence she took a small gold watch, which she handed to the broker.

"What do you wish for this, ma'am?"

"I must obtain some money on it, sir," she replied, hesitatingly, and tremulously, and in a tone very low and sweet.

"How much?" the broker asked, at the same time opening the watch, and finding it a most perfect, little, full-jewelled chronometer.

"As much as you can, sir."

"Do you wish to sell it?"

"O no, no sir. Not for worlds!" she uttered, vehemently. "But," she added, in a subdued tone, "I want the money."

"How much do you think the watch is worth, ma'am?"

"I don't know, sir; but—I hope—enough to save me—from—from being turned out of doors."

"Well," resumed the broker, examining the article more carefully, "I suppose you can sell this watch for something over a hundred dollars. Now I will let you have any sum from one to eighty dollars."

"You will, sir?" the woman uttered, in glad surprise.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then let me have fifty dollars."

"For how long a time?"

The applicant hesitated, and bowed her head, and her tremulousness increased.

"Ah, sir," she at length replied, "I don't know when I can pay for it. Perhaps in a month, and perhaps—*never*! I am very poor! Alas! all, all gone! Do with me as you can."

"Then perhaps you'd better sell it to me. I'll give you a hundred, and something over, for—"

"No, no, sir. Give me the fifty, and I'll leave it for six months."

"Very well." And the broker counted out fifty dollars, made a note, and also a bond.

The woman dropped her veil, but before she did so, I could see a bright tear glistening on her dark lashes. When she came to sign the note her hand trembled violently, and she hesitated a long while ere she wrote. At length, however, the business was done, and she left the office.

"Now that's not her real name," said the broker, after the woman had gone.

He showed me the note, and I saw written, in small, tremulous letters, "ELIZA LOWE."

"How do you know?" I asked him, after I had examined the autograph.

"O, it's plain enough to see. In the first place, she studied too long on it; and in the next place you can see that that is a name she is not used to writing."

It was a long while before I could get the subject of the unfortunate woman from my mind, for she had taken hold upon my sympathies deeply. An hour and a half had passed away after this, and I was thinking of leaving the office, when the door was again opened, and this time another young man entered, and he was as unlike the first and second as they had been unlike each other. He was a bold, frank, noble-looking young fellow, habited in a seaman's garb, and his face was one, too, of more than ordinary beauty.

"Can I serve you, sir?"

"Ay—may be," responded Jack. "I want something to keep the run of your shore-goin' time—a bit of a watch, I s'pose."

"What kind, sir?"

"Something good an' cheap."

"Then come right around here to the window and look. There's any quantity and kind."

The young man started around, but before he reached the window, his eye chanced to rest upon the little gold chronometer which the previous customer had left, and which yet lay upon the broker's desk.

"Ah—here's a snug little craft," said the sailor.

"But not for sale, sir."

The man did not seem to notice the remark, for he took the watch up and began to examine it. I looked up into his face over the top of my paper, and I found him changing color strangely, and his hard, brown hands were trembling.

"Where d'ye fall afoul of this, friend?" he asked, huskily.

"A woman left it here not more than two hours ago, sir."

"A woman?" iterated the young man. "Did she pawn it?"

"Yes."

For some moments the stranger seemed too much moved to speak, but at length, with an effort, he went on:

"Who was she, sir?"

"A—she wrote her name here, sir," returned the broker, showing the paper the woman had signed.

The man looked upon the paper, and after studying upon the name for some moments a doubtful look overspread his features.

"Did she—was she—suffering much?" he asked, in a whisper.

"From want, sir."

"But she wouldn't sell this watch?" he added, eagerly.

"No, sir. I offered her over a hundred dollars, but nothing would tempt her to part with it."

"And ye let her have how much on it?"

"Fifty dollars was all she would take."

"I'll give you back the fifty, and—"

"No, no, sir. I pledged my honor that I would not let the watch go."

"But," continued the sailor, "I have a—" He hesitated, and in a moment more, added, "Tell me where to find her."

"I know nothing of her, sir."

At this juncture I spoke, for I saw that the young man's countenance fell, as he heard this last answer.

"Perhaps I could lead you to her residence," I said.

"Can you?" he cried, starting towards me with a look in which eagerness, hope and gratitude were about equally combined.

"About two weeks ago I attended the funeral of a Mr. Phillips," I returned, "and the woman who left this watch seemed to be the deepest mourner."

The man started, and his lip trembled.

"Come," he said, after a short pause, "come, show me the place."

As I arose, he turned to the broker, and added:

"You will keep that watch carefully."

The broker promised, and then we left the office. The distance to the house where I had attended the funeral was about half a mile, and we walked rapidly. Not a word was spoken during the whole distance, until we reached the door.

"Here is the house," I said.

It was an old brick house, on a narrow, dark avenue, and surrounded by buildings poorer still.

"You knock," he said, nervously.

"And what then?" I asked.

He thought a moment, and then answered:

"Say you want to see—a—a lady who was up

in town this afternoon. You can describe her. Get me into the house where she is, someway."

I stepped up and rang the bell, and in a few moments a young Irish girl came to the door.

"I wish to see a lady whom I saw up in town this afternoon," I said. "A lady dressed in deep mourning. Is there not such an one here?"

"Mrs. Phelaps, ye mane, is it?"

"I think so. Could I see her?"

"I'll see. If ye'll walk intil the room close here, I'll be afther callin' her."

So my companion and I followed the girl into a small front room, and then she went away. I fancied that I could hear the sailor's heart beat, and I was sure he was much moved, for his breath came thick and heavy, and his hands worked with nervous movements.

"Will you speak first?" I asked. But before he could answer, the door was opened, and the woman entered. She was the same one that had pawned the watch, and now I could see all her shalancholy, pensive beauty. I looked at my companion, and his face had grown suddenly as rigid as marble.

"Madam," he said, just as I had made up my mind to speak first, and in a tone uneasily in its attempt to be natural, "I saw a watch just now which I wish to purchase, and I have come to see if you will let me have it."

The woman started at first, but upon seeing me, and probably remembering that I had seen the whole transaction, she became calm.

"I could not sell it," she said, tremulously but firmly.

"But, madam, I have great reasons for wishing it."

"I beg, sir, that you will not urge me further, for—for—I will tell you the truth, sir—it was a gift to me from one whom I love—O, God only knows how deeply."

I was sure that at this moment I heard a low sob break from the bosom of my strange companion, and when I looked towards him I saw a big tear rolling down his cheek.

"Strange," he muttered, with an effort, "that such should be the case, for that watch was surely once mine."

"Yours, sir?"

"Yes, madam. And I gave it to—to—my own—dear—mother."

"You—gave it—to your own—"

"Yes—my own mother, God bless her! And hasn't she prayed for her wayward Jack many a time since?"

"Her—her Jack—Jack Phillips?"

"Mother—"

"Jack! my boy!"

I waited until I saw those two people clasped in each other's arms—until I heard them sob, and saw them weep, and then I took my hat and slipped quietly out of the room, and out of the house. I made my way back at once to the pawnbroker's, and it was really dark before we had done talking about it.

Four days after that, as I called into the broker's office in the afternoon, he gave me a letter which had been left there for me. I opened it, and read as follows:

"November 7, 185—.

"DEAR SIR,—Will you do us the kindness to call upon us at No. 14, L— street, at four to six o'clock this afternoon, and take tea.

"Yours truly, and with respect,

"JACK PHILLIPS."

Of course I went. I found John Phillips to be my sailor friend, and his mother the heroine of the watch, both of them being the pawnbroker's customers of that cold afternoon, four days before. The woman looked more beautiful than ever. She seemed young to be the mother of such a child, but she was one who bore years lightly.

I was received warmly, and the simple tale, of which I had seen the affecting *dénouement*, was soon told. When Jack left for sea six years before, his father and mother had lived in Baltimore, and it was at that time that he had made his mother the present of the watch. Three years afterwards they removed to Boston, and since that time the mother had not heard from her boy, and of course she had not known where to direct a letter to him. At length Mr. Phillips was taken sick, and, after an illness of four months, died. The widow was left, not only penniless, but deeply in debt for rent. Her landlord offered to call all square if she would become his wife. She spurned him and his offer with indignation, and in revenge he was about to turn her into the street when she came to pawn the watch.

Jack's story was simply this: His ship had been cast away in the Indian Ocean, and he had made his way to Australia just as the gold fields were discovered there. Now he had come home with over eighty thousand dollars, and the future was surely bright with joyous promise. The ship in which he came, entered Boston harbor, and he was just on the point of starting for Baltimore, when he came into the pawnbroker's office to buy a watch.

"Rather a funny thing, wasn't it?" said Jack.

"Surely it was," I replied.

"And was it not a blessed thing?" murmured the happy mother, with moistened eyes. "Ah, Jack, surely God was with us when you and I became the pawnbroker's customers!"

HOPE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Down in the heart's deep shadows
There singeth the livelong day,
A little bird with a witching voice,
A gently soothing lay.

It singeth a song of sunshine,
Tossing the boughs about,
That shaded with gloom the merry heart,
Till its light had nigh gone out.

It singeth a song so cheery,
It pleaseth the soul to hear;
The eyelid, no longer weary,
Ceaseth to drop the tear;

Winning the soul to gladness,
Winning it on to light,
Frightening away grim sadness,
That bringeth the soul its blight.

Though oft its voice is syren,
And its words contain no truth,
I care not, so long as it singeth
The merry hopes of youth.

THE STUDENT'S INTRIGUE.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

THE term was over, vacation commenced, and the majority of the students had departed to their several homes, or to some gay watering place, to pass the two months of leisure which followed the examinations. The few who remained at their lodgings were either over-studious men, striving for the honors, or those who, without thought of honors, were endeavoring to make up in the vacation for the time wasted the previous term.

Three persons, however, yet haunted the deserted spot, and prowled listlessly about the accustomed places, for a different reason from either of the foregoing. These persons were my old chums—Dick Rhombus, who was preparing himself for the profession of a civil engineer, Jack Amputate, who intended to become a second Astley Cooper, and myself, who never expected to become much of anything, a glowing fancy of my youthful years, which, unlike most of the hopes and dreams of that period, has not been doomed to disappointment.

The reason of our still remaining, objectless, about the college, was from no disinclination upon our part to participate in the pleasures of our gay and more fortunate classmates. On the contrary, none would have enjoyed with keener zest a summer tour, or a sea-side diversion, than

ourselves, had such a thing been possible; but the old stalwart curse, that for ages has kept so many stout fellows fettered, supine and inactive, who otherwise might have kicked and cuffed the world into an acknowledgement of their abilities and deservings, had fallen heavily upon us, and poverty, like the old gentleman, who burdened the shoulders of that much-enduring mariner, Captain Sinbad, clung to us with a pertinacity that mocked our efforts to shake off the unloved companionship, shook we ever so fiercely or so well.

The similarity of our circumstances and tastes, as well as the fact that we were the only lodgers in the same house, made us fast and constant friends—not that we were the only ones in the college who writhed under the disgrace of poverty, but they were mostly men whose temperament differed materially from ours. In our heart of hearts, we felt ourselves superior to the poor students of our time. It is true, not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble, stumbled over the rickety stairs, or bumped their heads against the corners of the dark passage in the endeavor to find the way to our attic, nor was their acquaintance desired; for to poor men of wealthy ideas, like ourselves, a rich companion could only be a source of humiliation. From the sublime pinnacle of poverty we looked down with calm contempt alike upon the rich, who gave themselves airs, and the poor, who paid court to them. Ourselves were companions to ourselves, and any venturesome spirit who endeavored to penetrate our little coterie, speedily discovered that the party was composed of precisely one individual too many; our pursuits were not their pursuits, nor their pleasures our pleasures; the popping of champagne corks, the boisterous shout and ribald song was not the music to our ears that it is to your drunkards; neither did we delight in unprovoked assaults upon peaceable watchmen, like your rowdies; nor cultivate ballet dancers, and such like cattle, like your libertines. Our amusements were of a more sober and orthodox sort; nor was there any necessity that we should distinguish ourselves in any of these pursuits, as our college, without any help from us, was bountifully supplied with young gentlemen who were perfect adepts in most every description of fashionable villany.

Long and able arguments took place in our rooms upon the subject of the immense importance and dignity of man, considered as a stark-naked animal without a copper to his name. But these discussions never generated any hard feelings among us, as we invariably took the

affirmative side of the question, and the decision was always unanimous. Voluminous articles, treating of the vanity of wealth and its possessors, and abounding in scathing sarcasm, were despatched periodically to the office of the University Gazette, in which interesting sheet, the mammon-serving and unappreciative editor usually caused the titles only to appear, under the head of "articles declined." Interminable walks strengthened our muscles, and very short black pipes, with very strong tobacco, was our only dissipation. Upon the whole, it is probable we enjoyed ourselves quite as well as our more favored classmates.

Looking back upon those times, however, I am inclined to think that our pursuits and pleasures might not have been so blameless, had we possessed the means of gratifying our tastes and appetites; as with all our affected contempt of wealth and the vanities of the world, we could not help sometimes repining at our lot; for we were young, and say what you will, young people do yearn and hanker after the vanities; and very right and proper it is, that, so far as they are innocent, they should be indulged in. As it was not possible for us to indulge, we made a virtue of necessity, and viewed with supreme contempt every species of amusement that involved expenditure.

A deep sigh would, however, occasionally escape along with the tobacco smoke, as we saw some of our favored classmates whirling along in a dashing turnout, or with "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," doing the agreeable to a bevy of young beauties, with any one of whom we would have given all our worldly possessions to be upon such intimate terms. But envious or repining thoughts were speedily banished with good old stoical resolution, and though our path lay across the slough of despond, we pushed stoutly onward, well knowing the treacherous ground upon which we trod, that did we stop to gaze at and envy the happiness of others, ourselves would inevitably be mired and lost.

There was one object, however, for which every young rascal in the university, including ourselves, wished and strove in vain, the wealthy and aristocratic being equally unsuccessful with ourselves. Opposite the college green, stood an old mansion of imposing appearance, occupied by a stern-looking, hard-featured, elderly gentleman of decidedly unprepossessing form and address, who had under his charge as a ward, a veritable angel—at least, she went by no other name among the students, than "our angel," and there was a sort of tradition among them to the effect that she had by some accident in early

life lost her wings, and was only stopping at her then residence until they should grow again, when they might expect any fine morning to see her soaring upwards with all the velocity and twice the grace of Mr. Green, the celebrated aeronaut.

The history of this young lady was perfectly well known to every individual connected with the college, and was the first lesson learned by the young student upon being introduced to his Alma Mater. She was the only daughter of an old gentleman, who had passed the greater portion of his life in India, where he had accumulated an immense fortune, counting, it was said, by millions. This daughter was the child of his old age and the delight of his heart, the declared heiress of his enormous wealth. Upon the death of his wife, which occurred soon after the birth of her child, he gave up his business in disgust, and with his daughter and his wealth, returned to England, to the home of his boyhood—and the old house before mentioned had for years been closed. But the change of scene and occupation acted unfavorably upon a debilitated constitution, and he had barely time to set his temporal house in order, before he was summoned to undertake that long journey beyond the river, leaving his daughter and property to the sole care and guardianship of an old India friend, in whom he placed the most implicit confidence. But our angel, or Mary Addison, to use the name which of right belonged to her, found a wide difference between the indulgent care of her father and the stern severity of her guardian, who at once adopted a course of proceedings which called down upon his head the loud and deep maledictions of the students, if not the young lady herself.

At the time of which I write, she had arrived at that age of ages, seventeen, and certainly a more lovely creature never stood beneath a sunshade, or dazzled the eyes and understandings of susceptible young gentlemen, than when, at long intervals, her graceful little figure emerged from the gloomy and unused portals of the lonely mansion, and tripped lightly, yet fearfully, across the college green.

It was in vain the more adventurous and aspiring of our companions sought an acquaintance with the object of our adoration; the jealous care of her guardian prevented the most distant approach to familiarity. From the death of her father, any other man than himself had never crossed the threshold, and as for all the society she enjoyed, she might as well have been in solitary confinement in the tower.

The object of her guardian in thus secluding

her, was believed by the students—and subsequently found to be the fact—that he had, by speculating largely in her funds, met with enormous losses, and in some degree impaired the fortune held in trust for his ward, whose marriage he had every reason to dread, as his mismanagement would thereby be exposed, and himself deprived of the use of her large inheritance. Such a proceeding, you may be sure, caused him to be held in abhorrence; for pretty girls were not plenty in our time—indeed, they have not multiplied surprisingly since. The cold-blooded cruelty of keeping such a divinity before our eyes, without permitting her to be approached, was a sin that could not be forgiven. The facts concerning this young lady had often been the topic of conversation between myself and friends, but with so many more favored competitors in the field, we never dared so much as hope to make her acquaintances.

It was the custom with us to assemble in Jack Amputate's room every evening to smoke our pipes, and enjoy ourselves as well as might be. For nearly two years we had sorely been separated a single evening. If one took it into his head to go out, the other two accompanied him. So inseparable had we become, that no one ever thought of seeing one of us alone. When by any chance such an unlikely circumstance did occur, questions were showered upon us from all quarters, as to what disease our friend died of, whether he was resigned to the melancholy event, and such like.

But a change, great and unexpected, disturbed the harmony of our social triangle; there was disaffection in the camp, and Dick Rhombus was the traitor. He began by absenting himself, perhaps one or two nights in the week, gradually increasing to every night when it did not rain. This was not to be borne; we demanded an explanation; Dick refused to give any. We threatened to expel him from our society, but he begged so hard to be allowed to remain, that we consented, upon his solemn assurance that he was doing nothing we could disapprove, as he would shortly convince us, although it would be a breach of confidence then to explain.

We were forced to be content with this partial but by no means satisfactory disclaimer, though we felt hurt that he should keep any secrets from us. We endeavored as much as possible to keep up the good old jovial times when Dick was in, but it would not do; there was restraint upon one side, and want of confidence upon the other. Jack and myself became quite dull and mopish; Dick, on the contrary, improved in spirits the longer his transgressions continued.

But his going out nights, without informing us whither he went, although bad enough in itself, was as nothing compared with the enormity we were destined to behold with our own eyes. A bundle was left at the house during Dick's absence, directed to him. Jack and myself, as a matter-of-course, instituted a strict search into the contents. What was our indignation and horror to behold a bran-new dress-coat, black satin vest, and yellow doeskin pants! Now we knew Dick had no money, and as for credit, that was among the impossibilities. We were all in debt to every tailor within a circuit of ten miles, and had it been to save our lives, not one of us could have got trusted for a single farthing. We left the articles in Dick's room, determined that he should explain himself that very night, on pain of instant expulsion from the house. Having decided fully upon this, we returned to our rooms to await his coming; but the sly dog slipped in unobserved, and changing his somewhat threadbare garments for the new and glossy ones, he slipped out again, his guilty conscience making him dread the scrutiny of honest men, like ourselves. I caught sight of him, however, as he crossed the green, and must own his new clothes became him uncommonly well—though Dick was one of those intolerably handsome scoundrels, who always look well in anything. But my heart was sorrowful. Could it be that Dick Rhombus, our Dick, the stern republican, the despiser of wealth and the lauder of poverty, had gone over to the enemy? Yet it must be. How else came he by the new clothes? Unable to resist the temptation, he had become the base parasite, flatterer and sponge upon some half fledged lordling, that he might be humiliated by the present of a new suit of clothes now and then, and a few guineas whenever the noble lord was either drunk or generous. With these bitter fancies in my mind, I crossed over to Jack's room, to learn whether his thoughts corresponded with mine.

As I entered his room, Jack was sitting flat upon the floor, his legs stretched out at full length, in such a manner as to describe a right angle, wholly absorbed in blacking a pair of stout boots. A strong blue-black beard of four days' growth graced his chin; a broad streak of blacking extended from the inner corner of one eye to the angle of the lower jaw, giving a somewhat savage and South Sea islandish expression to his stern countenance, in the centre of which was stuck a short, black pipe, which he was puffing vigorously.

Jack did not raise his head, or speak, as I entered, but continued brushing furiously, as if his

very existence depended upon raising a polish on his stogies. Accordingly, lighting up my pipe, and seating myself upon an inverted coal scuttle, I lifted up my voice in denunciation of Dick, enlarging upon all I had seen, and all I surmised, concluding by asking Jack his opinion how it was all to end.

"Dunno," replied Jack, sententiously, at the same time emitting a huge cloud of smoke. "Make him show his hand to-night."

There is an old adage, familiar to most persons, to the effect, that whenever you make mention of a certain gentleman, who is popularly supposed to sport a scandal appendage, and with feet divided longitudinally in the center, he is sure to make his appearance. The truth of this saying was strikingly illustrated upon the present occasion, for Jack had scarcely uttered the concluding word of the foregoing sentence, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Dick bounced into the room. Hastily bolting the door behind him, he began striding up and down the room in the greatest agitation, giving vent to his feelings, whatever they were, in a profusion of execrations upon himself and the world in general.

"I do believe I'm the unluckiest dog that ever was christened," he burst forth, dashing his hat into the middle of the floor. "That such a thing as this should happen just at this time; everything going on so nicely, too. But for this, I should be a made man. O, it's enough to drive a man crazy! Jack!" he exclaimed, passionately, "why in the name of Beelzebub don't you speak to a fellow? Is this what you call friendship—not to assist your friend out of a scrape, nor even sympathize with him? Jack! I say."

"Did you speak to me?" drawled out Jack, for the first time discontinuing the blacking of his boots. "What's the matter?"

"Matter?—what's the matter? That's the matter—look there!" and Dick pointed from the window with an air like the villain in a tragedy.

Beneath the window was pacing to and fro a decided-looking man, whose profession no poor student could possibly mistake.

"Do you see that?" continued Dick; "that demon, waiting to devour me! Did you ever see such a monster!—such a devil in human form? Look at the demoniac swing of that blue coat-tail, and those fiendish brass buttons! O, that I had a thirty-two pounder—a sixty-four pounder—a whole battery of siege ordnance—wherewith to annihilate him! Jack!" he continued, glaring fiercely upon that individual,

"you call yourself a chemist; is there no poison that will kill at a distance? I want that villain's blood, and I'll have it!"

"I think it would have a beneficial effect if I were to take about six ounces of blood from you, my fine fellow," remarked Jack. "You are insane, you are, and I'm very glad of it, as it in some measure accounts for your unjustifiable conduct for the last month or two; but with scientific treatment, such as I am able to furnish, we'll soon bring you round again. So sit down and compose yourself. If you continue to rave in this manner, I shall be obliged to resort to a straight jacket."

"Rave! isn't it enough to make any one rave? Do you know who that man is?" yelled Dick, in a frenzy of passion.

"I think I ought to know him," returned Jack, calmly, "for a very respectable bailiff—the same one who besieged me, for something more than a week, with that little account of Smith's, which he never succeeded in getting; but what the deuce ails you about him? so long as you stay in doors, he can't touch you, though I must own, it isn't the pleasantest sight in the world to have one of the tribe constantly before your eyes. As Maginn says:

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A bailiff in the street;
'Twas so since from one first I ran;
'Twas so even in the Isle of Man;
'Twill be so even in Newgate's hold,
Or in the Fleet!
A trap is hateful to a man!
And my whole course of life shall be
Bent against them in just antipathy!"

"O, confound your quotations!" interrupted Dick. "I know I'm safe so long as I stay in the house, but I must go out—it's time I was on the spot now;" and Dick strode about the room like a very madman. "I tell you I must go; 'can't you do anything to get him off the watch, if it's only for ten minutes? But no," he continued, as we made no reply, "your pretended friendship is all a sham. I have suspected as much for the last month."

"Peace! thou most uncivil engineer," interrupted Jack; "if you expect any aid or comfort from us, you must, in the first place, explain your late conduct, and next, let us know what you want to go out for."

"I thought I had told you," replied Dick, confusedly; "I am to be married at seven, and it lacks but twenty minutes of the time."

"Just repeat that speech once more," gasped Jack, thunderstruck at this announcement; "something must have gone wrong with my ears. You married? Without intending any disrespect, let me ask who, in the name of all that's indigent and poverty-stricken, will marry you?"

To our immeasurable surprise and bewilderment, Dick faltered the name of Mary Addison; and in hurried accents, almost incoherent from excitement, he gave us the whole history of his acquaintance, courtship, proposal and acceptance, going into ecstasies at every mention of her name. He told us how the dear creature, pining to be released from the tyranny of her guardian, had consented that the marriage should take place secretly, that very night; how the guardian, probably suspecting what was going on, from the first, pretended friendship for Dick, in order to frustrate the scheme; how Dick, in the extremity of his need, had accepted a loan of fifty pounds from him, to procure the new clothes, a license, and so forth; how, upon going to meet his beloved, he had been chased by the bailiff, and barely succeeded in escaping to the house, through his greater length of legs.

"Now," continued Dick, "what am I to do?"

"True," replied Jack, "what are you to do? but do you mean to say that you were fool enough to allow the guardian to focus you into the belief that he was your friend, and that you actually borrowed fifty pounds of him?"

"I didn't know but he might have taken a fancy to me," muttered Dick; "besides, what was I to do without money? Couldn't get a license, without money."

"O greenness, thy name is Richard Rhombus, Esq., civil engineer," continued Jack; "thou dolt, thou bossy, thou worse than a bossy, thou juvenile jackass! Dick Rhombus, you're a fool, and don't deserve a wife."

"I know I'm a fool," whimpered Dick, with an air of humility; "but what am I to do? it only wants ten minutes of the time to meet her."

"Something must be done," replied Jack, thoughtfully. "I'll go down and talk with the bailiff; perhaps we may get an extension."

"Do—do go down, and try to do something. If you succeed, I'll be the making of you."

"Hold that calf's tongue of yours, and don't insult me with any more of your eloquence," spluttered Jack, with his face in a basin of water, with which he was trying to remove the blacking from his countenance.

I really thought Dick would jump out of his skin—as the saying is—with impatience, during the few minutes of Jack's negotiations with the bailiff; and his despair was really affecting when Jack returned with the announcement that he had been unsuccessful. For a few minutes we sat gazing at each other in stupid silence.

"What shall I do?" Dick bared forth. "What say if we arrest the bailiff, bring him up here and make him fast, till it's over?"

"Went do," returned Jack; "only get yourself locked up on a criminal process, which you'd find something worse than this."

"What, then, shall I do?" he asked, in an agony of excitement. "By heavens! there she is just coming out of the door, and expecting to meet me on the green."

"Send an excuse," suggested Jack.

"Pooh—an excuse! prevail upon a lady to elope with you, and when she comes to meet you, ask to be excused! I tell you what I will do," continued Dick, with firmness. "This is a desperate case; I shall go down and disable that man, and take the consequences hereafter."

"You'll do no such thing; your arrest would follow before you could get half way across the green. Eureka! I have it!" suddenly exclaimed Jack, kicking his heels into the air; "strip yourself, Dick, strip yourself, off with those goose-colored breeches."

"What do you mean?" wonderingly inquired Dick.

"Never mind what I mean; just peel, and that quick."

The idea began to dawn upon us; and Jack was speedily invested with the new clothes, while Dick assumed his old ones.

"Now, then," said Jack, turning to me, "you, I believe, have never been arrested by this bailiff; consequently, he don't know that you are a beggar. Go down, and pretend that you are going to settle the bill; make a show of your pocket-book, if you happen to possess such a useless article. While you engage his attention, I will slip out and run; he will recognise the clothes as the same Dick had on, when he was after him before, and, of course, give chase; I will give him a long run, and, in the mean time, let Dick get spliced with as little delay as possible, for the ruse will be soon discovered."

Dick pressed my hand, imploring me to be successful, and I departed on my delicate mission. The bailiff eyed me suspiciously, as I emerged from the house; but putting on a bold face, I accosted him.

"Well, my good fellow," said I, "what's the trouble? how much is this debt of my friend?"

"The debt," he replied, "is fifty pounds; the costs are—"

"O, hang the items; what is the amount?"

"Fifty-four pounds, ten shillings and eight pence."

"Fifty odd pounds!" I repeated, with an air of contempt, at the same time drawing out my pocket-book. "I suppose it's all right if the money is paid to you?"

"O yes—yes, sir, all right, perfectly."

"Do you happen to have the bill with you, Mr. Bailiff?" I continued, slowly opening the pocket-book.

"Yes, sir—yes, sir, here it is," he replied, fumbling over a quantity of papers.

I had manoeuvred to get the bailiff's back turned towards the house, and as he reached me the bill, Jack slipped out and darted across the green unperceived.

"O—ah—yes, this is the bill, is it? well, there's the man who wants to settle it;" and I pointed to Jack's flying figure, which looked the very picture of Dick, as he skimmed across the college green, some four or five rods in advance.

With something very like an oath, the bailiff crumpled the papers into his hat, and started in pursuit. The race was an exciting one. They were both good runners, and both exerted their strength to the utmost. Across the green and up the street they flew, with surprising velocity, their hair and coat-tails streaming straight out behind them in the wind. "Go it, yaller legs! go it, catchpole!" yelled the boys, joining in the chase. The students shouted their applause, and followed on to see the sport, alternately encouraging the pursuer or pursued, as either gained or lost. Windows flew up, and heads popped out; and, altogether, there was as pretty a row as you'd wish to see. But still Jack kept on, anxious to give Dick as much time as possible. Through long muddy lanes, across ploughed fields, over fences and through hedges, the chase continued, until, weary and exhausted, Jack doubled on his pursuer, and again entered the town, and would probably have escaped, but, turning into a narrow street, in the rear of the church, a policeman barred his progress. The bailiff was close behind, and there was nothing for it but to surrender; yes, one chance more. The front door of a house was standing ajar; into the door and up stairs he rushed, through a room containing some half dozen ladies, who, of course, commenced screaming and fainting away with great propriety; but he stopped for no such nonsense. Diving down the back stairs, he found himself in an area, enclosed with a high picket fence. His pursuers were already descending the stairs. The fence was high; but to scale it was not impossible. He jumped, and missed; another jump, and he was upon the top. As the crowd, hooting and yelling, poured into the area, Jack considered himself good for another ten minutes, for he could easily place the fence between himself and his foe; but alas for human calculations, as he sprang from the fence, the new coat-tails caught in the high pickets, and he hung suspended. Before he

could release himself the bailiff had hold of him.

"So, I've got you at last!" gasped the officer.

"You'll pay for this night's job, young fellow."

"Look here, old rattle-trap," remarked Jack, coolly adjusting his disordered dress, "just keep your hands off me, or I'll smash your face for you; you've got no writ against me."

"Go it, spunky! don't let him be afraid of ye, my lion!" shouted the crowd.

The bailiff had by this time discovered the game played on him, and vowing vengeance, he hurried off, while Jack hastened in the direction of the church, to see how Dick had sped. Dick, on his part, had emerged from the house as soon as the bailiff was out of sight; the excitement called off the attention of the students, and he joined his sweetheart unperceived. The distance to the church was short, and in a few minutes Dick, his intended, her maid and myself, stood before the altar; but the parson, contrary to agreement, was absent. The sexton assured us he would return in a few minutes. Here was a situation! the bride pale and trembling, Dick in a fit condition to enter a mad-house, and the happiness of the whole party depending on Jack's legs! The parson at last made his appearance. I repeatedly cautioned Dick not to appear in too great a hurry, as the parson might be suspicious and hesitate. After some little delay, the ceremony commenced, and was nearly finished, when a noise was heard at the door, and voices demanding admittance, one of which I recognized as Jack's, warning them off, imploring them, if they were gentlemen, not to disturb the church, as there was a marriage taking place within. The parson hesitated.

"Go on, if you please, sir," said I, with a frightful smile on my countenance, intended to give me an unconcerned appearance; "it is ominous to stop in this manner."

The parson smiled and continued, for the gratuitous information Jack had given the crowd outside completely misled the good man as to the cause of the disturbance. As the final words were pronounced, which made them one flesh, Jack withdrew the bolts from the door, and Dick's creditor rushed in. One glance sufficed to show him that it was all over; and with a curse he took himself off; and was never again seen in that part of England. His defalcations, though large, were trifling compared with the immense fortune of Dick's young wife, a portion of which, by some hocus pocus or other, came into the possession of Jack and myself.

That which is great or splendid is not always laudable, but whatever is laudable must be great.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

DEDICATED TO JULIA.

BY T. HOWLAND, JR.

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as blessed as I.

Ask gilding waters if a tear
Of mine increased their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fixed upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
Ye swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle eozons, breezy winds!
Ye close retreats of love!

While all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractised heart,
To make fair Julia mine.

The very thoughts of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true the passion in my mind
Is mixt with soft distress;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

MAHEL STANWOOD.

BY ELIZA ELWOOD.

It was the witching hour of even. The azure sky was illuminated by a myriad of twinkling stars, which shone with resplendent brilliancy, while the flowers bowed their beautiful heads, as they listened to the musical murmuring of the evening zephyr, which gently shook their delicate petals, as it glided past them on its mission of love and mercy to the chamber of the wearied invalid. The silvery moonbeams stole through the lattice of an elegant cottage, encircling like a halo the face of a young girl of surpassing beauty, who reclined upon a costly couch within. A luxuriant mass of ringlets had escaped from confinement, their jetty blackness contrasting with the snowy whiteness of the pillow, but the dark eyes of the sleeping maiden were veiled by the long, silken lashes which rested upon her rosy cheek. It was a beautiful picture,—that fair girl as she lay thus asleep,—her small hands softly

clasped above her gently heaving bosom; her raby lips half parted, with a smile of singular sweetness; her attitude one of graceful carelessness. To gaze upon her thus, one would almost deem her an angel, too pure and lovely for earth. Ha! she starts wildly, an expression of deep and poignant anguish contracts her fair brow. One snowy arm is restlessly tossed above her beautiful head, while a convulsive shudder passes over her frame, and a quivering sob of agony escapes her lips. She is evidently dreaming, but the entrance of a youthful maiden at this moment suddenly awoke her. With a cry of delight she sprang from her pillow, and burying her face in the bosom of her companion, burst into tears, "O, Carrie, dear, I am so unhappy," murmured she.

"Why, Mabel, darling, what can trouble you? You possess everything which renders life desirable,—beauty, wealth, and talent. Your parents and friends adore you, your lovers worship you, your rivals envy the admiration which your beauty and accomplishments excite, while I, your humble, little friend, Carrie Clinton, love you with my whole heart and soul. Would I were in your place; why, your beauty has made raving maniacs of one half the young men in D—, and senseless idiots of the other half."

"Fahaw, Carrie, how absurdly you talk," Mabel blushing replied. "You altogether exaggerate my attractions, although I am well aware that I am beautiful; and it is the consciousness of this which renders me miserable."

A musical laugh gushed from Carrie's ruby lips, as she merrily exclaimed, "Why, Mabel Stanwood, are you insane? I should think from your present conversation that you were a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. Just to think that you should endure so much misery, because—because—why, simply because you are beautiful."

Mabel neither smiled nor laughed, but her lips quivered with suppressed emotion, and burying her face in her hands, she sobbed bitterly.

"Dear Mabel, forgive me," cried Carrie, springing to her side, and clasping her arms around the fragile form of the weeping maiden; "I meant not to wound your feelings," and the lips that had given utterance to these thoughtless words were pressed tenderly to Mabel's pale forehead.

The young girl checked her tears, and replied calmly, "Carrie, I have had a dream to-night, a fearful dream, which casts a gloomy shadow over my pathway, and chills the buoyancy of my youthful spirits. Shall I tell it to you?"

"O, yes, please do," murmured Carrie, in a

subdued tone, as she flung her graceful form upon the couch, from which our fair friend had but just arisen.

"Methought, Carrie, that I stood in the halls of revelry and mirth, where the voluptuous swell of music entranced the delighted senses, and fairylike forms were whirling through the dizzy mazes of the dance. Gallant cavaliers were at my side, whispering in my ear the honeyed words of flattery and adulation, pleading earnestly with glances of entreaty for one tender look from my bright eyes; sweetly I smiled upon them, and beckoning from among this numerous retinue of admirers one of lofty bearing and distinguished appearance, I joined in the giddy dance.

"Methought, Carrie, that I was surpassingly beautiful that night, Jenny's exquisite taste having aided Nature in rendering me so. A rich robe of white satin fitted to perfection my elegant form, and fell in graceful folds about my person, while bracelets of inestimable value clasped my arms. As we glided past the mirror at the extremity of the apartment, I could not resist the temptation to steal a glance at the lovely vision reflected upon its polished surface. A feeling of gratified vanity lent a deeper flush to my rosetinted cheek, while my dark eye sparkled with a brighter lustre, and my proud lip curled scornfully as I met the envious glances directed towards me from the bright eyes of rival belles. Carrie, you know I have always been a coquette, a vain and heedless one; then do you wonder that my heart's pulses leaped wildly with delight at the rapturous thought of the glorious triumphs I should achieve, the noble hearts I should win, and the new victims that should grace my long list of conquests that night? As my gallant partner conducted me to a seat, and gracefully murmured a few words of thanks for the honor which I had permitted him to enjoy, a tall and graceful lady, attired in black, with a heavy veil falling over her head and shoulders, which effectually concealed her features, approached, and begged me to accompany her to the dressing-room. There was something singular and mysterious in her conduct, and it was with a palpitating heart that I acceded to her request. On entering the apartment, I perceived, with a momentary feeling of terror that it was unoccupied. My fears, however, were instantly dissipated, when, gently flinging back the veil which enveloped her features, she revealed a countenance of such extraordinary beauty that when once seen it can never be forgotten.

"Mabel Stanwood," murmured she, in a tone of mournful sweetness, "you are gifted with rare beauty and talents. Should you exert aright

those glorious gifts with which God has generously endowed you, your heart might be gladdened by the blessings of thousands, your pathway be strewn with roses. Alas! Mabel, you have courted the homage and admiration of the heartless world, while all the noble impulses of your nature have been checked by that love of conquest which has induced you to sacrifice upon the altar of vanity your young and loving heart, with all its boundless wealth of affection. O, Mabel, I entreat you, I implore you, by all your hopes of future happiness, to check this vain love of conquest, which, if persisted in, will render you an object of dislike and abhorrence, when age shall have silvered your raven curls, and dimmed the radiance of your bright eyes. Would you only reflect on the many noble hearts which have been crushed, the many fond hopes which have been blasted, and the dark eyes which for the first time have been wet with tears of bitter agony for your sake, all of which misery has been occasioned by your dreadful coquetry, you would never indulge in this heartless amusement again. Leave the gay scenes of the ball-room to-night, dear Mabel, and go with me; you shall never regret it, I promise you. This phial," said she, drawing from her bosom a small bottle, 'contains a liquid, three drops of which will render you invisible. Will you go, Mabel?'

"I silently bowed my head in acquiescence, for there was a fascination in her tone which I could not resist. Before leaving the apartment, however, I swallowed in compliance with her request, three drops of the mystical liquid, whose virtues, according to the testimony, were truly valuable. After taking this necessary precaution to prevent discovery, I prepared to follow my inexplicable guide, who descending the broad stairway, passed through the open door into the deserted street. With rapid flight we glided past the lovely mansions and superb edifices, where the aristocracy of our gorgeous city dwells, until we arrived at the magnificent building where Judge Raymond with his wife and daughter resided. Upon arriving here, my companion beckoning me to follow her, ascended the marble steps, and passed through the open door, which swung on its heavy hinges to admit us. As we passed a moment in the spacious hall, we perceived a bright light, which appeared to proceed from the east end of the building. Following in the direction of this light, we found ourselves in a tasty little boudoir, the only occupant of which was a young girl, whose low moans of agony thrilled my heart with feelings of unutterable woe. Her face was buried in a pile of crimson cushions, amid whose stiflen billows she strove

to smother her sobs, while her small hand convulsively clasped a miniature, upon which she gazed wildly oftentimes, pressing it passionately to her lips and heart, then, sinking back upon the soft cushions, such a tide of bitter agony would rush over her soul, that her skeleton frame would tumble like a reed shaken by the whirlwind. As yet I could not distinguish her features, but I well knew that those golden curls and that fragile form could belong to no other than Effie Raymond, and my heart smote me as the cause of her suffering. Upon the dainty toilet table, as if to corroborate my first impression, lay a quantity of open letters, inscribed in a manly hand to 'Miss Effie Raymond.' As I carelessly glanced at the signature, a feeling of quick pain shot to my heart, chilling its very pulsations with an intensity of suffering unknown to me before. Disregarding the presence of my companion, I eagerly grasped one of these tear-wet mementoes, from amid whose wrinkled folds there fell a withered flower and a glossy curl of raven hair. O, Carrie, I pray that you may never know the unutterable agony which filled my soul as I perused that touching epistle, every word of which burned in my heart like a coal of fire. Alas! each one bore the signature of Charles Sherwood, that old forgotten lover of mine, whom, from a feeling of pride and vanity, I lured from the side of his plighted bride, only to crush the noble aspirations of his manhood, break his tender, devoted heart, blast his ardent hopes, and cruelly disappoint the golden visions he had formed for the future, transforming him from a high-souled, proud-spirited man into the degraded, contemptible thing he now is. Yes, Carrie, it was I who wrought all this woe and misery, I who first attracted him from the side of his trusting Effie, fascinating his mind and heart by a brilliant display of my beauty and talents—I, too, who tempted him with words of love and glances of tenderness, to break his vows to the gentle being, whose very life depended upon their fulfilment, bringing him to my feet, a humble suitor for my hand and heart. O, Carrie, dear, but, if you would keep untainted the wellspring of your young and guileless heart—if you would be honored and respected by the truly wise and good—if you would not have the stain of emulation sully the spotless purity of your fair reputation—if you would not embitter your whole life by one fatal deed, never, never, as you value your future happiness, trifle with the affections of another.

"Though many, many moons have waxed and waned since the fatal hour when Charles Sherwood knelt before me, all unmindful of the

loving one to whom his troth was plighted, I shudder with horror even now at the recollection of the wild despair his actions evinced, when I calmly and deliberately refused the love I had won for this very purpose, and again I see before me in imagination those noble features distorted with agony, and that lofty form quivering like an aspen leaf with the violence of suppressed emotion. Only eighteen fleeting summers had passed over my head, when, stifling in my heart the whisper or reproach of conscience, I listened to the beguiling voice of the tempter, and sacrificed upon the altar of vanity the torn and bleeding heart of my first victim, the same Charles Sherwood as a fit trophy of my inglorious triumph. Two years have passed since then, two years of light and sunshine, and during that brief period I have carelessly crushed the fond hopes of many a loving heart, and dashed to the earth many a cup of bliss, which has but just touched eager lips. O, Carrie, I pray that God may steer your slender bark aright, purifying your gentle heart, until no thoughts of evil can there find a resting place, that you may prove to the doubting mind of the skeptic the almost incredible truth, that high-souled, true-hearted women can exist in the vitiated atmosphere of fashionable life,—be surrounded by all the splendors which unbounded wealth can afford, possess beautiful features and a graceful form, yet still be unsusceptible to the beguiling tones of flattery, and uncorrupted by the homage and adulation so profusely lavished upon them.

"Pray forgive this digression, which was quite unintentional, I assure you, and transport yourself back upon the wings of imagination to the elegant boudoir of the weeping Effie. Ah! she no longer reclines upon yonder pile of cushions, a silken couch supports her tender form, and her weary eyelids are closed at last in the repose of sleep. My mysterious guide is standing beside her, gazing pityingly upon her fair form, while she silently beckons me nearer, that I may trace the care-worn lines which grief has traced upon that alabaster brow. As my eye rests upon the fair features of the sleeping maiden, a pang of agony thrills every fibre of my heart, the fearful truth suddenly bursting upon my mind that the paleless and beautiful Effie must soon be clad in an angel's snowy robe. Yes, Carrie, the almost unearthly paleness of her countenance, the hectic flush which tinges her velvety cheek, the delicate transparency of the skin, and the slender, attenuated form, all too plainly mark as a victim of consumption this once bright and blooming maiden. Her sleep is wild and fretful, she tosses restlessly upon the pillow, meaning

sadly at times in her dreams. Poor Effie, thin as a hard lot, and it is no wonder that thy slender shoulders tremble under the heavy burden imposed upon them, a burden which must ever be unshared, and can never be alleviated, except by death. Sweet, patient girl, wretched as thy lot may be, there is one with whom thou wouldst not exchange stations, even to possess again the heart of the truant lover, one, who no less miserable than thyself, is far more guilty,—that one is she who proved a successful rival to thee in the affections of Charles Sherwood, now lost to love and virtue forever, in the whirlpool of intemperance. As I silently and sadly gazed upon the effects of my youthful folly and indiscretion, my companion intently watched my features with the eye of one who can read every variation of countenance, which scrutiny was far from being agreeable to me. After passing a few moments by the side of this lovely girl, who was indebted to me alone for all the misfortunes which had assailed her defenceless head, she bade me prepare to take my departure from this splendid abode of luxury and wretchedness, to wander I knew not whither. As we silently glided out of the apartment into the magnificently decorated hall, which we had traversed upon entering, passing through the richly carved door at its extremity, which opened as if by some invisible agency to admit of our egress, such a flood of silvery light burst upon my enraptured vision, that, for a moment, I paused, entranced upon the threshold, to gaze upon the magnificent aspect which nature wore.

"A moment only I lingered to gaze upon the lovely scene of enchantment, while my young heart thrilled with feelings of love and adoration for Him who had created all this glory and splendor; then, with slow and lagging footsteps, I regained my companion, who appeared perfectly indifferent to the beauties which had so completely captivated my bewildered senses. As I mechanically followed the movements of this strange, inexpressible being, under whose mysterious guidance I had placed myself, night's balmy breezes, laden with the perfume of flowers, fanned my burning brow and kissed my waving ringlets, while ever and anon wailing sounds of music floated upon their airy pinions, subduing with their soft, sweet melody the fitful throbbings of my heart, and rendering me almost entirely unconscious of the presence of another. I was soon awakened, however, from this blissful dream of ecstasy by the gentle voice of her whose winning tones of entreaty had first lured me forth from the gay scenes of the ball-room, this beautiful evening; and with a deep-drawn

sigh of regret I bade adieu to the fairy regions, within whose mystic realms my truant thoughts had been wandering.

"Mabel, it is here, at this lonely dwelling, that I would make my second visit. Will you strive to conquer all feelings of disgust and repugnance, and accompany me?" were the softly murmured words which had so suddenly restrained the lofty soarings of my vivid imagination.

"This inquiry roused me so unexpectedly from the golden visions in which my fancy had been indulging, that quite a considerable space of time elapsed ere I could regain the command of my scattered senses sufficiently to comprehend my situation. What was my astonishment when, upon doing so, I found myself standing before a low, dingy-looking building, located in an obscure part of the city, from whence sounds of loud and boisterous mirth proceeded, intermingled with the rough shout of brutal laughter and the horrid tones of blasphemy. As my companion again repeated her request, I gazed upon her with an air of surprise and amazement, but there was such a truthful light beaming within the liquid depths of her soft eyes, that I immediately gave an affirmative reply, without further hesitation, my doubts having been entirely dispelled by the one significant glance which she bestowed upon me. An expression of abhorrence, however, escaped my lips, when, upon entering this rude habitation, we found ourselves in the midst of a motley and ruffian-looking assemblage, who were gathered around an old, rickety table, where several jugs and bottles, together with a few broken decanters had been placed. Truly has it been said that 'misery loves company;' what other consideration could have induced those degraded outcasts from society, forsaken alike by God and man, to celebrate here in this wretched hovel a feast unto Bacchus, the only god of their idolatry, drinking, fighting, and carousing until a late hour of the night, while not a moment passed that their lips did not give utterance to the most awful curses and imprecations which ever fell from the tongue of man, so horrible their import, that they chilled the life blood of my heart, and made my soul grow sick with feelings of deadly terror. For a moment I hardly dared to raise my eyes, fearing that some scene of savage violence would be enacted by this base, unprincipled gang before my very gaze; but, gaining more courage, as I became accustomed to their noisy revelry, and thinking that I recognised a familiar tone among their clamorous voices, I curiously scanned the lineaments of the inebriated group by whom I was surrounded. There was one

amongst them, whose features, though bloated and disfigured from the effects of drink and debauchery, still bore the impress of nobility; one, who from a certain air of authority visible in his demeanor towards the others, appeared to possess that power and influence which superior minds always exercise over those more inferior. He was tall and slender, with raven hair and eyes of jet, a broad, expansive brow, and finely chiselled lips, around which there lingered no trace of lust or sensuality. A sudden suspicion darted through my mind with the rapidity of lightning, when, turning to my guide, I found her gaze also riveted upon this same being: who had excited within my breast such an unknown interest, and giving his countenance one more searching glance, I staggered backwards with a wild shriek of despair, while the cold, clammy sweat gathered in big drops upon my forehead.

"O, Carrie, language is too feeble to portray, words too faint to express, the deep, unutterable agony which rent asunder each bleeding fibre of my repentant heart, when I recognized in the debased, the miserable wreck of the once gifted and high-souled Charles Sherwood. In the days of happiness and prosperity, ere sorrow had cast a shadow upon his heart, he had nobly resisted the bewitching wile of the syren, when she attempted to allure him from the path of rectitude and honor; but as the dark cloud of adversity began to lower in the brilliant horizon of his destiny, he had sought forgetfulness in the fatal glass, striving to drown his griefs and troubles within its sparkling depths. Step by step had he descended in the downward path of ruin and destruction, yielding almost insensibly to that magic influence which had fettered his haughty spirit with chains more galling than those which bind the swarthy African,—partaking each day more deeply of the charmed beverage to which he had first resorted, in a vain attempt to drive away the gloom and despondency which oppressed his soul, debasing his lofty mind by an association with the vilest and most despicable of earth's creatures, until, sinking to the lowest point of degradation, we discover him in this den of iniquity, the companion of thieves and drunkards, greedily listening to the rough jests and frightful oaths of his vulgar associates, his brother votaries at the shrine of Bacchus. The keenest pang of remorse rankled in my bosom as I observed the wonderful change effected by the demon of alcohol, in his outward appearance, which had been so great as to prevent my recognizing him at first. Mentally, I felt that the change must have been more complete, as it had entirely destroyed and annihilated the giant intellect which,

with proper care and cultivation, might have astonished the admiring world by the depth of its thought and the profundity of its reason. Ah, Carrie, was it not I who had crushed the aspiring impulse of the ambitious mind, which, had it been allowed to follow its first lofty promptings, might have soared far, upward to the dizzy heights of fame, and won a laurel wreath to deck the noble brow of its talented owner! Did he not owe this degradation to me? to the fatal influence which I had exerted over him? Was it not my haughty rejection of his love which drove him first to the tempting wine-cup?

"It was an impressive lesson, one which I shall never forget, until death shall still these throbbing pulses forever in a long and dreamless sleep. The shriek which I had given utterance to, upon making the fearful discovery which I have already related, somewhat startled these noisy revellers, who, owing to our being invisible, were unable to ascertain its cause. The circumstance, however, seemed to hasten our departure, as my companion had laid strict injunctions upon me to maintain the most perfect silence in the presence of others. It was with a feeling of thankful gladness, therefore, that I found myself once more beneath the open canopy of heaven, inhaling its pure air, while cooling zephyrs fanned my heated brow, and imparted new life and vigor to my weakened and exhausted frame. Alas! the beauties of the starry night had now lost their charms for me, my mind was wholly absorbed in gloomy meditations, all unconscious of the moonlight's witching glow. A throng of recollections rushed over my mind, which had been long buried in the deepest recesses of my heart, now revived in the bitter hour of affliction, that they might add a keener pang to the anguish with which my bosom was torn. With a reproachful glance I gazed upon the fairy magician, whose fascinating allurements had tempted me abroad upon this never to be forgotten night, while a few incoherent words of blame and censure fell from my lips in broken sentences. My proud, sensitive spirit was deeply stung by the bitter thought, that I had richly merited the punishment so justly bestowed upon me, although I could not bear to acknowledge the humiliating truth to another. In tones of subdued sadness the angelic being whom I had so thoughtlessly upbraided, thus addressed me:

"Mabel, I will not chide you for the wild expressions which grief has wrung from your wounded spirit, as I feel well assured that in your calm moments, when the storm of agony which has swept over your heart-strings with such frantic violence shall have been assuaged by the

more sober voice of reason, that you yourself will see the injustice of your accusations. The only reparation I demand is this, that you will once again be the companion of my wanderings, as I wish to make one more visit ere I leave this bright world forever. Will you go, Mabel, dearest?" murmured she, entreatingly, while a pearly tear trembled on her silken eye-lashes.

"Her soft, imploring tones had gradually subdued the haughtiness of my stubborn spirit, melting away the icy barrier of reserve which had chilled the warm impulses of my nature, until at last, unlocking the gushing fountains of my heart, the dewy tears rushed forth in torrents to my eyes, a sweet relief from the tearless agony which I had but just experienced. There was a touching pathos in her voice which I was unable to resist. I therefore signified my acquiescence to her request by a single wave of the hand, as I was perfectly incapable of utterance. Upon receiving this mute reply, she immediately hastened onwards at a rapid pace, bidding me follow, while in a low tone she assured me that I should soon rest from my weariness and fatigue. This assertion proved true, as ere many minutes had elapsed, we reached our destination, the lunatic asylum, a large, massive structure, where my companion paused, half-doubtfully, as if uncertain whether to proceed or not. After a few moments' hesitation, however, she appeared to decide upon the former course, while an exclamation escaped her lips, whose mysterious import I was then unable to comprehend, when, lo! behold the heavy door swung open with an inviting air, as if wooing us to enter, while the building before shrouded in impenetrable darkness appeared brilliantly illuminated by a thousand flashing lights.

"Although I became stupified with wonder and amazement at the magical change this wrought before my very gaze, through the unknown power which this fairy enchantress possessed, I endeavored to suppress every outward token of surprise, subduing with a mighty effort the agitation which pervaded every fibre of my inmost being. While passing musingly in the spacious hall wherein we were now standing, the silvery voice of this charming fairy suddenly started me from my reverie.

"*'Mabel,'* murmured she, in musical accents, *'it is no longer necessary that you should remain invisible to mortal eyes. I will therefore furnish you with a liquid, entirely opposite in its character from that which you swallowed in the festive halls of mirth, begging you to consent to the change which it will most inevitably accomplish. Here is the phial which contains the mix-*

ture, you have only to imbibe an equal number of drops, when it will instantly counteract the effect of that which you have already taken. The time has not yet come when I can safely reveal myself; entertain no fears, however, that aught of harm will come to you from this new transformation.'

"I immediately complied with her request, although feelings of dire apprehension oppressed my mind, when the frantic ravings of some inmate of this wretched abode reached my sensitive ear. Having placed the phial once more within the hands of its owner, I impatiently awaited her further movements. After gazing thoughtfully upon my changing countenance, as if absorbed in deep reflection, she thus addressed me:

"*'Although we may pass through trying scenes to-night, dear Mabel, I beseech you that you will not falter in the arduous path of duty, which we are now pursuing, for lack of strength or courage, as Heaven will surely sustain you. Be not alarmed by the yells and shrieks of madmen, who are too firmly secured to be capable of injuring you, even had they the will or inclination to do so. Follow me, fear no danger—all will yet be well.'*

"After giving utterance to these expressions of encouragement and consolation, she immediately ascended a flight of broad stairs, while I closely imitated her example. We then proceeded onwards, assailed at every step by the frenzied cries of the poor distracted creatures whose cells we passed, until reaching the further extremity of this gloomy edifice, we glided into an apartment furnished with great neatness and taste, the only occupant of which was a young man of exceedingly interesting appearance, who did not apparently observe our entrance. One glance sufficed to reveal to me the unfortunate fate of another victim to my pride and vanity; one who had been coldly, harshly repulsed, when he strove with burning, impassioned words of eloquence, to win the heart where love had never found a home. Alas! too well did I recognise in the slight, almost girlish form, the wildly brilliant eyes now sparkling with a brighter lustre than ever, the soft, curling hair, and high, snowy forehead of Ernest Beverly, the gifted poet, once the bright star in the literary world, now the wretched inmate of an insane asylum. O, Carrie, willingly would I then have laid down upon the green sward beneath the holy stars, and yielded up my life to him who gave it, could this sacrifice but have restored the light of reason to that shattered, wandering mind. I have drained the cup of sorrow to its very dregs, this last drop of agony proving the most bitter

draught of all. I had found that the influence which I had so selfishly exerted, extended from the mansions of wealth to the abode of poverty, ay, even to the massive walls of this tomb of the intellect; surely I had nought to live for now, unless it was repentance.

"Little, O, little did you think, or realize Carrie, when you heard my merry, ringing laugh, so full of girlish glee,—my happy, joyous tones as I joined the brilliant throng where mirth and gayety reign supreme, that deeply buried in my heart lay the canker-worm of remorse, consuming its very life-blood, while secret love was sadly preying upon my youthful spirits. For three months past it has indeed been thus, the three long, dreary months which have elapsed since that fatal day when I scornfully rejected the love of Ernest Beverly, spurning from my feet with feigned contempt the laurel wreath he had woven upon the steep heights of fame, to twine amid my jetty curls. O, had he but known, as he turned so despairingly away, that pride alone had actuated this decision,—that ere he had crossed the threshold, I fondly yearned to call him back, that I might revoke the cruel words which I had but just uttered—that my haughty spirit thrilled with feelings of worshipping adoration for his brilliant genius—had he but known all this, how quickly would his dark eyes have been illumined again with the radiant light of joy and happiness. I knew not how, passionately, how devotedly I loved him, until I had cast away forever the priceless treasure of his heart; then, then did I realize to the fullest extent, the depth and intensity of my affection. Carrie, you know that I have always dreaded to wear the silken bonds of Hymen—to sacrifice my girlish freedom at the fairy shrine of Cupid, fearing perhaps that the sphere of home would afford no opportunity to gratify my propensity for flirting, or that a husband's restricting hand would too closely confine my untamable spirit. This selfish thought secretly impelled my haughty refusal, giving me strength to meet unflinchingly his imploring gaze, while my heart was throbbing with emotions of suppressed love. Little did I then think how wildly he idolized me, so wildly indeed, that this bitter disappointment barred reason from her lofty throne, obscuring in darkness that mighty intellect, whose vivid powers of imagination had excited the admiration of the world.

"Hark! hark! listen to the frantic ravings of his distracted mind,—hear him as he wildly repeats the name of Mabel, entreating her with touching earnestness to turn that chilling glance away,—watch him closely in these paroxysms of

insanity—then tell me if the love of such a man is valueless, if such true affection should be trampled upon?

"‘Mabel, dear Mabel,’ is his plaintive cry, when half unconsciously I softly murmur, ‘Dear Ernest, I am here.’ Wildly he gazed around the apartment, his dark eye burning with the fire of frenzy, until at last his maniac glance rested upon my trembling form, then, uttering one wild, piercing shriek, he fell senseless upon the floor. Springing to his side in speechless agony, I fondly bathed his pallid brow, my trembling hand tightly clasping his icy fingers, while tears of bitter anguish gushed from my eyes, moistening the dark curls which clustered upon his noble head. As I tenderly bent over his inanimate form, the snowy eyelids gradually unclosed, revealing a pair of brilliant orbs, whose restless glance quickly changed to a look of glad surprise, when met by the tearful gaze with which I silently regarded his recovery.

"Faintly he breathed my name; ‘Mabel, dear Mabel,’ his cold hand softly pressing mine own, expressing by that simple act more love than language could express. Thank God! the galling chains which fettered his soaring spirit at last are burst asunder, the light of heaven once more illumines that benighted mind, the clouds which have so long obscured in darkness that aspiring intellect have faded into mist, and again does his eagle eye flash with the fire of genius. As I gently pressed my lips to his pale forehead a sweet smile stole like sunlight over his countenance, while playfully he twined his arms around my slender waist, clasping me closely to his manly heart.

"‘O, Mabel,’ exclaimed he, earnestly, ‘I have had a fearful dream, to-night. Methought that your soft eyes looked coldly into mine, their freezing glance chilling my very heart,—that your ruby lips curled scornfully as you haughtily listened to the tale of love I breathed within your ear.’

"Disengaging myself from his ardent embrace, I flung my trembling form at his feet, while with pale lips and a faltering tongue, I breathed to him the fatal, agonizing truth. When I had finished the narration of these strange, mysterious events, he gently raised me from my kneeling posture, and softly murmured ardent words of forgiveness and love.

"Suddenly raising my eyes, I beheld the face of my mysterious guide, she too having rendered herself again visible. With a smile of angelic sweetness she laid my hand within the warm palm of Ernest, while in her thrilling tones she thus addressed me for the last time:

"Mabel, we must now part,—my heavenly mission has been faithfully fulfilled. Farewell."

"Ere I could reply to these parting words, I was awakened from this fearful, foreboding dream by your sudden entrance."

A shade of sadness quickly passed over the fair brow of her lovely listener, who inquired:

"Mabel, dearest, did you really love Ernest Beverly, or is it all imagination's fairy work? But, do you recollect Eva Mortimer, that laughter-loving sprite. Well, Mabel, dearest, Ernest has consoled himself with the sweet smile of Eva. They twain are one."

With a wild shriek Mabel fell senseless at the feet of her frightened companion. Medical aid was quickly summoned, too late, alas! to restore the fair girl to her weeping friends. At the hour of midnight had those terrible words chilled the warm life-blood of her heart, and when the sun's rays stole through the lattice at dawn, they fell on Mabel's pale face and shrouded form, who but one brief day before, was the picture of joyous health. Mabel Stanwood was dead.

WOULDN'T ACCEPT.

One of our eminent New England Doctors of Divinity—says the Boston Transcript—recently declined a call to service under somewhat novel circumstances. Being in the interior of the State of New Hampshire, he thought he would make a pedestrian tour, which would occupy him nearly a week's time, and as he must be prepared for all weathers, he did not take his best suit or hat for the journey. He was overtaken one afternoon by a very severe thunderstorm, and as no place of shelter was at hand, he was out in the rain, and got pretty thoroughly drenched. After this, his appearance was not very prepossessing, and in one place the young people evidently took him for a straggler. One night he obtained food and lodgings at a farmer's house, and not disclosing who he was, the farmer made overtures to him, on account of his temperate and honest looks, to remain with them through haying time, promising him the best wages. This kind offer was declined, when it was renewed with the added advice that the stranger had better not refuse such a good chance, as he could not do so well at anything else, in these times, as to let himself to a farmer by the month. The farmer, doubtless, little thought that his guest was already engaged in a service where his attainments and character yielded a larger annual return than the worth of his own farm, and that the person he wished to use his scythe, had wielded his pen with a power which had given him a name among learned men on both sides of the Atlantic.

Make the most of yourself, your talents and opportunities, wasting no idle breath or empty sighs on what you might have been under kinder auspices. If your Maker had thought any other talents or opportunities better for you, he would have given them to you.

THE AMERICAN POET-ARTIST.

The London Athenæum speaks in the highest terms of the poet-painter, Mr. Buchanan Read, at present in Florence. His paintings are said to be highly imaginative. The "Culprit Fay" is thus described: The king and queen, surrounded by their court, are seated on a toadstool for their throne, with a lily for their canopy of state. The Culprit Fay, who has dared to marry a mortal, stands before them on his trial, while on a lower step to the throne is the court jester, with a convolvulus for his cap. Lilies, flowers, and various kinds of shrubs are growing around. "Undine carried off by a Lover" is highly successful, and "The Lost Pleiad" is considered to be the most original and imaginative in his study. The Pleiads are represented by six lovely female forms, clad in a gauzy dress, which scarcely serves to conceal their forms. They are embracing one another, and seem to be unconscious of the loss of their sister, all except the highest in the group, who perceives the vacuum that has been created, and is shading her eyes while she looks down on the falling Pleiad.

"YOU FORGOT ME."

A good joke is told at the expense of one of our church-going citizens, who is the father of an interesting family of children, and among them a bright-eyed boy numbering four or five summers, the pet of the household, and unanimously voted the drollest little mischief alive. On Saturday night he had been bribed to keep peace and retire to bed an hour earlier than usual, with the promise that on the morrow he might go with the family to church. On Sunday morning it was found inconvenient to put the youngest through the regular course of washing and dressing necessary for his proper appearance at the sanctuary, and the family slipped off without him. They had not, however, more than become comfortably seated in their pew, when in walked the youngest with nothing on but a night wrapper and a cloth cap.

"You forgot me," said he, in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the church.

The feelings of the parents can be more easily imagined than described.—*Lafayette (Indiana) Journal.*

FEMALE CATTLE PAINTER.

The London papers are in raptures at the horses and cattle of Miss Rosa Bonheur, a French artist, who has attained the highest celebrity in her native land. She studies, and reproduces nature. We have seen a picture of her studio. It is a vast apartment, divided in the centre by folding doors. In one of these the lady sits, surrounded by pictures, sketches of animals, and all the appliances of her art. The other apartment is a beautiful stable, wherein are kept the horses, cows, and sheep, that serve her as models. At a proper distance from her easel is a bricked space in the centre of the carpet, where the animal she is painting stands under a properly arranged light. Her animals have a natural expression, and are faultless in anatomical detail.

OUR FATHER'S CARE.

BY HENRY B. STATION.

O'er us all an eye is gazing
From above,
Granting, while our hearts are praising,
Gifts of love.
Ever watching, ever bringing
Hottest light;
O'er our joys a halo flinging,
Glad and bright.

O'er our sorrows ever shedding
Comfort's ray;
Rory radiance gently spreading
Round our way.
O'er us all a voice is telling
Us aright;
While our inmost thoughts are swelling
With delight.

Low and soft that voice is speaking
To the soul;
Heavenly love and beauty seeking
To unfold.
From its treasured warblings, calling
Sweetest lays,
That its notes wherever falling,
Be God's praise.

One there is who plans the morrow
For us all;
That our hearts no care may borrow,
Howe'er small.
He will kindly, freely cherish;
Every prayer,
And no offering e'er shall perish
In his care.

While his power is ever twining
O'er the soul,
Let our hearts be ever finding
Bliss untold.
Let our hearts be ever chanting
Notes of love;
Praises sweet be ever granting
Him above.

AN ITALIAN FEUD.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALDOW.

"I TELL YOU, Anna, there is no escape. Either Aquino or the convent."

"Why are you so harsh and cruel with me, Vicenzo? You are my brother; yet you act as though you were my master, I your slave."

"A truce with these idle words; I perceive whence they all come. You hope yet to become the wife of Verbera—that will never be. As for the rest, our word is passed that you shall be given to Bartolomei Aquino; and when were the Carafas ever known to falsify their word?"

"O, Vicenzo, spare me that, that is all I ask:

yes, a convent were better than give myself to that miserly being."

"Ay, and thereby hurry us all to ruin. Do you know that our family is under the ban of the viceroy? That our estates are at this moment in the act of passing from our possession? That your uncle Casanova has shut himself up in the San Lorenzo, and dare not show himself outside of its walls, for fear of his enemies and the viceroy? Well then, here steps forward this Bartolomei, who is none the worse for having scraped together a little money, and offers to set things to rights once more on all sides. Money is potent. He can do it; he will do it. But here you with one word dash all our hopes to the ground. O, your whims, your caprices, forsooth, must be attended to, happen what will to your kindred! What other woman in Naples would, like yourself, thus refuse the offer of a fortune, even though accompanied by a husband whom you may wind around your finger as you please? But then it is so little worth your while to rescue your family from ruin. Why should one expect anything of the kind? Certainly it were better that we should all, saving yourself, die in ruin and disgrace, sooner than that you should be persuaded to marry a man some two or three years too old, or a man whose doublet is not of the rarest fashion, or who cannot outgallant all others in the curl of a jet mustachio! Go, then, back to the convent once more! One so tame and unworldly-minded as yourself, needs but a short novitiate to fit herself for a solitary nun. Go, forget us all! Henceforth you are no sister of mine. You are excused from the sympathies of family, for you have no heart to feel them. Live then, and die, knowing that with the lifting of a finger you might have saved us, and you would not!"

Don Vicenzo turned away as if to leave the room, but his sister, with a gesture of passionate entreaty, detained him.

"Vicenzo, brother, hear me! I consent, I consent! O recall these bitter words; those cruel, cruel accusations! You wrong me, indeed you do. Have I not loved you alway? Have I been otherwise than a sister to you? Those taunts, those looks so cold and contemptuous, surely I am not worthy of them? Yes, Vicenzo, it shall be as you will, if you be but yourself again. It is hard—but see, am I not submissive?"

"There!" said Vicenzo, returning the kiss which she gave him. "You have come to reason at last. There, do not play the baby. We'll have a right gay wedding, and you shall be the richest woman in Naples. So, now, I must to the street; and do you bid Donna Porzia send

your tiring maid hither, with your best attire. We will have Anna Aquaviva queen with the fairest, or I will lose a wager yet."

"O what have I done?" exclaimed Anna, as his steps ceased to be heard in the corridor. "Am I beside myself? How may head swim! Be still this wild heart-beating; for I will have one moment of calm, wherein I may take counsel with myself. Can Viosenzo have deceived me? Can he have plotted this story of dire necessity in order to force my unwilling assent? No, no, it is a base suspicion. He is my brother; he would not, could not do it. And yet—nay, I must be assured, ere it is too late. This misgiving is beyond endurance!"

She stood a moment with clasped hands; then hastened to a narrow aperture which served the purpose of window on the street side. A sort of movable grate obstructed the window, but this, being fortunately not fastened, was easily drawn back on its hinge, and Anna was now enabled to look out on the street below. Once and again she glanced up and down the long avenue. She saw none who might unsuspected do the errand which she meditated, even could she draw their attention unperceived or unheard.

"This Donna Porzia," she exclaimed with a sigh and a half smile, "is, methinks, some dragon in woman's shape, which has set itself as a sort of jailer over me. I must manage warily. Ha, yonder approaches that quick-witted lad, Barcalara. His ready comprehension will do me service, I trust."

And on the word she unclosed from her neck a golden ornament, which, as the boy drew near, she let fall at his feet. The lad stopped in surprise, then, looking up, caught a glimpse of Anna's face.

"It is I, Anna Aquaviva," she said, in a low voice. "Come in, ask for me, say that you bring that to me from Donalla the jeweller."

The boy nodded, smiling in a way that showed him aware of the part he was to play. Meanwhile, as young Barcalara turned to enter the gate, Anna entered the corridor, paused a moment, listening to discover if possible any signs of her having been overheard in communication with the boy. She then proceeded to Donna Porzia's chamber.

"Madam," she said, as she presented herself, "have you seen aught of an ornament which should have been sent me from the jeweller's by this time? I fear that the shopman has not properly received his charge, or that he has forgotten the errand at the best."

"I have not seen it, my fair guest," replied the lady, a heavy-browed lady of some forty

years or more in age; "these vulgar shopkeepers are always ready to promise, but much less ready to fulfil. But hark! the porter has admitted some one at this very moment. It may have arrived even now."

Anna, closely followed by Donna Porzia, met Barcalara ascending the stairway under the direction of the porter. The boy held out the brooch in his hand, saying that Master Donalla had sent him to the lady Anna Aquaviva.

"I am she," replied Anna. "I am glad you have come, for I feared to be disappointed in my dress. Stay a moment, I must send some money to the worthy jeweller. No, I have it not here; come to my chamber door and I will deliver it to you."

She went thither and entered, leaving the door ajar. Then taking from an escritoire a gold piece, she gave it to the boy (whom she had motioned just within the threshold), and with it a close folded letter. The action was accompanied with a look of warning.

"Bear it," she said, "to my uncle Casanova at the San Lorenzo. Quick, and do not fail."

Barcalara returned a look of intelligence, and departed on his errand; not, however, without encountering a passing regard from Donna Porzia, whose watchfulness was not wholly laid at rest. But the gaze of careless innocence which the boy returned her, entirely dissipated whatever slight suspicion she might have had of him.

"Outwitted!" said Anna to herself. "Now if this tale be false, I shall know it quickly; for Casanova is not the one to brook delay in time of need. But if not, and ah, why should I think it otherwise than true?—if not, what is fated must take its course. I can do no more."

An hour passed; another still; until at the middle of the afternoon Vincenzo again presented himself. He found his sister not yet fully dressed for the marriage ceremony, her countenance quite pale, and her eyes plainly showing the grief which she had indulged.

"Why this delay, Anna?" said Vincenzo, impatiently. "Aquinio and his train are awaiting you below to convey you to the church, and you waste the time with idle, listless complaining. Why is not your maid here? She should surely be in attendance at this moment."

"Vincenzo," said Anna, regarding him fixedly. "I will not be hastened thus rudely. It is enough that I am ready to act your pleasure in the main. I warn you not to vex me needlessly."

The chafed knight hastily left the room and walked up and down the long corridor on which it bordered.

"Poor fools!" he murmured, "we must bide

their petty whims and fancies, but they fly in our faces with their unstable and yet unconquerable wills. Howbeit all is safe now. And since I gain my money and my ends, what should I care, if she choose to have a frown on her face instead of a smile? Bartolomei would buy himself a wife. Good; she is delivered according to the bargain. As to her humor he must take it as he finds it. It is no further concern of mine."

The sister at last made her appearance, and supported by his arm, descended to meet the expectant bridegroom and the attendant cavaliers. On entering the huge hall Vincenzo led her toward Aquino, a man of middle life and ungainly aspect, the expression of whose gray twinkling eyes impressed one with a sensation not at all agreeable. The groom bowed awkwardly in acknowledgment of Anna's presence, and addressed to her a few words, to which she replied with cold civility. After a short delay the company arrayed themselves in due order, and set out for the church of Santa Rosa, where the marriage was to take place.

While these incidents were in action, Barcalara was engaged in fulfilling his errand. He hastened to the convent of San Lorenzo, where the lord of Casanova had taken temporary refuge, not only from the more private enemies with whom his turbulent temper had put him at feud, but also from the more dangerous power of the Viceroy Medina, whose rule he had defied in more instances than one. The viceroy in consequence entertained an utter animosity against him; and it was owing to Medina's secret instigation that Bartolomei Aquino, a man originally of low birth, now laid claim to Anna's hand. We shall presently see whether this alliance were likely to suit the feelings of Casanova.

As we have just said, the boy found his way to the gate of the spacious convent, into which he readily found admittance, as also direction to the quarter in which Casanova and his retinue had established themselves. The monk who was his guide, led him to a door beyond which issued a confused medley of sounds.

"Enter there," said Padre Anselmo. "Inquire within for him you wish to see; I care not to behold the reckless mirth of these roysters."

The boy did as he was bid, and going in, found himself in the midst of some two score of men, who lay about the floor in various attitudes, some playing at dice, others drinking wine, or amusing themselves in such other fashion as best suited the whim of the moment. One of the number, a tall, red-bearded ruffian, with a countenance inflamed by drink, started up as Barcalara entered, and rudely seized him by the collar of his vest.

"Hi!" my game-chicken," he cried, "what brings you to our den? Bear you a mistress's word to our master, or are you yourself some fair damsel in disguise? Ho! ho! what say you, comrades; the guess might not be so far amiss, judging from the smooth face of this youngster!"

"Leave me alone," replied Barcalara, angrily, as he sought to disengage himself, "I come on an errand to your master. You had best leave me alone, I say, or it may be the worse for you."

An opposite door was thrown open, and Casanova himself appeared.

"What means this clamor?" he exclaimed. "Jachimo, let that boy come hither, if he has a message for me. And do you be more careful of your carriage, unless you wish to dangle from a roof-timber. I will have no swash-bucklers about me, whose bravery lies altogether in the mouth. Come hither, my lad."

Barcalara followed the chief; while Jachimo was fain to endure as he might the laughter of his companions, among whom his personal prowess was not held in great esteem.

"And now, what have you to say to me?" inquired Casanova, as soon as he found himself alone with the boy.

The latter gave him the note, briefly relating the giver and the circumstance of its delivery. Casanova's eye glanced with surprise on its contents, and then with an interjection of rage, he ground the paper between his fingers, and strode about the apartment.

"Poor child!" he said; "here is this renegade brother about to spring the trap upon her, and no one to stay it, perchance, before it is too late. Were I not bound here like a chained lion, it might be righted at once. But I leave these walls only to meet certain death. Yet there is one who would leave no expedient untried to thwart this villainous scheme. And why should a time-worn feud continue to set my face against him? No, Verbera, if you can aid as now, I for one will oppose you no longer,—surely I have not destroyed the girl's writing!"

Stopping short, the carefully spread out the crumpled paper in his broad palm. Finding it torn and still legible, he seized a pen and traced on the reverse of the note the following:

"VERBERA: Read the writing within—rescue my niece from Aquino and Vincenzo, and bring her to the San Lorenzo. If you succeed, you shall be well rewarded."
CASANOVA.

"There, boy," said Casanova, as he gave the billet to the lad. "I am no great clerk, but he will not miss to find my meaning. Haste then with all speed and deliver this to the cavalier

Verbera, at his house next the Roman gate, then fly to the Prince Atri, you know his palace I fancy, and in my name entreat him instantly to prevent this ill assorted marriage. Tell him to summon such of my friends and kinsmen as are at hand; also that Verbera is already on his way to Donna Porzia's. You have your part now, do it, and my best page shall envy your fortune."

Barcalara needed no sharper spur to increase his zeal, but finding his way out, darted along the streets to the residence of Verbera. Here, however, to his dismay, he found the master absent. None knew where he had gone. The need was imminent. A few minutes' delay in hopes of the knight's return, said Barcalara determined to proceed at once to the prince. He arrived at the palace, and eagerly demanded of the servants to be admitted to their lord. The name of Casanova was a sufficient passport, and Barcalara soon gained the presence of the portly Atri, who languidly listened to the story. The sharp-eyed youth observed with despair the apathy with which his narrative was received.

"If this be the sort of man," he thought, "on whom my lady is to depend, my trouble is lost, and all is in vain. At least I will try once more at Don Verbera's.—What answer, my lord, shall I carry back?"

"Answer?" exclaimed the prince, with a peevish air. "Why, what you will; nay, say that I will attend to it.—Has not Casanova broils enough of his own, that he must furnish them for his friends? Pish! I will none of it." significant. Barcalara hastened to leave the palace, with the purpose again to seek Verbera.

"O that I had but one more pair of legs," he said, "for mine begin to tire with this hurry. But if I can only find this Verbera, methinks that they will be rested at once."

When he again presented himself, hot and almost breathless, at the mansion of the young knight, the servants replied as before. But as they were talking, the keeper of the stables came in, and was told of the matter.

"It was but just now that I saw him," he said, as I was on my way home. He was going in the direction of the stone-mason's, Pietro Fazio, at the foot of Strada Gobbo. Did he not speak yesterday about mending the mullion in the large window?"

"True," said the others in reply, "he may have gone there."

Barcalara was off in an instant, and in two minutes more was at the shop.

"Are you the Signor Verbera?" he said to a handsome cavalier whom he saw before him.

"The same."

The boy delivered him the billet, which exercised on the mind of the reader all the effect which might have been anticipated. He directed a look of inquiry to the boy.

"I have sought you this long while," said the latter; "an hour; two hours. I have been to the Prince Atri's. But I know from his looks he will not hurry in the least."

"Enough, enough," replied Verbera, hastily. "Now go back to my house; tell my servants all to arm instantly, the best they can, and follow me to Atri's palace. I will to the prince myself."

So they parted, the boy like a hound leaping back on his doubled track, while the cavalier murmured to himself as he hastened away:

"The Carafas and the Maddalonis; can it be that their old animosities shall cease, and that they shall again draw sword together? Strange that I, a Maddaloni, must stir up the prince of the Carafas to arm in the cause of his family."

He arrived at the palace, and whatever the excitement which he used, in a space of time incredibly short, the prince and himself, with several other cavaliers, arrived opposite Donna Porzia's. The retinue of Aquino and Vicenzo filled the street before them. Verbera drew his sword.

"By the authority of Casanova and the Carafas, I command you to stop."

"A weighty command, on my faith, and easily credited, seeing that it comes from one of the Maddaloni blood," replied Don Vicenzo, in a sneering tone. "But spare your authority, friend; you are too late."

"Too late?" exclaimed Verbera, hoarsely and tremblingly, as he turned toward the bride.

"Anna, is it true? Are you married?"

But she had fainted, and at this moment was supported in the arms of her attendants. Verbera saw that the truth had been told, and threw himself upon Vicenzo.

"Villain! Traitor!" he cried, "this is your work!"

A scene of confusion ensued, as the various parties crowded round the principal actors. But the two were soon separated, fortunately without further injury than a flesh wound received by Verbera. The cavaliers who accompanied the wedding party would have forced away those who obstructed their entrance to the house of Donna Porzia, to which they were now returned from church. But the company of Verbera and Atri, as first a small minority, were being rapidly increased by fresh accessions, and were presently not only able to sustain themselves, but even to overpower their antagonists.

"Draw sword, Aquino, and defend your bride," cried Don Vicenzo.

"She has cost me a thousand crowns already," exclaimed Aquino, pale, and tottering with fright, "I would give as many more if I were well out of it."

"It were better," said Vincenzo, addressing himself to the prince, "that yourself and the other cavaliers retire quietly. I have sent already to the viceroy, who will immediately send a force to protect us. His sanction has been given to this marriage, and he will not suffer this interruption after the marriage."

Atri, whose phlegmatic temperament disposed him to sufficient coolness of thought, answered as follows:

"If I understand the affair rightly, the marriage has been procured by deceit. Is it so, Signora Anna?"

"It is so," answered the latter. "It could not have been, except through the artifices of my own brother; woe to me that I should say it."

"We have a right, then, in the name of the Carafas, to interfere," rejoined Atri, who wanted not courage when roused to exert it. "Whether aught of consequence can be done, we know not, but the viceroy has no concern in our family affairs. We will bear the lady Anna to her uncle at the San Lorenzo. The rights of Signor Bartolomei must even be in abeyance till this is further considered."

"Look to yourselves, then!" Vincenzo cried, and rushed out of the house. Aquino sat dumb, not daring to interpose a single word. Donna Porzia placed herself in the doorway, with the determination of a virago. But one of the cavaliers roughly thrust her aside, thus giving outlet to Atri, as, leading the bride, whose consent had been readily given, he went forth, followed by the rest of his party. No hindrance was offered by the others, who felt themselves too weak to oppose them.

It was judged best, nevertheless, to proceed at once to the convent of San Lorenzo, as it was well known that they would be quickly pursued by the troops of the viceroy. In fact, they had scarce arrived in sight of the towers of the convent before the soldiers of Medina were seen approaching. But at this crisis the great bell of San Lorenzo began to sound its alarm. Men gathered fast from the different passages which centered to the convent, and various signs declared that this ecclesiastical stronghold would offer resistance in behalf of the Carafas, whose beauty had for generations richly endowed it. The soldiers of the viceroy halted, as those whom they pursued passed safely beneath the port-cullised arch.

"Well housed at last," said Atri, sheathing

his sword. "I fancy Medina's men scarce like the wagging of this monkish bell-tongue. But here comes your uncle, Signora Anna."

The bluff old warrior greeted his niece with a hearty embrace.

"What, ho! Cheer up, my girl!" he exclaimed. "They tell me this scapegrace brother has tricked you into a marriage with that rogue, Aquino. But never mind, though the knot be tied. Perhaps we can find a way to untie it also."

"It cannot be," replied Anna, with a countenance of despair. "What is done cannot be undone."

"Signors, my lord Casanova," said a stranger, who hastily advancing, stood before them, "I have news which I hope may atone for what little part I just now took against you. The Prince Atri, with the Lady Anna and their escort, had been gone from Donna Porzia scarce a quarter of an hour, when Bartolomei Aquino was struck with an apoplectic fit, and died immediately. I thereupon hastened hither with the intelligence as an earnest of my own repentance, and my goodwill toward yourselves."

"Now the saints be praised," answered Casanova; "though I should not say it, either, seeing that I know not that this poor, half-spirited miser bore me any great malice. But we will have a score of good masses said for his rest, and then we will see if we can make another betrothal, which shall hold longer than the last. What say you, Verbera? Ah, it suits your temper, I perceive. And what say you, Atri? Is it not time that the Carafas and Maddalonis should cease their mutual disputes and join hands once more?"

"I object not," replied Atri, "particularly if our new friends can lend us their hands, which I mistrust we may yet need against the viceroy."

"Our swords will be ready at your call," answered Verbera.

"But they are not to be used, after all," rejoined Casanova. "For here the warder tells me that Medina has drawn off his soldiers, sending declaration that he has mistaken this matter through misinformation, and that he has no desire to intrude on the Carafas. The sly fox! he sees that we are too strong for him. So let us now drink a toast around in honor of this new alliance. Methinks after so brave a show of arms I need not mew myself up so closely within these walls, but may venture in the face of the city once more. And lo, here comes the little Mercury who has done us much good service to-day, my lord. Hither to me, young Barcalara. Whom will you serve in your new pageship, myself, or this bonny Lady Verbera that is to be?"

CHILDHOOD'S LAUGH.

BY FREDERICK A. PARMENTER.

Like to the chime of silver bells,
Soft ringing, pure and clear,
Is childhood's laugh, all soft and low,
Sweet striking on the ear.

'Tis like the voice of wreathed shells,
When blows the seaside breeze;
When they breathe forth low music, soft,
Like rustling of the leaves.

'Tis always full of brightest joy,
Its tones so pure and clear;
Before its cadence, low and soft,
Is hushed, by e'en a fear.

It makes the old feel young again;
It fills their heart with joy—
And takes them back to other days,
When life had no alloy.

O, may it ever be thus bright!
No sorrow may it know;
To hush its silver accents pure,
Or plunge them deep in woe.

A VISIT TO MY BACHELOR UNCLE.

BY T. A. KERMODE.

We had just been one week in Philadelphia, having previously lived in England, when the postman's rat-tat brought me quickly down stairs, and I heard him say: "A letter for Miss Ida Mortimer."

"Who could it be from?" thought I, and hastily breaking the seal, I read to my astonishment,—"Uncle Mortimer will be happy to see his niece, Ida, at his residence, one mile from Keisterstown. Uncle Mortimer is well known, and any person will direct his niece to the farm."

Running up to papa, I asked him to read the note, and tell me what was to be done.

Now, my dear readers, I will inform you in confidence that I had not seen my uncle Mortimer for fifteen years, and was quite a child when he visited us in England, and a great favorite with him too. I must also tell you that he was immensely rich, and very eccentric, and had reached the age of fifty-two, and had never been married.

I looked at papa anxiously, trying to read his decision in his countenance. He smiled as he put the note on the table, and said:

"Well, Ida, my love, I suppose you must go. You know I wrote to your uncle, informing him that we should stay at this hotel for the present, and he has answered my note speedily (in a

fashion). Your brother John has to go to Baltimore in a couple of days on business, if you can be ready to accompany him then, he will see you into the stage. Your uncle will probably meet you in the town, if he should not, you can hire a carriage."

I told papa I could easily be ready, and proceeded in high glee to make my arrangements. The two days passed away, and on the morning of the third, the carriage drove up to the door. John handed me in, and we were soon at the railway station. We then took our places in the cars, and in eight hours reached Baltimore. At precisely eight, the next morning, John saw me safely in the stage, wishing me good-by. The driver cracked his whip, and we started at a fair rate for Keisterstown.

I amused myself with reading for some time, but getting tired of that, fell fast asleep, and was pleasantly dreaming of my old home, when somebody yelled, "Here we are, miss;" and, waking up, I perceived that the passengers had all alighted. I felt rather confused, as I looked round to see if there was any person there like the uncle I had pictured, but the place was comparatively clear, and walking up to an individual dressed in short, gray pants, swallow-tailed coat, straw hat, and low shoes with very broad toes, I inquired if he would direct me to Mr. Herbert Mortimer's residence.

"Mr. Mortimer? ahem!—yes," he replied, "he lives at Cow Farm, a mile from here."

"Cow Farm! what a name," said I, involuntarily.

"Well, miss, there's a lot of cows there, I reckon. The country folks christened it. It is a queer name, and the old fellow that lives there is kind of queer too. Are you going to stay there long, miss?"

"I cannot tell," I replied. "Do you know Mr. Mortimer?"

"Well, yes. I guess you're the niece he's expecting; I'm going up there now, and will take you in my buggy, if you like."

I thanked him, and accepted his offer, and then inquired if my uncle kept much company.

"Yes, miss; he has a hundred cows, ten of them calved last week; a fine lot of sheep, and geese, ducks, and roosters. I should say he is not short of company."

"He must be crazy!" said I. "A pretty place to invite a young lady to—cows, sheep, and roosters, indeed! Pahaw! I wish I could go right home."

"Well, miss," resumed the stranger, "I guess you'll be pretty comfortable, he's a jolly old fellow, but he has a horror of city manners."

I felt vexed with the description of my uncle and his home, and remained silent the rest of the drive. My companion, with what seemed to me an uncommonly sly look in his eyes, whistled Yankee Doodle as loud as he could till he reached the farm. Throwing the reins to a boy, he said, "Ho, housekeeper, show this lady to her room, while I go and hunt up her uncle."

The old lady smiled, and nodded, and I followed her up stairs.

The housekeeper said, "Dinner is ready, miss. I expect you are ready for it, too."

I hastily changed my dress and followed her down stairs into the dining-room (a handsomely furnished one by the way). "Miss Ida Mortimer," said she.

And a gentleman who was sitting on an easy chair, arose.

I perceived to my astonishment, my companion from the town, though he had changed his comical looking suit for one of broadcloth.

"How does my niece, Ida, think she will like the cows, sheep, and roosters?" he inquired.

I made no reply, but obeying an old impulse, I pulled his ears till he cried out, "Hold, enough! O! O! I say, you monkey, let go my ears!"

I scolded him heartily for his deception. But he said, "It was a capital joke—ha! ha! ha! a capital joke—" till I was almost tempted to give his ears pull number two.

We had just seated ourselves at table, when the door opened, and a tall, lanky individual entered. He wore pants that reached a little below his knees, coarse hose, cowhide boots, a short swallow-tailed coat and a sugar-loaf hat. I concluded that he was the person who had the care of the "company."

My uncle rose, and went through the ceremony of introduction in the following manner:

"My niece, Miss Ida, Zeb. Ida, my love, this is my confidential man. You *scoundrel*, you, why do you not bow to the lady?"

He tried to do so, but upset a large chair, trod upon the dog's toes, making it bring forth discordant bow-wows, and knocked some beautiful plants off a stand.

My uncle and I laughed heartily, and after he had with great effort put things a little to rights again, he sat down to dinner.

My friend of the cowhides ate voraciously. Happening to look across the table, and seeing me smiling, he put his elbows into the soup dish, knocking it and the contents to the floor, and seizing his hat, he made his exit in a most unceremonious manner.

My uncle's merry laugh again rang out; he said, "Zeb is in love with you, Ida, he never

acts so, only when under the influence of the tender passion." I made push the second at his ears, but he covered them up and immediately promised "better behaviour."

When the dinner things were removed, as it looked too gloomy to walk out, I asked my uncle to tell me why he had never been married. Putting on a look of mock-seriousness, he said, "Well, you little fairy, I'll tell you. When I was about thirty, I should have been married to a young lady named Annie McGregor. One morning, about a week before the time appointed for our marriage, I called to see my lady-love, and was shown into a room with folding doors. The lady was in the other part, and did not know that I was in the house. She was in a great passion about something, and when the maid began to say that 'Mr. Mortimer was—' she did not get any further—but was interrupted with, 'Don't speak to me, madam!' and I had the unspeakable pleasure of hearing myself called a 'jackass,' and a 'thick-headed mule.' So ended my first courtship. I went home, and nursed my disappointment for ten years. I then went wooing a fair young creature named Minnie Lawson; I loved her, I can tell you; but I had the misfortune to hear her tell a young companion, that she had broken off her engagement with Harry Lee, to 'marry that old dotard, Mortimer. But then you know, dear,' she said, 'he has money, and I can spend it first-rate—if he is an old tool.' I never tried again in the lottery of matrimony, as I had drawn two blanks, and am just coming out of my disappointment now." I sympathized with him, in the unfortunate termination of his courtships, and was soon as great a favorite with him as I was when a child.

A fortnight passed pleasantly away, and I did not feel tired of my uncle or his "company." We went riding every morning at five o'clock, and the confidential man, the scoundrel, etc., continued every day at dinner to go through a variety of antics, which, my uncle assured me, were meant in admiration of myself.

But everything pleasant has an end, and I felt disappointed when I received a note from John, requesting my immediate return to Philadelphia, as papa was very sick. I wished my kind uncle good-by, and taking with me a lock of my admiral's hair, cut off his head with a pair of sheep-shears, and resembling tow, departed. I have promised to visit Uncle Mortimer again, soon, and will then give you chapter second of my adventures.

The happiness of the human race in this world does not consist of our being devoid of passions, but in our learning to command them.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHO ARE THE SAVAGES?

The British presses are teeming with abuse of the Russians, and proclaiming to the world in thunder tones, that they are a nation of savages, and must be dealt with accordingly. These proclamations find an echo in public sentiment, and from the lips of a Christian nation goes forth with remarkable unanimity the cry of "kill, burn and destroy!" And those same presses, and that people wonder, that the cry is not echoed from this shore of the Atlantic, and that we, who have in past times—and those not very remote, experienced the tender mercies of these same chivalrous Britons, are not ready to bound on the dogs of war and rejoice at their deeds of ferocity. We pass by the astounding fact, that the English have just now found out the ferocity of the Russians. It was not discovered during the long years of alliance and amity between Great Britain and Russia. It eluded the notice of the sharp-seeing British travellers who have visited every hole and corner of Russia in Europe, and even of Asiatic Russia. In the Napoleon era, the era of the holy alliance—it was undetected. The chivalrous sons of England did not hesitate to march shoulder to shoulder with the children of the Czar then—and we have yet to discover the first trace of protest against the savageness of their allies in those sanguinary campaigns. Have any new facts in the present campaign appeared, to justify these wholesale charges? Directly the reverse appears upon the record.

The letters received at home from the British prisoners of war, are unanimous in their eulogy of the kind treatment they have received at the hands of their enemies. Place these accounts side by side with the authentic story of American prisoners in the hands of the British during our first and second wars with England, and let the world say which nation merits the charge of ferocity. To substantiate the accusation brought against the Russians, the British rely almost wholly on the version of what they term the "massacre at Hango;" but which, if any credibility is to be accorded to the Russian version of the same transaction, was a very different affair. But unhappily, no doubt whatever can be entertained of the manner in which Great Britain

wages this war. Her fleets in the Baltic, unable to accomplish anything against the strongly fortified places of the Russian government, are inflicting as much injury as possible on private individuals—killing non-combatants, breaking up the business of merchants and traders, and knocking down the huts of serfs. And this is perfectly characteristic of the chivalry of England in war. Our own experience tells us this. Atrocities, commenced in the day of Concord and Lexington, when dwelling-houses were burned and peaceful citizens murdered on their thresholds, were systematically followed up through the whole of the revolution. Every scoundrel who wore an epaulette, was commissioned to perform these deeds of massacre and arson; and as if British and Hessian cut-throats were not bloody enough, savages were employed to murder and destroy, and a premium paid for American scalps. Who can forget the bloody tragedy of Fort Griswold, when the brave Ledyard was murdered in cold blood as he surrendered his sword? Let the burning of the capitol, and the outrages committed at many other points along our coast, attest the manner in which Britons make war.

It is easy to tell us that we ought to forget these satanic deeds—but when we see the people who committed them wondering that we, the sufferers, sympathize rather with the brave defenders of their native land, the antagonists of Great Britain in the deadly war now waging there with the Britons, we could almost smile at the matchless effrontery, and astounding simplicity and self-conceit which prompt their surprise. It will require more logic than even the London Times is master of to convince Americans that they are bound to sympathize with British arms as they are now wielded.

We have nothing to say in this connection, about the justice of the quarrel. We have simply referred to the manner in which the British are doing their part of it on the shores of the Baltic, and shown why they cannot expect a very ardent sympathy from this side in those operations.

COTTON.—Cotton, like all other crops this year, bids fair to be a good one.

INSANITY.

This most awful affliction that can befall humanity—this darkening of the soul, the total deprivation or distortion of that divine gift which distinguishes man from the lower animals, and gives him a proud pre-eminence, stamping him as the legitimate master of the earth, has, in modern times, been made the subject of the study of the brightest intellects, and has furnished occasion for the noblest deeds of true philanthropy, public and private. Institutions where the insane receive the kindest and most careful treatment, and where the friendless and destitute are as well provided for as the opulent and well-connected, are multiplying all over the land. The inmates of these institutions are subjected to only necessary restraint, and to coercive measures only daring those excesses of fury which endanger themselves or others. The pure air and wholesome diet, seclusion, bathing, petting gentleness, exercise, music, the sweet influences of nature—these are found to produce wonderful effects. Compare the insane of the present day with those of the past century, the modern superintendent with the old-fashioned mad-doctor, and no contrast can appear more striking. The old system absolutely punished insanity as if it were a crime; and the scourge was as familiar to the hands of the mad doctor as to the parochial beadle or to the master of the work-house. The London fine ladies and gentlemen used to go to see the inmates of Bedlam, as they did to see the lions in the Tower, and took as much pleasure in hearing the ravings of the maniacs as in the wit of the Beggar's Opera. Hogarth's picture of a visit to Bedlam was no caricature, but a plain, unvarnished copy of actuality.

But while we rejoice in this achievement of true philanthropy, there is one thing we must protest against, viz., the manufacture of insanity by false philanthropy. Of old, practically, insanity was a crime—now, all crime is insanity. A black-hearted scoundrel murders a man and his wife for the sake of a few dollars to be expended in debauchery, and straightway he is pronounced insane, and the most frantic efforts are made to defeat the ends of justice, on the plea that the deliberate criminal was not in his right mind. Somebody remembers he used to make strange faces when he was a boy—somebody else recollects hearing him talk as if he were "out of his head"—the criminal aiding them by squinting horribly at the jury, or insisting on wearing his coat inside out; and a pile of proof is accumulated, which secures his acquittal or his pardon. He is loosed upon society—an

injured innocent, poor fellow!—his victims weltering forgotten in their bloody graves, meanwhile—until he finds it convenient to blow somebody's else brains out, and then he is merely incurably insane, and possibly dangerous, and passes the remainder of his days in some comfortable lunatic asylum.

Few people are indignant at a murder now-a-days—it is only another case of insanity. Mental aberration was formerly treated of under the heads of mania, melancholy, dementia and idiocy. It should now be discussed as murder, highway robbery, swindling and picking pockets. There is no doubt now that every murderer is insane, and the probability is that every gentleman who walks off with his landlord's silver spoons in his pocket, or helps himself at the time of day out of his neighbor's fob, is laboring under a mental hallucination. The fact is, that there is no crime in the present century; and that prisons, penitentiaries, jails, and officers of justice are the instruments of a barbarous oligarchy, and ought to be abolished.

SCIENTIFIC.

The editor of the *Scientific American* has been presented with two stereoscopic pictures, taken by means of a box which contained neither lenses, reflectors, nor any refracting or reflecting medium of any kind. The discovery that photographic pictures could thus be taken, was made while the artist was prosecuting some experiments relative to stereoscopic angles. It is well known that two pictures, taken with two ordinary cameras, placed only 2 1-2 inches apart horizontally, will not, when placed in the stereoscope, show proper or sufficient stereoscopic relief, and yet it is well known that the human eyes are placed only 2 1-2 inches apart, and see all solid objects in their proper solidity and relief.

APPLE ORCHARDS.—A distinguished agriculturist, who has 1000 apple trees, and intends to set out as many more, says that if apples will sell at 25 cents a bushel, they are his most profitable crop; and if they will not sell, they are the cheapest food he can raise for his animals.

A SAD FALL.—A woman was found wandering about the streets of Philadelphia, a short time since, in a state of mania-a-potu, who was at one time the wife of one of the most distinguished citizens of New York.

THE CAPITOL.—The present dome of the National Capitol is undergoing demolition, to make room for a new one.

ENGLAND.

Lord John Russell, in attempting to ride two horses—war and peace—mags that could never be expected to pull together; lost his seat; an awful warning to equestrian statesmen, who indulge in more than one hobby. One of the most prominent agents in unseating Lord John was Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who has risen to parliamentary influence by dint of energetic perseverance. His first attempt at parliamentary oratory was a signal failure, and was the cause, it is said, of his separation from his wife. When he came home, depressed with his want of success, Lady (then Mrs.) Bulwer, instead of sympathizing with him, jeered him. Scandal adds that, infuriated to madness, by her heartlessness, he struck her. A separation was, of course, the natural consequence of the rash and unjustifiable act. Bulwer is not a solitary instance of parliamentary success, after a first failure. Sheridan's maiden attempt was followed by a similar result. But he swore it (eloquence) was in him, and should come out; and he became, in consequence of his iron will, one of the most distinguished orators of his native land. Henry Clay was similarly unfortunate in his first attempt, yet his after career proved an exception to the rule that "a bad beginning makes a bad ending." In fact, the true motto of every man ought to be that of the French republican who, when Kossuth was forbidden to land at Marseilles, swam off to the American frigate to shake his hand. "Nothing is impossible to him who wills."

LONG SERMONS.—The late Rev. Dr. Bogue was no friend of long sermons. He said to some of his students, "Do you suppose that people have nothing to do but to listen to your emptiness by the hour?" Lamont says, "There is no excuse for a long sermon; if it be good, it need not be long; and if it be bad, it ought not to be long." Queen Anne, after hearing Dr. South, said, "You have given us an excellent sermon, Dr. South; I wish you had had time to make it shorter!" Whitefield and Wesley, and most of the early Methodists, were short.

A GOOD CUSTOM.—It was a custom among the Jews to require their sons to learn a mechanic's trade—a thing not confined to the poorer classes, but practised by the wealthy also.

A SIMILE.—A Western cotemporary talks about *table cloths* "pure as Cordella's voice." An old lady speaking of the moon, said it "made the night as light as cork."

TELEGRAPH TO INDIA.

The Turkish government have granted an exclusive concession for a submarine telegraph from the Dardanelles to Alexandria. The cost will be £120,000, and the line could be completed in twelve months. An annual subsidy of £4500 for twenty years is to be paid by Turkey for the transmission of official messages; and, as the communications from India will be accelerated from five to six days when this and the general system of telegraphs, now constructing in European Turkey, shall have been completed, an additional revenue of £10,400 is calculated upon by the promoters from that source. At the same time proposals are on foot for extending the project to India, by carrying the communication via Suez and Aden to Kurrachee, at the mouth of the Indus, where it would connect with the lines already in operation, or in course of construction, by the East India Company throughout the various presidencies. The total length from the Dardanelles to Kurrachee is about four thousand miles, and the sum required for the whole (including the submarine line to Alexandria) would be £850,000. Application has been made to the India-house for support, in the shape of an annual allowance of £30,000 a year, subject to reduction in proportion to the ultimate success of the undertaking. The entire line to India may, it is estimated, be completed in two years.

OUR DOLLAR MONTHLY.—The extraordinary success of Ballow's Dollar Monthly, is a guarantee of its excellence and popularity. The names of subscribers have flowed in upon us from every State in the Union, until the list has reached an unprecedented number. To procure the work at the earliest possible moment, fresh and neat, the reader should enclose his dollar direct to the office of publication, and thus ensure its regular receipt for one year.

FALLING TO CONQUER.—A young lady slipped and fell in State Street, Albany, a short time since, and was picked up by a young gentleman, and as she had sprained her ankle, he called a coach, and took her home. Of course he had to call repeatedly to inquire after her health; and finally, popped the question, and was accepted.

NOTES AND DRAFTS.—A liquor seller in a neighboring town has, since the new liquor law went into operation, changed his sign. It now reads something as follows: "Notes and 'drafts' negotiated and sold."

THE WAR.

Gladly would we announce that since our last issue indications of peace had appeared in Europe; but such, unfortunately, is not the fact. On the contrary, we hear of more extended operations, of more formidable preparations for waging the war to the uttermost. Peace is farther distant now than when the allies first landed on the "dark and bloody ground" of the Crimea. England might patch up a peace even now—France, or rather Louis Napoleon, never. For merely listening favorably to certain propositions, suggested by Austria, and approved of by Lord John Russell, Louis Napoleon dismissed his foreign minister. He now keeps his British ally up to the mark, and will not allow her to falter. The British papers assert that the war is, and has been from the first, popular in England, and they explain the difficulty of recruiting by the want of confidence felt in official management. They say the people are ready to fight, but not to be starved, neglected when wounded, and ill-sheltered from the bad weather.

In France it is very different; the system of conscription ensures full ranks, while the admirable character of the French military organization assures to every man who takes up arms, judicious management, comfort, and the prospect of promotion. And, moreover, the French nation were prepared for a war. From the very first, Louis Napoleon looked for a chance of getting into a quarrel with some European nation; for he felt that a state of war, to occupy the army by whose means he rose to power, was a necessary condition to the stability of his fortunes. The French are a warlike people. They have been so from the earliest ages, and will continue so as long as Christianity sanctions the use of the sword in settling national disputes. It matters very little with whom they are engaged, or in what quarrel. They fought as well against the Roman patriots as now against the Russian troops. The traditional spirit of chivalry resides in their bosoms, and like the *preux chevaliers* of old, they can destroy without hating their victims.

Military glory, too, is the idol of their new emperor. He loves it for itself, and for its power over men's hearts. The numbers he has sent to the field, and the superiority of their conduct in the campaign, as far as system and organization go, give him a commanding position, and enable him to be resolute and positive in his positions. He is evidently bent on carrying on this war until the power of Russia is badly crippled, and her ambition severely checked,

Therefore, as month after month rolls by, we must look to hear the old tales of sorties, repulses, bombardments, hand-to-hand actions—all the details of the carnage, which make the heart sicken as we read of it; and this without being able to say what the end will be.

One feature of the present war has been mentioned by European correspondents, and deserves to be noted as showing an improved public sentiment with regard to war itself. The news of the so-called victories in the Crimea, on being promulgated at Paris, called forth no enthusiasm. The bulletins were read with care and attention, and commented on; but there was little or no shouting, no effervescence of joy. Men felt, Frenchmen as well as English, that the advantages gained were at so high a cost—so many noble lives sacrificed to obtain them—that silence was the best commentary on the news.

A SWORD FOR A KING.—King Kamehameha, of the Sandwich Islands, has had a sword manufactured for him at Newark, N. J., from a design of his own. It is in the form of a Turkish scimitar, with a richly-gilt scabbard, and bearing a motto in the king's native language, which signifies, "The life of the land is dedicated forever to righteousness." The king's initials and various devices are set in precious stones.

FUEL FOR LOCOMOTIVES.—They have been running a locomotive on the Reading Railroad for some weeks, burning nothing but anthracite coal. It works to a charm—makes plenty of steam, and no dirt and no sparks. The saving, at the present prices of fuel, is about forty-three per cent. This is a great triumph. Wood is getting so scarce that it is high time to employ coal, the supply of which, in this country, is inexhaustible.

QUEER DEFINITION.—The first time an old caulker, from the Isles of Shoals, saw a horse and carriage, he described the phenomenon as "a cow without horns, running a race with a windmill."

LAGER BEER.—A German drank sixty mugs of this beverage in succession, in Jersey City, lately. We should think he would feel muggy after it.

THE JESUITS.—Father Becka, the general of the Jesuits, had lately a narrow escape from assassination at Rome, Italy.

DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE IN AMERICA.

The most intelligent travellers have acknowledged that there is no country in the world, in which the people are generally so well informed, as in the United States; although there are but few very learned men, still there are few very ignorant men. We do not accept M. de Tocqueville's views, however, that the tendency of democratic institutions, is to prostrate originality and excellence. On the contrary, we think that nowhere are individual idiosyncrasies more decidedly manifested than in this country. De Tocqueville thinks, as democratic institutions obtain the ascendancy, excellence will wholly disappear from literature, arts and science; men of extensive learning and knowledge will nowhere be found, but, instead of these, general and superficial information will be universally diffused; works of originality and genius will be sought for in vain; and the skill of artisans becoming equalized, the wants of society will be supplied with cheap and inferior commodities. Even if this were all true, it is far better that the masses should be intelligent and respectably informed, than that a few men should be oracles of learning, and the masses sunk in ignorance, which was the case in the dark ages. Let it be remembered that "Rome never had brighter geniuses than when she lost her liberties; never had more knowledge. Cicero, Virgil, Horace—these very names are enough to prove the claims of their country to the highest improvements. But where was this knowledge? It was confined to privileged classes; it was locked up in expensive libraries; it was monopolized by the few, only to enable them to crush the many beneath the invisible chains they were preparing for the mind. There cannot be a more favorable opportunity for the overthrow of liberty than this great inequality. If all were ignorant, they would stand upon a level, and in the balance of disabilities, liberty might be safe. But let the rich be well educated, and the poor neglected, and the fall of freedom is certain. The light will predominate over the darkness; the thinkers will rule, and the ignorant will be slaves." We owe the prosperity of our country to the fact, that from the first settlement, the means of education were liberally provided; and it is well known that at present, our free schools are the very best we have. Every State of the Union understands that liberty and knowledge move hand in hand together.

CANADA.—The social intercourse between this province and the United States is increasing. The best feeling prevails on both sides.

A MAN THAT COULD NOT BE BRIBED.

The British court party, in Walpole's time, being desirous to attach a certain lord to its interests, Walpole was sent to negotiate with him. "I come," said he, "on the part of the king, to assure you of his protection, and to express the regret he feels in having done nothing, as yet, for you, and to offer you an employment more suitable to your merit." "My lord," replied the nobleman, "before replying to your offers, permit me to have my supper served before you." At this moment a hash, made of the remains of the leg of mutton on which he had dined, was set before him. Turning to Walpole, he added: "My lord, do you think a man satisfied with such a meal as that, is one whom the court can easily gain over. Tell the king what you have seen. It is the only answer I have to make him."

MILITARY SURGERY.—Dr. Gluck recently delivered the introductory lecture at the New York Medical College, in which he discussed the responsibilities and peculiarities of military surgery. He said that presence of mind, calmness, assurance, conservative boldness while operating, are attributes necessary to the military surgeon, who, above all, must possess a thorough medical education. Although the field of battle is the best surgical school, it is so but to those who are not only perfectly familiar with the principles of surgery, but know at the same time what and how to observe, in order to be useful in the moment, and to turn it later to practical utility.

ITALY.—This unhappy country is said to be in a political ferment now; and it is supposed that various conspiracies are on foot against the existing government. It is known that Radetzky has asked for reinforcements in the Austrian provinces.

PRIMITIVE.—Sydney Smith, in speaking of his country retreat, says: "We have been delighted with our little paradise, for such it is; except that there is no serpent, and we wear clothes."

APPLES.—This fruit, for which Eve bartered Paradise, is falling rapidly in the west. Some of the farmers have sold their crops for six and ten cents a bushel, the purchaser to pick them.

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.—Mrs. Ridgway, of Philadelphia, has lately gained a suit in Paris, the object of which was to prove that she was the heiress of the late Duchess of Planchance.

FIRING ON FLAGS OF TRUCE

The British lately made a great outcry about the affair at Hango, and some might think that they were never guilty of the like. But in Marshall's Life of Washington will be found an account of the firing upon a flag of truce sent into Quebec in November, 1776, by Gen. Arnold, summoning the garrison to surrender. Col. McClean, the British commandant, refused to receive it, and fired on the officer who bore it. The next month, after the junction of Arnold and Montgomery, another flag of truce was sent to the same officer, and again fired upon. These instances are but a few which the careful student of history might adduce. The English are always willing to resort to any outrage upon the laws of nations when it suits them, or to make a great outcry, if their own fraudulent use of flags of truce be not permitted.

A WARNING TO COQUETTES.—We learn by our foreign advices, that the Princess Nathalie, daughter of the Prince Gregory Ghika, has been exiled to a nunnery in the Principalities for five years, in consequence of her coquetry, which caused the recent fatal duel, in which the Austrian Count Stolbert killed Count Bulcha, son-in-law of the Prince of Moldavia. The princess is 20 years of age. It is lucky that there are no convents for coquettes in this country; and it is very evident that the people of the principalities do not understand the privileges of "flirtation."

QUEER ADDRESS.—A letter with an American postmark, lately passed through London, bearing the following inscription: "Zar Alicksander, Esq., Emperor of Booshy, St. Petersburg, Perekop—Crimea." It was probably the offer of a patent Yankee back-action, double-bladed, high-pressure, crosscut, compensating balance machine for cutting a mile-broad swath right through the allied army.

A CURIOSITY.—In the city of St. Louis, Mo., may be seen a solid mass of iron weighing 1700 pounds, taken from Pilot Knob mountain. It is of the purest ore; and although it has remained exposed to the elements for three years, it exhibits not a spot of rust upon its surface.

ON A WAGER.—A lady recently walked up and down Mount Washington from the Notch side, on a wager of one thousand dollars, and won the wager.

LOOK OUT.—A German astronomer says that in twenty millions of years from now, the world will be destroyed by a comet.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

The London Morning Chronicle says that tobacco is one of the necessities of life in England. It is no longer a mere luxury, but enters into consumption among the masses, who are taxed severely for it. Great Britain levies a duty of £4,500,000, or three shillings per pound on tobacco, making a tax of nearly 75 cents on each man, woman and child in that kingdom. Twenty-eight millions of pounds are annually consumed in Great Britain. For manufactured tobacco, we find that Canada is our best customer, England the next, British American colonies the third, Australia the fourth.

RIPEN TOMATO PICKLES.—Select handsome sized tomatoes, wash and prick them with a fork, lay them in dry salt 24 hours, then soak them in equal quantities of vinegar and water 24 hours; take them out and lay them down in a crock with sliced onions; first a layer of tomatoes, then onions, with cinnamon, cloves and brown sugar, and then cover the whole with cider vinegar.

HEAT OF THE SUN.—If we assume the height of the sun's atmosphere to be 95,000 miles, which would be twenty times greater in proportion to its radius than that of the earth, the heat would be seven thousand times the summer heat on our globe, or just four times that of Parker's burning lens, which, according to Sir John Herschell's statement, melted cornelian, agate, and rock crystal.

WAR'S VICTIMS.—From 600,000 to 700,000 men have perished or become invalided since the commencement of the war. The wars of the French Republic and Empire cost to Europe 6,000,000 of men; but, if we may judge from the past eighteen months, the present struggle is destined to exceed all that have gone before it in the wide-spread destruction which it will cause.

IRELAND.—The amount of money sent to Ireland from the United States in 1854, was £1,730,000, or nearly eight million dollars, which is one million and a half more than in the year 1853.

BREATHING.—A healthy person takes in about a pint of air at a breath. He breathes a thousand times in an hour, and requires about fifty-seven hogheads of air in twenty-four hours.

CURIOS.—A policeman was seen in Washington street, during a rain storm, with an umbrella, trying to arrest the rain.

Foreign Miscellany.

The French have found out that the entire Russian army amounts to 620,000.

The restoration of the paintings in the dome of St. Paul's is rapidly progressing.

The chorus at the Opera Comique, Paris, includes a man who has nine sons fighting in the Crimea.

The Earl of Ellesmere, well pleased, has ordered a third picture from Knappett, the American landscape painter.

The Irish claim General Palisser as the son of a countryman, Mr. Palisser, a Limerick gentleman, who was obliged to flee his country in ninety-eight.

A pension of £50 a year has just been granted by England, from the civil list, to the well-known and popular author of many works of Christian philosophy and literature, Dr. Dick.

Lieut. General James Fergusson, for some time past in command of the troops at Malta, will succeed Sir Robert Gardiner as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar.

The war in Russia has driven many of the children of Abraham into England. The Abrahamic Society in the latter country reports grants to one hundred and twenty-three Jewish converts.

There were printed last year at the mission press in Constantinople, 1,268,000 pages in the Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, Greek and Hebrew-Spanish languages, of which 2,182,000 were of the Scriptures.

The commune of San Quisino, in Piedmont, has just devoted itself to the Holy Virgin, by a legal conveyance in good and due form, "in presence of us, the notary Morelli, and the witnesses of this deed," etc.

In consequence of the recent discovery of immense supplies of ironstone in the Cleveland hills, in North Yorkshire, thirty steeling furnaces are in operation, or in course of construction, on the banks of the Tees.

The United Service Gazette states that Sir Charles Napier was offered and declined the dignity of G.C.B., feeling that he could not receive a reward for services in respect of which he had been censured.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times states that the courts of Denmark and Sweden "are bound body and soul to Russia;" that the small German States are of the same sympathies, and that there is hardly a German government that is not under Russian influence.

Among the "trophies" carried away by the English soldiers who were sheltered in the houses near the Hedon, one soldier of the 38th regiment brought away a very young child; but it was almost immediately sent back to the Russian outposts.

Philip Pusey, Esq., a distinguished English agriculturist, who was last year President of the Royal Agricultural Society, and who edited the journals of that society, died of paralysis at the residence of his brother, the Rev. Dr. Pusey, at Christ Church, in Oxford University, on the 10th ult.

Horace Vernet, the great French battle-painter, is settled at Marseilles.

The brilliant letters of William Howard Russell, from the Crimea to the Times, have been gathered and published in a book.

The Crystal Palace in New York has been rented to the American Institute, who will hold their next annual Fair in it.

An Italian translation of Layard's "Nineveh," by Count Ercole Malvasia Tortorelli, has appeared at Bologna.

Miss Fanny Cathcart, second surviving daughter of the late Sir George Cathcart, is to be a Maid of Honor to the Queen.

The cholera is daily carrying off from eighteen to twenty persons at Warsaw, and is extending its ravages along the Vistula as far as Cracow.

Rosa Bonheur, who is pronounced by the London News the greatest painter of rustic subjects in France, is exhibiting some of her pictures in London.

Readings of the war have become common in several provincial towns, the local clergyman or magistrate being generally the reader, and the artists of the town the audience.

M. Antoine Etax, the eminent artist who adorned the arch of triumph at Paris with colossal sculptures, has presented to the city of New York his great picture, "The Glory of America."

It is reported at Clonmel that Mr. John O'Connell has accepted a Government situation worth £1200 a year, and that in consequence he will resign the representation of that town.

It is said that shells thirty-six inches in diameter, and weighing upward of a ton each, are being manufactured at the Lowmoor Iron Works, England, for the use of the British artillery before Sebastopol.

The Paris Moniteur has taken advantage of the feeling in favor of England to publish "Martin Chuzzlewit," by Dickens, in its grave, official columns. No French paper, however important, can exist without a novel.

The Annales d'Hygiene, of Paris, has published an article pointing out the danger arising from packing snuff in lead, as the damp in the snuff acting on the lead oxidizes it, and forms a soluble salt of a poisonous nature.

It is said that the poorer classes of Chinese in the neighborhood of Hong Kong, sell their children, from seven to ten years of age, for twenty-four cents each, the purchasers to use them as servants. Girls from ten to fifteen years bring upwards of a dollar.

The French Imperial Court have just decided that the patent taken out some years ago by M. Minie for his famous bullet, is void, as being in the employ of government, and being paid for the special object of improving fire-arms, his improvements and inventions belong to the nation and the public.

The Russian government is filling the places vacated by English mechanics, on account of the war, with Americans. Six mechanics leave Baltimore, in a day or two, to take charge of important positions on the Russian railways. Altogether, twenty-five or thirty mechanics will be sent out from Baltimore.

Record of the Times.

The public land sales in Iowa, the present season, have been really enormous.

Six and a quarter tons of gold were sent to the California mint in twenty nine days.

The population of the world is 1,150,000,000. Quite a nice little party!

The Journal of Commerce thinks Mayor Wood, for his vetoes, should be called Mayor Wouldn't.

A hundred young ladies lately officiated as bride's-maids at a New Orleans wedding.

There are more hops grown in England than in all the rest of the world.

The property of New York city is valued at \$487,000,000. Municipal expenses, \$6,000,000.

Port wine, it is said, is adulterated at the very place where it is produced.

The cod fishery has been the only lucrative one on our coast for years.

New Bedford, Mass., owns half the whaling fleet of the world.

Clark Mills, the sculptor, was originally a plasterer, it is said.

The spirits have communicated that Dr. Kane is dead—crushed by the ice—and most of his crew are in the spirit world. We shall see.

There exists, perhaps, a higher average of individual well-being in Philadelphia than in any other city in the world.

Gambling is less frequent at San Francisco than it has been for some years. The El Dorado, and other noted saloons, have been closed or turned into lager beer shops.

At Cincinnati the native wine is getting to be an almost universal drink, and the hills along the Ohio, above the city for some miles, are dark with vineyards.

Mr. Parkyns, the Abyssinian traveller, adopted a very primitive mode of keeping his apparel dry, at a time when he had no change of suit; he simply took off his clothes, and sat upon them in a bundle until the rain was over.

Humboldt recently said to an American, that the Panama Railroad "was proposed by him as early as 1805, with the imposing project, which would be far more useful, and quite as practicable, of an inter-oceanic canal between Capica and Atrato."

In Europe the chemists are visited every year by a committee of medical men, whose duty it is to examine the drugs sold, and rigorously to investigate whether genuine or not; if not, after two or more fines, loss of license is the consequence. At the same time, no drug of a poisonous nature is allowed to be sold by a chemist without a prescription.

The advantages of a law for compulsory vaccination are proved from the fact that in Great Britain, previous to the passage of such a law, about thirty in every one thousand deaths were occasioned by small-pox, while in various European countries, where such a law has for many years been in force, the number of deaths from small-pox averaged not more than four to a thousand.

The population of South Boston is about 18,000. Quite a hamlet!

Horace Greeley writes that the splendors of Paris are perfectly bewitching.

A sleigh, with wheels attached, has been invented in Pittsfield, Vt.

The Arabic tongue has five hundred words signifying a lion. Easy language.

The waters of the Amazon mingle with the Mississippi in the Gulf of Mexico.

The average amount of money brought by the emigrants from Europe to N. York, is \$44 each.

There is every prospect of a large crop of apples in this section of the country this year.

A man in Iowa was lately carried over a mile in a gale.

The inhabitants of Syracuse, N. Y., spend \$200,000 a year for French needlework.

Grisi and Marie have taken their forty-sixth farewell of the lyric stage.

A Chinese lady—a great chess-player—Miss Khong-Tka-Faug, is travelling in Europe.

Saxe says that Holmes, like Sambo, is "science on the bones."

Two creole ladies of respectability lately played a match game of billiards at New Orleans.

A monument to the gallant Gen. Worth is to be erected in the city of New York.

It turns out that the great Sir Isaac Newton was never insane in his life.

Utica, N. Y., has 22,183 inhabitants; an increase of 4639 in five years.

A bear weighing 376 pounds was shot at Colbrook, N. H., the 31st ult.

It is better to sit with a wise man in prison than with a fool at a feast.

The present graduating class of Harvard College numbers eighty-two.

Schenectady has 8373 inhabitants; a loss of 550 in five years.

There are 26 churches, and 1960 members, in Lowell.

They expect to have the price of gas in New York reduced to two dollars and fifty cents per thousand cubic feet, this fall.

Five States of the Union are now free of debt, viz: Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, Delaware and Florida.

The electric conductivity of platinum is two and a half millions of times as great as that of a solution of the sulphate of copper, while the conducting power is only 0.0025 of the same.

Hall's Journal of Health has an instructive article on the throat ail. He finds the source of it generally in the stomach, and thinks it of little use to swab and smoke and syringe the throat, until the general health is restored.

The London Times publishes the evidence of a London wine merchant, named Osborne, giving the particulars of the manner in which condemned sour wines are made into fine old port in the London docks. The whole manufacture of the wine is carried on in the docks, and the company make a regular charge for the use of the vats in which the manufacture is carried on.

Merry Making.

Flowers that are always falling off: Bachelor's Buttons.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

A short cut to Metaphysics.—What is Matter?—Never mind? What is mind? No matter.

The pleasantest ringing in one's ears is—the dinner bell.

When is a wine merchant like a ship? When he's *laying in port*.

What evergreen shrub did Hero name when her lover crossed the Hellespont? O-leander.

There is a man in Vermont who feeds his geese on iron filings, and gathers steel pens from their wings.

"We must reconcile ourselves to our enemies when we are dying," remarked an old toper, as he called for a glass of water.

A gentleman, the other evening, objected to playing cards with a lady, because, he said, she had such a "winning way" about her.

Why is a four-quart jug like a lady's side-saddle? Because it holds a gal on, (gallon). When is a lady's neck not a neck? When it is a little bare, (bear).

"Ned has run away with your wife," said one friend to another. "Is it possible? Poor fellow!" sighed the bereaved husband; "I truly pity his sad mishap!"

Some one proposes that Barnum should get up a show of old bachelors, giving the highest prize to the one who will say with truth and honesty, that he never was in love, and never was disappointed in his affections.

"You, say, Mrs. Jones, that the prisoner stabbed the deceased. Was it in the thorax or in the abdomen?" "No, sir, it was in the street—I seed it with my own blessed hayes." "That'll do. Call the next witness."

There is a couple in Cincinnati, who have been engaged to be married for the past five years, but no time has occurred within that period when they were both out of prison at the same time.

Prentice says: "Three years ago a man in Mississippi cheated us out of twenty dollars, and now his son cheats us out of about the same sum. The young man's propensity to cheat is probably the only thing that he ever came honestly by."

The late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, was walking in the streets, and a baker's cart, driven furiously, was about to run him down. The baker reined up suddenly, and just in time to spare the doctor, who instantly took off his hat, and bowing politely, exclaimed: "You're the best bred man in town."

"Mother," said a little girl, seven years old, "I could not understand our minister to-day, he said so many hard words. I wish he would preach so that little girls could understand him. Won't he, mother?" "Yes, I think so, if we ask him." Soon after, her father saw her going to the minister's. "Where are you going, Emma?" said he. "I am going over to Mr. —'s, to ask him to preach small."

To what town in Poland should you go to have a bad tooth extracted? Ans.—*Paltusk*.

A crown will not cure the headache, nor a golden slipper the gout.

Mrs. Partington says that she was much elucidated last Sunday, on hearing a fine concourse on the parody of the prodigious son.

Why does an aching tooth impose silence on the sufferer? Ans.—Because it makes him *hold his jaw*.

The People.—The ladder that helps statesmen to climb, but which they kick away as soon as they have reached the summit of their ambition.—*Pusch*.

An opera-singer failed to appear at a late opera, because he was "indisposed," on account of the small type in which his name appeared in the programme.

A genius at the south end has had his sleeping chamber painted with iceberg scenes. The water in the pitcher froze the first night, and he was obliged to kindle a fire the second. Nothing like cooling scenes. Precisely.

An Irish witness was recently asked what he knew of the prisoner's character for truth and veracity. "Why, in troth, yer honor, since iver I've known her, she has kept her house clane and dacent."

A rowdy, intending to be very witty, thus accosted a lady in the street: "Madam, can you inform me where I can see the elephant?" "No; but if I had a looking-glass, I'd show you a very large monkey." The rowdy slid.

A celebrated toper, intending to go to a masked ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should disguise himself. "Go sober," replied his friend, "and your most intimate friend will not know you."

A young gentleman having made some progress in acquiring a knowledge of Italian, addressed a few words to an organ-grinder, in his purest accent. He was astonished at receiving the following response: "I no speak Inglis."

The Delicate Distress.—Sympathising friend.—"Why do you look so sad, Laura, dear?" Laura.—"Because, love, they say pink bonnets will be worn this season—and you know they are so very unsuitable to a girl of sentiment."

A fellow was seen at a race course, with several soluble buildings in his hat.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" inquired a chap, whom he mistook for a post to lean against.

"Why—hic—the fact is my friends have been betting liquor—hic—'nd—'m holding the stakes."

Boileau D'Espreaux's reply to Louis Fourteenth, when he showed the poet some of his own royal versification, has never been excelled. He said: "Nothing, sire, is impossible to your majesty; you wished to make bad verse, and you have succeeded!"

A young beauty beheld one evening two horses running off at locomotive speed with a light wagon. As they approached, she was horrified at recognising, in the vehicle, two gentlemen of her acquaintance. "Boys," she screamed in terror, "jump out—quick—especially George." It is needless to say that her sentiments as to "George" were from that time forth no secret.

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WHOLE No. 11.

HORTENSE, THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON III.

BY MRS. SYBIL W. COLLINS.

THE LETTER.

'TIS evening, in the beginning of the nineteenth century; Napoleon is rapidly approaching the zenith of his glory. Already has his name become a spell—a magic term of terror to continental Europe. A thousand brilliant lights are streaming from the Tuilleries. Never did the imperial palace, even in its “golden days of kings and courts,” present a scene so grand and imposing. Here are assembled, not only those Parisians most distinguished for science, belles-lettres and military skill, but many illustrious visitors from abroad, all eager to pay their homage to the bright, ascending star, that seems to preside over the destinies of nations and kings. Here may be seen the gifted, the talented, the wise, and the good. Orators, whose soul-stirring eloquence has held, spell-bound, thousands of charmed listeners; artists, whose magic pencils have transferred to the canvass scenes that almost rival nature in her loveliness; sculptors, who have chiselled the senseless marble into Melike grace and beauty; and the worshipper of genius, whose whole life has been a poet's dream, who sees in bright prospect and beautiful beings around him, only the realization of his own fairy views of angel sweetness and purity. Here are stately dames and queenlike ladies, magnificently attired with waving plumes and flowing robes, richly jewelled with precious gems and sparkling diamonds, reflecting the light from a hundred chandeliers. Here, too, are foreign ambassadors, polished courtiers, and

gay cavaliers, whose elegant and varied costumes enhance, if possible, the splendor of the scene. Rare exotics fill the spacious saloons with their fragrance and beauty; soft strains of music come floating through the perfumed atmosphere; and all around combines to charm the eye, and lull the senses into sweet forgetfulness of all but the reigning joyousness of the present hour.

Still expectation sits on every countenance; for he, the “hero of a hundred battles,” for whom this princely gathering hath assembled, is not yet announced, and all are eagerly anticipating his entrance. At length the folding doors are thrown open; the music pours forth in louder tones the favorite “March of Napoleon,” as he enters, accompanied by Josephine, and followed by a train of noble lords and ladies. The First Consul is elegantly though plainly dressed, wearing, as usual, no decorations, but the tri-colored sash, and the cross of the Legion of Honor. The dress of Josephine is a rich, white satin, with diamond ornaments; the costumes of both, by their simple elegance, presenting a singular contrast to the splendor and state by which they are surrounded. A murmur of admiration is circulated through the assembly at their entrance.

As Josephine, with a grace peculiarly her own, receives the addresses of her friends, for a moment every eye, enraptured, follows her; but it is for a moment only. Fascinating as she appears, the gaze lingers not long on her charms,

but turns to dwell on the more unobtrusive loveliness of the *Mademoiselle Beauharnais*, by whom she is immediately followed. If the elegance, grace and dignity of the mother command admiration, the quiet simplicity of the daughter awakens a still deeper feeling in the breast. It would be impossible to imagine a more lovely being than the youthful daughter of the "peerless Josephine." Her dress is even more strikingly distinguished for simplicity than that of the illustrious pair who precede her. She is simply attired in a plain white muslin robe, confined at the waist by a girdle of pearls. Her hair is loosely flowing in wavy luxuriance, over neck and shoulders of almost dazzling whiteness. As the thousand lights throw their full radiance over her, imparting to her bright brown curls a golden tinge, they seem to form a halo of light above her pure brow, and give an angelic expression to her sweet, benignant countenance. She looks the impersonation of innocence, purity and love. The gaze is irresistibly arrested and riveted by a being so transcendently lovely. In spite of the more dazzling beauties in this unequalled scene of grace and elegance, she is the "admired of all admirers." The most distinguished, the wisest and the best alike seek to be presented to her; while she alone, with her eyes modestly bent beneath their admiring gaze, seems wholly unconscious of the sensation produced by her surpassing loveliness.

So calm, collected and passionless does she appear amid this lively display of studied graces, animated looks and bright smiles, she seems some faultless piece of beautiful statuary; and we are almost inclined to believe the fair being before us as superior to the passions and affections of human nature, as we feel she must be to its frailties and sins. But when she raises her deep blue eyes, as the well known voice of *Bourrienne* greets her ear, the illusion vanishes; now her whole soul shines in her countenance. If the tones of flattery fall unheeded around her, those of affection possess for her a magic charm. How her face lights up with happiness at the sight of her tried and trusted friend; with what frankness and childlike confidence she extends to him her hand. She utters no words, for she feels that her countenance expresses what she would ask more plainly than words can; and she knows that he will understand her. And he does understand thee, fair girl. The serious expression of that mild, dignified countenance gives the negative to thy question. For a moment, a shade of disappointment passes over her brow, leaving it paler than before. *Bourrienne*, regarding her with a look in which tenderness,

pride and affection seem blended, inclines his lips to her ears and whispers:

"In the Gallery of Diana, behind the third statue."

Instantly a rich blush mantles her temples, neck and shoulders, and turning upon him a glance replete with the eloquence of gratitude and affection, she takes his proffered arm, and thus conducted, gracefully makes her way through the crowded assembly. As they make the circuit of the grand saloons, they are followed by the admiring gaze of all; and not a few envy the courtly *Bourrienne* the high place which he evidently holds in the esteem of the fair being hanging on his arm; while he, apparently, regards her more with the affection of a father, than with the assiduous politeness of a courtier.

Having reached the most retired nook of the far famed "gallery of a thousand statues," he presents to her a letter, which she is evidently expecting; for her hand is extended with trembling eagerness to receive it, even before it is proffered. As she essays to open the neatly folded sheet, her fair face is again radiant with the crimson glow which suffused it at the whispered words of him by her side. That telltale blush betrays thy secret, fair girl; and we are now at no loss to conjecture the purport of that mysterious whisper; nor are we in doubt respecting the nature of the missive in thy hand. Ah! that, too, explains thy indifference to the admiration so lavishly bestowed upon thee. That sheet, which thou art so eagerly perusing, has been traced by the pen of one whom thou lovest with the warm first love of a pure, unsophisticated heart. And never, surely, did holy, disinterested affection find a more exquisite and winning embodiment. An undefined feeling of sadness and pity mingles with the esteem and admiration of *Bourrienne*, as he watches the ever-varying expressions of her countenance, on which is instantly depicted every emotion of her soul.

It is said that it is impossible for the mature and advanced in life to regard the seemingly unalloyed happiness of the young, without feeling emotions of a mournful nature. Probably their own experience of the past gives them an insight into the future; and they foresee the clouds that ere long must overshadow the bright sky of youth. Be this as it may, certain it is, *Bourrienne* experienced something of this while regarding *Hortense Beauharnais*, the youthful daughter of Josephine. As she prepared to fold the letter, after perusing it again and again, he advances, and in kind tones, says:

"Well, mademoiselle, is your letter satisfactory?"

"O, more than satisfactory! A thousand thanks for the precious missive! Next to himself, it is the most welcome; though at first I was so disappointed at not seeing him with you, that I felt as if nothing could compensate me."

"But does he not say that he shall be here soon?"

"O, yes, he writes that he shall be in Paris in twenty-four hours, and then I shall see him. I shall count the moments until he arrives."

So saying, the now animated girl again takes the arm of Bourrienne, who evidently purposes to reconduct her to the grand drawing rooms; but seeing his intention, Hortense entreats to be allowed a few moments for happy reflection, before returning to the gay scene which she has just left. Her kind conductor accordingly leads her to the high piazza, opening from the Pavilion of Flora, and overlooking the royal gardens. It is exactly the retreat she would have chosen in her present frame of mind. The scene harmonizes well with her feelings. In this lovely retired spot, she can indulge undisturbed in the happy visions conjured by the loved words she had just been perusing. Bourrienne has retired at a little distance, leaving her to the communion of her own bright dreams, with no witnesses but the bright stars and the full-orbed moon sailing in majestic beauty over her head, and gazing with calm, silent sympathy upon her. And here we, too, will leave her for the present, and return to the illustrious pair we have left in the grand saloons.

The eagle glance of Napoleon had not failed to notice the withdrawal of Hortense with Bourrienne, and he secretly rejoiced at it, feeling assured that Bourrienne, in whom he feels unlimited confidence, will do all in his power to forward the views entertained for her by Josephine and himself. It had been for some time the favorite plan of Napoleon to unite in marriage the beautiful daughter of his wife with his brother Louis. In this scheme he was cordially joined by Josephine, who, with her characteristic conformity to his wishes, was even more anxious than himself for its consummation, notwithstanding she knew that her daughter had given her whole heart, with all its rich, warm affection, to Duroc, the handsomest and most gallant of Napoleon's aids. It had been recently whispered abroad, that the love which the First Consul manifested for the beautiful Hortense was a guilty passion—that the daughter was likely to rival the mother in his affection. These reports had reached the ear of Josephine; and she felt

that they could in no way be so effectually silenced as by this proposed union. In promoting this, she believed that she was acting for the good of all concerned. She thought it would be impossible for her daughter not to be happy if united to Louis, who so much resembled her idolized Napoleon. But she understood not the deep earnestness of her daughter's character, nor the strength of her attachment to Duroc.

Bourrienne was not only the devoted friend of the royal pair, but was warmly attached to the youthful lovers, who reciprocated his regard with unbounded confidence and esteem. He had been the friend and patron of Duroc for many years; while he felt all the love of a father for Mademoiselle Beauharnais. With sincere pleasure, he observed the attachment existing between them. He had been the medium through which many a kind message and *billet-doux* had been transmitted; and his presence was ever welcomed by Hortense with heartfelt pleasure. On his arrival at the palace, a few hours before his interview with Mademoiselle Beauharnais, Napoleon had communicated to him his intention respecting her union with Louis. Bourrienne listened with silent regret, merely inclining his head when desired to lend his influence in favor of the alliance. As yet, nothing had been said to Hortense respecting the proposed union. If she had previously entertained any suspicions of the scheme, they had been entirely dispelled by the deportment of Louis himself, who, on a recent visit to the capital, had manifested towards her nothing but the coldest indifference.

THE PROPOSED ALLIANCE.

We left Hortense on the piazza overhanging the royal gardens. Nothing could exceed the loveliness of the scene spread out before her. For ages had the kings of France spared neither trouble nor expense to render these the most magnificent gardens of Europe. All that genius could invent, or royalty supply, had been lavished in adorning them. Pavilions, grottoes, temples and obelisks gleamed through the foliage of rare trees and shrubs, imported from all parts of the earth. The moon is high up in heaven, shining with a holy, beautiful light on all below; silvering statues, cascades and fountains, and enhancing, if possible, the splendor of a scene which nature and art had long vied with each other in embellishing.

As Hortense gazed upon the resplendent landscape, a pensive sadness usurped the place of the almost perfect happiness which she had just

experienced, and carried her back in imagination to the time when these enchanting walks were graced by one as young, innocent and beautiful as herself—the lovely but ill-starred Marie Antoinette. She remembered her sad fate, the mournful tragedy of her last days. She thought of her, newly arrived from Austria, a mirthful, light-hearted, impulsive girl, hardly emerged from childhood—a queen of such transcendent beauty that her subjects were almost delirious with admiration—a wife, possessing a heart grateful for the enthusiastic acclamations of the crowd; but still yearning for the love and sympathy of her royal consort, who alone seemed unmindful of her surpassing loveliness.

"Beautiful, ill-fated queen," said Hortense, "unappreciated by him who should have loved and protected thee, until thy meek suffering under the cruel aspersions and persecutions of the populace, that had recently rent the air with thy praise, opened his eyes to thy unequalled grace and beauty. Who knows but my fate may be as sad as thine! Would I could raise the veil which hides the future from my view."

Hortense unconsciously uttered these last words aloud. Hardly had she pronounced them, ere she was startled by a voice immediately below the place where she stood, and looking over the balustrade, she beheld a female figure, clad in the picturesque garb of the French peasantry, gazing intently at her. As she turned her earnest gaze upwards, she revealed a countenance of a marked and singular character, over which the moonbeams, playing through the trembling leaves of a neighboring aspen tree, cast a flickering light, enhancing its strange and fitful expression. The deep lines of her face seemed to be more the result of care and passion than of age, though the woman had evidently passed the meridian of life.

"Lady," said she, in a deep, low voice, "I have heard thy wish—thou wouldst know what Fate has in store for thee. I could unfold to thee much of thy future destiny; but it will not be well for thee to know."

"O, tell me more!" cried Hortense, whose ardent and enthusiastic nature was strongly imbued with the romance and superstition prevalent at that time in France.

"Hut!" said the singular being, pointing towards Bourrienne, who was now approaching; "not now. Meet me here to-morrow night, at this hour."

Saying this, she suddenly disappeared.

Hortense silently permitted Bourrienne, who now stood by her side, to lead her away. But instead of rejoining the gay assembly in the

grand drawing rooms, she proceeded immediately to her own apartments, where, having dismissed her attendants, she gave herself up to the reflections which had been elicited by the strange incident of the evening.

Not long, however, was she suffered to indulge in undisturbed musing. Soon after she had entered her room, a light tap was heard at the door, which was immediately opened, and Josephine entered her daughter's apartment, as was frequently her wont before retiring for the night. Tenderly saluting Hortense, she said:

"You seem unusually thoughtful this evening, my child; and I am happy to see you thus, for I have a subject to propose, to which I wish you to give earnest consideration. It is the wish of my honored husband—your more than father—that you should become the wife of his brother Louis. I need not add that his wish in this matter, as in all others, is mine also; and I doubt not that my daughter's sense of duty and love for her parents will lead her to conform cheerfully to our desires. You have seen Louis many times, and observed his excellent qualities; and I think you must agree with us, that he is well calculated to make a kind and indulgent husband to an affectionate and obedient wife."

Josephine uttered these words hurriedly, hardly daring to look at her daughter while she spoke. Receiving no answer, she raised her eyes, and was painfully startled by the mute look of anguish which met her gaze. She was prepared for expostulations, entreaties and passionate tears; but not for the speechless misery personified before her. The kind heart of the mother was deeply moved. Tenderly encircling her daughter in her arms, and pressing her aching head upon her bosom, she talked long and earnestly of the duty and expediency of acting in conformity with Napoleon's wishes.

Josephine spoke in the sweet, persuasive tones peculiar to herself—tones which ever proved resistless, even to the most indifferent. What wonder, then, that she succeeded in drawing from her daughter a half implied promise of submission. At length, in a mournful voice, tremulous with weeping, Hortense entreated to be left alone, for the present, to reflect upon a proposition so fraught with misery to her future life. Josephine, with a heart wrung with contending emotions, reluctantly rose and left the room.

When Hortense found herself again alone, she gave way to the most passionate grief. She thought of her betrothal to Duroc—a betrothal sanctioned by both Napoleon and her mother;

and she dwelt upon their injustice, in thus seeking to dissolve the connection. Then she remembered the expected visit of her lover—the anticipation of which, a few hours since, had filled her heart with hope and joy. Now, the idea of meeting him redoubled her unhappiness. She thought of the misery which he would experience in learning the purpose of Napoleon respecting her; and sympathy for him mingled with her own sorrow.

Josephine had ever endeavored to inspire her children with love and respect, amounting to awe, for Napoleon; and to instil into their minds principles of duty and unlimited obedience towards him; and the idea of doing aught in opposition to the will of him, whose slightest request was her mother's law, of him, at whose mandate nations bowed, never once entered her imagination.

It was not until the morning light had begun to tinge the eastern horizon, that Hortense threw herself upon her couch to take the repose which she so much needed. After a short and troubled sleep, she awoke with a vague, indefinite feeling that some great calamity had befallen her. By degrees, a clearer recollection of the incidents of the preceding evening came over her mind, and she was again overwhelmed with uncontrollable sorrow. Soon after she arose she despatched a line to her mother, apologizing for not appearing at the morning meal, pleading as an excuse a severe headache, with which she was really suffering. In return, she received an affectionate note, advising her to remain in her own room through the day, delicately hinting that by so doing she could reflect upon the proposed alliance with Louis, while enjoying the repose she needed so much.

Hortense passed the day in a state of the most feverish solicitude. As night approached, and the hour of Duroc's coming drew nearer, her intense anxiety became almost insupportable. She longed for, yet dreaded, his arrival. At each sound heard in the court below, the palpitations of her heart increased to painful violence. But she was spared the misery of seeing him—Napoleon was too politic to allow the lovers to meet again until his scheme should have been fully consummated. Hardly had Duroc's epistle, announcing his intended visit to Paris, been despatched, ere he was ordered abroad on a secret embassy, which would prevent his return to France for some months.

As the evening advanced, Hortense recollected the mysterious request of the strange being who had so unexpectedly appeared to her the preceding evening in the gardens. Glancing hastily at

her small, richly jewelled repeater—a recent gift from Napoleon—she found that the appointed hour had arrived. Hurriedly enveloping herself in her mantle, she left her apartment, traversed the long corridors, and descended the marble steps which led to the royal gardens.

THE SYBIL.

The night presented a fearful contrast to the calm beauty of the preceding evening. Black, vapory clouds were scudding over the heavens, alternately veiling and revealing the moon in quick succession. The wind sighed mournfully through the neighboring trees and shrubs, as if hymning the requiem of some departed spirit. It was an angry night—a night for superstition to conjure up fancied visions of spectre, phantom and ghost.

Hortense felt a chilling sensation of terror creep over her as she perceived the dark figure of the woman, who was apparently watching for her coming. Perceiving Hortense, she advanced towards her, and said:

"Lady, thou hast heeded my request. It is well. Thou wouldst know thy future lot. Already have the clouds began to gather around thy path. Thy destiny is indeed a dark one! Seest thou yon star," continued she, pointing mysteriously to a small luminary high in the distant horizon. "That is thy natal star. Look at it with me while I read thy fate: Thou wilt be a wife unloving and unloved; thou wilt be a mother only to mourn that thou art one."

While she spoke, the star, at which Hortense was earnestly gazing, became obscured, and was lost to her sight.

"Cease! O, in mercy, cease!" almost shrieked Hortense. "Who art thou?—and how knowest thou these things?"

"Ask not who I am. It is sufficient for thee that I have watched over thee from thy infancy, that almost every act of thy life is known to me, that thy father and mother are equally objects of my watchful care."

As she said this, the interest of Hortense increased to a fearful intensity. Eagerly she entreated to learn the fate of those who were dear to her. The pretended sybil pointed to another star higher up in the heavens, and said:

"That is the star of thy mother's nativity; and higher still gleams the star of Napoleon. They are shining brightly now. But see!—those dark clouds are coming to envelope them in gloom."

Hortense looked as directed, and observed a dark mass of vapor driving rapidly toward

them. On it came, wrapping the star of Josephine in its black folds, but leaving Napoleon's clear and bright in an open space of the deep vault above.

As Hortense gazed upwards, a feeling akin to disappointment and regret stole over her. Why should the star of Napoleon continue to shine with increasing resplendence, while those of her mother and herself seemed to be forever lost in gloom? But ere she had time to ask the cause of this, the bright luminary shot from its sphere and fell rapidly towards the earth, leaving a long line of bluish light to mark its course. At this perfectly natural phenomenon, a superstitious awe, amounting to horror, took possession of the mind of Hortense. For a long time she remained with her eyes riveted upwards; then turning towards her companion, she asked, with great earnestness, if there was no way by which she could avert her predicted doom.

"Yes," replied the dark woman at her side; "remain true to him to whom thou hast given thy heart. Heed not the counsel or commands of those who seek to wed thee to one who loves thee not, else the house of Bonaparte will prove thy misery, as it surely will that of thy mother."

Having uttered these words, she turned and hastily left the spot. Hortense remained for some time after her departure, lost in a maze of mingled emotions of astonishment, terror and dread. Strange, unconnected thoughts were floating confusedly in her mind. She felt as if under the influence of some strong, invisible power, against which human resistance would be vain. Her spirit had endured to its utmost. A sensation of faintness stole over her senses, and she fell swooning to the earth. For a long time she remained in a state of unconsciousness. When she recovered, streaks of light had begun to tinge the east. With slow and trembling steps she again sought her chamber, to ponder anew upon the dark fate predicted for her.

The dark woman, who had visited Hortense in such an inexplicable manner, was a Creole slave, who had come many years before from the island of Martinique. She was one of the numerous slaves born and reared on the Beauharnais plantation of that island. She had come to Paris in the capacity of nurse to the infant Alexander, the former husband of Josephine, and father of Hortense. She was strongly attached to the family, regarding the infant under her care with an affection which remained unabated during his life. As one after another of the beloved family was led to the guillotine, during the awful Reign of Terror, this faithful creature became gloomy and misanthropic, seem-

ing to have no object in life but to watch in secret over the interests of the widow and children of her beloved master.

When Josephine became the wife of Napoleon, she abandoned herself to grief, bordering on despair. She, somehow, seemed to have got the impression that the First Consul was one of the party that had caused the death of those whom she loved; and the thoughts of his union with one who had been wedded to her master, distracted her. She now withdrew her regard from the mother, and centered it wholly in the children, especially in Hortense, who strongly resembled her father. When it became whispered abroad that Napoleon sought to unite her to his brother Louis, this woman was determined to prevent the union if possible, and she knew of no way of effecting her object except by pursuing the course already narrated. She had sometime previous discovered a secret entrance into the royal gardens, through which she was wont to pass and watch Hortense, unseen by her. Here she had frequently seen Duroc; and being well pleased with his elegant appearance, and graceful ease of manners, she felt that he, and he only, was worthy to possess the child of her solicitude. She was in the gardens watching as usual, on the evening in which she is first introduced to the reader, and the remark of Hortense, "Would I could raise the veil which hides the future from my view," suggested to her the idea of feigning supernatural discernment.

The alliance proposed by Napoleon for Mademoiselle Beauharnais, was no less distasteful to Louis than to herself. He, too, had long been attached with his whole soul to another—to a beautiful and accomplished lady, whom he had met in Italy. Napoleon was well aware of this; but in his ambitious projects, he hesitated not to sunder the strongest ties of friendship, or to sacrifice the holiest affections of the human heart! The letters of the lovers were intercepted. The lady, led to believe that Louis had become indifferent to her, in a fit of pique engaged herself to one whom she never loved.

Still, it was no easy matter to induce Louis to consent to the arrangement. However beautiful and fascinating Mademoiselle Beauharnais appeared to others, she excited no interest in him; and it was not until he learned that the lady of his heart was on the eve of being wedded to another, that he passively consented to the proposed union. It was then arranged that Louis should take up his residence at the royal palace until the consummation of his marriage. Here he might be seen wandering about in melan-

choly listlessness, seemingly the only one unmindful of the great preparations going on for his nuptials. Since the supposed inconstancy of the chosen of his heart, the world had seemed a blank to him. He felt no interest in its cares or pleasures, and only sighed to be released from a life which had become insupportable to him.

In the meantime, Hortense was beginning to look at the contemplated union with less aversion. Week after week had elapsed, and she had received no tidings from Duroc, while her mother had neglected no opportunity for expatiating upon the advantages to be derived from acceding to the desire of Napoleon. She knew her daughter was ambitious, possessing a strong taste for grandeur, pageantry and power; and that promises of these would be more likely to reconcile her to the match than any attempt to render Louis more attractive to her for the present. She believed that were they only united, the amiable qualities of Louis could not fail to excite the esteem and admiration of Hortense; which sentiments would be likely to inspire him with a similar regard for herself, and thus the union be productive of happiness to both.

It would be impossible to imagine a more uncongenial pair than Louis and Hortense; possessing not a single feeling or taste in common, they never could have fancied each other, even had their affections not been previously engaged. Louis was of a sad, pensive nature, fond of retirement and study, with no desire for power and eminence, and wholly free from the ambition which so strongly characterized his brother, Napoleon. Hortense, on the contrary, was lively and fascinating, fond of fashionable society and public amusements, delighting in fetes and splendid assemblies, similar to that in which she was first introduced to the reader. Napoleon, aware of her taste in this respect, was determined that the marriage festival should exceed in splendor and magnificence all that earth had ever witnessed of regal pomp and grandeur. By degrees, Hortense became interested in the vast preparations for an event so fraught with weal or woe to herself. She half forgot that the time was rapidly drawing near when she would become the wife of one who regarded her with indifference, not to say dislike.

The day previous to that appointed for the marriage ceremony had arrived. The palace was filled with a brilliant assembly of distinguished guests, convened from various parts of Europe, for the morrow's festival. As the shades of evening closed around the Tuilleries, Hortense stole from the gay throng for a quiet

walk on the piazza overhanging the royal gardens. It had been a sultry day, which was now succeeded by a lowering evening. A dark cloud was seen rising rapidly in the west, from whose black folds a gleam of lightning occasionally flashed, followed by a peal of low muttered thunder. For weeks, Hortense had not allowed herself leisure for reflecting upon the peculiar circumstances under which she was placed. Now they rushed upon her mind with an overwhelming power—the hour, the place, the scene, all were calculated to revive them anew. She remembered, with fearful distinctness, her interview with the sybil, and the sad fate predicted for her.

A fearful dread again took possession of her. She almost expected to behold the dark propheticess rise up from the earth beneath. Gazing intently upon the spot where the woman had last appeared, she descried a dark object approaching the place where she stood.

"Lady," said the sybil—for it proved to be she, "for weeks have I watched here for thy coming. I had begun to despair of seeing thee. I would again warn thee, daughter of Alexander Beauharnais, against becoming the wife of one whom thou canst never love. Think of the noble one who holds thy heart! Let him possess thy hand, also. Marry into the house of Bonaparte, and thou wilt be wretched indeed, though surrounded by external splendor. How canst thou expect happiness, after having violated the sacred pledge which binds thee to another? Hark!" she continued, as a loud peal of thunder from the cloud, which had now nearly reached the zenith, startled both her auditor and herself; "even the voice of Heaven speaks against an alliance so unnatural!"

Uttering these words in a solemn manner, the woman disappeared, and Hortense found herself again alone.

For the first time, she fully realized her situation—on the eve of marriage with one who desired her not for his bride; about to pledge herself to love and honor one whom she never had and never could regard with affection. A feeling akin to remorse took possession of her mind when she reflected upon the awful responsibility and sinfulness of the step that she was on the point of taking. Then came the remembrance of her lover, to whom she had solemnly betrothed herself. Would anything justify her in thus proving false to him? It is true, he seemed to have forgotten her; still, circumstances beyond his control might be the cause of his seeming neglect. She could learn nothing from his friend, Bourrienne, except that Duroc had left

France for an indefinite period of time. As these reflections came crowding through her mind, she half resolved to go to Napoleon, and entreat to be released from an alliance which could be productive of nothing but wretchedness to both. But would such an appeal to him avail her aught? Would he be likely to swerve from his purpose, at this late hour, by anything that she could say? Most certainly not. By pursuing such a course she would only incur Napoleon's displeasure, cause her mother much pain and disappointment, and afford a subject for wonder and gossip to the assembled guests. No; she must stay and bide the fate from which there seemed no appeal. She thought it useless to strive against a destiny which appeared to her inevitable.

THE MARRIAGE.

The bridal morn dawned, cheerless and gloomy, over the Tuilleries. The clouds of the preceding night yet lingered above, as if Heaven had interposed a veil to screen from his sight the desecration of his holiest ordinance for the happiness and purity of mankind. The thunder's deep, low voice still uttered its angry mutterings among the far-off hills, as some mighty giant utters his denunciation while sullenly retiring from a scene, against which he has lifted his voice in vain. All nature seemed to have assumed the habiliments of mourning and woe—fitting garb for such uncongenial nuptials.

At an early hour, Josephine repaired to her daughter's apartments. She wished to converse with her, ere the interests and pleasures of the day should engross her attention, upon the importance of the step she was about to take. Josephine was emphatically a good wife, and such she desired her daughter to be; but she knew that in order to meet and discharge faithfully the duties and responsibilities of married life, her child must be prepared for them. The sight of Hortense, however, drove the object of her visit from her mind. She felt shocked and grieved at the unlooked-for change which a few short hours had effected in her daughter's appearance. Instead of finding her composed and comparatively cheerful, as she had been during the past few weeks, she appeared nervous and agitated; her countenance, pale as death, wore the fixed look of despair, always so painful to behold, especially in the young and beautiful.

Josephine observed that Hortense still wore the dress of the preceding evening; and glancing towards her couch, she perceived, also, that that had not been disturbed. This, she con-

jectured, was probably the cause of her daughter's apparent illness, and she could not forbear reproving her for not seeking the repose so necessary to prepare her for the scenes of the day. With a look of anguish, Hortense entreated her mother not to reproach her for not sleeping away the few brief hours of liberty which yet remained. Josephine, disappointed and deeply pained, deemed it inexpedient to say more on the subject. Rallying her own spirits, she endeavored to divert her daughter's attention from the unhappy circumstances over which she was evidently brooding. Handing Hortense a small casket, she said:

"I bring you a magnificent present from my honored husband, who is to you the best of fathers. Are they not beautiful?" she continued, opening the casket, and displaying a splendid set of diamonds. "How grateful we ought to be for his great kindnesses to us, my dear child. Surely, the least we can do in return, is to conform cheerfully to his requirements, especially when they are designed for our own happiness. Look!" added she, holding up as she spoke a *bandeau*, composed of diamonds of great value. "Is not this superb?" And advancing towards her daughter, and fastening it around her fair brow, she said: "There, my Hortense looks like a queen! And a queen she shall be ere many months shall have passed over her head. Nay! turn not so incredulously away," continued Josephine, with assumed playfulness, "for I am a true sybil, and you will acknowledge me such when you shall have realized the brilliant destiny I intend predicting for you."

Thus the mother talked to her sorrow-stricken child, though her own heart was wrung with anguish all the while.

Hortense understood and appreciated her mother's kindness, and would gladly have repaid her with the semblance of happiness; but she felt it impossible to smile with a broken heart. Gratefully pressing her cold lips upon her mother's brow, she signified in broken sentences her determination to submit with the best grace she could to what now seemed inevitable. And with this unsatisfactory promise, Josephine was obliged to rest content.

It had been arranged that the marriage ceremony should take place at the church of Notre Dame, and rarely indeed had been witnessed, even within the walls of this world-renowned cathedral, so celebrated for imposing scenes and ceremonies, an exhibition of such luxury and magnificence. Vain would it be to attempt a description of the pomp and grandeur displayed on this occasion. The church was filled with

the most illustrious princes and nobles of Europe, presenting a dazzling array of beauty and fashion, grand and imposing in the extreme. And amid this vast concourse of assembled grace and elegance, Louis Bonaparte and Hortense Beauharnais, the father and mother of the present emperor of France, stood up to be united in marriage. Sad desecration of the holiest institute of the Most High! Heaven witnessed their vows, false though they were, and the recording angel registered them above, though tears of grief and pity bedewed the page on which they were inscribed.

The bride, though adorned with surpassing elegance, appeared pale and inanimate as senseless marble. An expression of utter hopelessness seemed impressed upon her countenance. A sympathetic feeling of sadness pervaded the hearts of the grand assemblage. All were overpowered with the mournful pageantry of the occasion. The clouds without seemed to have cast their shadows dark and heavily over all within.

Ere the marriage rite had concluded, a peal of thunder, louder than any that had preceded it, reverberated with a deep, rumbling sound among the columns and arches of the old cathedral. A perceptible shudder ran through the frame of the bride, and she would have fallen had she not supported herself by leaning against the altar, near which she stood. Louis perceiving her emotion, instinctively extended his hand for her support; but she, unconsciously, recoiled from his touch. This movement was perceived, and never forgiven by the sensitive Louis. In after years it was again and again recalled to mind when mutual friends attempted to effect a reconciliation between them.

Months passed on. Napoleon had placed his brother Louis upon the throne of Holland; and Hortense was a queen. Thus was her mother's prediction verified. But there was another prediction still ringing in her ears, which had been verified also. Bitterly, indeed, had she realized the truth of these words, "Thou wilt be a wife unloving and unloved." Though surrounded with all the luxury and splendor that earth could bestow, she was wretched at heart. The cold indifference of Louis had changed to settled aversion; while she, in return, cherished naught but unkindly feelings towards him. Thus both were made miserable; each imputing to the other the sole cause of the unhappiness. It was impossible for Napoleon and Josephine to witness their mutual discontent without deep self-reproach. In vain they endeavored to repair the deep wrongs they had caused. Napo-

leon conferred upon his brother unbounded honors, and lavished upon him all the luxuries that wealth could command; but all were insufficient to "minister to a mind diseased." Even his kingly crown proved a burden to him, and he would gladly have resigned all his greatness for the quiet and retirement that he found so much more congenial to his nature.

It was impossible for Hortense, energetic and ambitious as she was, to understand how the elevation of her husband should thus prove a source of unhappiness to him; and a feeling, allied to contempt, mingled with her dislike for one who evidently possessed neither the ability to appreciate his greatness, nor the courage to support it. In this unhappy state of affairs, Hortense became a mother. She had looked forward to this event with none of the yearnings of a mother's heart. The fearful prophecy, "Thou wilt be a mother only to mourn that thou art one," still sounded in her ears, and she anticipated the advent of her little one with feelings of dread instead of pleasure. But when the little stranger made its appearance, emotions new and delightful took possession of her soul. She felt that she had now an object to live for. In a transport of heartfelt bliss, she clasped the precious charge to her breast, and resolved to devote her whole existence to his care, in the pleasing hope that he would repay her devotion with the love which her heart so much yearned for.

The child, unlike the generality of offspring born of uncongenial parents, was a remarkably beautiful and interesting infant. At a very early age, he discovered a precocity of intellect and understanding truly wonderful. Hortense loved him with an intensity amounting to idolatry; while to the melancholy but affectionate Louis, he was scarcely less an object of devotion. The noble little fellow daily developed an increasing affection for both his parents. With a maturity beyond his age, he seemed to divine the unhappy relation existing between them, and essayed a hundred little childlike arts to effect a reconciliation. When receiving the caresses of Louis, he would say: "Do you love me, papa?"

"Yes, my darling," the father would fervently reply, "I love my little son very, very dearly."

"And mamma, too?" the little prattler would add. "Do you love mamma?"

Louis, too noble to equivocate where he could not answer in the affirmative, could only preserve a painful silence; though, with a heart wrung with anguish, he would observe the tears well up in the deep, earnest eyes of his loving boy as he waited for an answer.

When this lovely child was about sixteen months old, Napoleon, who was now emperor of France, paid a visit to his brother, in Holland. He had not seen his little nephew since his baptism, which had been celebrated with great pomp and splendor, and hence was not prepared for the change which a few months had effected. Instead of the infant he expected to see, he now beheld a child, beautiful as a cherub, coming to meet him. The emperor, ever fond of children, caught the darling boy in his arms, and impressed repeated kisses upon his rosy lips, while the little one, in sweetest accents, continued to lisp between his caresses, "Dear, dear papa—I love you, dear papa."

Probably the child mistook him for his father, as Louis strongly resembled his brother, Napoleon; be that as it may, the emperor was delighted, and he determined from that moment to make the young prince his heir. He declared his intention to the happy Josephine, and the no less happy mother. Napoleon's intense desire for an heir, to whom he could transmit the throne of France, had long been the subject of speculation and gossip throughout the realm. It was well known that all hopes of Josephine's becoming again a mother had been relinquished, and dark hints were afloat of a contemplated divorce. These vague rumors had been breathed within hearing of the empress, and fearful forebodings of the future at times took possession of her mind. Now the declaration of her royal spouse relieved her mind of its apprehension, and she experienced a lightness of heart to which she had long been a stranger.

Napoleon had now reached the highest pinnacle of earthly grandeur, and his plan of adopting the little prince was extremely gratifying to Hortense, to whose boundless ambition allusion has already been made. In the meantime, the little one, upon whom so many hopes were centered, continued to improve in grace and beauty. Each day endeared him more and more to the hearts of his parents. With a perfect organization, both mental and physical, it seemed as if the little Napoleon was destined to realize the fondest anticipations entertained for him. But alas for the fallacy of human expectations!

The month of April, 1807, was drawing to a close. Hortense had been listening with delighted interest to the innocent prattle of her little, son, who had now nearly completed his fifth year, when his attendant came to remove him for the night. As he stood by his mother's side, to receive the accustomed good-night kiss which she fondly imprinted again and again upon his sweet, upturned face, he said:

"Why do you never kiss dear, kind papa, as you do me?"

"O, papa is not a little boy," she answered, evasively.

"Neither is Uncle Eugene a little boy," persisted the child; "yet you kiss him when he is here."

With a gesture of impatience, the queen mother commanded the attendant to convey the child to bed. The little prince cast upon his mother a look replete with blended astonishment, grief and love, as he suffered himself to be taken away. It was the first time that Hortense had ever manifested even the shadow of displeasure towards her darling boy; and the pitiful expression of his sad, little face, as he was carried from her sight, haunted her long afterwards.

Before retiring for her night's rest, she visited, as was her custom, the chamber of her child. Bending over his little couch, what was her horror to find him suffering with a severe attack of the croup. In an agony of alarm, she aroused the attendants. Physicians were immediately summoned, and human skill was exerted to its utmost; but in vain. The little sufferer appeared to know intuitively that he was about to die, and be separated from his dear mother, and the incident of the evening seemed to dwell painfully in his mind. He would repeat, in touching accents:

"You are not displeased with me, dear mamma? You do love me, do you not?"

With heart-rending anguish, Hortense bent over her beloved boy, and assured him again and again of her love. Encircling the neck of his mother with one arm, he stretched out the other towards his father, and gasped:

"Kiss me, my dear father!"

Louis bowed his head over his dying son, and wept the bitter tears that manhood only knows. With an arm clasped around the neck of each parent, the lovely child breathed his last.

In this position, crushed and subdued by a mutual bereavement, it seemed as if the time had arrived for a reconciliation between the father and mother. But each too proud to make the first concession, the fitting moment passed away, leaving them forever more widely estranged. The angel who had come to convey the soul of the little prince to its blissful abode, and had lingered pityingly at the sight, turned sorrowfully from the result.

Louis and Hortense never recovered from the loss of their first born. Other sons were born to the royal pair; but they possessed neither the beauty nor talents of the little Napoleon, who seemed to have united the virtues of both pa-

rents, unalloyed by their failings. The emperor could not be persuaded to adopt another in his stead. Thus, the premature death of this idolized child led immediately to the divorce and subsequent downfall of the greatest monarch of modern times. Louis now became more gloomy and melancholy than ever. Each day the regal pomp and ceremony of his elevation grew more irksome to him, and he determined to abdicate a throne on which he believed he should never have been placed. Hortense, who had never loved her husband, resolved to separate from him, since he could no longer retain the kingly crown for which alone she tolerated him. The ex-king, glad to be released from a companion who had never conduced to his happiness, passed the few remaining years of his life in friendless solitude.

Embosomed among the picturesque hills of Switzerland, stands a lonely castle. High around it, the Alps, with Mount Blanc awful in its majesty, rear their lofty heads. To this secluded spot, Hortense retired, the unhappy victim of disappointed ambition. She had lived to witness four sons, one after another, consigned to an early grave. One, only, remained to close her dying eyes—the present emperor of France. She has indeed been a “mother only to mourn that she was one.”

RUSSIAN COSTUME.

The mass of the Russian population is clothed at a very small expense. Cotton trousers tucked into high boots of half-dressed leather, a cotton shirt and a sheepskin coat, or coarse camlet often bound round with a sash, constitute the whole outward man of the moojik, whose entire equipment may cost about ten roubles (30s.), the sheepskin being the most expensive article. Ten shillings would buy a common female costume, which consists of a sarafan or long petticoat held by straps, which pass above the arms, a chemise with sleeves extending nearly to the elbow, a kerchief over the head, a pair of shoes, and sometimes stockings, but more frequently strips of cotton or linen cloth, wrapped round the leg and foot; for out of door wear, a quilted jacket is added to these, and, where circumstances will permit, a salope or long cloak in the German fashion. The simplicity of their dress is not a matter of taste with these people, who, when they can afford it, are strongly addicted to finery; and it is amusing to observe the gradual transformation of the servant women, who, on coming into town to their first service, wear the village sarafan, but as their wages are paid and increased, assume the nemetzkoj mode (foreign fashion), and indulge extensively in crinoline.—*Notes of a Residence in Russia.*

Contentment gives its own complexion to everyday occurrences, and imparts light where otherwise there would be darkness.

THE SLEEPING MAIDEN.

BY O. G. DUNN.

A garden arbor robed in flowers,
Bends o'er a sleeping maiden;
Her cheek with rose is orient,
Her face with smiles is laden.
Such smiles have never tarnished been,
By the artful brush of mortal sin;
Such rose hath never felt the breath
Of pale consumption—kin to death;
Her rose and smiles thus blending, seem
The language of her passing dream.

There are verses on her lips,
From her tranquil heart they've stole,
And they tell in numbers sweet,
What is passing in the soul.
Over her bosom moonbeams fall—
Silver sprites, dreamy, thin,
On her eyelids seem to play,
And they strive to steal away
The precious eyelight shut within.
A starlight 'cross her forehead lies,
Waiting the opening of her eyes;
And Venus peeps the rose-vines through,
Just like a lover come to woo.

Guardian angels near her stay,
A-chasing danger far away;
And though star-beams fall from the far-off skies,
They ne'er can out-rival her maiden eyes.

THE REFUGEES.

A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

BY FRED. FEBCY.

In the year 183—, I was travelling over Germany, and in my endeavors to find some novelty, I had avoided as much as possible the beaten track of tourists, when late one afternoon I plainly perceived that the sun would set before I could reach Arlon, which was the nearest town. I was unwilling, however, to bivouac for the night in the forests of Luxembourg, and pressing my horse forward, I soon came to a clearing under a high state of cultivation; grain of various kinds waved in the breeze, and a luxuriant kitchen garden showed no inattentive hand, while beyond all, what was especially pleasing to me, a neat little cottage told of the comforts of a home. I immediately quickened my pace and knocked at a door covered with creeping vines and flowering shrubs, which knock was answered by a hale old man whose appearance would give a good idea of a military veteran; of a tall and commanding figure, he united dignity with kindness, and impressed one with a feeling of respect; with a keen eye of remarkable lustre, he scanned me in an instant, and at my request

for a lodging for the night, he welcomed me with a cordiality that showed him to be sincere.

The family to which I was then introduced, consisted of the old man's son and his wife, with a couple of rosy faced children; there was little, however, to interest the casual observer, but as a wanderer in a strange country, I could not help noticing the universal cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit throughout the circle, and the neat appearance of everything in this forest-home. Education, too, I found had not been neglected, and although it had been of the plainest kind, yet it had given a sprightliness and ease to their conversation which I have rarely seen surpassed. I soon began an interchange of anecdote with the old man who had first greeted me, and while the rest listened with eager attention, I told him many incidents connected with the first settlers of this country, and their continued struggles with the Indians. I sketched as well as I was able, the character of the Pilgrims, and related to him how they had come to Holland, and from thence had set sail for an unknown land, and at length I asked him if there was nothing new to be heard of in the haunted land of Germany.

"O yes," said he, "that is, if you consider Luxembourg a part of Germany, there is a history connected with this very spot, of which I doubt if any travellers have heard; but perhaps so long a story would tire you?"

I expressed the great pleasure I should feel in anything he might relate, and he thus began:

After the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew, numerous families fled from France to the neighboring countries, where the demon of persecution had not yet gained strength; those who could, crossed over into England, while others hid themselves in Switzerland and the states of Germany; but by far the greater number fled to the Netherlands, ready to defend their rights with those whom all Europe knew would never succumb to a tyrant. Among these refugees there was a Huguenot family in easy circumstances, consisting of a father and mother, both of whom had passed the meridian of life, and their two sons and a daughter, accompanied by the husband and two children of the latter. These had made their way from the south of France, by concealing themselves among the thickly wooded districts of the border country to the outskirts of the forest of Ardenne, when the trials of the journey began to make sad work with the little party—hunger had often been added to their other troubles, and when they had come to within about a mile of this place, the

mother of the family fell sick and died, and there amid the sighing of the forest trees they buried her, and turned with saddened hearts to continue their journey. It did not last long, however, and after they had toiled through the thick wood—it was thicker than it is now—to this spot, the old man became exhausted, and seating himself on the ground, thus spoke:

"My children, it is a long time now since we left our beloved France, and although I much regret it, yet I feel that I shall never reach Brabant to which you all turn with longing eyes. I have thought of a plan, however, which I submit to your judgment. The wicked Alva is now persecuting the patriots of the Netherlands, and if we continue our journey, we shall at last only meet with a fate perhaps worse than we have escaped; but here, in this forest we have peace, and with the blessing of God we can build a house unmolested by the quarrels of states, and above all, we shall be always near to your dear mother whom we have just buried. The great objection to this, is, I know the approach of winter, and the want of the necessaries of life, but there is certainly a month yet before the frost will set in, and by industry, with the aid of our little savings, I think we may make this spot our home—at any rate, living or dying, we shall be free from the persecution of Rome and the inquisition."

There was silence for a few moments, and then with a cheerful assent, although with somewhat of a feeling of disappointment, the little family began to look about them to see what resources Nature had thrown in their way. An almost impenetrable forest was around them and the first thing to be attended to was a means of subsistence; for this end, the two sons of the old man departed to reconnoitre the surrounding country, and if possible to buy some provisions that might last during the present emergency. After two days the young men returned and brought the intelligence that they were eight or ten miles from any town, and no one knew of their existence; in addition, they brought provisions for a week or more, and likewise seeds and grain for planting, and trusting to Providence for the future, they set to work with many hearts to build a dwelling. Trees were felled with which they built a log-house of comfortable and spacious dimensions, and the space then cleared was the beginning of the little farm you see from the window.

They worked steadily on till the frost set in, when they had just got used to this manner of life; and with the aid of a horse which they had bought at one of the neighboring towns, they

had managed to collect a stock of provisions sufficient to keep them through the winter. They had to do all this, too, secretly, or under false appearances, for they could not tell friends from foes, and when spring opened, their numerous privations had rendered them weak and sickly, but with fresh courage they re-commenced their work, and soon had a larger space under cultivation. From this time they began to succeed, and the next winter found them in comparatively comfortable circumstances.

Years rolled by, and the little family had increased in prosperity and numbers by the birth of two more children; the two unmarried sons had gone to Holland to aid the patriots, and the enjoyments of a peaceful life were just beginning to be felt, when one day, Pierre, for that was the name of the old man's son-in-law, brought the news that there was a gang of men at work about a mile off, building an immense edifice—he knew not for what purpose. Fear and anxiety then became for the first time the inmates of the family, but a continual watch was kept upon the workmen unknown to them. The eldest of the children made stealthy visits at irregular intervals, and brought home word how hard the men were driven, and how they were often visited by a man of savage and disdainful demeanor, who ordered them about like so many animals. At last, after many months, the exterior of the castle, for so it turned out to be, was finished, and then the cumbrous furniture and stores were moved in; nothing more was seen outside the walls, but the busy work of building still went on within, and at night the drunken carousals of the men could be heard, while the existence of a Huguenot family so near was a secret.

The man who had built this castle had been one of the numerous instruments in the hands of Catharine de Medici, whom she employed in her endeavors to extirminate all sects of Protestantism in France; he had held the rank of count, and was possessed of immense estates and hosts of underlings who were bound to him by feudal laws. He was of a gloomy and morose temperament, and persecuted the Protestants with even more ferocity than perhaps Catharine herself, so much so that even his adherents shuddered at his deeds of blood. This alarmed the queen, who requested him to forbear taking the part of executioner without her commands, which so irritated him, that he determined to go and live where he could do as he pleased. He accordingly came to this place, as I have related to you, with the intention of passing an easy and selfish life; it was rumored too, that he had killed his wife by his evil treatment, and he

sought by this means to bring forgetfulness to his mind, but be this as it may, he soon effected a change in the fortunes of the refugee Huguenots.

Often, when Pierre and his sons were out among the trees, either cutting firewood or attending to their crops, a deer or wild boar would come across them, and often a young boar would furnish bacon for a month or so. Thus they continued to live very comfortably, when one day a green coated huntsman, followed by a pack of hounds suddenly broke through the confines of the wood, and much to his astonishment, he beheld for the first time the unknown neighbors of the count. Dismounting, he entered the cottage without knocking, and demanded who they were that had dared to trespass on his master's land?

"We are no trespassers," answered Pierre, starting to his feet with indignation, "and the next time you come here, you had better be more civil."

"Son," said the old man, "let me answer," and turning to the huntsman, he said: "Tell your master that we are poor cottagers living by our own labor, and only wish to enjoy this little plot of ground in peace."

"Umph," said the huntsman, with a sneer, and turning from the cottage, he rode off.

What he said to his master is not known, but the next day the count came down with the blackest scowl on his face, and demanded of the old man, how he dared to occupy his land without permission, and invade his hunting-ground?

The old man replied with more warmth than he had shown for a long time:

"Sir count, it is now many years since we came to this spot, and I never knew that this forest belonged to any one; we have cleared and cultivated this position by our own industry, and all we ask and demand in the name of justice, is, that we shall be unmolested in our own home."

"And do you," replied the count, "dare to demand in the name of justice, that which you have secretly appropriated? Pray, who are you, that you thus possess such audacity?"

"We are freemen," said the old man, "who, although not possessing such great riches as yourself, yet have inalienable rights that we will never surrender; and little as you may think it, if you oppress us, you will find to your cost that right makes might."

"We shall see," replied the count, and muttering something about the insolence of beggars, he galloped off in a towering passion, and was soon lost among the trees. Soon after, Pierre

returned home, to whom his father related all that had passed.

"What!" exclaimed the young man, "did the master of that brute of a huntsman dare to say such things to you? I wish I had been here!"

"It is well that you were not," said his wife, "for I know that father has some plan of redress, which he waits to communicate to you."

"Thou hast conjectured rightly, my child," said her father, "and if I be not deceived, we shall soon hear something more from this haughty man—but hide yourself, Pierre, as you love me, conceal yourself instantly, and stir not on any account till I am again alone."

With a puzzled look the young man sprang up the loft, and with nervous anxiety, he heard three men walk into the room below, and by his voice, he recognized the same huntsman commence reading a paper which ran thus:

"Know, all that dwell in this house, that it is the sovereign command of the count of R—, that all persons shall leave these premises within one month. The house and all the crops shall be left standing, and likewise nothing shall be taken away, except what each one can carry, as a penalty for trespass. Whoever shall not comply with this just command shall be thrown into prison for life."

"Your master," said the old man to the huntsman, "has never told us by what right he possessed these lands, and unless he will show us his title-deeds, we will not retire; but if he persist in driving us from this house, tell him that we will fall no easy prey to his avarice, and perhaps may prove his conquerors by a power he little dreams of."

A loud laugh followed from the men, and they had hardly got out of the door, when Pierre dropped from the scuttle, and exclaimed:

"Father, allow me to avenge the insults of those men?"

"No, no, my son," said the old man, "it is not yet time."

"But when will it be time? and what is that power of which you spoke?"

"Calm yourself, Pierre," said his father, "and I will explain my words. You know you have two brothers in the army of the Netherlands, who have some command there, and from all I can hear, they are beloved and respected by their followers. Now as I perceive from this count's appearance and manner, he is determined to drive us hence in a state of utter destitution, so that he may become the sole possessor of this forest, to which I cannot believe he has any right. I feel very confident, too, that by caution

and perseverance we may make this man our prisoner, which justice to yourself and your young family demands, if he should persist in carrying out his avaricious designs. I shall endeavor to avoid any open rupture, however, if possible, but it is well to have our plans arranged beforehand, and what I have thought of is this:

"Your son Jaques is shrewd beyond his years, and I propose that he should immediately set off secretly for the camp, and finding out his uncles tell them our position, and request them to come here with a few picked men, and await the time of action. I know that it will be hard, for you to send your son on such a perilous errand, and you will be eager to take upon yourself the duty, but then you would leave your family without a protector, and besides your appearance would excite suspicion. However, I leave it with you to decide, and if you are willing, we will call the boy and see what he says to trying his first adventure in the world."

"Although only your son by marriage," answered Pierre, "yet I feel every day more and more your kindly consideration and affection for me, and as you say, it will be hard parting with Jaques, yet I feel that it is best to confide everything to your better judgment, and from this time I hope to be more obedient to your wishes, especially in the present trial."

"I thank you sincerely," said his father, "for your confidence, and I hope before long to show you that it is not misplaced;" and turning to his grandson who stood near him, he continued:

"Jaques, my boy, would you like to go on an adventure?"

"O, yes, grandpa," answered he, his eyes sparkling with joy.

"Well then," said his grandfather, "I wish you to go to Holland, for the safety of your father and mother and brother and sisters," and from this he told him of the threat of the count, and sketched for him the following plan to thwart it. He was to go to Holland in the disguise of a mendicant, and seeking out his uncles, which it was hoped he could do by cautious perseverance, he was to relate to them how matters stood, and tell them that it was the wish of their father that they should return home with about a score of men if possible, and concealing these as they might think best, to come alone to him to decide upon a plan of action.

That very day Jaques set off with a buoyant heart, and after some days found his uncles, who returned in about twenty days, and told their father that there were thirty men scattered among the nearest towns, ready to give their aid in any undertaking. Without recounting the

numerous methods that were discussed, I will only relate how they carried their final decision into execution.

The day before the month was up, the old man called at the count's castle, and having obtained an audience, he thus addressed him :

"Sir count, it now lacks but one day, as you are doubtless aware, of the time when your threat of driving us from our home is to take effect, and I have now come to see if your intentions are not changed, or whether you mean to carry your menace into execution, for I can hardly believe that one so rich and powerful would force a helpless family to beggary and starvation."

"Old man," replied the count, "you have already heard my decision, which I swear I will not alter; you have invaded my hunting-grounds, and destroyed one of the finest spots of the forest."

"We have not invaded your hunting-grounds," said his visitor, "unless you owned the land before you came here—and can you show me your title-deed?"

"Slave!" said the count, in a towering passion, "do you dare to bandy words with me? Get you gone; and as true as you are found in these woods by sunset to-morrow, I swear that my dungeons shall forever silence your insolence."

The old man retired where he found his three sons awaiting him in eager expectation; he told them that the count was inexorable, and that either he or they must conquer, when they set about bringing their previously arranged plan into operation. For the rest of the day Pierre's wife and her father, with her two little daughters remained at home, where we will leave them for the present, and look after the rest of the family.

Towards dusk a company of thirty men, fully armed and likewise carrying short nooses, stealthily approached the trees around the entrance of the castle, and scattering themselves about, they stood behind certain trees, around which they drew a ring of chalk. The youngest son of Pierre then walked over the drawbridge, which according to custom was down in the day, and began irritating the porter by making sport and jeering at him, until the man suddenly jumped up and pursued him; at this the boy ran in and out among the trees, till he came to a chalked one, when down tumbled the porter, and quick as thought, two men gagged and bound him and carried him to a distance.

This was hardly done, when two more servants of the count came out to see that all was safe or the night, but not seeing the porter anywhere,

and perceiving the gate left open, they began to look about for the reason, when Jacques stealing up behind them, struck one in the ribs, and snatching the cap of the other, ran off as his brother had done before. Following their first impulse, the men ran after him, and after a short chase, they too were pulled down, gagged, bound and carried off. All this was done in silence, and the men under Pierre and his brothers watched the gate till quite dark, but no one came to shut it, and gradually they all closed in, and entering in a body, they raised the drawbridge behind them. Softly they threaded one passage after another, till they came to the rooms of the count's vassals; these they entered, and after some skirmishing they succeeded in binding nearly the whole of the castle's half-intoxicated inmates, whom they bolted into their own dungeons. They next ascended the massive stairs of oak, and went through one hall after another without meeting a soul, and having searched every room they could find, they were about to give up in despair of finding the count, when their eyes fell upon a door, which was different from any door they had yet passed, in being locked; it was locked too on the inside, and to break this down would have aroused all who were beyond, they knew not how many. But by boring holes all round the lock, they easily gained entrance to what was the armory, where to their amazement, they found no other door, nor window, nor a single living thing, although the key was left in the lock. With scarcely a sound they crawled about the floor, pressing every foot of it with their hands and knees, and groups went round and round the hall lifting the tapestry, looking into all corners, and trying every panel, till at last their patience was rewarded by finding one that yielded somewhat to the touch, but which would neither move upwards downwards nor sideways. Just then one of the party dropped a sword which fell clattering on the floor, when the flash of a light was seen at the bottom of the panel, and the smothered rattling of arms was heard inside; in an instant a battle-axe broke open an entrance, through which they rushed, and upsetting a man who was buckling on his armor, a fierce scuffle commenced. This may have lasted for a minute or so, when Pierre recognized in the man they had secured, his old enemy the huntsman. When silence was again restored, they listened for any sound they might hear; but all was still, and continuing on in silence through a new set of rooms and passages and up another flight of stairs, they came to another door locked as the one below. The gimlet again gave them entrance, when

they saw the count so long sought after, just as he was jumping out of bed to seize his sword, but before he could hardly exclaim—"Slaves! how dare"—he was thrown down, gagged and bound like all his servants.

This room was searched in the same manner as the armory, and as they approached the walls, the count's face betokened extreme fear and alarm, which only increased their watchfulness, and at length pushing aside a panel, a cold, earthy smell came up the dark and narrow stairs that were exposed to view. Leaving a guard behind them as they had done all along, a party with torches descended to a subterranean gallery, with small apertures at either end for the admission of light and air, where were cells on both sides, but all open except one, which was doubly locked; this they broke open, and to their horror they saw a young and beautiful woman who had fainted through excess of fear. The old man's eldest son was the first to enter, and taking her up, with the assistance of one of the men, he carried her up the stairs, and through the mazes of the castle, and departed for the cottage.

Those left in the castle continued their search, but found nothing more; the three men they had first taken were brought in from the wood, and locked up with the rest, over whom a guard was placed all night; the count and huntsman were likewise strictly guarded, and after their long service, the men made themselves merry over the contents of the larder, and the night wore away. In the morning Pierre went to the cottage to see how things were, when his wife told him the story of the young woman they had rescued, who had revived enough to relate it to them. She had been captured, and carried off by the count when on a hunting excursion in Brabant but a few weeks before; he had brought her to his castle, and endeavored to coax her to become his wife, which she had steadily refused to do, until losing all patience, he had locked her in the cell the day before they entered the castle, and had sworn to starve her to submission. Her father and mother were still living in Brabant, of the name of Nottoberg, and she prayed to be taken to them as soon as possible.

It so happened that this family was known to one of the men, and it was decided that the count and all his retinue should be taken to Brabant, and be given up to Nottoberg as prisoners of war, whom they had especially injured. A thorough search was again made throughout the castle, and as both Pierre and his father preferred to live in their humble cottage, the whole wealth of the count was given up to the

soldiers, except so much furniture and other articles as the Huguenot family selected for their own use. Every one of the men received a new suit of armor, and as much booty as they could carry off; all the doors and panels were knocked through, and every floor torn up, and after they had satisfied themselves that everything was removed, they set the castle on fire that it might never be inhabited by any other tyrant, or be the prison for inoffensive men.

Pierre with his wife and children remained with the old man in their forest-home, while from the smoking ruins of the castle his brothers conveyed the daughter of Nottoberg to Brabant, followed by their men who guarded their prisoners. Great was the rejoicing at the house of Nottoberg, when his long lost daughter was returned to him, and the festivities, too, were mingled with a marriage ceremony, for as a very natural consequence, during the long journey the deliverer of the young and beautiful heiress became her lover, and at its close her husband. His brother returned to the army, and soon rose to a high rank, while the count with his vassals was set to work as state-prisoners on the dikes of Holland, where it is said that after a few years he got killed in a duel with a fellow-workman. The little Huguenot family prospered in the forest, and although the old man received many warm invitations from his son to come and live in Brabant, yet he preferred to stay in his adopted home, where after many years of peaceful tranquillity, he died.

"And has this spot been inhabited ever since?" said I.

"Yes," said my host, "and that too by the descendants of that same Huguenot family, of whom I am one. Jaques, not many years after the incidents I have related, married and built this cottage, which, although seemingly of wood, is built of the stones from the castle, and has ever since been the home of some one of his descendants. The ruins of the castle consist now of nothing but an uneven piece of ground, but which I shall be happy to show you in the morning."

I thanked him and retired for the night. In the morning I was up betimes, and visited with my host the foundations of the castle's walls, which were in the state he had described to me, and as I rode off I could not help feeling fortunate in having obtained a new legend far from the banks of the Rhine.

Perfect love reposes on the object of its choice like the halcyon on the wave, and the air of heaven is around it!

HAPPINESS.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERNODE.

Is it found 'neath the sunny Italian skies,
Or in beautiful fairy-like dells?
Where the air is all scented with sweet perfumes,
That enchant and bewitch with their spells?
It is not there.

Is it found in the homes of the rich and great—
Where fashion holds iron sway?
Where music is heard, and sweet voices seem,
From which sorrow and care flee away?
It is not there.

Is it found on the ocean's yielding flood,
When its bosom is calm and serene?
And the vessel glides nobly, proudly on,
Like a beautiful, stately queen?
It is not there.

Is it found in the peasant's lowly cot,
Where industry and care reside?
Far, far from the busy, deceitful whirl
Of ambition's foaming tide?
It is not there.

You may seek it in vain, the wide world o'er,
Search each mansion and lowly cot;
It will fly from your grasp, yet you'll hope to find
The sunny and favored spot.
But it is not here.

'Tis a blossom that blooms beyond the sky—
In a region pure and fair;
'Tis in heaven it opens its petals bright—
You must look for it, darling, there.
You will find it there.

THE SCARLET SPECTRE:

—OR,—

CAPTAIN PAUL AND HIS GOLD.

BY F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

THE northern portion of the coast of New Jersey is indented with several inlets, small bays and creeks, the resort in storms of coasting luggers and fishing smacks, and only approached by larger vessels when stress of weather drives them in for shelter. About these little bays and creeks are congregated hamlets or villages, if we may give this name to a collection of a few houses, half a dozen stores, and an inn, with, perhaps a plain, rustic church.

One of these hamlets stood on a little bay about a mile and a half from the ocean-shore; and from a gentle eminence the broad sea, with its numerous sails, was visible. On this eminence stood a large, old-fashioned Jersey mansion, weather-browned and venerable, with nearly

a century's age over it. It was the abode of the richest man of that region—Captain Paul Rodney. He had made his fortune by fishing; not exactly by catching fish himself, but by employing numerous small vessels which he owned, and which indeed were built and launched from a ship-yard just under the sand hill on which his house stood.

"Captain Paul," as he was called, by all the country down and wide, had once followed the sea; but for thirty years past, he had been the largest salt-sea merchant in that port of the Jerseys. From the "look-out" on top of his old mansion, which he had bought for a song of a decayed heir of a revolutionary family of the ancient aristocracy, he could survey in the morning of our story four hundred acres of barren field belonging to him, without a sheep or a cow grazing upon it, seven fishing and oyster smacks at anchor in the inlet, a wharf with a long warehouse upon it, where he "kept store," and sold goods of all sorts to the country folks, a vessel on the stocks, the village just to the left of his wharf, inhabited chiefly by fishermen and oystermen's families; and beyond, the ocean, which he, facetiously, called "his farm." For Capt. Paul was no agriculturist, and if he had been, his worn out domain would never have repaid labor; so he let his land go barren and unfenced down even to the sea-beach.

"Captain Paul was rich." That was all he wished people to say of him! For money he would risk the curses of the poor debtor, so that men might say he was a rich man. What cared he what tears or blood were on his gold and silver, so that the gold and silver reached safely his hand!

Captain Paul was therefore a wealthy man, and like most men "who make haste to be rich," a hard man. If, at the end of the season, when he settled up with his fishermen, he found that their store account with him was four times their wages, he would say, with his cold smile:

"Well, Carson,"—or "Well, Ames," or whoever might be the poor fellow whose family had been supported out of the store while he, himself, was on the deep working to meet the bill, "I don't see but you'll have to work it out!"

The man sighed and felt he *should* have to work it out. "Work it out" was the phrase for a sort of servitude that Captain Paul was the ingenious originator of. It meant that the man should go in his vessels, and pay the debt by his monthly wages. Now, few poor men who once got into Captain Paul's debt ever worked it out. They become his permanent slaves! They were his bondmen as much as ever a rich Roman had

a bondman sold for debt in the market-place. The debtors of Captain Paul were bought by him for the price of the debt they owed him.

"The captain has me, now," said Samuel Hardy to his wife, after going home from the store. "My store bill is forty-six dollars and sixpence over my wages! So he says I must work it out! At ten dollars a month in the smack, it will take me five months; and by the end o' that time there will be another store account as big as this; for you and the children must be fed and clothed. So I am in for it, and shall, like forty others, belong to Captain Paul, neck and heels! It is a hard case, and he is a hard man; for he uses unfair means to make families buy at the store, and get their husbands in his power. There is not one of us that dare say our soul's our own!"

"It is a hard life, Sam," answered his wife; "but we must submit to it. I will try and get along with as little as I can this season. You sha'n't be his slave long if I can help it."

"Why, that is a good wife! There are some of our men who have not touched their wages for nine or ten years; every dollar being kept back to go to their credit on the store bill, where we are charged three prices for everything."

"But what can we do?" said Bill Ames, coming in with a pair of oars; "the captain does it all in fair, open trade, and only takes advantage of our being poor."

"Yet there is something wicked about it, though I can't exactly tell wherein. In the Old Testament, creditors had to forgive debtors after a certain number of years—wipe off old scores, and give 'em a fair start new again!"

"I wish Captain Paul would follow the old Bible example," said Ames, laughing; "but he never forgave a man a debt yet."

"And yet he hopes God will forgive him his debts one day, I dare say," remarked the wife.

"Captain Paul fears neither man nor God!" answered her husband.

"But what can he want to do with all his money?" she said. "He has no children, and only a brother, who they say is a poor quack doctor in New York, that he hates. But there he is! Hist!"

And the three stopped and hushed like slaves in the presence of a dreaded master, as Captain Paul rode past on an old horse, with an older saddle upon his back.

He was a large, stout, muscular man, with gray, wiry hair, long and bushy; keen, silver-gray twinkling eyes, like two picayunes, set deep beneath his shaggy and grizzly brows; a large, bony nose, thin, harsh-looking lips, and a

stern, unbending look. He was near sixty years of age, dressed badly, and was followed by a bull dog, as much feared by the children of the hamlet, as the master was by the grown-up portion.

He looked at the three persons without any sign of recognition, though the woman curtsied and the men spoke humbly low in their throats, "Good day, captain."

But after he had walked his horse by, he reined in, and turning his head, said, in a rough voice, meant to be civil:

"You must come down to the store, Mistress Hardy, and see the new calicoes I got from York yesterday. My clerk will show them to you."

He then rode on.

"He wants to get me deeper in, so that I may never break my chains," said Hardy; "but I shall be clear in a year, wife, if you are true to me, and don't get the calicoes."

"That I won't, Sam! I will wear tow-bags, made into a gown, first!" answered the woman, with a spirit worthy of a Roman wife of the olden days of hereism.

So Captain Paul grew rich and increased in goods, and enlarged his money chest, and rejoiced in being "the richest man" of all the country round!

At evening he would sit in his porch and smoke his pipe alone by himself and his bull-dog, and survey his vessels, his wharf, his stores, his long sheds for drying fish, his village—for he owned every man in it, and had a lien on every cabin—and his possessions spread out around him.

"Lord of the fowl and the brute,
With none his right to dispute;"

for he was lord of his neighbors, too.

It was his custom always to smoke a pipe after supper, on his porch in this wise, and after that to go in, shut up and lock his goods—for he knew he had numerous enemies—and enter a rear chamber, where he slept, and where he kept a gun always loaded, and a pair of pistols!

On the night of our story, he was more than usually cautious in fastening up, and calling his bull dog into the great desolate hall of the old, half-occupied mansion, instead of leaving him outside to watch, as formerly. He also examined his arms. And he had good cause to be somewhat on his guard. It is true misers who have treasure in their houses are always on the watch. They dream of thieves and burglars. They think all the world goes about thinking how they may break into their houses and despoil them of their goods; they are nervous, and anxious, and unhappy, and miserable, and wretch-

ed; and whatsoever more words signifying trouble there are to be found in the dictionary.

Captain Paul was a brave man—most old sailors are brave. The sea, with its waves and storms, makes brave men. I never knew a seaman who was a coward!—never a captain who was not equal to any peril that he encountered, on land or sea. Captain Paul had been in his early years a seaman; and he was by nature as resolute as he was bad.

We have said that he had reason to be more watchful to-night than usual; at least he thought so. His guilty conscience whispered to him that “slaves,” even, can avenge. We will tell the reader what it was.

In the hamlet lived one Ralph Warren. This Ralph was a young man, and his wife was the handsomest young woman in all the east coast. Ralph was skipper of one of the fishing smacks, of which his father had been skipper before him, but had been lost in a gale, and his son succeeded him. The young man was honest, fearless, independent, and popular for his frank and engaging manners among his class. If he had not been the noble fellow he was, he never could have married Kate Cressy, the daughter of Mr. Caleb Cressy, the farmer; for Caleb had not much faith in the sea as ploughing ground, although Ralph assured him that in ploughing the sea with his keel, he reaped a harvest of fish that got as good gold in market as the farmer’s corn. Nevertheless, the farmer liked Ralph, and gave him his daughter.

But no man’s fortune is in the hollow of his own hand. Ralph had not been two months married before he fell from the top of his lugger’s foremast, and broke his right arm. This accident disabled him for eleven weeks; and what with losing wages, and what with the increased expenses that illness always brings on, by the time he was able to go on board again, he was in the doctor’s and in the store’s debt seventy-nine dollars! This was a heavy responsibility for a young man, whose only capital was his health, and whose wages were but fifteen dollars a month. The result was that he had to come into the list of “workers out;” in a word, become a “slave for debt” to Captain Paul.

But Ralph’s first voyage laid him up. He broke his arm a second time, and for a year did nothing. At length he got well, but felt that he and his were slaves for life; for the debt, altogether to Captain Paul was three hundred and odd dollars, a sum that appalled the young skipper’s arithmetic to calculate, or ever to hope to settle on fifteen dollars a month, expenses still going on at home at the same time.

One day, after his complete recovery, while Ralph was out fishing thirty leagues southwesterly, to be gone six or seven weeks, Captain Paul called at his cottage, the nearest in the hamlet. Kate, Ralph’s fair wife, put down her pet year old babe upon the floor, and welcomed him with fear and dislike; for she had seen him before.

“Well, Mistress Kate, you have a fine boy there.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Very image of Ralph.”

“I hope he will be like his father!” she said, timidly.

“Yes, yes—I don’t see why he shouldn’t; but I hope he will be a luckier man!”

“I hope, sir, you have no ill news from him.”

“O, no. Don’t look so pale!—you will lose all your roses. No news. Hope he is doing well. But you know he owes me a great deal.”

“Yes, sir; but he willingly will work it out.”

“Twenty years—take him twenty years!”

“I fear it will be long, sir.”

“I have no doubt you would do what you could to aid him?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I will give you an opportunity of showing your love for him, and your desire to take twenty years hard work off his hands.”

“If you could, sir.”

“You know”—here the vile bachelor winked—“you know I am a lone man! If you will come to the house to-night I will show you how you can, by a mere slight sacrifice, pay off your husband’s debt at once!”

“By all means. O, sir, you are too kind! I shall never think you hard again! I thank you, sir. I will make any sacrifice for my husband!”

“Come up to the mansion, then, at seven o’clock to-night.”

Innocence never suspects! Ignorance of sin often looks like knowledge of and consent to guilt. Kate Warren suspected no wrong. She thought only of her husband—and of doing him a good! At dark she was at the rich man’s door. He received her, and admitted her!

She soon knew the sacrifice he demanded, and fled from his presence, shrieking, to the door. It was bolted! She leaped from a window to the ground! The bull dog arrested her by her dress, and held her until his infuriated master came up.

Voices were heard approaching. Her shrieks had roused the hamlet. Captain Paul, after threatening her with his vengeance, both upon herself and her husband, if she revealed his infamy, left her to re-enter his house. She was soon surrounded by her neighbors, and borne

homeward, almost lifeless. She spoke only of the dog to *them*. Three days afterwards, Ralph returned, and she told *him* all. This was the day before our story commences. The effect upon the young husband can best be illustrated by his conduct.

By chance, there were in the inlet eleven smacks and oyster boats, with crews, altogether, of fifty-six men and boys. In four hours, every man of them knew of the outrage put upon him by Captain Paul. These men are brave and desperate! They have arms of their craft—spears, hooks, fish-knives and harpoons; and every craft carried one or more muskets for killing sea birds.

Captain Paul had intimation from some one that the whole fishing population intended to take Ralph's part and avenge his wife. This was on the morning of our story. But we have said that he was brave. He had the bravery of his bull dog, that fears nothing, not even death, not even God! Strong in this bull dog courage, he went about among his men to see how they were affected towards him. He was soon satisfied that there was a strong feeling aroused against him. They did not speak to him! They kept out of his path! He saw Ralph, but the latter paid no regard to his salutation, and moved, with a dark brow, away.

Therefore, at night, he locked himself in with more than usual caution. He did not know what might happen! He fancied that there might be some attempt to do him a personal injury. He knew that no vengeance is so sleepless and fearful as that of an injured husband! So he saw that his pistols were well loaded, and that his gun was duly primed. He then proceeded coolly to go down and count his money! Beneath his bedroom was a cellar. It was entered by a trap-door beneath his bed, and by a flight of damp stairs. Every night he was accustomed to carry down and add to his hoarded piles the money he had been paid that day. Bank vaults Captain Paul had no confidence in! He preferred being his own director and cashier. It is true he lost the interest; but he made it up by over-charges on his goods, so that it amounted to the same thing in the end. Indeed, every dollar he deposited in his cellar had taken full twenty per cent. interest beforehand!

He now crept under his bed, and pushed the trap aside, and with a lamp descended into the cellar. In ancient days it was the receptacle of the good wines and old of the former aristocratic king's secretary, who had built the house when the Jerseys were under the crown. But now there were only a few old bottles, and a few

kegs that once held Port. These now held the silver dollars, and the bottles the smaller pieces of Captain Paul. Not less than eighty bottles were on the shelves, yet each was well filled with silver coin; while two demijohns were heavy with gold pieces; and in the kegs were dollar.

Captain Paul passed half his nights in this underground room, counting his money. He had more delight in gazing on his gold and silver than the old proprietor had in his wines! To feel that to-night he was richer than last night, was his sole happiness. On the present occasion he brought down two hundred and seventy dollars in hard money to add to his hoards! He had gotten that money by selling the cabin of a debtor, who had displeased him; and so, selling him out, he gratified his revenge by turning him, wife and children, into the open air.

"This makes in this keg just fifteen thousand silver dollars," he said to himself. "And in all five kegs, seventy-five thousand! There, in the demijohns are twelve thousand each; that makes ninety-nine thousand! And in the bottles—let me see. In each bottle three hundred and ten dollars, making twenty-three thousand and seven hundred dollars more! Let me see how much is it in all. Seventy-five thousand in the kegs, twenty-four thousand in the demijohns, and twenty-three thousand seven hundred in the bottles; now how much is this in all! It is one hundred and twenty-two thousand seven hundred! And then there are my vessels, my store, my warehouse, my dwelling and my land, to say nothing of my debts. I think I will soon come up to a quarter of a million!"

"This night thy soul shall be required of thee!"

The rich man started as if a pistol had exploded at his ear! He looked round with wild eyes. His picayune pupils expanded in his fear, to dimes—almost to pistareens! He could see no one! He was surely alone in the vault!

"Yet I heard the words! Who could have spoken them so close to, and so loud and awful!" he ejaculated, while drops of cold sweat stood on his forehead. He gathered courage to examine the cellar! He was relieved by the search. "Surely, it was in my imagination! But it sounded so real! Bull did not bark! So no one can be in the house!"

He, however, hastened to leave the cellar, and soon closed the trap behind him. On gaining his chamber he felt relieved. He took a pistol and went all over the old house. There were eleven rooms in it, and he occupied and furnished only two. All the rest were deserted, and given up to spiders, bats, which came in and

went out at the broken windows, rats, and, as the villagers said, to ghosts!—for before it was purchased and inhabited by Captain Paul, people used to say that noises and groans were heard, and lights seen there. But, as we have said, Captain Paul being a brave man, and fearing nothing mortal or ghostly, took the house, and for thirty years had lived quietly there until this night.

Upon going all over the house, up stairs and down stairs, followed by "Bull," and discovering nothing but bats, rats, and a strange, ominous-looking white cat, that he did not much like the looks of, he returned to his room, put down his light upon a table, and prepared to go to bed; for Captain Paul thought that the greatest animal enjoyment for a man, next to having plenty of money, is to have plenty of sleep. He had, however, got but one boot off, when he heard, or thought he heard, a great shout! But listening, and hearing nothing more for some time, he fancied he must have been deceived, and so pulled off his other boot, placed his pistol within reach, blew out his light, and got into bed.

But he had no sooner settled his head well on his pillow, when he saw before him on the white wall, a sentence in letters of fire. It was so bright as to show him his jacket and hat on a chair! He stared at it, and his blood ran cold! The words were:

"He that grindeth the face of the poor shall be accursed!"

He started up in bed!—he trembled from head to foot! He was as terrified as Belshazzar, when he beheld the hand-writing on the wall. He sat bolt-upright in bed, and seized his pistol! The words seemed to burn like a hot iron into his brain!—he could not keep his eyes off of them! He saw them at length gradually fade before his vision, and the room was left in darkness.

"The devil must be in this house! It is haunted sure enough!" he gasped. "But what light is that? Hark! What shouts can these be?"

He sprang out of bed! His room was lighted up as if from the reflection of a conflagration; he looked out of his window, and saw his store in flames!

"They are burning up my property!" he shouted. "This is Ralph Warren's revenge!"

"Not revenge, but justice!" said a deep voice near him.

He looked round, and beheld before him a tall figure in fiery red robes, looking like a demon arrayed in flames! He retreated with horror to the opposite wall.

"Who—what—what do you want?"

"Thy soul!"

"Thou shalt not have it. I have no soul!"

"Thou hast well said! But thou hast the mockery of a soul which will never die! I have come for that!"

"I will buy thee off with half my wealth!"

"Nay, money—the whole world, cannot be given by man in exchange for his soul!"

"I will give you then the key to my vaults, and thou shalt have all, if thou wilt let me live! I cannot see my God!"

"Lay, then, thy keys upon this chair, and I will give thee ten years more life on earth!"

"But what art thou? Give me proof that thou art a spirit?" demanded Captain Paul, growing bolder on familiarity, and at the idea of losing his riches.

"I will read, then, thy sinful life as it will be read to thee in the judgment! Bear witness if I am not what I seem! When thou wert eleven years of age, thou didst with a pen knife, taken from thy brother, pierce to the heart a playmate and cast his body into the mill-race! At fifteen thou didst poison with berries thy own brother, because a little girl loved him better than she did thee!"

"But he did not die!" gasped Captain Paul, in horror and amazement.

"No; but the guilt of his death is nevertheless written against thee. At twenty thou didst destroy a young girl, after thou hadst deceived her! At twenty-two thou didst rob a bank! Then you went to sea. On the high seas you instigated the crew to murder the officers, and you took the ship and became a pirate! As such you—"

"Enough! No more! God only could know my life thus! And because it is so evil do I beg longer time on earth."

"Granted; but only at the cost of all thy wealth!" answered the red spectre, in a metallic, hollow voice.

Captain Paul bowed his head, and covered his face with his hands!

"Go forth! Leave this house and thy ill-gotten gains!"

"O, mercy!"

"No mercy! Go! Be thankful life is granted to thee—though thou beg from men bread to keep it in thee! Dost thou delay?"

The wretched and terrified man fled from the spirit, and in the hall saw Bull cowed and whining in a corner. He opened the door, and the dog rushed forth yelping with terror, and followed by his master, who saw stalking behind him the fiery form of the blood-red spectre!

On reaching the outside of his house, the wicked man fled rapidly to place as wide a space between him and the dreadful and resolute ghost as he could. But his way was lighted by the flames of his own warehouse! He hastened along the road, hoping to save something there, as he had sacrificed all in the cellar to the spectre's demand; but he was no sooner seen than he was received with a wild shout by three-score men who were watching the fire. They advanced towards him, and affrighted he fled before them. His way was stopped by the water!

"Vengeance! Death to the tyrant!" followed his flying steps.

A boat was near, and he leaped into it, and pushed away from the beach upon the sea, red with the light of the flames. He rowed with the desperation of terror. He saw the shore lined with his foes; and his store consuming fiercely in full view; while in his house he had left a demon in possession of his wealth. He rowed with supernatural strength; he trembled lest they should pursue him. Farther and farther he pulled seaward, and every fathom he gained he breathed freer. But he saw a smack get underweigh and make sail, and steer straight out after him! He now felt that his hour had come; he stood upon his feet and fell upon his back at every pull, hoping to escape. But the smack drew nearer and nearer; he felt that escape was impossible; he saw Ralph Warren at the helm!—he recognized him by the light of his own warehouse that shot far over the waves.

Suddenly a thought for securing his escape occurred to him. He ceased rowing, and got out of the boat and upset it. He clung to it with his hands, his head only above water. The ruse was successful. Ralph and his smack passed by him, almost overrunning him, without seeing him. He kept his head under the surface as long as he could while they went by. After running a mile out he saw them put back and pass him a quarter of a mile off and return to the inlet. He now righted up his boat again. It was full of water. He got into it and baled it out with his hat. After an hour he was able to use the oars and row on towards Staten Island. Astern he could just see the smouldering glare of the ruins of his stores. All his wealth was behind him. He had with him only his clothing, and not five cents in money. He was now as poor as the poorest fisherman. He had a mind to reach Staten Island, and then make his way to New York. He hoped there to find aid to enable him at the least to get re-possession of his house and some remnant of his property.

The winds and waves, however, drove him on

the ebb tide seaward. The land faded from his sight. He could see that he was drifting beyond the coast into the open ocean. He had no money. But what use would it have been to him there! He had no food!—he had no water!—he began to fear he should perish unless he could reach some shore. He then began to think of the voice he had heard in the cellar; of the letters of fire at the foot of his bed; and more dreadful than all, of the red spectre, who had leased him ten years of life at the expense of his wealth.

It seemed to him he was in a dreadful dream. He felt of his flesh, he rubbed his eyes, he examined the boat with his touch to see if all were real. He wished it were a dream!—he wished he could wake up!—he did not believe there could be ghosts except in dreams! But the cold air that chilled him to the bones, his blistered hands, a horrible dread overwhelming him, assured him that he dreamed not, but was actually the sufferer he seemed.

At length a storm arose. It had been climbing up the south-western sky half the night. Its fore-coming lightnings had been seen flashing far away in the horizon when he went to bed after coming out of his cellar. The clouds now hung broad, and wide, and black over the sea. It seemed to be the roof of a dark cavern, under which he was. He thought, "If I am overtaken with this storm, I shall be lost!"

But the hurricane heeded him not; the elements are deaf to human entreaty. They are deaf and dumb masters of the human race. He saw the lightnings grow fiercer—zigzag, arrowy, spear-like and chain-like! The thunder uttered its voice like a lion roaring, now far, now nearer, and then changed to the deep booming of artillery, as if a beleaguered fortress were discharging all its cannon at once.

The winds leaped from the clouds above upon the sea below! They added their roar to the voices of the many thunders. The waves lifted up themselves, and with sullen growls imitated the thunder. The black waters became white! The billows chafed and chased, and drove onward one another. The little skiff, with the wicked soul in it, was lifted upon the surges, and launched into hollows, and, like a straw in the winds, was tossed by the strong waves.

Captain Paul could see neither sky nor land—only the sea and clouds! He could hear no voice but the thunder and the wind and the waves. He hung between earth and eternity by the thwarts of a little boat! The storm enlarged—increased—became terrific. His skiff was broken and filled with the rolling, onward

waters, and sunk beneath him! He was left alone, battling with Death! He was not alone, either! No man is ever alone—his conscience is with him! God is always with man! Captain Paul thought over all his past life. It seemed to appear before him in one figure, as he had added up in his ledger a long column of debts, running through many years, and made the whole show at the bottom in one line! So at a glance he read the amount of his life's deeds, and he felt that he could not go before God with his impenitent life on his soul. He had his childhood's idea that prayer should be made to God. He turned to pray; but he could only say:

"My gold! my gold! my warehouse! All is lost!"

So the waves rushed over his head! The salt water filled his mouth. He struggled to breathe; but more waves covered him, more waters filled his soul, and throwing out his arms in helpless combat with his fate, he sunk, down, down, downward, and down deep, into the far deep sea! And the little fishes drew near him, and touched him, and passed on!—and larger fishes passed beneath him, and raised him up on their strong backs!—and then the great sharks drew near, and toyed with him with their long snouts; and finally, ere he had got to the bottom of the sea, he was devoured by marine monsters! and in five minutes, no sign that Captain Paul had ever lived remained, but his soul! *That* the sharks could not devour, nor death destroy, nor the deep sea hold! So it went up to its God!

Now let us return to the hamlet. The fishermen and oystermen had commenced their revenge by burning the store of their tyrant and master; and they intended to burn his house afterwards; but they had no thought of laying a hand on his life! Ralph, who was at their head, counselled that they should all *free* themselves from slavery by destroying all evidence of their debts to him in punishment for his crimes; that then they should burn down the house, the depository of his ill-gotten gold.

But they had no part in the scenes within the house. The fishermen knew nothing of the voice in the cellar, the fiery writing, nor of the spectre; this was quite an independent and separate matter. The credit of this scene is due (now we are very sorry to spoil an excellent ghost story, but we must be veracious chroniclers) to the vagabond brother, the quack doctor. This gentleman, who had more patches in his pants than pennies in their pockets, was not ignorant of his brother's wealth, nor of his brother's dislike of him. They had not spoken for thirty years.

The quack struggled with poverty and a large family. He had a genius for everything; he was a mesmerizer, a phrenologist, a chemist, and even had been a necromancer, and gone about the country as a professor of legerdemain. He was a good ventriloquist, and no bad medium for spirit-rappers. But all his ingenuity and talents could not keep poverty out of the door; so at fifty-nine years of age he found himself a poor loafer, with nothing to do, and seven unmarried daughters on his hands. So the tempter put it into his head to see what he could do with his brother. He disguised himself as a pedler, and appeared in the hamlet just at the time that the sensation about Ralph's fair wife was making the blood of all the men boil. He now learned his brother's true character; he even approached his house and sold him, unknown to him, a pair of razors; he managed to see how the windows were fastened. An astrologer, a mesmerizer, a phrenologist, a legerdemain professor, a ventriloquist, a spirit-rapper, is not likely to let any chance escape him for looking about and "taking advantage."

The result was that the next night the quack doctor was by his sleeping brother's bedside! He applied thereupon a sponge dipped in chloroform to his face. While his brother was enjoying delightful chlorific visions of untold wealth, the doctor was in his vault telling his dollars! The following night, when Captain Paul descended into his vault, the doctor was in the room above, and ventriloquially sent his voice below, repeating, as if at his ear, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee."

Ere the captain ascended, the magician wrote on the wall with phosphorescent fluid the sentence of fire that appalled him; and in a scarlet dress, smeared with phosphorescence, he appeared to him as the scarlet spectre! The rest is known to the reader.

We feel we have spoiled a capital ghost story; but "truth is powerful and will prevail." The most remarkable feature is the coincidence of the time of the fishermen's rebellion with the doctor's spectral and ventriloquial operations.

The doctor, little dreaming that his brother's soul *would* be required of him that night, was not loath to succeed to the inheritance of his wealth. He removed to the old mansion with his seven daughters, married them all off in twelve months, with a fortune of five thousand each—and cheap at that, he used to say to himself. To the fishermen he became a kind friend, forgave them their debts, and died three years ago, leaving behind him a memory as glorious as his brother's was accursed.

THE DYING CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY FANNY BELL.

Bury me where birds are singing,
Where the flowers are growing wild;
And the sweetest notes are ringing
On the air so soft and mild.

Where my sisters and my brothers
Soon will wander to the spot,
And around my grave, with others,
Plant the sweet forget-me-not.

Where those too, who now are nearest
Oft will go, but not to weep;
Always this, remember, dearest,
"That I am not dead, but asleep."

That my spirit hovers near thee,
Watching thee with heavenly love;
In the breeze I'll whisper, "hear me,
I am waiting thee above."

THE MENDED TUREEN-HANDLE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"WHAT shall I do, Mira?" said Anne Brimfield to her cousin. "I have broken off one of the handles of that large and beautiful tureen, that belongs to our new dining-set."

"How did you do it, Anne?"

"I was looking for something in the china closet, and accidentally threw down a silver goblet, which fell directly on the tureen-handle. You know how vexed mother will be."

"She will oblige you to replace it, I suppose."

"Yes, and then I shall have to go without that elegant bracelet I've set my heart on."

"Cannot you replace the tureen out of your quarterly allowance of spending-money?"

"No, for I've spent every shilling of it for laces and embroidery, and should have been glad to spend four times as much, if I'd had it."

"If you only had some patent cement, such as a pedler tried to sell to mother, a few days before I left home, you could mend the tureen, and it would be as good as new."

"We've plenty of it. Mother bought some, about a week ago, of the very pedler, perhaps, that called at our house."

"Well, if the man told the truth, china or glass ware will break sooner in any other place, than where it is mended with the cement; though he said it would take a week, or ten days, to dry and harden after it was used for that purpose."

"Without doubt, there will be plenty of time for that, as we seldom have occasion to use so large a tureen."

Anne, after some trouble—for she did not like

to inquire for it—hunted up the patent cement, and she and Mira, closely following the printed directions, succeeded in replacing the handle of the tureen so neatly, that the fracture, without close inspection, would not have been noticed. It was then restored to its usual place, and Anne, that very day, purchased the coveted bracelet.

"May I go home for an hour, Mrs. Brimfield?" said Bessie Lyle, a girl of fourteen, who had lived with the lady addressed about four weeks, and who answered the bell, waited on the table, washed dishes and scoured knives, besides numerous other things which the cook, Mrs. Brimfield, or Anne, always had ready for her to do. "I've done up all the work," said Bessie, seeing that Mrs. Brimfield hesitated.

"There is half a dozen coarse towels I wish you to hem this afternoon."

"If you will please let me go, I will take the towels with me. I shouldn't care so much about going, only my brother is unwell, and sent word that he wanted me to come and stay with him, while mother went to carry home some work she has been doing."

"If you'll mind and not idle away your time, and be sure to finish the towels, you may go; but remember that, for the future, you are to go and see your mother only once in two weeks. I've plenty of sewing for you to do, and cannot spare you."

Having obtained Mrs. Brimfield's reluctant consent, Bessie was soon on her way to her mother's.

"O, here's Bessie, at last," said Mrs. Lyle, as her daughter softly opened the door, and smilingly peeped into the room. "It was so late, that I had almost given you up."

"Mother had, but I hadn't," said Edwin, a handsome boy of twelve, with large, lustrous eyes, and brown wavy hair shading his forehead.

"Are you better, Edwin, than when I was here last week?" asked Bessie.

"O, yes, a great deal better. I've no fever now, and in another week, I hope to be able to go out doors."

"And you, Bessie," said her mother, "does the pain in your side trouble you, now that you have more exercise?"

"Not often—never, except Mrs. Brimfield, or Anne, has so much sewing for me to do of an afternoon, that I'm obliged to hurry. How much pleasanter it is here, than at Mrs. Brimfield's," said she, as she seated herself at a window, and commenced unrolling her work.

"We were afraid that it would appear dull

and gloomy to you," said Mrs. Lyle, "after being accustomed to large, airy rooms, handsomely furnished."

"Pleasant words and pleasant looks are so much better than large rooms and grand furniture," said Bessie. "I don't say this because Mrs. Brimfield and Miss Anne don't treat me well; but then you know that, though I am thought to be of considerable consequence here at home, I am none there, except for what I can do."

"If you are not, I don't believe that Anne Brimfield is half as pretty, or half as good as you are," said Edwin, somewhat indignantly.

"It was four weeks yesterday, since you went to live at Mrs. Brimfield's," said Mrs. Lyle.

"Yes, which at four-and-sixpence a week, makes just three dollars. I shall earn enough for Edwin's new suit of clothes, by the time Mr. Richards wants him."

"If I hadn't been sick, I should have found some way to earn them myself. But it won't do for me to go into a bookstore with these," said Edwin, as he looked at his much worn and much mended clothes. "When I've been with Mr. Richards a year, if I please him, he is to give me enough, besides my board, to buy my clothes, and more too; and then, Bessie, it will be my turn to give something to you. I wish that living at Mrs. Brimfield's was as pleasant as being in a bookstore, for stormy days, you know, there won't be much custom, and then I shall find a good deal of time to read."

"I regret that I am obliged to carry this work home," said Mrs. Lyle, "it is such a treat to have you here, Bessie; but I must return this and try to get some more."

"Don't be gone longer than you can help, mother," said Bessie, "for I must go, the moment I've finished hemming these towels. The next time I come, I hope I shall be able to take a few stitches for you."

Bessie was hemming her last towel when her mother returned, who had been detained longer than she had expected.

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Lyle, "that you are not able to stop long enough to take a cup of tea with us, and eat a slice or two of the nice loaf of bread, which I baked on purpose because we expected you. And Edwin—he has thought so much about it."

"You know, Bessie," said he, with an attempt to smile, "that it appeared to me, that the tea and the bread would taste better, if you were sitting in your old place at the table."

"I wish I could stay. Perhaps, in a few months, I shall be able to return home, and help

mother sew, as I used to, and then you can come every Sunday, and take tea with us."

The leave-taking was rendered cheerful by this little pleasant, domestic picture, and Bessie's heart was full of courage, as, tripping lightly along the sidewalk, she looked forward to its realization. She was at Mrs. Brimfield's before she thought of it.

A few minutes previously to her arrival, Mrs. Brimfield had received a hastily written note from her cousin, Mrs. Hatton, who resided in New York city, saying that Mr. Hatton and herself, and several distinguished guests from the South, were going to visit Niagara Falls, and other celebrated places, and should make it in their way to call and dine with her the next Thursday, and probably spend the night.

"And to-day is Tuesday, with only two hours to sunset," said Mrs. Brimfield, after reading the note to her daughter and Mira Archer.

"Well, aunt," said Mira, "you always have everything in such perfect order, that a day's notice is as good as a week's."

"That is no excuse for Mrs. Hatton. It would, I dare say, have been quite as convenient for her to let me know a few days sooner. It is fortunate that I concluded to purchase that elegant dining-set, for, though I don't care particularly for the Hattons, stylish as they are, those distinguished guests, she speaks of, are quite a different affair."

Anne and Mira exchanged glances, when Mrs. Brimfield mentioned the dining-set, but remained silent. Soon afterward, she left the room, and then Anne asked Mira what she thought about the tureen-handle.

"I am afraid that the cement won't be sufficiently hardened, by Thursday, to make it safe to use the tureen," was her answer. "I advise you to tell your mother that you broke it."

"I haven't the courage to tell her. You don't know, as well as I do, how angry it will make her. And then she always remembers anything of the kind for so long a time. I shouldn't wonder if she put me on bread and water for a month, besides making me pay for the tureen. Come, Mira, let us go up and examine it. I don't believe but that the cement will harden as well in two days as it ever will."

"We can judge better to-morrow," replied Mira. "It is now only a few hours since it was mended."

The examination was therefore deferred, and Anne, in examining her dresses, and deciding which would be the most becoming, forgot her vexation about the broken tureen.

Mrs. Brimfield, before she slept, had decided exactly what to have for dinner on Thursday, and she felt well pleased, when, in imagination, she contemplated the result.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatton, with their southern friends, alluded to in the note, arrived at the time anticipated. These friends were a gentleman and his wife by the name of Egerton, and their son, Granville Egerton, a young man of twenty-five. The younger Egerton was singularly handsome, and his manners being pleasing and unaffected, he was a favorite among his acquaintances, and seldom failed to produce a favorable impression on strangers. This was decidedly the case, as respected Anne Brimfield and Mira Archer. With so much that was pleasant to engage their attention, the broken tureen-handle was entirely forgotten.

Poor Bessie Lyle was, in the mean time, doing her best to perform the many different things required of her in an acceptable manner. Minda, the cook, who was proud of her culinary skill, had received so many charges from Mrs. Brimfield to mind and have everything uncommonly nice, that she was constantly haunted with fears of failure, which, by degrees, wrought her up to such a state of feverish excitement, as to cause her to be exceedingly cross and irritable. This was the case, more particularly, when the soup was approaching its culminating point, which any one, less deeply skilled in the mysteries of gastronomic lore than Minda, would have found it impossible to decide. Her calls on Bessie for just the least sprinkling of salt, a single shake of the pepper-box, or a sprig of some sweet herb, uttered almost in the same breath, with directions to stir up the fire, put more water into the boiler, mash the turnips, butter the peas, and mix some fresh mustard, were made in a voice which showed that she was every moment becoming more and more exasperated with her "waiter," as she called Bessie, and that for no fault, except her inability to do two or three things at the same time. Minda's face was already as red as a poony, and Bessie's cheeks were fast deepening to that decided hue, when the soup was declared to have the "right relish exactly."

The cook being now at liberty to direct her attention to other things, the dinner, with a little extra exertion, was ready to be served at the exact moment. The large tureen was filled with the delicious soup, which Minda had lost her temper in preparing, and Bessie, with every nerve strained in her little hands and wrists, carried it to the dining-room; but just before she reached the table, the cement having become

softened by the heat of the almost boiling soup, the handle suddenly gave way, and the contents of the tureen, except what fell on one of Bessie's feet, were emptied on the carpet. In her fright, which was so great that she did not know her foot was scalded, she uttered a suppressed cry, though loud enough to bring the ever watchful and careful Mrs. Brimfield to the dining-room. So great was her wrath, when she saw the soup standing in a pool on her beautiful carpet, from which numerous little streamlets were making their way in various directions, that, without listening to Bessie's attempted explanation, she gave her a heavy blow on one side of her head, giving her to understand, at the same time, that she should keep back her wages to pay for the tureen.

Mrs. Hatton, who also heard Bessie's cry, when the tureen so suddenly parted from the handle, claiming the privilege of relationship, followed Mrs. Brimfield to the dining-room. Anne and Mira also heard it, and at once divined the cause. Anne turned pale, and requesting Mira to accompany her, left the room. With trembling steps they approached the dining-room, and looked in. Bessie had sunk down on the carpet, with her face buried in her lap, for her foot began to be so painful that she could not stand.

"Anne," said Mira, "you mustn't let that poor girl bear the blame of this. Confess that you broke the handle off of the tureen, and I will confess that I was so foolish as to advise you to attempt to mend it."

"I cannot—I haven't the courage."

"And I haven't the courage to let poor Bessie Lyle bear the blame of what she isn't guilty of. I will explain to your mother how it all happened."

"No, no, wait a minute. Give me a little time to think."

Mrs. Brimfield, who had been engaged in directing the attention of Mrs. Hatton to the girl's insufferable carelessness, as she termed it, looking round at this moment, and seeing Bessie sitting on the carpet, sharply ordered her to go to the kitchen. Bessie rose, but the pain of her scalded foot was so severe as to cause a faint, sickening sensation, and she caught hold of a chair to prevent falling.

"Do you understand?" said Mrs. Brimfield. "I told you to go to the kitchen."

"The child is faint—see how pale she is," said Mrs. Hatton.

"My foot is scalded, and it pains me so bad," said Bessie.

Mira sprang toward the spot where Bessie stood.

"Let me assist you to go to my room," said she, "it is so much nearer than yours;" but the first step she took so increased the pain, that she came near fainting. It was found to be impossible for her to walk.

Mrs. Hatton slipped from the room, but soon returned, accompanied by her husband, and followed by the Egertons, who imagined that Anne Brimfield, whom they saw turn pale, and hastily leave the room, was seriously ill.

"This girl," said Mrs. Hatton, addressing her husband, "has scalded her foot so badly, that she is unable to walk, and we need your assistance to carry her to some more retired place, where it can be attended to."

"I should think it much better to call Minda, than to trouble Mr. Hatton," said Mrs. Brimfield.

Mr. Hatton assured her that it was no trouble, and lifting the slight form of Bessie in his arms, he followed Mira, who led the way, to the room which had been appropriated to her use, during her visit. She was placed on a lounge, and though Mrs. Hatton and Mira removed the stocking with the utmost care, one side of the foot, where the scalding fluid found space to enter the shoe, as well as a part of the ankle, were completely excoriated.

"O, this is frightful!" said Mrs. Hatton; "but I have some skill, acquired by a sad case in my own family, and with your assistance, Mira, we will try and make the girl more comfortable."

They succeeded admirably, Anne having made herself useful in procuring bandages. She was, however, soon obliged to leave them, being sent for by her mother.

"You feel easier now, do you not?" said Mrs. Hatton.

"A great deal, thank you; but it isn't the pain that I care most about. My brother will have to go without his new clothes now, and he won't be fit to go into Mr. Richards's bookstore."

"Why," inquired Mrs. Hatton, "will he have to go without them?"

"Because he has been sick with a fever and couldn't earn them himself, and I was to let him have my wages to buy them with. In two more weeks, mother thought there would be enough, but now all must go to pay for the broken tureen."

Mira was almost tempted to tell all she knew about it, but was prevented by the earnestness with which Anne begged her to wait, and by thinking it might be better for the explanation to be made privately to Mrs. Brimfield, whose sense of justice would, no doubt, impel her to do what was right. While these thoughts were

passing through Mira's mind, Mrs. Hatton inquired of Bessie what made her think that she should have to pay for the broken tureen.

"Mrs. Brimfield told me that she should keep back my wages to pay for it," Bessie replied.

"She thinks it no more than just," said Mrs. Hatton. "There are probably many who would be of that opinion. Your brother, however, is not to blame, and I will see that he does not lose his chance in the bookstore for want of suitable clothing."

"I didn't think that there was any such kind lady in the world," said Bessie; and as she spoke, tears came to her eyes. "It seems strange," said she, "that I should cry at what makes me so glad."

They now, at Bessie's earnest request, went down to dinner.

"How is your patient?" inquired Mrs. Egerton, as they entered the dining-room.

"Much easier," said Mrs. Hatton, "and so grateful for our attention, that I begin to think that Miss Archer and I must have really manifested an uncommon degree of beneficence."

"I shall by no means allow that you have," said Mrs. Egerton. "That sweet, mournful face of her's is enough to excite any one's kindness and sympathy. I felt strangely attracted towards her, the moment I saw her."

"That, I suspect," said Mr. Egerton, "was because she so strikingly resembles your old friend, Fanny Inman."

"Then you noticed the resemblance?"

"Yes, the moment I saw her."

"Fanny Inman, did you say, sir?" inquired Mira.

"Yes."

"That," said Mira, "is a name I saw marked on the corner of a pocket handkerchief I saw Bessie have the other day."

"Who knows but that you will find in this pretty, unfortunate Bessie, the daughter of your early friend?" said Mr. Egerton, addressing his wife.

"I hope that it may prove so," she replied.

"I believe, Mrs. Brimfield, that you told me that the girl's name is Bessie Lyle?"

"I did," was Mrs. Brimfield's answer, in a voice that showed the subject was not one that pleased her.

"I never could ascertain the name of Fanny's husband," said Mrs. Egerton. "She was not married till several years after we went South, and the epistolary correspondence which, at first, was kept up very regularly between us, had for some time ceased, when I heard of her marriage."

A short time before they were ready to rise from the table, Anne, who during the whole of the time had sat silent and dejected, said to Mira, who sat next her :

"I wish you would explain how all this has happened. I intended to do it, but if you will undertake it, it will relieve me so much."

"You wish the explanation made to your mother—not now?"

"Yes, now. I've been thinking about it, and it don't appear to me to be right, for Bessie to be subjected to the imputation of carelessness for what was my fault. It might prove a serious injury to her, if she wished to get another place."

Mira, therefore, as briefly as possible, related the circumstance of Anne's breaking off the tureen-handle, not forgetting to mention that, at her own suggestion, it was mended with some patent cement. Mrs. Brimfield, during the whole time, looked very grave, and though Anne, in imagination, could see the new summer bonnet she had been looking at, and several other light and elegant articles, suitable for the season, all consolidated in a large soup-tureen, her spirits were so much lighter, now that the explanation was made, she could not but realize how much better it would be to wear a heavy bonnet, than to be burdened with a heavy heart.

"This fair and open acknowledgement, made on your own account, and your cousin's," said Mr. Egerton, when Mira had finished, "is, to my mind, worth more than a dozen tureens."

"My opinion, precisely," said Mr. Hatton, "as it is of us all, if looks, as well as words of approbation, may be admitted as testimony."

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton called on Mrs. Lyle, and, as they hoped and expected, found in her the friend of earlier days. Memories which long had slept were revived, and the moments passed unheeded by. When about to take leave, Mrs. Egerton handed something to Edwin, which had been given her for that purpose by Mrs. Hatton. On examination, it proved to be a gold eagle, and on the paper which enclosed it was written: "To purchase the clothes which Bessie is unable to earn."

Nothing was said by the Egertons, relative to pecuniary affairs, to Mrs. Lyle; but in about a week after their visit, she received, through the post-office, a handsome remittance, enclosed in a blank envelope.

At Mrs. Egerton's request, the correspondence between her and Mrs. Lyle had been renewed. As Mrs. Lyle had no doubt but that it was to her and Mr. Egerton that she was indebted for the generous gift, she took occasion to mention the subject in one of her letters, and to warmly

thank them for the aid so delicately rendered. In her answer, Mrs. Egerton said that the gift so mysteriously received might prove to be fairy gold, and advised her not to let it lie by her too long, lest it should turn into withered leaves, or something equally worthless.

In four years, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton, with their son and his wife—he having for some time been married to Mira Archer—again visited their friends at the North. When they called on Mrs. Lyle, they found how much may be accomplished by a comparatively small sum, judiciously appropriated. No longer tasked beyond her strength, in her endeavors to keep absolute want from the door, she had, in appearance, grown younger, instead of older, during the four years since they last saw her. Bessie, who, without neglecting to assist her mother, had found time for mental cultivation, was one of the loveliest and most intelligent girls they had ever met; while Edwin, who had proved so capable and trust-worthy, that Mr. Richards had, some time since, constituted him his confidential clerk, still counted among his dearest enjoyments, those Sunday evenings spent with his mother and sister. Mrs. Brimfield is as stately and precise as ever, but Anne often finds refuge from the cold splendor of what she calls home, in the pleasant family of Mr. Hatton, and she is now preparing to go South, and to spend a few months with her cousin Mira.

OUT OF TEMPER.

Old Deacon Havens, last harvest time, had a mowing bee, and among the party were two sons of Belial, who were more inclined to cut capers than clover. One trick consisted in filling the tin horn with soap, and then slightly stopping the orifice with cotton. When noon came, the deacon seized the instrument, and gave a blast which scattered the contents far and near. To say that he was displeased, would but slightly describe his feelings. He was enraged; for the first time in his life he swore! Says he: "Gentlemen, I am an old man—I am the head of the Sunday School, and have preached the gospel five-and-thirty years—but cuss me, if I can't lick any man who soft-soaped that trumpet!"

A CLASSICAL GOOSE.

"Landlord, come here; I have got a secret that will make your fortune for you."

Landlord, joyously rubbing his hands—"No, what is it?"

"Do you see that goose at the head of the table?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"That is the very one which, by cackling, saved Rome. Come along, and I will show you where the centurion trod on her."

SUNDAY IN MEXICO.

BY GEORGE G. GAITHER.

THIS calm, quiet Sunday morning, from a dull, dry town in the centre of Kentucky, I propose to give your readers a sketch of a Sunday passed in the city of Mexico, not long ago. I had thought of remaining in the Golden State till May, and then taking the overland route, by Salt Lake City, return to the white settlements; but finding some young men who wanted to traverse the Mexican Republic, I willingly joined their party.

It was a lovely moonlight night in February, when the steamer *Golden Age* crept quietly into the beautiful harbor of Acapulco. The last ocean hour had been spent over sparkling glasses of the favorite wine; joyous was the parting of our seven from the rest of the sea-weary passengers. Many envied our land journey, and lamented that they were not prepared to accompany us. Supper for seven was ordered at the Hotel de Canton, kept by a Celestial, and we hastened to the beach, to take a swim in the salt surf of the glorious Pacific.

Horses were purchased, and guides engaged the next morning, and by four in the afternoon our little caravan was on its way to the goodly city of the Montezumas. After thirteen days of leisure travel, we were comfortably lodged in the excellent Hotel de San Augustin. The most important towns we passed through were Chilpancingo, Zampango, Tepecoacollo and Cuernavaca. The rest were Indian villages, of mud huts, or bamboo cabins. The rivers were the Papagallo, Mescala and Izcla. The scenery near the first is the most magnificent in the whole way.

No two towns are more alike than Mexico and Damascus, seen from the hills that edge the plain. As you look on the town of Mexico from San Augustin de los Cuevas, your thoughts naturally turn to the domes of Damascus, seen from Salaic, as you descend the sandy slopes of Antiliban. The only river we could not ford was the Mescala, which we crossed on *balzas*. These are square floats, made of large gourds. Two persons get on one, which is pulled across by a swimming Indian—truly, a primitive way of crossing rivers. Our principal food was chickens and corn cakes, beans and eggs, with fruit and beer.

It was Sunday—*dia de plaza*, or market day—as we rode into the Square of Tepecoacollo high mass was singing in the church, and in front were the market people, with their market-

ing, under tents. In the centre of the square were two large gambling tables, resembling roulette, surrounded by anxious faces, watching the gradual disposition of the *clacos* they had earned by the fruits and earthen jars they brought to market that morning.

I had some letters of introduction, which I sent to their address, with my card enclosed. In less than one hour, a beautiful carriage, with two fast greys, drew up to our hotel, and Dr. B—— invited me to ride out to Chapultepec, over the Paseo Nuevo, his usual afternoon drive. Dr. B—— was an American, who had married the daughter of a wealthy Englishman, resident in Mexico. The next day I dined at the banker's—Mr. Jecker, a Swiss, and partner in the house of Jecker, Torre & Co.—and drove with him to Lake Chalco, down the old promenade, called Paseo de los Vegas, to the floating gardens, whose fruits, and flowers, and delicious vegetables are cultivated in such luxuriance.

This was Saturday of the Carnival; lent was to begin next week, and the gaily disposed were making the best of their time. Dr. B—— had warned me the next day would be a great *fiesta*, and I must get up at six to see everything. By day-dawn the next day, the carriage was rolling rapidly over the *calzada* to Guadalupe, to see the rich church of the patron saint of Mexico. While Mrs. B—— and her sister were listening to mass in the church, the doctor and I visited the mineral spring, and rambled about the village. The gorgeous splendor of the church has been so frequently described, I will not attempt to reiterate it.

We returned to the city at nine, and took a substantial breakfast; after which we went to see the *pelea de gallos*—or, in plain American, the cock-pit. The ladies excused themselves, but promised to go to the bull-fight in the afternoon. A couple of *padres* were present, as judges, and to preserve order. Though they did not bet, they seemed as much pleased with the sport as any one.

At two in the afternoon we had a lunch of cold meats, preserves, fruit and wine. The bull-fight was to begin at four, dinner at seven, the concert at night, and the masquerade at midnight; so we knew exactly how to dispose of our time. Just before luncheon I took a game of billiards with Mrs. B——, her sister, and Mr. F——, a very interesting four-handed game. Mrs. B—— was a stock-holder in the new Plaza de Toros, and her box was almost as fine as the President's.

Madame Santa Anna and her sister were present at the *gran funcion*, as they call it; but the

general was at Tacubaya, where he has a *quinta*, or country seat. Two bands of music played during the exhibition, and refreshments were handed round. For a description of bull-fights, I refer the reader to any books on Spain and Cuba.

Next, we drove back to Number Four—Calle de la Profesa—and enjoyed a magnificent dinner. After coffee and cigars in the pleasant galleries surrounding the court, we drove to the concert in the Gran Teatro de Santa Anna. The company were Germans, and the music was piano, violin, and voice. The theatre is gorgeous, but dimly lighted; for there is no gas in Mexico.

After the concert we again returned with Dr. B——, and took tea, wine, or chocolate, as we chose, before dressing for the masquerade, which was to begin at midnight. While I was admiring an oil painting, four by eight feet, Dr. B—— said:

"I suspect you don't see all the beauties of that picture."

I was insisting that I did, when he touched a spring. The picture opened like a door, and I discovered a niche of elegantly-bound books. I then turned to a picture just the size of a door, and remarked that I would not be surprised if that picture of General Washington was the door to some secret passage; and in fact it was a door that led to vaults and covert ways to the street.

The masquerade was much like carnival balls elsewhere—same dresses, same music, and the same kind of dances you see at the Academie de Musique, on similar occasions, in Paris, or in the Orleans Theatre, in the city of New Orleans. The pit of the theatre was planked, and the stage was lighted by a thousand lamps and transparencies. I saw many handsome ladies among the dancers, and some magnificently dressed in the boxes. These were the aristocracy, that scorned to mingle with the vulgar, dancing crowd below. The succession of dances was indicated by signs suspended at the foot of the boxes, where every dancer could see what would come next. Refreshments were served in restaurants, on the sides of the hall, at any hour.

A man, without a mask, came up to me and addressed me in German. I asked him why he took me for a Dutchman.

"There can be no mistake in your light hair, round face, and broad shoulders."

"And yet there is," I answered, in French.

He seemed puzzled, and declared I was not Gaul, in as good Parisian as I ever heard.

"Then tell me what you are?" I said to him, in Mexican; "for I can't classify your red hair and fluent tongue."

"And why may I not be a pure Castilian, *senor mio*?" continued he, in Spanish.

"Because you are a Yankee," I answered, in plain American.

"Well, 'pon my word!" he said, in the genuine Yankee dialect, with the nasal twang and common cant of Yankeedom, "who would have taken you for a Gringo?"

Then seizing a passing *senorita* by the waist, he whirled away in the *scottische*, and was lost in the crowd.

I asked a mask, who was listening to our conversation, who the person was, and I learned he was a brave New England cabinet-maker, who had been long a resident in Mexico, and had accumulated a fortune making beds and bureaux, and boring artesian wells.

Another lucky American I had met the day before. He was a young Yankee, who had come to visit a rich uncle in Mississippi. The avuncular relation had not much nepotism about him, and soon sent the young scamp adrift. The boy went to St. Louis, and worked hard for a year, when he joined Col. Doniphan's Santa Fe expedition. After the war, he remained in New Mexico, and soon married an heiress of a family very well known throughout that part of the country.

He had attempted to smuggle some silver out of Chihuahua, without paying the import duty, and it was confiscated. He brought suit for it, and from court to court it had finally reached the supreme tribunal of Mexico, and he had come over two thousand miles to attend to the case. Something less than one hundred thousand dollars was involved! How I felt for my countryman in those strange courts!

But I have left the ball. As rosy-fingered Aurora began to open the portals of Orient, we, drowsy, weary mortals, were issuing through the portals of the theatre to breathe the cool morning air, and find our Monday morning beds, with smarting eyes and aching heads.

Thus endeth my SUNDAY IN MEXICO.

They tell great stories about the fishing in Kansas. It is said that near Keoshi lately a man baited a hook with a whole duck, and sank it in the river over night. The next morning he hauled in his line, and found that a six pound fish had seized the duck, and that a seventy pound fish had got hooked while attempting to seize the sixpounder. He hauled the whole upon the bank—two fishes and the duck upon a single hook—and did not need to go a-fishing again for a week.

CITY LIFE.

BY FREDERICK J. KESTER.

Not in the city let me dwell,
Amid its scenes of strife;
'Tis time I bade them all farewell,
For more serene life.
And hark! I hear the murmurs now
Of woods and flowing streams!
And gentle zephyrs fan my brow,
As from the land of dreams.

And palaces unbuilt by hands,
Upon my vision rise;
Like castles on enchanted lands,
Traced in elysian skies.
With halls that stretch in light away,
Checked by emerald bowers,
Where float in pleasant melody,
Sweet songs of happy hours.

But this is all a passing dream,
By glittering fancy wove;
A sail upon a lovely stream,
Life's bark may never rove!
Yet not within the city's walls,
My soul would love to dwell;
'Twould be like bird in prison halls,
Singing a sad song well!

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"Is Mr. Ashley at home?" inquired a gentleman of the servant who answered his ring at the door of a splendid mansion. The man glanced over the unfashionable apparel of the inquirer, and with a slightly supercilious air, replied:

"Yes, sir; any particular business with him?"

The gentleman, with mild dignity, stepped into the hall, and saying to the astonished servant, "Tell Mr. Ashley that a gentleman, a stranger in the city, requests the honor of an interview," walked calmly into a splendidly furnished apartment on one side of the hall, and took a seat with the manner of one perfectly at home amid such magnificence. The servant stepped across the wide hall, and tapping lightly on the opposite door, entered. A gentleman, past middle age, of stern and unprepossessing aspect, lifted his eyes from a newspaper as the door was opened.

"Well, Jarvis?" he queried, impatiently, as the man hesitated how to announce the nameless visitor, and finally repeated the message, "'a stranger'—and gave no name?"

"No, sir," and the shining ebony face was again distorted with a suppressed laugh.

"Why do you stand grinning there? Show him in, whoever he is," and Mr. Ashley settled himself firmly in his chair, as if to nerve himself to endure some disagreeable infliction.

The stranger was visibly agitated as he entered, but the cold, hard gaze riveted upon him seemed to banish the feelings that caused the momentary agitation; and in a voice which, only one who had heard his full, clear tones, in speaking to the servant, would have detected a huskiness and tremor, he apologized for his coming intrusion. Mr. Ashley noticed his courteous bow and address only by a scarcely perceptible motion of the head, and as he appeared to await the stranger's communication, he proceeded to say, that he hoped the purpose of his visit would justify its urgency.

"Allow me to ask, in the first place, whether you are not originally from England?"

"What if I were?" was the sneering response.

"Only that you may be desirous of hearing news from the other side of the Atlantic. I arrived in the city only this morning from Liverpool."

"Ah!" was the freezing rejoinder, "I regret you have taken the trouble of calling on me, for I have correspondents in England, from whom I learn all that interests me in that quarter."

"Possibly of public affairs; but are there no dearer interests, no kindred of whom you would like to hear?"

"No, sir. My parents have been dead many years, and there is no one remaining of whom I care to hear."

"No one?" inquired the other, with an accent of reproachful sadness; and yet you left a brother, an only brother, then in his boyhood, from whom you have not since heard. Is it not so?"

Mr. Ashley coughed down a slight embarrassment, as he replied, that he did not acknowledge the right of a stranger to question him in matters which could not concern him.

"But this does concern me, for I am no stranger, Henry. Look and see if there is no trace in me of the brother you have not seen for more than thirty years."

He had risen, and approaching the table, at which the other still kept his seat immovably, stood gazing fixedly upon him.

"Perhaps you will remember this," and the stranger threw back his locks of mingled chestnut and silver, which revealed a scar, left by a deep and dangerous wound over the right temple. "Do you remember the day, Henry, when I arrested the flight of your high mettled horse, and saved your life at the risk of my own?"

"Yes, yes. I recollect your features now; considering the lapse of years, you are not greatly changed. Sit down, Gerald," and he coldly released the hand, which, on being recognized, his brother impetuously extended to

him. "And you only arrived from England this morning?"

"Only this morning."

"You had a good distance to come; but it can be rapidly accomplished these times, and I presume you had important business in America." He eyed the other inquiringly.

"I had, indeed, what I considered very important business, to behold once again my long unseen, but never-forgotten brother, ere we both descended to the grave."

"And was that your only object in coming across the Atlantic?"

"Was it not enough?" replied the other, with a smile of affection that brightened up his features beautifully. "I had no other business in Philadelphia, certainly, but I thought this sufficient."

"Well, I have no objection to seeing you, Gerald, of course, though I have thought you dead this long time."

Mr. Ashley was interrupted by the entrance of Jarvis with a note.

"The man will wait for the answer, sir."

"Very well; I will ring for you when it is ready." And excusing himself to his brother, he again turned to the table, and gave his undivided attention to the note before him.

When the note was finished, the elder brother was at liberty to attend to his unwelcome visitor. He marked the saddened expression of Gerald's face, and anticipating a tale of pecuniary difficulties, terminating in a request for some of his cherished gold, the man of wealth observed:

"As I was about saying, when interrupted, I am sorry if you crossed the ocean merely to see me. I cannot flatter myself that your visit is disinterested, but I forewarn you that all 'expectations' from me are ill-grounded; what I have of wealth is for my own family. As you have done me the honor of coming so far to see me," he added, ironically, "I will defray the expenses of your trip, for I would not have you a loser by this sudden fit of fraternal affection."

"Henry!" The word was spoken sadly.

"O, I know what you would say; but in my buffetings with the world, I have learned many sage lessons, and it is vain to expect to make me the dupe of any artifice. Though that was not exactly the word I meant to use," he added, as his brother rose with a flush of indignation. "Don't be too sensitive, Gerald, you were always a silly boy in that respect; but I have a habit of saying unpleasant things, if they *must* be said, at once; so I repeat, that, as you will not be a gainer in a pecuniary point, neither will you be a loser, and now let it pass. Of course, during the time you remain in town you will make your

home here. We dine at three, so you will have ample time to see about getting your baggage brought from whatever hotel you are stopping at."

Gerald Ashley took up his hat, and going to a window as if to look out on the street, deliberated a moment whether he should refuse or accept the ungracious invitation. His brother's reception did not greatly surprise him. But he felt a strong desire to hear something more of him, however, and a real curiosity respecting his family, therefore promising to return at the hour mentioned, he departed.

At dinner the visitor was introduced to his sister-in-law, a showy and rather handsome woman, who, by the aid of a costly and becoming toilet, was what is called magnificent,—to his nieces Lavinia and Caroline, young ladies very much of their mother's style, and his nephew, Hutchinson, a gay, pleasing, though, Mr. Ashley feared, dissipated young man. The ladies had thought proper to appear on the occasion in dinner costume, as elaborate and richly ornamented as if they were entertaining a distinguished company.

After dinner, Mr. Gerald, as Mrs. Ashley and her daughters called him, spent an hour in the beautiful garden belonging to the house, reading a pleasant book he had selected from the library, and it was with some reluctance that, as the shades of evening closed around, he rejoined the family in the parlor. Mrs. Ashley was trifling with some elegant needle-work, Caroline looking over a new magazine, and Lavinia playing on the harp, her favorite instrument. This last pleased him, for besides being an enthusiastic lover of music, it afforded an agreeable mode of passing time that might otherwise seem tedious, and he gratified his niece, who was always ready to display her chief accomplishment, by begging her to play some of her favorite pieces. She complied, and, by her mother's desire, her sister opened the piano, and accompanied the fair harpist in some selections from the old masters. Both played well, and Mr. Ashley's praises were sincerely and cordially given.

Soon after the young ladies left the room, and Mr. Gerald took occasion to congratulate his sister-in-law on the striking beauty and elegance of her daughters; she received his compliments with complacent satisfaction. He inquired if the three he had seen completed her family. "No; there was an older son," he was told, who had succeeded his father in his extensive book-establishment. He was married, and lived a few squares distant. And there was another daughter, Edith, who was at present absent from home, on a brief visit.

But even as the lady was speaking, a graceful, lovely girl of eighteen glided into the room. Mr. Ashley half started from his seat at her appearance. Those soft, brown eyes, those careless curls of rich chestnut hue, the winning sweetness that rested on her delicately-moulded features—how all reminded him of his lamented mother.

"Edith," said Mrs. Ashley, "you should have returned rather earlier, you will scarcely have time to dress ere the tea-bell rings."

"And that is the other daughter you were speaking of," said Mr. Ashley, as the fair vision disappeared.

"Yes, that is my daughter, Edith, my second daughter," replied the lady, as making a graceful excuse for leaving him by himself, she also retired, with the intention of following Edith, and cautioning her against making any unnecessary exhibition of pleasure or affection on being introduced to her newly found relative. Her attention being called to another matter, however, by a servant who was seeking her presence, Edith escaped the very embarrassing instructions; for happening to meet her brother Hutchinson on his way out of the house, she detained him to ask the name of the elderly gentleman she had seen in the parlor.

"O, I suppose our new guest. Pa introduced him at dinner as his only brother, Gerald Ashley, just arrived from England."

"I did not know that pa had a brother," said Edith, in surprise.

"And I fancy he tried to forget the circumstance himself. Poor relations are apt to be a bore, you know," was the laughing response of the young man as he passed on.

"Poor!" A feeling of compassion blended with the interest the gentle Edith had already felt in the stranger, and instinctively she descended again to the parlor where her relative was sitting alone. He did not hear her light, timid step, but the softly whispered, "Uncle Gerald," caused him to raise his eyes, and he beheld close by his side the lovely object of his reverie. "Uncle Gerald," 'twas the first time the name had ever sounded in his ear, and with a fatherly affection, he drew the sweet girl to his warm embrace, and gently putting back the clustering ringlets, gazed fondly upon her lovely countenance.

Little time could Edith venture to remain with him, so hastening to her room, she exchanged her rich silk robe for one of white muslin, and, only waiting to clasp a bracelet on her fair arm, lest her mother should be offended at her plain appearance, she hastened to return to the parlor, where the family, with the exception

of young Ashley, were now assembled for tea. After tea, the ladies repaired to the drawing-room, accompanied by Uncle Ashley (his brother had an engagement which prevented him from joining the family circle). Uncle Gerald seated himself in a retired part of the spacious room, not wishing to attract the particular notice of chance visitors, and Edith drew a low taboret to his side, evidently prepared to have a long chat with one to whom her loving heart instinctively turned. But ere long, Mrs. Ashley, who from her seat near a window observed an elderly gentleman of commanding appearance coming up the street, nodded archly to her eldest daughter, and then glanced towards Edith.

"Edith, love, take a seat on this sofa, and sing to your 'light guitar.' My daughters," she smiled upon Uncle Gerald as she addressed him, "are each proficient upon a different instrument, so that when Mr. Ashley and I wish to spend a quiet evening at home they sometimes give us quite a pleasant concert."

With a sigh of disappointment, Edith rose and moved to the seat indicated, but scarcely had her voice begun to fill the apartment with melody fresh and artless as a gush of bird music, ere a servant announced the "Hon. Mr. Craig," and the gentleman whom Mrs. Ashley had seen approaching, entered. Uncle Gerald, whose eyes were fascinated by the fair enchantress, noticed with surprise an expression of mingled terror and abhorrence on her features, as, hastily but politely acknowledging the introduction Mrs. Ashley gave, "One of Mr. Ashley's kinsmen, just arrived from England," he approached the fair girl, who shrank back with evident repugnance, and taking her hand in his, gallantly raised it to his lips, addressing her at the same time in a tone of tender interest. Then taking a seat beside her on the sofa, he entered into a lively conversation with Mrs. Ashley, who treated him with marked deference, while Lavinia and Caroline displayed a charmingly blended high-bred courtesy and friendly sociability.

Uncle Gerald scarcely took part in the conversation which the visitor politely directed to him. He was studying the character of his nieces, the eldest and youngest of whom, glittering with jewelry, which a refined taste would deem too gorgeous for a quiet evening at home, were radiant with smiles, and evidently disposed to render the old gentleman's visit a delightful one to him; while Edith in her simple white dress, with a face now as deadly pale, and all the soft animation of her manner fled, was silent and depressed. Her uncle gazed upon her with pain-

ful interest, and his relief was nearly as visible as her own, when Mr. Craig finally arose to take leave. He shook the hand of each lady as he bade "good-by," regretting that he would not see them again for some days, as he was going on a short journey. Alf, save Edith, wished him a pleasant trip and speedy return, protesting that they would miss his charming society.

"And Edith says nothing," he said, as politely returning the compliments of the ladies, he turned towards her with a look of tender reproachfulness.

"That is a suspicious symptom, Edith," said Caroline, gaily, and added, glancing at the gentleman, "'The heart speaks most when the lips move not,' you know."

Her mother and sister laughed. Mr. Craig bowing his thanks to the fair consoler, and shaking hands cordially with Mr. Ashley, took leave.

"Edith, I am shocked at your unaccountable conduct," said her mother. "Our washerwoman's daughter could not have displayed more ill-breeding."

Unable to restrain her tears, Edith retired to her room. No allusion was made to the matter afterwards, but, during the ensuing days, Edith found her desire to be with her uncle continually thwarted. This grieved the affectionate girl, and he was not less disappointed in thus being deprived of the only congenial companionship the house afforded. He spent most of his time in viewing the "lions" of the city, in company with his brother, who failed not in any friendly attention; or in the bookstore, which had passed into the possession of his eldest nephew, Albert.

One day, on returning from her customary drive, Mrs. Ashley was informed that Mr. Craig had returned to town, and, by Mr. Ashley's invitation, would dine with them. That lady was in her most gracious mood. She lectured Edith gently, though with much emphasis, on the impropriety of her usual demeanor to the honorable gentleman, who ever treated her with the most respectful consideration, and Edith listened in silence, as she arrayed herself in a style which Mrs. Ashley thought most to Mr. Craig's taste; and she was even touched, poor girl, by her mother's representations of her unladylike deportment, and resolved to disguise her feelings in some measure during the ordeal from which there was no escape.

But the first glance at that face, which grew at each meeting more and more repulsive to her, overthrew her feeble resolution: the silence and constraint that were natural to her in his presence, returned, and it was only by a continual struggle

with her feelings, that she forced herself to remain by his side during the repast, which to her seemed interminable. She missed her uncle, too; one of his kind, sympathetic glances would have assisted her to maintain an appearance of ease and composure; but he had not returned to the house since he left it at an early hour that morning. Detained abroad until past three o'clock, he dined at a restaurant, and did not return to his brother's residence till near tea-time. He found Edith and her parents in the private parlor. Replying to Mrs. Ashley's polite remark on his prolonged absence, he took a seat, unnoticed by his brother, who in unmeasured tones was reproving his daughter for her obstinacy in refusing to encourage the addresses of their distinguished guest, who had just departed.

"The Hon. Mr. Craig has my consent to address you," he said, "and I warn you to beware of irritating too far either him or your father by your perverseness."

"What, that old man?" interrupted the uncle, in unfeigned surprise. "It is not possible, Henry, that you seriously contemplate a union between that man and your young, innocent child!"

"Permit me to be the best judge of my own intentions, Gerald," said the other, coolly. "Edith has long known my wishes regarding her, and I warn her again that from this day I will suffer no opposition to them."

"Father," said Edith, lifting her tearful face, and turning on him a look of childlike beseechfulness, "you know that I have ever found it a pleasure as well as my duty to obey you; but in this one thing, forgive me for being unable to obey. I can never conceal my utter aversion to the gentleman you speak of."

"And how do you imagine such amiable conduct will do when he becomes your husband?"

"That he never shall," said Edith, firmly.

"You talk bravely; but suppose that by force, if requisite, I take you to the altar, since I am resolved that your husband he shall be?"

"Then at the very altar I will refuse him. No power on earth shall compel me to marry a man I detest. I would rather die."

"Really," said Mrs. Ashley, "our gentle Edith is transformed into a termagant. I cannot imagine how a child of mine has learned to display such unladylike violence of temper."

"I suspect you have been counselling her to disregard my wishes in this matter, Gerald," said his brother; but Edith warmly protested that a word on the subject had never been spoken between them; and that her resolution to refuse Mr. Craig had been long ago taken, though she could not gain courage to avow it.

"Surely, Henry, you will think better of this," said Gerald, as his niece, at her incensed parent's command, left the room. "You would not force that young, pure-minded, artless creature into a marriage with a man older than you are, and for whom she can feel no sentiment save contempt or abhorrence."

"Now, Gerald," said his brother, very calmly and very firmly, "let us put an end to this subject. You ought to know that I am not one to be moved from my purposes, and I tell you once more that I have promised Mr. Craig my daughter Edith's hand. She would be his ere now, but as the gentleman to whom her eldest sister has been long engaged is now expected home from Europe, I have delayed Edith's marriage in order to have a double wedding. So now you are aware of the inutility of further discussion. I have wealth, but it is of my own getting—the Hon. Mr. Craig has *family distinction*, as well as immense wealth, therefore I shall be proud to have one of my daughters united to him."

Mr. Gerald Ashley saw the propriety of dropping the subject, but his kind heart was grieved for his favorite niece, and he resolved to make one more effort to save her, by enlisting, if possible, her elder brother in her cause. As for the other, he was seldom at home, and was but little regarded by the family, who felt disgraced by his dissipated habit. Therefore it was useless to appeal to him, though with his careless good-nature he would have sympathized with his sister's unhappiness, but his brother's influence with the father was great, and trusting to this, Uncle Gerald the next morning walked down to the store at an early hour, hoping to find his nephew at leisure to attend to him. On reaching the store, however, he found the owner engaged with a young man at the desk, and he turned to look out upon the gay and busy street. 'Twas but a moment ere the young man came from the desk; as Mr. Ashley moved aside to give him egress, a gentleman to whom he had been introduced by his brother, entering the store, greeted him by name, and the young man who was in the act of lifting his hat in acknowledgement of the old gentleman's courtesy, glanced quickly at him on hearing his name, revealing a countenance whose noble and ingenuous expression attracted Uncle Gerald's admiration.

He gazed upon him until he saw him pause before a window at a little distance, and Uncle Gerald, presuming on an old man's privilege, followed slowly on and stood beside the object of his sudden interest, gazing at the beautiful paintings which were displayed in the window. A simple remark from Uncle Gerald led to a con-

versation, and he learned that the young man's name was Markham, and that he had been for years a clerk in Mr. Ashley's establishment, until a few days since, when he was discharged by Albert Ashley, without any reasons being assigned therefor. He added, that he had called that morning at the store in the hope of seeing the senior Mr. Ashley, to whom he would appeal against the unjust dismissal, which was ruinous to his prospects, as he could not obtain a similar situation without reference, and Mr. Albert had told him not to refer to him.

"Do you think his father would receive your application favorably?" asked Uncle Gerald.

Young Markham was sure he would, as he had always honored him with particular confidence and esteem.

Uncle Gerald promised to bring the matter to his brother's notice, and appointing an hour to meet the young man at a hotel designated, returned to the house.

Mr. Henry Ashley listened attentively to his account of the young man's summary discharge, and then touching the bell, sent a servant to his son Albert, requesting his immediate attendance.

"I cannot imagine," he said to Gerald, "how Albert has ventured on such a measure without my knowledge. He is well aware that I take an unusual interest in Frederick Markham. In fact, his father was one of my best friends on my first arrival here. He afterwards became involved, and Fred, then a mere boy, was obliged to leave college, and gladly accepted a place in my counting-room. I advanced him step by step, till he became confidential clerk, and I have even held out to him the prospect of still further advancement. My son knows this, and as I have not yielded the entire control of the establishment into his hands, his proceeding is unaccountable. I know Fred too well to believe for a moment that he has rightly forfeited his place."

But when Mr. Albert Ashley appeared, and was informed of the cause of his summons, there was a startling denouement, that gentleman merely observing that he would not so far degrade himself as to avow, save to his father, that his reason for dismissing the clerk was the discovery that he had presumed to treat Edith with marked attention on several late occasions when with her mother and sisters she had been in the store, and, what was worse to imagine, that the clerk's attentions were far from disagreeable to his sister.

Mr. Ashley's face flushed with surprise and indignation, and Edith was summoned to her father's presence. The nephew's glance at Uncle Gerald intimated that his company could

be dispensed with, but he would not take the hint, being alive only to compassion for the timid, lovely girl, who on her entrance, was sternly questioned by her parent as to the truth of her brother's suspicions. Edith blushed and looked down in silent embarrassment.

"I should think, sir," said the son, "such blushing confusion is a sufficient proof of the correctness of my suspicions. As an additional one, my wife saw the two walking very amicably along the street together, the very day previous to his discharge."

Mr. Ashley grasped his daughter's arm roughly, commanding her to deny the truth of this statement. But Edith, roused by her brother's unkindness, replied that it was true.

"And you dare avow it?" Her father's voice shook with fierce anger.

"I can perceive no reason to shrink from the avowal of such a simple fact," said Edith, lifting her large, truthful eyes to her incensed parent. "I have known Frederick Markham from my earliest childhood as one esteemed worthy of your unbounded confidence, and it did not seem at all out of place, to me, that when we happened to meet, as I was returning home alone, and our path was the same, we should walk together for a short distance."

"No doubt it seemed very short to you," said her brother, sarcastically, "and his conversation charming—love is such a pleasant theme."

"Mr. Markham never spoke to me of love in his life," said Edith.

But it is needless to dwell on this painful scene. Suffice it that Edith, refusing to consent to an immediate marriage with the Hon. Mr. Craig, as her father commanded, was by him discarded, and left the house that day in company with her uncle by whom she was adopted.

There was a pleasant evening spent in a private parlor of the Washington House. Frederick Markham for the first time enjoyed an hour's unrestrained conversation with her whom he had long loved in secret. Each had confided in Uncle Gerald, who smiled upon their youthful love, and was happy in witnessing their happiness.

The next day Mr. Gerald Ashley was shown into the presence of his brother and sister-in-law, at their splendid mansion. The latter, having parted with mingled anger and grief from her daughter the previous day, was naturally solicitous to learn her uncle's intention respecting her, but she was immeasurably surprised at the revelation now made.

"I have come to bid you both farewell," said Gerald, after the usual salutations had been exchanged; "but first, I have a few words to say to

you, Henry. Of the reception I have met with from you, I say nothing. It was polite, and in a manner kind, though certainly not what an only brother might have expected. I could account for it, however, as you took me to be poor from my appearance, and anticipated a demand on your purse. Had you shown the least desire to be informed of my pecuniary affairs, you would at once have been undeceived; for I came to you, not as a penniless adventurer, but as one of the wealthiest planters of Cuba. As you did not question me, I thought it not worth while to inform you of my personal history since we parted, neither will I trouble you with details at present. Having returned for a brief season to our native land, I for the first time heard where my brother was residing, and, previous to my return home, I resolved to come to Philadelphia. I thought that in our old age we might be indemnified for our long separation—that hope was disappointed; yet I rejoice that I was providentially led to the aid of your daughter, whose trials I hope are now ended. Stately as is her early home, it cannot compare with that of which she will henceforth, as my adopted daughter, be mistress; and I hope to ensure her future happiness by one day giving her to her worthy lover, your former clerk, who will go with us to Cuba. A childless widower, I have none to inherit my wealth, save Edith, and if their mutual passion continues unchanged, I shall place no bar in the way of their union."

Mr. Gerald Ashley gave his hand to his brother, who, since he had heard the astounding fact of the other's riches, appeared to be affected with a species of nightmare; then turning to Mrs. Ashley, he courteously bade her adieu, inviting her at the same time to accompany them to New York in the afternoon, that she might see her daughter embark in the Havana steamer. To his surprise she replied, that, although unfortunately an engagement for the evening would prevent her having the pleasure of going with them, yet that probably the next day he would see her and her daughter in the Empire City. She went accordingly, and with her Mr. Ashley as well as the young ladies, that gentleman being prevailed on to part amicably with his brother and daughter. Edith was rejoiced to find herself restored to parental favor, and with a heart thus lightened of its only sorrow, saw the shores of her native land fade away in the distance, with less regret that those she left behind promised to visit her in her Cuban home.

Truth, by whomsoever spoken, comes from God. It is, in short, a divine essence.

LE CAFE DU SOLEIL.

BY M. M. BALLOU.

BEING on a business tour among the Southern and Western States, I found myself, sometime in November of 1838, in the city of Creoles and masquerade balls, and it being a healthy season of the year for a sojourn in this city of swampy boundary, I had determined to look about the place, and so impress its localities and peculiarities upon my mind as to serve me for future reference.

New Orleans, the Crescent city, affords a strange mixture of human nature, representing almost every nation and country upon the face of the globe. The city is, as it is well known, almost equally divided as it regards inhabitants, of French and American extract, intermingling with whom there is a plentiful sprinkling of Spanish, German, Swiss, Irish, Creoles, etc., forming altogether an heterogeneous compound of human nature, not to be met with perhaps in any other city in the world. Add to these a floating population of some thousands from the up country, or backwoods, consisting of the western adventurers, bowie knife bullies, blacklegs, and the scum of the river cities which finds its way down the stream, and you have a daguerreotype of the people of this capital of Louisiana.

After an evening's stroll upon the levee, I had dropped in at *Le Cafe du Soleil*, or, as it was known in the American section of the city, "The Sun Coffee House," and sat sipping my coffee and studying the various groups that filled the spacious saloon, when a singular occurrence took place, which I design to relate.

It was a medley company that filled the cafe. There sat a representative of Holland, solid and heavy, taking copious draughts from the mug at his side, while at the same table, and apparently engaged in consummating some business arrangement with the Dutchman, sat a light, vivacious Frenchman, the very opposite in point of character to his companion, and there were well-fed and rosy-cheeked Englishmen, too, and a sagacious Yankee conversing with a black-eyed Creole, with an almost effeminate person and a form for a sculptor. A broad-shouldered Scotchman, cool and calculating, was playing cards at a table hard by with a citizen; even the half-breed of the native tribes of the west was there. The rough jokes and rude speeches that fell upon my ear in various tongues and mingled languages, jarred harshly against my feelings.

At a table nearer than the rest, I observed one party, whom I readily detected as "sharpers" or

blacklegs, whose expensive dress and off-hand manners could not disguise their true character; they were of that class of gamblers we designate as genteel gamblers. I particularly noticed one among their number who swore the loudest of the crew about him, his time and voice being occupied in boasting of his prowess, and being perhaps somewhat excited by an extra glass, he challenged any of his party to a set-to at cards or fisticuffs. Being well armed I determined to stop and witness the fellow's conduct.

I soon learned from one who sat near me, that he was a noted gambler and duellist; a man who was a great braggart, and yet who had established an undoubted character for courage, from the fact of his having fought and killed several noted characters who had formerly moved in his own sphere of society. "He's up to a spree to-night," said my informant, "and will not be satisfied until he has insulted some one."

About this time I observed a young man enter the cafe, and ordering something of the servant, took a seat at a separate table near by. He was a young, quiet, and pale-faced youth, indeed almost a boy, and evidently a stranger in the city. The crew of sharpers, winking to each other intelligibly, set their eyes upon him immediately, while the bully of the crew, whom they called in their cant speech Fetlock, forthwith set about some plan to insult and draw him out, the plan probably being that when Fetlock should threaten the youth, the rest of the party would interfere, and by pretending to take sides with him, ingratiate themselves into his confidence, thus affording an opportunity for them to play their usual games upon him. Thus it seemed that Fetlock, who was considered by his party to be absolutely invulnerable, was used as a stool pigeon, or decoy duck for similar occasions.

The blackguard commenced by throwing out some vile hint, the import of which could hardly be mistaken, for although it did not absolutely name the new comer, all eyes were turned towards him immediately. The young man blushed deeply, and the blue veins of his forehead were strained almost to bursting, yet he took no notice further of the insult than his countenance betrayed, nor did he even turn toward the speaker who had thus publicly insulted him.

Foiled at his endeavor thus to engage the stranger in a controversy, Fetlock, so called, threw a small piece of fruit, while the company were still regarding both, which fell immediately before the youth upon the table. Starting at the moment, the stranger arose, and turning towards the perpetrator of the insult, with a calm voice, observed:

"You annoy me, sir; you should be careful in what direction you throw your offal."

"What is that you say?" observed Fetlock, walking up to the speaker with a blustering air, "do you mean to insult me?"

"On the contrary," was the reply, "you seem to desire to insult me."

Fetlock had now worked himself into a most ungovernable rage, and advancing still nearer the gentleman, said, "take that," at the same time striking a blow with his fist, which the youth warded off with great skill, and raising the chair at his side with an ease and show of strength that the sight of his slight figure by no means warranted, he struck the bully with it a powerful blow upon the head so as to bring him to the ground, the blood pouring from his mouth and nostrils, while he absolutely roared with madness.

The keeper of the cafe here interfered, and put a stop to further quarrel, but Fetlock soon recovering from the injury he had received, insisted upon immediately fighting his antagonist with pistols.

The keeper of the saloon told Mr. Eaton, this I afterwards learned was the young gentleman's name, that Fetlock was a celebrated shot, and that he never missed his aim; that he had to his certain knowledge killed nearly a dozen in single combat, and urged young Eaton confidentially, by no means to accept his challenge.

But Eaton was an ardent South Carolinian youth of good birth and high notions of honor, and therefore felt himself bound to accept the proffered challenge; he therefore accepted it, and resolved to fight. Introducing himself to me on the spot, he declared himself an utter stranger in the city, and desired to know if I would act as his friend or second on the occasion. I promptly refused, but in such a manner as not to wound his feelings, assuring him that it was against all my ideas of honor for two men to attempt the life of each other; warmly pressing my hand, he told me he could not listen to my earnest and oft-repeated wish that he would abandon the whole affair. He readily found another upon the spot who agreed to stand his friend for the occasion.

I heard the appointment and the place, and determined to be upon the spot. By his earnest solicitation, I accompanied young Eaton to his hotel, when, snugly locked in his room, he gave me some particulars of his life and family.

"I was an orphan," said he, "at a very early age, and have lived from that time in the family of an uncle, a planter in South Carolina. A few years ago I became enamored of as lovely a girl

as ever breathed our Southern atmosphere. I was happy, thrice happy; the time had even been appointed for our nuptials, when I discovered her infidelity! I could not for a long time believe the truth, but at last was constrained to do so, and for many months lay at death's door with a raging fever, brought on by this severe and unlooked-for event. I immediately assumed a profitable agency for my uncle in Havana on my recovery, and during the two years past have resided in that city, where at length I have closed the business I have conducted, after a most profitable campaign. I am at this time on my return, and have chosen the route via this city, having never before visited it."

He entrusted to me several letters and papers to be sent to his family, in case of his death, and several times intimated that he had long held his life very light since his disappointment, and that he should at least have the satisfaction of ridding the community of a villain.

I again endeavored to persuade him to abandon his purpose, pointing out how easily he might do so without incurring the least odium as to his personal courage. I told him I would reach the ground with a party of police in such a manner that no suspicion should attach itself to him as being aware of the circumstance; but no argument appeared to have the least weight with him. He did not care to live, he said, and that he should certainly clear the world of that bully. He would not permit me to leave him that night until I had given him my word as a gentleman, that I would not in any way interfere in the proposed meeting on the morrow. I left him about midnight, and wended my way to my lodgings at the St. Charles's.

The next morning I was early at the appointed rendezvous, when I found the parties already assembled. The noisy bully was in his element, blustering about the spot as though he was a king, confident of an easy victory; he confidently looked upon young Eaton as a poor, thoughtless victim, and thinking that his shot, if he fired at all, would be like the fire of any green one, who if he took good advice would on his first fire aim some three or four yards above and aside of his mark, and then he might stand a bare possibility of hitting it; this last remark indeed he made, or one equivalent to it, so loud as to reach the ear of the whole company.

Henry Eaton was calm and collected; he was, perhaps, a shade paler than on the previous night, but not a nerve trembled, though it was evident he had made up his mind to die!

Eaton being the challenged party, as a matter of course, had the choice of weapons and the

mode of the conflict. Presently Fetlock approaching in one of the turns of his walk quite near to E., said, "come, sir, settle the preliminaries as soon as possible. I've no time to lose before my breakfast."

Eaton's second replied, that he had not yet consulted with his principal as to the mode.

"There is no need of consultation," replied young Eaton, "I shall fight in but one way, viz.: with the muzzle of my pistol at that villain's heart, and his at my own!"

At this unexpected announcement, surprise was depicted on every countenance. Fetlock turned deadly pale, and hardly thinking he could have heard aright, asked the second what the gentleman proposed.

Eaton reiterated that he would fight in but one way, and that only with the muzzles of the two pistols placed at the heart of each! At this announcement the boasting Fetlock began to tremble.

"Choose," said young Eaton, holding a pair of pistols towards him, "choose, sir!"

"I retract," said the bully, pale and trembling; "for the love of Heaven, spare me!"

"Then down on your knees and beg for pardon," said Eaton, looking upon him with the most intense and withering scorn.

And so did that bully, who had killed many a manly antagonist before, hardened villain as he was, kneel before that dauntless boy. He had found one to whom fear was a stranger—one who would sooner die than be insulted, and who would have death in return.

The coward Fetlock, *alias* Goodrich, left the grounds alone, and taking an up-river boat, sought the backwoods, fleeing forever the company of his former associates, who though nearly as abandoned as himself, could not but despise him. Within a few months I have heard that Goodrich has been sentenced, and is now serving a term of years in the state prison of Kentucky, for the crime of counterfeiting.

Thus ends the singular adventure which commenced in *Le Cafe du Soleil*.

A city visitor to the White Mountains of New Hampshire amusingly describes some of the incidents which attended the journey:

Dwellers within the walls, the narrow and confined streets of a great metropolis—new to the scene which had opened to us—rapturous were our expressions of delight.

"What do you think of the Notch?" asked one passenger of the driver, being desirous to comprehend with what manner of impression a child of the hills looked upon this sublime creation. "Wal," he replied, "I'm used to this; but I s'pose, like as not, ef I was to go down to York, I should gawk round tew!"

ADVANTAGE OF BEING IN DEBT.

It requires great coolness and experience to steer a course down the rapids of the Saint St. Marie; and a short time before our arrival, two Americans had ventured to descend them without a boatman, and were consequently upset. As the story was reported to us, one of them owed his salvation to a singular coincidence. As the accident took place immediately opposite the town, many of the inhabitants were attracted to the bank of the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking any attempt at a rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared, rushing toward the group, frantic with excitement. "Save the man with the red hair!" he vehemently shouted; and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals, proved successful, and the red-haired individual, in an exhausted condition, was safely landed. "He owes me eighteen dollars," said his rescuer, drawing a long breath, and looking approvingly on his assistants. The red-haired man's friend had not a creditor at the Saint, and in default of a competing claim, was allowed to pay his debt to nature. "And I'll tell you what it is, stranger," said the narrator of the foregoing incident, complacently drawing a moral therefrom, "a man will never know how necessary he is to society, if he don't make life valuable to his friends as well as to himself."—*Blackwood*.

FIGHTING ON EQUAL TERMS.

I will tell you a little incident that occurred in Georgia many years ago. Judge T., a celebrated duellist, who had lost a leg, and who was known to be a dead shot, challenged Colonel D., a gentleman of great humor and attainments. Their friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Col. D. was asked if he was ready.

"No," he replied.

"What are you waiting for, then?" inquired Judge T.'s second.

"Why, sir," said Col. D., "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt up a bee-gum to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg!"

The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up the fight. Col. D. was afterwards told it would sink his reputation.

"Well," he replied, "it can't sink me lower than a bullet can."

"But," urged his friends, "the papers will be filled about you."

"Well," said he, "I would rather fill fifty papers than one coffin."

No one ever troubled the colonel after that.—*Corr. of New York Picayune*.

Editing a newspaper is a good deal like making a fire. Everybody supposes he can do it "a little better than anybody else." We have seen people doubt their fitness for apple peddling, driving oxen, or counting lath, but in all our experience, we never yet met that individual who didn't think he could "double the circulation" of any paper in two months.

THE DRUNKARD'S PLEA.

BY FANNY BELL.

Give me the bowl, I care not now,
I feel remorse no more;
Give me the bowl, I care not how
Early they lay me low.

The last who spoke in a tone of love,
Has turned with a scornful look;
And the vow we pledged by the stars above,
Has lightly, falsely broke.

Then give me the bowl, I care not how
Early they lay me low;
For no gentle eye, no spotless brow,
Will shade the sadder grow.

A few may come to the drunkard's grave,
They will sing my requiem low;
And perhaps may breathe a cold "God save,"
Are back to their homes they go.

But no gentle one with a tearful eye,
Will come at the close of day;
The proud and the poor will pass me by,
And point where the drunkard lay.

A NIGHT IN AN ALPINE INN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I WAS travelling through Piedmont towards the Alps, Great St. Bernard being my object of the present jaunt. Among my travelling companions in the present coach—if the heavy, lumbering thing in which we rode can be called such—was an Englishman, named Fitzhern. He had travelled over nearly the whole continent, and his companionship was not only pleasant but valuable. We left Chatillon in the morning, and at noon we stopped to dine at a little inn some fifteen miles to the northwest of Ayace. It was only about twenty miles from St. Bernard, and directly among the Alps. There was no other building in sight save those belonging to the inn, for there was hardly a chance to build another. A wilder spot I never saw; but yet it was grand and romantic. The giant Alps towered up close at hand, and all about the spot we could see the massive crags lifting their dark gray heads above the forest trees. A wide stream went dashing wildly through the gorge, and its roar was at first almost deafening when the stream was high.

I noticed that my companion regarded the place with interest, and he took particular note of several things which seemed very commonplace to me. After dinner we went out back of the house to look at the torrent. As far as the eyes could reach on either hand the water came

and went, dashing over its bed of rocks—tumbling, crashing, boiling, and hissing, and I soon grew dizzy with the view; for I had imagined what would be the sensation of my soul were I to fall over into the mad flood; and the very thought was so fearful that I shuddered and grew weak. Near at hand was a narrow foot-bridge, formed by three stout logs which had been fallen across from crag to crag, and bound with ropes. There was no railing of any kind to protect the passengers, and I had no desire to cross over.

When we returned to the inn, we found the ostler just leading the horses out, but my companion asked me to take a turn up stairs. I followed him up, and after reaching the second landing, he turned into a sort of corridor, which led out into a long wing towards the stream. At the further end of this passage, he opened a door, and entered a small room, in which was a bed-frame, but no bed. I looked out at the little square window, and found the torrent close below me. At least, I could have easily jumped, from where I then stood, half way across the boiling stream.

"I don't wonder they've taken all the bedding out from here," I remarked, as I turned my gaze from the window to the bare framework of the couch.

"Why so?" asked Fitzhern.

"Why—no one could sleep here, with such a roar in his ears."

"And yet I slept here once," he said.

"You?"

"Yes— But there's the horn. I'll tell you about it when we get underway once more. We'll take a seat on top."

So down we hurried, and found the diligence ready to start. We took our seat on the top, and as soon as we had got fairly started, Fitzhern commenced to relate his adventure in the old inn we were leaving.

"It is now ten years," he began, "since I passed this way before. I was then alone, and on horseback, and was travelling in the opposite direction from this—on my way from Great St. Bernard to Chatillon. I reached the inn we have just left about the middle of the afternoon, and as my horse was tired, and fearing that I should not be able to reach Ayace until long after dark, I resolved to remain here for the night. So I gave my horse to the ostler, and ordered supper and a room. There was no other traveller beside myself, but I found plenty to engage my attention. When supper-time came, I found a new-comer at the table. He was a tall, dark-looking man, but yet with a very intelli-

gent face; and one calculated to command a certain degree of respect. He was dressed in a plain suit of green cloth, without ornament of any kind, save that the shirt, or frock, was worked with black cord upon the breast. He had a military appearance, and I at once took him to be a military officer in the Austrian service. He conversed with me in French, but with the Germanic accent. We were alone at the table, and after some few remarks had been passed on general topics, he asked me if I was travelling north. I told him no—that I had come from the north, and was going south.

"‘Rather a hard road,’ he said, with a smile; ‘but if you are not going on by night it may be all safe.’

"‘Where is the danger?’ I asked.

"‘O, only now and then a fellow who wants to overhaul your luggage.’

"‘Robbers, you mean?’

"‘Exactly.’

"‘Have you ever come across them?’

"‘Ah, I wish I could, sir. I came for that purpose.’

● "‘What, to hunt up the brigands?’

"‘Yes; I trust you, for I know you would be a fool to betray me. I am sent out by government to arrest these villains if possible. I have a detachment of soldiers at Carnillon. I have only been about here three days, and have hardly got started yet. Are you on business?’

"‘Partly,’ I answered.

"‘I began to like my companion, and before we left the table we cracked a bottle of wine. I told him my business, and informed him that I had some reason to dread meeting robbers. Our conversation was careless, and before we arose from the table, I had confessed that I travelled with quite a sum of money.

"‘After supper the officer said I must excuse him, as he had orders to send to his troops; so I was again left alone. I lighted a cigar, and started to take a stroll down the stream. I had gone some hundred rods or so, when I was startled by hearing the sharp cry of some one in distress. I stopped, and the shout came up loud and shrill. I hurried down the stream, from whence the agonized sounds came, and upon reaching a bluff where the torrent poured down into a deep chasm, and then took an abrupt turn, I saw a boy almost down to the boiling, hissing flood, clinging to the sharp point of a jutting rock. For a few moments I was too horrified to move. The poor fellow was some twenty feet below me, hanging with his feet so near the water that the dashing spray had soaked them. He caught my eye, and his cries were

piercing. I saw that he could not help himself in the least, for the point upon which he hung was so far out that he could not swing his feet in so as to touch the rock below him, and it was almost impossible for him to raise himself a hair.

"‘Help! help!’ he cried, in such agonizing tones that I felt my heart leap painfully.

"‘For a moment I almost determined to leap into the flood, but that would have been mere suicide, without helping him. But my thoughts became calm in a few moments, and then I went carefully to consider if there was not some means by which I could reach him. I walked further down, and soon found that the rock upon which he held was a jut from a narrow shelf which extended about parallel with the water to a distance of some forty feet down the stream. If I could reach that shelf I could save him. I hurried down and found that I could reach the shelf by a narrow gorge, in which grew a lot of shrubbery, provided that shrubbery was deeply rooted enough to hold me. I took hold of some of the bushes which grew near the top, and found them firm. With a quick prayer I threw off my coat and boots, and then let myself down. I found the shelf not more than two feet wide, and you may believe that it was a dubious track; but I hurried on, and reached the jutting rock in safety. In a moment more I was flat on my breast, and then reached over after the boy. I caught him by the collar of his jacket, and told him to help himself all he could. He made his last effort. I threw all my strength into that one lift, and the poor fellow was dragged over the rock, and laid by my side.

"‘It was some time before the youngster moved, after I had laid him down; but when he did, I found that he was perfectly sensible. I asked him if he could walk, and he said yes; so I arose, and bade him follow me. We reached the little gorge in safety, and made our way up the bank, and when we were once more on the faithful ground, the boy sank down upon his knees, and clasped his hands. He was not over twelve or fourteen years of age, and dressed in a sort of hunting garb of chamois skin. He had an intelligent look, and his language was pure German.

"‘‘Come,’ said I, after he had blessed me a dozen times, ‘get up, and I will help you to the inn; for you must be weak and faint.’

"‘‘No, no,’ he answered, quickly, ‘I must go the other way, and I must hurry, too. I ought not to have stopped to look over into the stream, and you see what came of doing it. I looked at the water so long that I became dizzy. I fell

upon the rock that juts out there, and as I was rolling off I caught it with my hands. I should not have been alive now if you had not come.'

"I told the boy I was as thankful as he was. He thanked me and blessed me again, then said he hoped he could repay me sometime, and then turned away. I watched him until he was out of sight, and then turned back towards the inn. I smoked another cigar, chatted a while with the ostler (the landlord was away somewhere), and then went up to my room. I was shown into the same apartment that we visited.

"I always used to sleep with my pistols under my pillow, and of course I did so on this occasion. I had faithful weapons—made on purpose for me in Manchester—double-barrelled and powerful. They were a pair of my own invention, and one hammer operated upon both pans, so that they were easier to carry than the ordinary weapon with double flint locks. I left my lamp burning with a low flame, and having secured my door, went to bed. The roar of the torrent soon became as wild music, soothing me into a sleep of not far from three hours, when I was awakened by feeling something on my shoulder. I started up and made an instinctive movement towards my pistols.

"—sh!" uttered some one close to my ear. 'Don't be afraid. You saved my life, and now I am come to save yours.'

"My eyes were now fairly open, and by the dim light of my lamp I could see the features of the boy whom I had rescued from the rock only a few hours before.

"What is it?" I asked, not a little startled.

"You are to be murdered and robbed before morning!" he replied, in low, quick tones.

"Murdered!" I repeated. 'What, here?'

"Yes—here. The brigands are about, and they know you have money. You are in danger! They mean to kill you and throw your body out this window into the stream, and that would be the last of you!"

"But how do they know I have money?"

"You told them so."

"Me—told—"

"Yes. You ate supper with the brigand chief!"

"So the mystery was out, and I knew what a fool I had been to trust a stranger.

"But," said I, 'the landlord will—'

"He dares not do anything," interrupted the boy. 'Fear binds him. We come here—a—the brigands come here when they please, and he serves them.'

"Then you are with them?" I remarked.

"I cannot help myself," he said; 'for I have no other home but with them.'

"You may imagine how peculiar my feelings must have been at that time. I could not take my horse, for one of the brigands was in the stable. I could not fly, for the yard was watched. The boy informed me that there were four of the robbers at the inn, and that they would be at my room in an hour. He also acknowledged that he had been sent up to see if I was asleep, and if my door was locked. I asked him if he could not help me.

"I have done all I can," he said. 'I have told you all, and I should die instantly if that were known.'

"But can you not get hold of their pistols, and extract the balls?" I asked.

"They won't have pistols," he answered, 'for they make too much noise, and there are some of the girls in the house they wouldn't trust. The dagger and club does their work. They mean the club for you, and then if your body is found in the stream, nobody could swear you were murdered. You understand now, and I must go back, for they'll expect me. I shall tell them that you are snoring loudly, and that I found your door locked.'

"And I did lock it," I uttered, wondering how the boy got in.

"He smiled, and showed me that the socket into which the bolt shut was so arranged that it could be removed from the outside. Once more he bade me be on my guard, and assured me that the brigands would be up in an hour, at least.

"And now we are square," he said, 'or as nearly so as we can be at the present, for you may be sure that I risk my life now. Protect yourself if you can, and may God help you.'

"With these words he went away, and I was left to my own reflections. My lamp was still burning, and having knocked the crust from the wick, I examined my pistols over again. There were four of the robbers, and I had four balls to fire—and they were without fire-arms. I took courage at this. My next movement was to dress myself, and then I began to think. Should I remain in my room, or should I seek some other place? I could not go below, for there I should be detected, and perhaps taken at a disadvantage. If I allowed the villains to come up, they would not be very particular about their arms, as the work of killing a man in his sleep is not very difficult. At length I remembered a place in the long passage through which I had come where there were two recesses. I hurried out from my room, and glided noiselessly along to this place, where I found a position which could not have been bettered. These recesses

were directly opposite each other, and were about four feet wide. One of them was for a window, and the other seemed to have been originally left for a closet, but it had no door, and was lumbered up with old chests. I went back to my room and left the lamp, and having once more examined my pistols, I returned to my newly-found stand. I took my position on one of the old chests, and thus had a great advantage in my favor, for while it would be difficult for any one in the passage to see me, I could yet see them plainly on account of the opposite window, against which their forms would be clearly revealed.

"So there I sat; and at the end of half an hour I heard a creaking of the stairs. I drew back, as far as possible; and ere long a dark form glided through the recess. It was a man, the very one with whom I had eaten supper—and in his hand he carried a lantern. After him came three men. I heard them at my door—I heard them enter my room—and in a minute more I could hear them talking in wondering tones. For a while I could only understand that they were surmising what could have become of me, but at length I heard the order given to search. I could hear that the doors between me and my room were all opened, and that the apartments were searched. At length he with the lantern reached the recess, and as his lantern was raised so as to cast its rays in, I was discovered.

"'Ha! here you are!' the brigand chief uttered; and on the next moment he drew his dagger.

"My pistols were both ready. I exclaimed:

"'Move this way another step, and you die.'

At that moment every nerve in my body was as still as a dead man's. I took deliberate aim at his head, and fired. I saw him stagger back, and upon the next moment two of the others were upon the spot. I could see them plainly against the opposite window, but they could not see me, for their leader's light had gone out as he let it drop upon the floor.

"I knew those villains meant to murder me, and my blood was up. I took aim again, and fired at one of the heads. In an instant I caught the other pistol and fired again. The last one uttered a sharp cry, and ran towards the stairs, but the other two fell. It was a full minute before the fourth man made his appearance. I saw him between me and the window, and I could see that he had a weapon of some kind in his hand. 'I'll do the world a blessing,' I uttered to myself; and with a careful aim I fired my last ball. The man gave a cry, and then staggered from my sight.

"Without a moment's delay I sprang from my retreat, and hastened to my room, where I found my lamp still burning. My little port-manteau had not been molested, and from thence I took my powder and balls, and reloaded my pistols. After this had been done, I took the lamp in one hand, and a pistol in the other, and went out into the passage. I found the landlord, the hostler, the boy who had given me the warning, and three women gathered about the spot where I had shot the brigands.

"'What do you think of this?' I asked.

"The landlord was frightened, and he stammered out a reply which I could not understand. He feared that I should suspect him, but I contrived to quiet him on that point, and soon afterwards we went below, where we found the third man whom I had shot, sitting in the bar-room. But he never spoke again, and died before morning. I saw that the boy was fearful that I might expose him unintentionally, but I soon assured him to the contrary, for to a question of the host's as to how I happened to be so well prepared, I answered with an easy manner:

"'O, it's simple enough. I knew that fellow who ate supper with me the moment I saw him, for I have met him before. When he asked me about my money, and warned me not to travel any further until morning, I knew that he meant to rob me. I knew it. Then when I went to bed I snored, but I did not sleep. By-and-by I heard some one come to my door and try it. I snored away then, but at the same time had my pistols ready. After that person went away I happened to remember the recess, and there I went and hid myself.

"This satisfied mine host, and assured the boy. The former protested earnestly that he knew nothing about the robbers, and I affected to believe him. Of course I slept no more that night, nor did I leave my pistols far out of reach. In the morning I offered to pay my bills, but the landlord would take nothing. I ate an early breakfast, and then set out on my journey, leaving mine host to take care of my night's work at his leisure. I reached Chatillon in safety, but said nothing more of my adventure, for I knew that other brigands would be shy of the place for a while, and that I might only lead to the arrest of the boy. A year afterwards I went that way again. The same host was at the inn, and he assured me that no brigands had been there since the night on which I had stopped there before. I inquired for the boy who had been there, professing to think that the lad was his son, but he knew nothing of him, and hinted that 'the little scamp belonged to the brigands.'"

MIANTINOMO.

BY BEPPO.

See ye where yon moss-grown hillock
Rises gently o'er the dell?
There, by hand of base assassin,
Brave Miantinomo fell.

He from forest kings descended,
With as lofty heart as they,
O'er the warlike Narragansetts
Held a proud and regal sway.

Long and bloody was his contest
'Gainst the fierce Mohegans waged,
And nor scalps nor tortured captives
His revengeful heart assuaged.

But behold him now a captive,
Hemmed in by hated foe;
With no friend or succor near him,
Save his tried and trusty bow.

Fiercely fought they for their chieftain,
Bravely fell his warriors tried,
Till no brave remained to battle
At Miantinomo's side.

Now the foemen round him gathering,
With exultant hearts await,
O'er his bowed and broken spirit
To assuage their deadly hate.

But behold him, all undaunted,
Back their fierce defiance fling!
All too proud to sue for mercy,
Though a captive, still a king.

Maddened at his scornful bearing,
Now the chieftain of the foe
Bids a menial basely deal him
An avenging, secret blow.

Gleams on high the deadly hatchet!
Down, swift down it flashing flies!
And Miantinomo's spirit
Wings its journey to the skies

Eagerly the foemen round him
Watch each agonizing throe,
With a savage joy exulting
O'er the anguish of their foe.

Where he fell, e'en there they laid him
In a rudely fashioned grave,
There by foemen basely butchered,
Sleeps Miantinomo brave.

And the warriors of his nation,
Of their love this token gave,
All who passed the fatal valley
Cast a stone upon his grave.

Thus was yonder moss-grown hillock,
Rising gently o'er the dell,
Stone by stone by love erected
Where Miantinomo fell.

ALL ABOUT RATS.

The rat is one of the most interesting animals on the globe. In Europe, he makes historical eras—different hordes of invaders brought their peculiar rat in their train. Europe has seen the rat of the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns. Europe now has its Norman rat and its Tartar rat, and the great rat of the Parisian sewer is of recent date and Muscovite origin.

The brown rat, otherwise known as the Norman rat, has established itself all over the world, by the commerce of civilized times—it had possession of France for the last six or seven centuries; but within the last it has found its master in the Muscovite and Tartar rat, called in Paris the rat of Montfaucon. These new rats, previously unknown to Europe, descended from the heights of the great central plateau of Asia, from which the Hun and Mongol horsemen descended, who spread right and left, and took possession of Rome, on the one hand, and Peking, on the other.

The establishment of the Muscovite rat, in France, commenced with the extirpation of the brown or Norman rat—that rat has almost disappeared and is found only in the cabinets of the curious collectors—while the Muscovite rat is daily increasing in size, ferocity and courage. The Russian rat devours the dog, the cat, and attacks the child asleep. The corpse of a man is dainty for this beast, and it always commences by eating out the eyes. Its tooth is most venomous; and the author from whom we derive most of this article states that he has known of ten cases of amputation of the leg, necessitated by the bite of this rat.

The cat turns tail upon this rat, in its most ferocious state. A good rat terrier is the best destroyer; but, fortunately, rats are ratophagous, eat one another, fight duels, indulge in broil and intestine feuds, and grand destructive battles. Were it otherwise, they would make this world an unpleasant place for man to live in. We should have to fight our way, and not unfrequently, like the Archbishop of Mayence, should be dragged from our beds at midnight by an army of rats, and devoured upon the spot. The rat is the emblem of misery, murder and rapine—a cannibal and a robber—devoted to the principle of war and spoliation. Will it ever disappear?—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

CRYSTALLOTYPES.

What we call crystallotypes, the French call photographs. They were originally taken on paper, and afterwards re-printed on other paper prepared in a peculiar way. An improvement has recently been made, by which the picture is first taken on glass and afterwards printed on prepared paper, by what is called a "negative" process—that is, everything on the glass appears black where it should be white. Chemically prepared silver paper is then pressed close to the glass, and placed in the sunlight; no light, of course, goes through the blackened parts of the negative, but passes through the light parts, producing the dark parts of the picture—thus affording a positive proof, resembling nature.—*Art Journal.*

SUMMER FLOWERS.

BY MRS. E. T. ELDERDOR.

They're fading fast, soon autumn's blast
Will blight each fragrant bower;
Like bright dreams past, too fair to last,
They're drooping every hour.

Sweet summer flowers, in childhood's hours,
I culled with fond delight;
Then falling showers made withering flowers,
Seem lovely to my sight.

I know not why, my upraised eye
Is dewy now with tears;
The sunset sky with fairest dye,
Seems smiling on my fears.

O, there's a home where bright flowers bloom,
Bright, amaranthine flowers;
Beyond the tomb, no shade of gloom
Will dim the golden hours.

THE COUNTERFEITER.

BY A PRISON CHAPLAIN.

"SIR, I shall get my good days," said a convict to me after service one Sunday, as he returned to me a book from the library; "I go out to-morrow."

These "good days," the reader must know, are an act of grace allowed by the legislature as an encouragement to good conduct. For instance, if a convict behaves so well as to give no trouble to the officers, and incurs neither punishment nor censure, he is allowed two days in every month as good days, and which are not counted in the time for which he is sentenced. Thus, if a man is put in there for three years, his good days will amount to three times twenty-four, and he will go out seventy-two days sooner than his sentence reads on the books.

If, near the close of his term, a convict should be guilty of insubordination, he would forfeit his good days. I have known men by some inadvertency forfeit them, and then, through the compassion of the good hearted warden, receive half of them back again to their credit.

"When you leave, come to my house in town," I said to the man who had been one of the most intelligent and active convicts who had come under my observation. He had been sentenced for three years, for forgery; but while in prison had worked at the cooper's trade, which, but for the ignorance and uncharitable prejudice against him, will support him above temptation.

The next day I was seated in my study, when a very genteel young man appeared at the door. I did not recollect ever having seen him before.

He bowed politely, and I rose and handed him a chair, and wanted to know his business. After a moment's silence, he smiled and said:

"You do not know me, sir?"

"Indeed I do not remember your face, sir," I replied, scanning him closely.

"I am Bowen, sir."

"What, from the prison?" I asked at length, recognizing the convict I had yesterday seen.

"Yes sir," he answered, as if quite pleased with himself. "I haven't the new discharged dress on, because I bought this suit in town just now."

"With the five dollars the law allows you when you leave?"

"O, no, sir. I had forty-six dollars of my own when I was put in, and the warden has kept the money for me, though I expected never to see it again."

"It is not a part of the sentence of a prisoner to rob him," I said. "I am glad to see you. I should never have suspected you to be the man I saw yesterday."

"You see, sir, that convict's dress would make an angel look mean. As I was to have my good days, they suffered my hair to grow the last two months. I do not come out so cropped as most of them. I have come, sir, at your invitation, to see you; but I should have come without it, in order to thank you for your teachings, for your attention in my sickness, and for making our lot so much easier; for since we've had a chaplain, sir, everything has gone on better."

"Where do you intend to go, Bowen?"

"Well, sir, I think I shall go back to Cincinnati; but I fear they might arrest me there for what I did in that city."

"What was your crime there?" I quietly asked.

"The same old one, sir," he answered, slightly coloring and looking away.

"Forgery?"

"No sir, counterfeiting bank-notes."

"You told me when you were sick that you were sentenced for counterfeiting. I hope that you will now give up that business and be an honest man."

"I mean to do so, sir. I can make a handsome living by my trade."

"As a cooper?"

"No, sir, that is my prison trade, but as a line engraver and printer of bank-notes. That was my trade, sir, in Cincinnati. I was then a happy man, sir. I had a young and pretty wife, who loved me with all her heart. We had two children; and I had money always to spare to clothe all these as nice as any people in the best society.

I even bought me a lot and built me a house, and had my shop in the front-room up stairs. At first I did engraving, but afterwards I gave my whole time to bank-note printing, which is a very nice and careful business, requiring the greatest skill. It is easy to engrave a bank-note and forge the signature, but to print them is the difficulty.

"Now, sir, I will tell you how it happened that I got into these troubles. I had been taken sick, and suffered with pneumonia. When I was getting well, my doctor said I must take brandy toddy twice a day to strengthen me. He sent a bottle of Otard brandy. My wife, Jane, made the beverage for me, tempting with loaf sugar and nutmeg. Up to this time, sir, I had been a strictly temperate man. I never drank nor frequented drinking-places. Evenings I was at home with my family.

"For two weeks I took twice a day the tonic which the unthinking physician had prescribed. I had begun to love it. With impatient longing I would watch the clock till the hour in the forenoon came for me to take it. And often before it was quite ready, I would say:

"'Come, Jane, bring my toddy.' Also in the afternoon I felt the same impatience.

"'I'm afraid, James, you are getting to like toddy,' said my wife, half in earnest, when I told her she had not put enough brandy in it.

"'I put in the same as at first,' she answered.

"'But I am getting used to its strength and need it stronger,' I answered.

"At length I was well enough to go to work. Jane said that I must have no more 'tonics.' I saw that she spoke as if she feared I might wish to continue the drink that had become so palatable. I laughed, and said I believed I would take to cold water again, and let the 'tonics' and doctors go together.

"The next morning, as the eleven o'clock hour approached (the hour I usually took the toddy), I began to think about it, then to crave for it, and when the time came, I could not resist the desire to have it. So I left my work and shop-room and went into the dining-room where the brandy was kept. Jane was there. I blushed, and felt ashamed to say what I came for. So I asked her to give me a glass of milk, hoping that would kill the thirsty demon born within me.

"She gave it to me with one of her sweetest smiles, saying:

"'I was so afraid, James, that you came to ask me for a toddy!'

"I drank the milk, but with an insipid relish for it, kissed Jane, and told her not to fear for me, and returned to my shop. I thought that I had gained a victory complete. But four

o'clock in the afternoon came, when I was in the habit of taking the second 'tonic.' With the hour came the thought about and desires for the toddy. My imagination presented it to my mind in all the luxury of its delicious compound. There seemed to be in my throat a peculiar thirst rising for precisely that beverage, and no other; as if that, and no other, could satisfy it. I tried to suppress it! I worked steadily on. I sang and whistled, and tried all I could to drive the idea of toddy out of my mind. It was in vain. The idea seemed to gather force with the effort I made to banish it. At length, unable to contend with it, and tired with enduring such a painful contest, I suddenly put on my coat and hat and walked out. I went straight to a restaurant on the corner, resolved there to get what I craved. I was ashamed to go to Jane for it. I entered the place. There were a dozen men in it drinking. They were all strangers to me. I took a seat by a little table, and hid my face with a newspaper, lest persons passing the open window should see me, any bank director or bank officer on whom I depended for my work. I felt guilty and lowered in self-respect. More than once I half rose to go back to my shop. But this throat-thirst mastered me! I beckoned to a boy, and asked him in an under tone to bring me a brandy toddy.

"That, sir, was my first step," continued Bowen with emotion; "twice a day was I a customer at that bar of Satan. I became acquainted with young men of whose character I knew nothing; but we drank together, and this made us, as tipplers' language goes, friends. All this while I kept steadily at work, but labored wearily; for after brandy had ceased as a tonic, and was taken from habit, it began to weaken instead of strengthen my system. I tried to disguise my sin from Jane by eating cloves, mace, peppermints, a disguise that most usually betrays; for the spice and mint-chewer is generally a drinker who seeks to disguise it from his friends.

"At length, one evening, for I had got so as to spend much of my time at the restaurant, two young men offered to accompany me home, just for company. They were counterfeiters, though I knew it not then. They knew me to be a bank-note printer. On our way they proposed to stop into a drinking-room and take a 'night-cap.' It was a strange place to me; but I went in. They led the way to a back room to be private. While we were drinking, for I had gotten beyond my two to half a dozen glasses a day, three strangers came in. I was introduced to them. We had more drinks. I got excited and foolish. They

then made me a direct proposition to join them, saying they were part of a counterfeiting gang; that they were in want of a printer; that they had the plates and paper, and all at hand: if I would attach myself to them they would pay me three thousand dollars a year in good money. But I firmly refused, to join them, saying I made fifteen hundred dollars a year honestly, and that I was not a rogue.

"I recollect little else after that, as they made me drink freely, till I became dead drunk. I was then, it appears, taken by the villains and carried to a watch-house, and surrendered into the hands of the guard. It was nine o'clock in the morning when I came to my senses and found myself a prisoner. Before I could ask any questions, I was carried before the mayor, and there fined ten dollars for drunkenness.

"I was now perfectly sober. I felt as if I would thank God to let the floor open and swallow me up. I thought of Jane, and tears pressed out of my eyes. I had no money to pay the fine, and was about to be remanded to prison, when one of the two men who had offered to walk home with me, came forward and slapped a ten dollar gold piece down upon the box, saying:

" 'There is my comrade's fine, your honor.'

"He then took my arm, and we left the court room together.

"You will see at once, sir, what a plot there was to ruin me. This fellow had been in the penitentiary, and was well known to the police as a thorough rogue, and they had their eyes constantly upon him. By getting me drunk and having me brought up before the mayor, and one of them paying my fine and leaving the court with me, you see, sir, that my character was gone, and not only that, but I was considered by the mayor, the court, and the police, as a criminal bad as the rest.

"How I reached home I hardly know! My head swam, and I was afraid to meet my dear Jane. Poor wife! She was in the greatest distress, not knowing what had become of me. I did not tell her the truth. The next day in the report of 'doings at the mayor's office,' my name and offence appeared. This I supposed would seal my fate. During the day I was waited on by the cashier of the bank, accompanied by a police officer with a search-warrant. The engraved plates of notes which I had been printing from, with all the paper, were taken, and a vigorous search was instituted by the officer to see if I had secreted any impressions of bank-notes; for a man who will do one thing bad is suspected of being capable of doing all others: literally, he who offendeth in one point is guilty of all. The

cashier paid me what was due me, and left me the most wretched of men. The whole weight of this disgrace had come upon my poor wife at once. I thought she would go mad. It took away her judgment for a time! And it was enough to craze her! In one hour she had discovered that I was a drunkard, that I was the associate of counterfeiters; that I had been arraigned before the mayor and fined; that my name had appeared in the police reports, and that I had lost my situation as printer to the bank. It was enough to break her heart.

" 'O that doctor! O, that fiendish tonic! I did not fear in vain! O, that unwise and cruel physician! God forgive him! Was there *nothing* else but that to strengthen?' This way she would go on, sir, wringing her hands.

"I grew frenzied with a sense of the great evil I had brought upon myself and family. I rushed from my house with desperation. I soon found myself in the restaurant. I drank deeply and madly to drown reflection. I felt that I was a disgraced man.

"I did not till afterwards, sir, understand the plot these counterfeiters had laid to ruin my character and the confidence of the bank in me, so that they might compel me to join them for bread.

"They had their wish, I did join them. I took the oath of honor to keep their secret. I took another room in a retired quarter of the town, where my press was set up. This room became the head quarters of the part of the gang who were in the city."

"And your wife?"

"Her father came and took her home with the two children. I did not resist. I felt that I was no longer worthy to call her my wife, or the children mine. It came near killing her, sir, when we parted!"

Here the convict showed evident emotion. His voice trembled as he said: "She is not alive, now, sir! If a saint is in heaven, she is there! We can never meet again, for I can never go where she is."

"Your children?"

"They are with her father. I should like to see them again, sir; for now I am a new man."

"May I hear the remainder of your story?" I said kindly.

"It is brief, sir. My skill in printing made me the most useful man in the gang. They were divided into several duties. There was first the die or plate buyer: he would go to New York to Rawdon, Wright & Co., and with forged letters represent himself as agent for a new bank about to be established in the West. He would

direct the plates to be engraved so as to imitate exactly the plates of some existing bank in the confidence of the people. For instance, they would call their new bank the 'Bank of Nashville.' When the plates were engraved and paid for, they were then taken to an engraver of their own party, who skilfully alters Nashville into Nashville. The bills are then exact copies of the current issue of that Bank. They are then printed and placed in the hands of one to fill the bills up with the necessary writing; and lastly, they pass through the hands of the 'signer,' as the one who forges the cashier's and president's name is called. These bills are then put in packages and given to distributors, who go into adjacent States, make small purchases, give large bills, and receive back good money in exchange. In this way thousands of dollars are scattered.

"At length so great a flood of bills overran the country that every effort was made to find out the utterers of these counterfeit notes. We had fifty thousand dollars on the Bank of Nashville printed, and as my health was suffering, I offered myself as a distributor. I was sent to Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi. During my absence the gang were detected, and the chiefs arrested, and the plates found. One of the party being offered his freedom to turn traitor, gave the names of the travelling distributors, and where they were to be found. I had been four days in Nashville, and, under the very nose of the bank, had got off eighteen hundred dollars of the false money, some of which was actually received in the bank on deposit without suspicion. I left Nashville for the South with sixteen thousand dollars in my saddle-bags. I had got but eight miles from the city when I was overtaken by a horseman whose looks I didn't exactly like. He passed the compliments of the day, and the more he said the more watchful I was. At length we came to the turnpike gate. He dashed on before me, and cried to the keeper:

"'Help me to seize that fellow!'"

"They were both too late. I spurred past them and went like the wind, for I was well mounted. The stage came in sight, and the constable, for such he was, called to the driver to block the way. The driver obeyed by drawing his horses square around across the road. There was a ditch on each side. In leaping it my horse balked, and I fell. I got up unhurt, and scaled the hedge with my saddle-bags in my hand. I threw these into a hole full of water, and took my way across the fields. Some workmen headed me off and I was captured. Tried before the Court in Nashville, I was convicted of passing counterfeit money, and sentenced to

three years' hard labor. To-day I am free again."

Here Bowen ended his narrative. Being afraid to go back to Cincinnati, he took my advice and went down into a village in the country, to which place I gave him a letter. He there found occupation as a cooper, his prison trade. He has by provident living and industry become a partner in that business, and is now affluent.

SHARP SAILING.

A year or two since, an ebony individual, who answered to the name of "Bob" (in fact, no one ever knew whether he had any other name), was employed by a skipper to assist him in sailing a small schooner on the waters of Chesapeake Bay. Bob didn't understand, and couldn't be made to learn the compass; so the skipper never dared to trust him to manage the craft, except during a very light night, when he could point out to him some headland to steer for. On one occasion, however, the captain, who had been up two nights previously, concluded he would trust the schooner to Bob, and take a little nap on the deck; so he pointed out the North Star to his jet companion, and told him to continue steering for it until he waked up. After watching him a short time, and finding that he could keep the vessel headed right, the skipper stretched himself upon the deck, and was soon asleep. Shortly afterwards, a squall arose from the north, and blew the craft completely away from her course. After it had cleared away somewhat, Bob looked around and found the North Star at his back. He sailed along an hour or so, doing the best he could, and cogitating over how he should get out of his difficulty. But at last he gave it up, and showing his slumbering master into wakefulness with his foot, shouted: "Cap'n! cap'n! give me another star to steer by; I've got clean by that one!"—*California Pioneer*.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF INSECTS.

The cochineal insect, from which a beautiful scarlet dye is obtained, is imported to the extent of 1000 tons annually, the value of which is estimated at £149,000. From the silkworm we obtain no less than 2716 tons of silk, 2206 tons of which are in the raw state, and are manufactured in this country; the remaining 510 tons are already fabricated. When we consider that this quantity is the consumption of one country only, all being the produce of small insects, it appears surprising how the industry of man could collect so much, and elaborate it into rich and gorgeous attire. One thousand tons of pearl shells are imported, the whole of which is manufactured into buttons and studs.—*Tribune*.

A man of a weak, complying disposition, whom no one fears, no one will be at the trouble to oppose; while a man of strong and fixed character will be liable to opposition, at least from those who expect to derive a certain kind of importance from the dignity of their adversary.

WATCHING BY THE SICK BED.

BY JOHN E. THOMAS.

The dreary hours pass round their nightly toll,
The lonesome minutes wing their slivery way;
And we, transplanted to some holier soil,
Forget the troubles of the coming day.

How still the night, the solemn midnight hour,
Each whispering zephyr seems in sleep reposed;
While all reclining, like yon drooping flower,
Unthinking lie, with weary eyelids closed.

'Tis midnight yet, and all is darkness still,
Save where the flickering oil-lamps dimly burn;
Whose dingy rays with silence send a thrill,
Which makes our eyes to watchfulness return.

Stretched on a couch, without one painful sigh,
Our friend lies at the last extremity;
Unconscious of the moments as they fly
Far from this earth towards eternity.

He slumbers yet—'tis a refreshing sleep;
Yet why that darkening shadow o'er his brow?
No fear, no restless shivers o'er him creep,
And still these glooms around him grow.

Look, see him smile! O now mayhap he dreams;
Perhaps he's listening to some tale of love!
Or angels whispering, that to-morrow's beams
May call his spirit to its home above.

Perhaps he's thinking of his youthful days,
The fitting shadows of those by-gone scenes
Are brought perchance, by memory's cheerful rays,
To lend enchanting beauty to his dreams.

The midnight's o'er, and soon the purple dawn
Will chase away the silvery moon's pale ray;
Then will our sick friend's visage, thin and wan,
Behold the sun-light of another day.

O may my humble bedside, when I lie,
Be clustered round by some few genial minds;
And may my wandering spirit with their sigh,
Be wafted where eternal starlight shine.

PATTY PATTON.

BY MARIA FAY.

It was night—the wind howled in fitful gusts—whistling through the cracks of the house and down the chimney—sweeping everything before it. The rain spattered against the windows, or ran along the sidewalks, making little pools of water, into which many an unlucky pedestrian would step, to the disagreeable realization of a pair of wet feet—the rain, in the mean time, blowing in his face, convincing the beholder that nothing but dire necessity would compel any one to expose himself to such inclement weather.

It was on such a night, that a young girl was

seen trudging along through the rain, towards a lonely cottage, standing on a common, remote from any other habitation. She was passing under the glare of the last lamps on the street, when, being seen in this plight by a gentleman, having in his hand an umbrella, at whom, as she cast a hasty glance, he thus addressed her:

"Whither hastening on so fast, Miss Patty? I scarcely knew you. You seem to be battling with the elements."

"Ah!" said she, "necessity is a hard master; he drives us when and where he wills."

"And will you accept of my umbrella?" said he.

"Very thankfully, sir," she replied.

In the mean time, the gentleman, extending his umbrella over her head, accompanied her to her humble home—inquiring more particularly the reason of her being out in the storm.

"I was compelled," said she, "to go and see a lady who lived at the other end of the town, and being delayed, was in consequence exposed to the inclemency of the weather and the darkness of the night, as you see."

By this time they had reached the cottage, and bidding Patty "good night," he retired.

We will now follow Patty into the cottage, and take a survey of its interior. Sitting near the fire-place, hovering over a few embers, was an old lady, holding her Bible on her lap, trying to scan the words by the light of a candle almost burnt to the socket, and nearly extinct by the wind. A neatly made bed stood in one corner of the room, covered with a patch-work quilt, that showed the ingenuity and industry of the maker. An old-fashioned bureau and four or five chairs, a pine table, a rug carpet that covered the floor, and plain white curtains that hung before the windows, completed the furniture of the room.

Neatness and order were the characteristics of the inmates of that humble home. The young girl entered, and setting down a small basket, she kissed her mother, and hastening to a shed near by, and bringing in some chips, she replenished the fire.

"How do you feel now, dear mother?" asked Patty, as she filled the little tea-kettle, and placed it over the fire.

"That very sick feeling is past," said her mother; "but O, Patty, I have been so anxious on your account, you have been gone so long! If I had been able to walk, I certainly should have gone to look for you."

Patty informed her mother of the cause of her delay, and said that after Mrs. Lansing took her work and examined it, she was so much pleased

with it, that she gave her *four* dollars, instead of three, the price which she had asked; and she had purchased some groceries, and that she was indebted to Mr. Stanley for being able to bring them home dry.

As she spoke, her face lighted up with an expression of extreme pleasure. She was delighted at her success at Mrs. Lansing's, which was so much better than she had anticipated.

After Patty and her mother had partaken of the tea, she drew her work-table close to the fire, and prepared her sewing for the next day, that no time might be lost in cutting and basting on the morrow.

As she is sitting with her needle, we will endeavor to give a partial description of her personal appearance: As to her face, it was not a handsome one, but she had an interesting expression of countenance, that, as you gazed, seemed like a charm that was felt after she had passed from the sight; and a dignity of deportment that protected her from the impertinent.

She had been supporting her feeble mother for several years, by her needle. Her father had been gone four or five years to that El Dorado of fame—the gold regions; but sickness had prevented him from realizing anything more than a bare subsistence. He had left his wife in good health, and with the prospect of being able to support herself and daughter till his return. The small cottage that they occupied was their own property, which made the task of Patty easier in taking care of her invalid mother, who had had an attack of paralysis, by which she had lost the use of her arm and was prevented from walking.

The next day, Mr. Stanley called and sat some time with the family. He said that he called to say “good-by,” and that he was going to a distant part of the State, perhaps, to be gone many months.

Though nothing of this kind had come to light, yet the truth was, that young Stanley was deeply attached to Patty Patton; but unfavorable circumstances had prevented him from offering himself to her hitherto, and he was too honorable and noble-minded to gain her affections, without being in a situation to justify such a proceeding. It was, however, with anguish of heart, that he parted from her, although she knew not of it.

Time passed away, and as the winter advanced, Patty's trials increased; neither did she find all so liberal towards her, as Mrs. Lansing was. Instead of getting the value of her work, she was jewed down to the lowest price.

One day, Miss Peters called to have a cloak made, and inquired her price for making it.

“Five dollars is the price I charge for that style of cloak,” said Patty.

“O, gracious! what a price! you ought certainly to make your fortune. I could not think of paying any such price. *Three* dollars are all that I can give. I have so much to give to charitable objects, that I have to economize my own expenditures already. Why, it was only this morning that I gave two dollars to the Foreign Missions, and the next Sabbath we shall be expected to give largely to a society for ameliorating the condition of the Indians, and establishing schools amongst them. My father's name stands at the head of the list, and of course he must give as much as, if not more than any one else in our church.”

Patty had no work on hand, and very little wood and provisions, and was therefore compelled to take the work at any price. So Miss Peters left, but returned to the door in a few moments, to inquire for a small paper parcel that she had left in the roll of cloth, saying, as she received it, that it was a *love* of a handkerchief, that she had just paid *twenty* dollars for, that day, at Stewart's. After she had left, Mrs. Patton remarked that our blessed Lord said, “the poor ye have always with you,” but Miss Peters had sent her poor to the poles.

Winter and spring passed away, and as the warm weather came on, Mrs. Patton's health began to improve, but her daughter's to decline. Constant toiling with the needle had given a paleness to her cheek, and a lassitude to her otherwise buoyant step, that convinced her mother of her ill health.

But now good news, like the bow of promise, is held out to them. After they had passed through the fiery trials of adversity, Mrs. Patton received a letter from her husband, who has been at last successful, and has remitted them a handsome sum of money, that brings sunshine to their domicile; and he informs them that he has a much larger sum, that he will bring with him when he shall return, a few months hence. He charges Patty, therefore, to remove herself and mother into more comfortable quarters, which was very soon accomplished. The change proved very beneficial to the mother and daughter both. Now a report is circulated that the poor Pattons have untold wealth, and that as soon as Mr. Patton returns, they will purchase one of the most elegant residences in the city! Of course, this story was partly fabulous; but notwithstanding this, it brought around them a numerous swarm of *summer* friends. These had quite forgotten that the Pattons were ever poor; but Mrs. Patton did not forget this. Still, the

kindness of her heart induced her to forgive their neglect, although she could not but bear it in mind.

Among the many visitors at Mrs. Patton's, was a young gentleman of prepossessing appearance and elegant address, and who was wealthy withal. This gentleman paid particular attention to Patty, flattering himself that she was not indifferent to him. And indeed the tell-tale blush upon her cheek convinced him that he was not far wrong. Hence he urged his plea with all the ardor of a practised suitor, and begged for a glance from those dove-like eyes, or a smile, at least, to convince him that he had not presumed too far. Patty thought that she did indeed love with all her heart. She had been fascinated by the tinsel of exterior elegance, which soon won her consent to be his, and he hastened to get the consent of her mother. She had not been so dazzled as her daughter had. She saw things in a little different light, and, therefore, her consent was reluctantly given, and only on the condition that the wedding should not take place till the return of Mr. Patton.

Mr. Malcom and Patty were now as happy as mortals could be. Time glided pleasantly and quietly along, and even Mrs. Patton was compelled to acknowledge that he might make a very devoted husband.

Now everything was nearly completed for the wedding, and things appeared to be in a happy condition. But lo! on a certain occasion, just as Mr. Malcom was calling in to see Patty, an old lady was leaving the house, who had given information to Mrs. Patton that had very much distressed her. This information Mrs. Patton very readily communicated to Mr. Malcom. It was to the effect that Mr. Patton had lost all his gold!—that he had been robbed in California by some villain, who had watched the depository of his treasure. Mrs. Patton could not certify to the truth of this news, for she had not heard from her husband for a considerable time. Yet she believed the report to be true, as the name and circumstances seemed to justify it. Mr. Malcom, as was natural, spoke very feelingly of their loss, saying that she must certainly receive a letter in a very short time. He seemed quite as anxious as the Pattons; for in his own mind he had built many an "airy castle" with those anticipated lumps of gold.

But week after week passed, and no tidings came of husband or money. It was at last concluded by all, that Mrs. Patton was nearly or quite as poor as she ever had been. Mr. Malcom, however, continued his visits as usual; but

one evening, after sitting till late, he took up a book from the table, which he had presented to Patty as a token of his love, and pencilled something on the fly-leaf, and putting the book down, quickly took his leave. Patty, immediately after he had gone, looked to see what he had written. The words were as follows:

"Forget the former possessor of this volume!"

She was amazed—overwhelmed, indeed!

"What did he mean? Would he prove recreant to his vow? No, he could not! She would not believe it; he was only trying to see what effect those words would have upon her; he would be back the next day to laugh at the matter, and explain it all away."

But day after day passed, and he came not; and then the tidings reached her that he had left for Texas! And now when the reality burst upon her, she did not faint indeed, nor even charge him with perfidy. She began to think that some selfish motive had actuated him. She now saw him divested of all that glossary that had charmed her, and possessed only of the habiliments of selfishness!

But Patty had before this time learned to confide in a higher than human power, and therefore the more easily bore this disappointment. She certainly had escaped an abyss, and the feeling of contempt that sprang up within her for one that could prove so false and heartless, convinced her that she did not love so devotedly as she had imagined.

In the meantime, Mr. Stanley, who had been for a long period absent, returned, much to the astonishment of the Patton family, who had not expected again to see him. He was very soon made acquainted with all the vicissitudes that had befallen them, and was very indignant that any one could be so base as to trifle with the feelings of a young lady so situated. Yet we must not acquit him of all selfishness in the case; for he was, in fact, pleased at the result. After due time, he spoke of his own success—that it had been beyond his most sanguine expectations, and he had returned to offer Patty his heart and fortune, saying that he would fain hope that she could reciprocate his regard.

Patty heard him with deep interest, and called to mind the night of the storm, when he had treated her with so much kindness, on which account she had ever felt peculiarly indebted to him.

Mr. Stanley did not urge his suit any further at present, being willing to defer the matter for a season, hoping, at least, that he should be successful. Soon after, when he was leaving the city for his western home, at his solicitation she

consented to correspond with him. The noble sentiments of Mr. Stanley, his high regard for religion and virtue, his just conceptions of truth and honor, excited emotions in the breast of Patty Patton which she had never felt before. Soon she began to entertain a very exalted opinion, not only of his views as expressed in their correspondence, but of the *correspondent* himself!

As she was one evening poring over one of the epistles referred to, a loud knocking at the door startled her, and she hastened to obey the call, when her father caught her in his arms! With what a transport of delight did she hasten to present him to her mother, who had by this time sufficiently recovered to meet him at her door. When the first greetings were over, on his wife's inquiry why they had not heard from him, he stated to them the reasons of his not writing—that he had been confined by illness at Panama for a long time on the homeward-bound passage, and that his convalescence had been so slow that the physician had not consented to his pursuing his journey; and that he did not wish to alarm his family unnecessarily, as he might have done had he written to them.

He further stated that the report of the loss of his gold was incorrect—that he had left California before the robbery had been committed, and that his success in California had been far greater than he had advised them. The gentleman robbed was a Mr. Payson, and the informant of the robbery had misspelt the name—giving Patton for Payson. Hence the mistake. But after hearing all that had befallen Patty, he considered his detention at Panama as providential, and the mistake of the name as a blessing in disguise. Under existing circumstances, he was not displeased at young Stanley's overtures to his daughter, having as he did a very high opinion of him, both as to character and fortune.

The time now drew near when, according to arrangement, young Stanley should come to the city. On his arrival he was very greatly, and yet very agreeably, surprised to meet Mr. Patton at the door of his house, who, however, gave him a cordial welcome. Not a less cordial one, we may presume, did Patty Patton give him, although she may have been less *showy* in the manner in which she received him.

It did not, of course, take a long time for Patty and him to come to a proper understanding, as their mutual glances soon rendered them quite intelligible to each other. With the consent of the father and the mother, the preliminary arrangements were soon made—the condition being that young Stanley should remove

nearer to the city, and that, in consideration of the mother's health, they should reside under the same roof. Soon after the marriage ceremony, they removed to a splendid residence on the banks of the Hudson—a pleasant drive from the city—surrounded with all the elegance of refined life, and where they still reside, enjoying all the happiness that wealth and respectability can afford.

As to Malcom, he spent all his means in the pursuit of a rich wife, whom failing to find, he gave up the chase, and engaged upon the business of peddling books—in the doing of which, on a certain day, sitting down by the roadside from fatigue, he saw passing by a splendid carriage, in which he caught a glimpse of a lady, whom he imagined he had before seen. On making inquiry he soon ascertained that the lady in question, who was thus gaily apparelled, and who was riding by in so much display, was a few years since Patty Patton!—now Mrs. Stanley—the wife of a rich and prosperous merchant. "What a fool I have been!" said he, to himself. "I have all this time been running after a shadow, and have left the substance behind. I did love Patty Patton, but I loved gold more!"

AN OBLIGING JUDGE.

John Bunyan, in one of his works, relates a strange story, from which it would appear that an obliging judge caused a man, who desired it, to be judicially strangled, on his own confession. "At a summer-assize," says Bunyan, "holden at Hartford, while the judge was sitting upon the bench, comes this old Tod into court, clothed in a green suit, with his leathern girdle in his hand, his bosom open, and all in a dung sweat, as if he had run for his life; and being come in, he spake aloud as follows: 'My lord,' said he, 'here is the veriest rogue that breathes upon the face of the earth; I have been a thief from a child. When I was but a little one, I gave myself to rob orchards, and do other such like wicked things; and I have continued a thief ever since. My lord, there has not been a robbery committed these many years, within so many miles of this place, but I have been either at it or privy to it.' The judge thought the fellow was mad; but after some conference with some of the justices, they agreed to indict him, and so they did, of several felonious actions; to all of which he heartily confessed guilty, and so was hanged, with his wife, at the same time."

Bishop Leighton was meditating, one day, in his own sequestered walk in Dundelane, when a widow came up to him and said it was ordained that he should marry her, for she had dreamed three times that she was married to him. The bishop answered, Very well, whenever he should dream thrice that he was married to her, he would let her know, and then the union would take place.

THE MAIDEN OF THE SEA.

BY FRANCIS M. CHEEVER.

Softly fell the twilight shadows,
Glimmering over hill and lee;
O'er the casement leaned a maiden,
Looking forth upon the sea.

Gently sighed the evening breeze,
Louder moaned the restless sea;
And the maiden's heart was roaming
O'er the billows wild and free.

Softly fell the evening dewdrop,
Darker grew the shadows grim;
Still the maiden sat and listened
To the voice that spoke of him.

Him she loved above all others,
Who her youthful heart had borne
Far across the foaming billows,
Sits she there and sighs alone.

Maiden, maiden, cease thy watching
When the evening shadows fall;
Him thou lov'st above all others,
Lies enshrouded in his pall.

And the waves wall out his requiem,
Sounding over hill and lee;
Still the maiden sat and listened,
Looking forth upon the sea.

HARD TIMES:

— OR, —

THE DISCHARGED ACCOUNTANT.

BY ARTHUR L. NICHOLS.

"WELL, what success, Helena?" asked Mrs. Tyler, as her beautiful and fashionably dressed daughter entered their elegant drawing-room. "What does papa say?"

"'Hard times,' the same old story; he always talks so, and I don't believe a word of it."

"O, it is true, Helena," said her sister, with involuntary earnestness, "or else he never would have—"

"Discharged Fred Cheever. I know what you were going to say," chimed in Helena; "and I am glad of it. I tell you I am relieved, for how do I know but the young plebeian might have aspired to the hand of Kate Tyler, and successfully, too, judging from some things that I have seen. I tell you, Katie, we are not so much in the dark as you imagine, and papa may have other reasons than the hard times for dispensing with his valuable services."

Katie ventured no reply. A tear gathered in her large, mournful eyes, and the color deepened on her pale cheeks.

"There is no occasion for blushes," remarked Helena, in a tone which she intended should be kind. "Of course you would not beggar yourself, and young Cheever will find himself little better than a beggar, when it is known that a man of papa's standing in the community has discharged him. Since that is all up we will forgive you, and you may venture to smile once more." Then turning to Mrs. Tyler, she said, playfully, "don't think, mamma, that I have given up the rose-colored satin; not I. Hard times or no hard times, I am bound to possess it."

"I hope, my darling, you will not be disappointed," replied her mother. "I think, with you, it would be particularly becoming, contrasting beautifully with your dark hair. Besides, it would be so unlike anything you have before worn. Indeed, I think you must have it."

"Dear, kind, indulgent mamma, I knew you would say so," cried Helena. "It is just like you."

The gentle Katie stole quietly out, leaving mamma and Helena to discuss the rose-colored satin, the requisite trimmings and ornaments best suited to the great coming occasion, the selfish sister little dreaming of the pang her careless words had inflicted.

Katie, in the retirement of her own apartment, sat pale and motionless, her lips compressed, and her small hands clasped tightly over her throbbing heart, as though she feared the bitter thoughts that were burning there might sever its delicate strings. The words "plebeian," "beggar," kept ringing in her ears; and she had occasioned all this misery. It had been dreadful, the parting with Fred, her only companion; but never, until Helena uttered those fearful words, had she dreamed that she had any agency in his dismissal. Now it was all plain, and she so innocent—or rather Fred, for dear as he was to her, and gladly as she would have shared his poverty for the sake of such companionship, he had never ventured to mention such a thought. Helena need not have feared; O, no! Fred Cheever had a delicate mother and a sweet sister dependent upon him, and he would never think of burdening himself with another, and one so helpless and so tenderly reared as Katie had been. Thus she reasoned, and her own heart-loneliness was all forgotten in the thoughts of Fred's misfortune. Bitter O, bitter it was, that her long cherished regard for him had only been instrumental in bringing on him and his all this misery and degradation.

Poor Katie! had she been a sisterless orphan, she would have received her meed of pity; but

now she was regarded as prosperous and happy. Nobody dreamed that Helena, beautiful and fascinating to the outward world, was incapable of sympathizing with, or understanding the quiet, simple Katie. And yet, such was the fact. Timid as she was, she possessed a more powerful intellect, far greater strength of character; and it was only owing to her native modesty and delicate organization, that those traits had not been discovered. Mrs. Tyler was not harsh or unkind to her child; only negligent. She was an ambitious woman, possessing little of that sensibility which scans the human heart, and appreciates its needs. Helena was beautiful, fond of dress, fond of company, courted and admired. Though Katie was not without her personal charms, she was the reverse of all this; and in the presence of the queenly and brilliant Helena, her womanly graces were entirely overlooked by the ambitious mother. Mrs. Tyler had been just such a dashing, beautiful, fashionable girl as Helena. Even now, she was a magnificent woman in appearance; but Helena was her idol, in her centered all her womanly pride.

Mr. Tyler, the reputed wealthy merchant, though he had for the most part indulged her wants—wants which seemed to know no limits—was not a man after her own heart; not very objectionable, of course, or she would not have married him, reigning belle as she had been. But then, as she said, he was very reserved; always in a “brown study,”—or “blue,” it appeared to her; at least, it savored much of the “blues,” to a mind of her order. He was not dashing, gallant, or fashionably attentive to the ladies. However, he was a great admirer of the beautiful, and Mrs. Tyler’s magnificent style was not in the least objectionable to him. As to Helena, a smile not unfrequently disturbed the grave lines upon his face, as he contemplated her matchless beauty. This was much to Mrs. Tyler, and since her husband surrounded her with all the appliances of wealth, and she required no heart sympathy, she could not be placed upon the list of unhappy wives. Still it would have been very pleasant if he had possessed more taste and observation in matters of personal decoration, when they were so frequently perplexed as to whether the material of the dress should be velvet or satin, the color blue, damask, or purple; and his sound judgment would have been so convenient in things of such “vast moment.”

Mr. Tyler was not so easily satisfied. He had other needs; how should Mrs. Tyler know of them? And how should she understand that long ago he had discovered that he had drawn a

blank in the great connubial lottery, and had philosophized himself to quietly pocket the blank, and say nothing about it? How should she know that the lines upon his face were not all ledger lines, and that they were deepened and rendered more serious by the hopeless blank within? How should she know that the husband and father—proud possessor of so much beauty!—esteemed himself peculiarly unfortunate in having no one to love or understand him? Helena, of course, could not; and he regarded Katie as a very sweet, timid, knowing little girl.

But Katie—already a woman in two senses—saw all this, and understood, by her own, the hopeless desolation of his heart, and longed to nestle close to him, and tell him how she loved and pitied him. But when she would have sought the haughty, reserved grave man, she thought he repulsed her, smiled upon Helen, and she was glad of an opportunity to hide her little timid face behind the dazzling veil of her sister’s beauty, which she felt was drawn between her and her father’s heart. Then she would steal away by herself, and weep tears as bitter as an orphan’s, and far more terrible in their bitterness, there was such a sense of wrong and neglect struggling in her crushed heart. But Mr. Tyler did not mean to wrong her. One insight of her nature would have aroused the dormant powers of his great soul, and he would have cherished her with a love amounting almost to idolatry, exceeded by nothing save his own happiness in knowing himself the possessor of such a treasure. The long continued cheerlessness of his hearthstone, his earnest struggle to retain the reputation of great wealth he had gained, his consequent intercourse with the mercenary and selfish, had served to pile themselves upon his heart till it was almost lost in coldness and distrust, and he had little time, and less disposition, to ferret out what of goodness and beauty might yet have been spared him in his family, or in the world.

Helena had not spoken truth when she had accused her father of ever complaining of the hard times. This once, indeed, he had urged the times in objection to the costly silk and ornaments, and there was no fiction in the plea. Affairs in the commercial world were then as dubious an aspect as at the present day, when those persons least involved in business most congratulate themselves. This being the case, it will not appear strange to my reader that the great business man found himself harassed and perplexed, and trembling upon the verge of bankruptcy; not that his reputed wealth had

been without foundation, but through the inability of others to meet his demands. He only saw a *faint chance* of escape, and that only through the most discreet and careful management.

Twilight was fast deepening in that splendid home. Mamma and Helena were lounging on the sofa, wearied from a shopping expedition, Mr. Tyler comfortably (?) ensconced in his easy chair, and Katie, unusually pale, and usually silent, her aching forehead pressed against the window glass, and her slight form concealed by the graceful folds of the window drapery. A home—yet not a home! A family!—yet the diversity of their thoughts, and the silence with which each brooded over his or her anxiety, nor dared intrude it upon the other, proved that they were not a family.

At length Helena overcame her scruples, and in the most winning, most bewitching tone imaginable, broached the subject of the rose-colored satin, and descanted eloquently upon the necessity and the effect.

Lights were brought in, and the soft rays fell full upon the face of the father, revealing to Katie, in her concealment, a ghastly and painful expression never before seen there. It appeared as though years had left their impress since last she saw him—years of trial and sickness, too. She stilled the impulsive moan that rose from her heart, and with her hands clasped, parted lips and suspended breath, she looked and listened. His face was turned from the pleader; but every word seemed to deepen the anguish depicted there; and when the mother's "do, papa—it is indispensable," came so blandly, so softly, she could scarce refrain from rushing into his arms, so deep was his emotion. Scorn, despair, everything seemed written on that hitherto cold, expressionless face. But suddenly recovering his composure, in a still, steady voice, he asked:

"What sum is requisite?"

"About three hundred," replied Mrs. Tyler.

"Only think, papa; for dress, trimming and ornaments. Is it not cheap?" cried Helena; "and I assure you, the effect will be superb."

"And how much for Katie?" asked Mr. Tyler, as with his usual promptness he drew forth his pocket-book.

The dainty slipper of Helena softly tapped the mother's; and was understood to say, "Don't be too sparing; perhaps I can eke out that elegant girdle, which will be quite an addition."

"O—Katie; I had almost forgotten Katie. She must have a new dress. Her ornaments will do, won't they, Helena?"

"Why, yes; she looks prettily in pearls," replied Helena, indifferently.

"Well, then, I think she will get along with one-third the amount," said Mrs. Tyler.

Katie's heart beat violently.

"I must keep still; it will not do for papa to know that I have witnessed his emotion. But one hundred dollars is something to him in these days; and if mamma gets it, she will find uses for it all."

Already he was counting the money. With trembling step she emerged from the recess, stole to her father's side, and softly said:

"Not any for me, papa; I am not going to the soiree."

"Why Kate Tyler! are you crazy?" Helena exclaimed. "Everybody that is 'anything' is going, and you shall go."

"Yes, Katie, you must go," said Mrs. Tyler.

"Indeed, mamma," said Katie, imploringly, "excuse me this time, for indeed I cannot go."

"You *shall* go!" cried Mrs. Tyler, aroused by this unexpected opposition from one hitherto so yielding.

"Mrs. Tyler, why urge her against her inclination?" interposed the husband. "She has some good and urgent reasons for wishing to remain, you may know by her earnestness. Katie, you may stay if you wish!"

Katie laid her hand softly on her father's, and it needed no words to interpret the gratitude that beamed from her eyes—eyes, for the first time, singularly beautiful to Mr. Tyler's renewed vision. Helena bit her lip with vexation, and ill-naturedly remarked:

"I wonder if papa was overcome by Kate's earnestness, or the paltry hundred saved."

"Helena," said her father, bitterly, "I have ever been generous in my dealings with you. Though painful to me, I gave you my reasons for objecting to your wishes on this occasion, and told you to state them to Mrs. Tyler. Since you do not regard them, I have yielded to your united requests; but I repeat again, paltry as you deem the sum, that one hundred, to-night, holds in my estimation the place of thousands a short time since! The hundred saved is much to me, but the pleading look of Katie was even more."

A new feeling was in the heart of Katie. Tears chased one another down her face; and she even dared to let them fall upon the dear hand that clasped her little fingers so tightly.

"I rather think papa is troubled," said Helena, yawning, as she went with her mother to prepare for the opera.

"Certainly, my darling," replied she, "or he

would not have refused you, and then censured you as he did. But you must excuse him; he will feel better when the times mend. *I expect it is a great trial to have the care of so much business, in these hard times, too.*"

"It must be," replied Helena. "I am sorry about the money. I did want that girdle."

"I am sorry, too, daughter; but I did not like to urge your papa, lest he might think me ungrateful."

The carriage wheeled away, and soon in the excitement of the brilliant sights and sounds of the opera, husband and father, with the hard times, were forgotten; and well nigh was forgotten the loss of the coveted girdle.

When Frederic Cheever had found himself unexpectedly discharged from the counting-house of the wealthy merchant—a situation which for years he had successfully and honestly filled—he had staggered forth, scarce knowing whither he went. Hard times was written in every counting-house, every business establishment, and the face of many a toiling brother imaged a tortured brain, a fevered pulse, and a despairing heart. Onward he went with aimless course, growing each moment more despairing. Warehouses, banking-houses were closed; the hum of industry had well nigh ceased, and to his excited imagination, almost every man he met was a discharged clerk or laborer.

As he neared the less populous and respectable parts of the city, and barefoot, shivering childhood held forth its thin hands for a penny, and the aged tottled feebly on in his rags and desolation, and woman, too proud to beg, and alas! forbidden to toil! pressed more and more tightly her infant to her breast, where the fountain, unnourished, had ceased to flow, or was insufficient to still its clamorous cries, the comforts of his own home rose in contrast—a home to which, until the present, his steps had turned eagerly. How could he meet his tender mother, his beautiful and idolized sister, with the tale of his misfortunes, when their destinies were so closely interwoven with his? He had a brave heart, but it refused to perform a task like this. Of Katie, tender, neglected, lonely little Katie, he dared not think. No, he must forget her; there, his honor was at stake. Besides, thoughts of her would completely unman him, so he could not ask for what he knew would be refused. It was the darkest day of his life; but darker ones must follow if he could not find employment; and so he sought, unsuccessfully, till a chilly, drizzling nightfall drove him to the shelter of home.

Marion met him at the door with her warmest welcome, and led him into their pleasant little parlor, where the glowing anthracite was piled, and the shaded lamp lent its softened light, revealing the neatly laid tea-table, where the tempting viands were delicately arranged, as yet untasted, though the hour was unusually late.

"You see, mother, I am late to night," said Fred, with an effort to appear unconcerned. "I am sorry I have kept you waiting. You should not have delayed tea for me."

"O, Fred," said Marion, brushing the damp, luxuriant hair from his high forehead, and touching it softly with her lips, "we could not think of sitting at table without you. It would not seem like home."

"Marion, you are a good girl," replied he, returning the caress; "but come, don't let me keep you longer from your supper. Mother, at least, must feel the need of it."

"Thank you, my boy, I have not been inconvenienced at all; and now that you are here, it will be all the better."

Poor Fred! He tried to talk, and tried to eat, and though the food and the words both choked him, he succeeded better than he had feared. It was a relief when supper was ended and carried out, and Marion's little work-basket placed upon the table, with the book of travels, from which he had read to them on the preceding evening. Now he should not be expected to converse, and though he could not read, he could tell Marion that he was just enough fatigued to listen to her soft, dreamy voice. Of all things in the world, save her singing, he loved her reading.

"And conversation," replied she, archly, "is quite in the shade."

"O, no, Marion, that is better than either."

"Hush, Frederic; you will spoil her!" interposed the fond mother, at the same time regarding her with a look of pride.

Marion read. Frederic did not get a very connected idea of the history. His heart was too ill at ease. For once, the author had less power over him than his sister's fine intonation of voice; and several times he lost his own painful identity in contemplating her faultlessly beautiful face, lighted with enthusiasm, the long fringed lashes shading her downcast eyes, and the profusion of rich brown curls that fell in easy grace upon cheek and neck. She wore no ornaments—she needed none. Nature had done enough for her, and neat and simple costume best suited her. Fred thought how he had been enabled to shield the fatherless girl from all contact with want and toil, and place within her reach the means of intellectual culture; how he

had fostered her innate love for the beautiful, and indulged her fastidiously refined tastes; and he shuddered as he reflected that her education but illy befitted her to endure privations and hardships, and how fearful a thing it would be for such rare beauty to be exposed without a protector. He must seek, he must find employ; his widowed mother must be cared for, and his fatherless sister must be shielded.

But alas! great as was the necessity, urgent as were his appeals, they were unavailing, and weeks, and even months rolled on, bringing no relief. His little stock of money was well nigh spent, and he had become but the shadow of his former self. His mother and Marion, though they did not know the worst, knew enough; and the noble-hearted girl cheerfully offered, even pleaded, to be allowed to do something for one who had done everything for her. But how could she, in these times, without experience, with no one to recommend her, reasonably expect success in any undertaking? It was folly; it was madness to think of it. So said Fred, and Marion's judgment acquiesced.

But her heart, her poor young heart, how could it rest there? Might she not sell her guitar, her books, anything, everything?—if she could only assist Fred, and see him look himself once more. O no, there was no occasion for that. In these hard times they must be sacrificed, and the sum realized would be no object. What could they do? Fred would not apply to Mr. Tyler, since he had discharged him without an expression of regret; and besides, he had learned to regard him as a cold man, a selfish man, all wrapped up in his own affairs, and he would never come down to take in his situation. Then, too, he had read, and walked, and talked with Katie, thereby insulting mamma and disgracing Helena, and perhaps offending the rich merchant, though he had never manifested his displeasure to him. O, Katie, dear Katie! the brightest vision that had crossed his path. A vision indeed, and his heart grew sick as he tried vainly to banish her image. Now, surely, he must not think of her.

At length his physical strength gave way, and a nervous fever ensued, prostrating him completely. Alas for the mother! Alas for Marion! Something must be done. What if Fred should die? She had no fears for herself, but Fred, her adored, her faultless brother. In her desperation, she thought of Katie, whose praises she had often heard him speak. She might do something for her—at least, advise her in this dilemma. Though she was a stranger, she was a woman, gentle and tender; and why should

she fear her? All that night she watched by his bedside, and listened to his incoherent ravings, coupling so sadly the words, mother and Marion; murmuring so hopelessly, so tenderly, the name of Katie, that she shuddered at this revelation of his love, and consequent suffering; and the morning found her firmly resolved to apply to Katie, whom she was sure must have loved him in return.

The rose-colored satin had been purchased, worn, and laid aside, and the magnificent soiree was remembered only as a splendid triumph of the past; for on that memorable occasion, Helena's charms had brought to her feet a wealthy count from over the water, to whom she was already affianced.

The merchant had toiled and struggled bravely on, overcoming one obstacle after another, not unfrequently bending over his books till after midnight—for now the most important of his discharged accountant's duties devolved upon him—and that, in addition to his numerous cares—for he had soon discovered the fallacy of supposing that another, with less experience, could be entrusted with the complicated and important business that had devolved on Fred. Often his brain reeled, and he wished for the cool head and steady hand of young Cheever; but that was a luxury not to be thought of in these hard times; and as for Fred, he was probably in other quarters now. Pardon him, reader; Mr. Tyler, the inheritor of large possessions, had never struggled with the giant, Poverty! Had it fallen to his lot, with superhuman arm to quell that monster, he would have known, or realized, what a difficult thing it was for a young man, unaided, to gain a foothold against such fearful odds.

Of the numerous persons he had employed, Frederic Cheever had been first in the establishment, first in his estimation; but he had toiled up to the position so gradually, so unobtrusively, that the pre-occupied merchant had not fully realized its importance. Mr. Tyler was not niggardly, and Fred's salary had been ample to supply the wants of his family; but it had not half equalled his duties. Now, as the merchant pored over his books, he learned its importance, and almost revered the beauty and accuracy that had left its impress on every page. When, by closely following the order of old accounts, he had mastered some difficulty, he muttered between his teeth, "Noble fellow! noble fellow! success attend him!" In his experience, he never doubted that success would attend such a man. How, or why, he did not stop to ask, or think; he had no time.

Though many difficulties were overcome, uncertainty was stamped in fearful characters wherever the merchant turned his eyes, and the idea of annihilation is scarcely less dreadful to a man of his stamp than that of failure. Harassed, and worn by constant toil, fretted and shocked at the unabated extravagance and heartlessness of his wife and Helena, the physical must have given way but for Katie, who had so suddenly become a faultless woman in his eyes. It was strange, that transformation; but not so strange to the father as his previous blindness.

That for which he had so long yearned, he had found—sympathy at home. A pure, strong but gentle spirit soothed and upheld him. How grateful to his fevered brow was the little, cool hand; how strangely sweet it was to have his dwindling hair, where threads of silver were now daily interwoven, so softly combed, so carefully arranged. There was a time, far back, when his locks were bright, and other hands, not less beautiful, with magic in their touch, had softly twined them; and he, foolish boy, had dreamed that it would always be their pleasure to do so.

Now it was Katie's task, or pleasure, and that undefined deep sense of utter loneliness that had so long oppressed him at his hearthstone, had strangely vanished. The accumulated rust of years of neglect was partially removed from that great, loving heart, and it began to shine through. And Katie, no longer neglected, her timidity had vanished. A new light was in her eyes, a new feeling in her heart. She was something to somebody. Though she conversed freely with her father now, there was one name, and that nearest her heart, she never mentioned; for what could it avail? Only in the secrecy of her own chamber it might come, mingling with sacred, tender thoughts and holy petitions.

"Here, daughter," said Mr. Tyler to Katie, one evening, as he entered the parlor, "is a note which came with my papers from the post-office, directed to 'Miss Katie Tyler.'"

"I wonder who it can be from?" said Katie, as she advanced to receive it.

"I don't know. It is 'a love of a note,' as Helena would say, evidently in a lady's hand; and a fine hand it is."

Katie took it, and stole away, as was her custom, to peruse it. Her looks blanched in an instant as she took in its contents.

Frederic was sick, very sick, unconscious; Marion was without friends or advisers. Could not Katie, of whom she had heard Fred speak of so often, advise or come to her? Fred must not know of this. She was fearful he never

would forgive her for intruding upon a stranger, and she knew he would not approve of it.

"They are needy!" said Katie, with deep emotion, "or Marion Cheever never would have taken this step. I have caused all this misery! I will go to her. 'Please do not name it to Mr. Tyler.' How cruel! I understand it. Their delicacy has been deeply wounded, and dear papa was to blame! But what can I do, unaided? But then I'll come, poor Marion! I must come! O, if Fred should die!"

Katie tarried not a moment, and for the first time in her life, went stealthily from her father's mansion. Love winged her steps, and soon she was folded in the arms of the grateful sister.

"O, Miss Tyler, let the love I bear for the best of brothers be my excuse for this strange step!" murmured Marion.

"So holy a thing as a sister's love needs no apology!" replied Katie, as she tenderly kissed Marion's beautiful brow.

Delicately, and by degrees, Katie drew from Marion the whole story of their sufferings, though every word wrung her heart with the keenest anguish.

"Can you see him, Miss Tyler?" asked Marion, mournfully. "He will not know you."

Katie hesitated. Could she bear so much? But she thought Marion desired it, and so she consented.

She had not dreamed of such a fearful change! The damp hair was put back from his hollow temples, and care and suffering had left a fearful impress on every feature of his once fine face. Katie's lips were pale as his own; and when she heard him repeat her own name so sadly, she would have fallen had not Marion supported her.

"Forgive me; I was thoughtless," said Marion, as she led her away.

"O no, you were not; I am better now," replied Katie. "Dear Marion, he is very ill. Father must know all, or he will never forgive himself or me. He must be cared for, and I can do much with father's assistance. We owe it to him, and we can never atone for the wrong done him and his. Noble, faithful, good Frederic!"

"Heaven bless you, dear Katie, for the tribute paid him in these words! Let your own judgment and the dictates of your kind heart guide you. From you, so late a stranger, I feel that I have nothing to fear; and Frederic will forgive me when he knows that you appreciate his worth."

Katie lost no time in informing her father of Fred's situation, and the distress in which the family were involved. Mr. Tyler heard her

through, and then with unwonted vehemence, he exclaimed :

"Now may Heaven forgive me! I am a bad man, Katie—a selfish man; but I never knew it till this moment."

He drew Katie to his breast, and a repentant tear fell upon her head.

"Cruel, selfish, with thousands and tens of thousands!" he mused; "and he, bravely toiling to maintain a family on the merest pittance of what he deserved. He—a boy! 'the latchet of whose shoes I was not worthy to unloose,' serving me for years with patient endurance, and then turned off to starve! Poor boy! poor boy! I richly deserve all the perplexities and troubles that have come upon me!"

"But, papa," said Katie, "you did not mean to be unkind. You were only thoughtless."

"Culpable, execrable thoughtlessness, my dear Katie! and but for you, guardian angel, I had lived on, that same scared, unloving, selfish monster, and gone down to my grave without having performed a generous deed—useless in life, unloved and unwept in death! But for you, I had never the privilege of atoning, or seeking to atone, for the wrongs heaped upon that noble-hearted youth!"

Mr. Tyler forgot his own perplexities, and hastened to the widow's abode. Frederic was still unconscious, and that strong man wept and groaned as he heard the wild words of entreaty for employment, that Marion might not die, too, that he might earn enough to bury his mother, and the many distressing fancies of a frenzied, overtaken brain.

"Ay, he has much to live for!" he murmured, as his eye wandered from the mother's interesting face to Marion's, now pale, but more perfect in its beauty than any face he had ever looked upon.

All around him were evidences of taste and refinement. Even the book-shelf, the teeming whatnot, the neglected guitar, seemed to say, "see how good and generous Fred has always been;" and ere he left the house, the unconscious sufferer had found the place of a son in that renewed and fatherly heart.

From that time the best of medical attendance, and every comfort that love could desire, were Frederic's. O, pleasant, though sad, was Katie's duty of watching by his bedside, and pleasant to think that the worn Marion was sleeping now. Before Katie came, she had scarce dared close her weary eyes; but now she might sleep sweetly, trustingly, well knowing that love held its faithful vigil. Long Frederic hovered between life and death. At length came a favorable

change. With returning reason came an overwhelming sense of the anxieties of his position; but Mr. Tyler, anticipating this, hastened to his bedside, penitence and tenderness written all over the once hard lines upon his face, love beaming in his eyes, and words of love and cheer upon his lips, though even now he did not know how he was to escape the bankrupt fate; for times had not in the least improved. But his trust was in a strong arm, and he leaned confidently, saying, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him best." O, it was sweet! in place of torturing anxiety, this new repose, the fruit of perfect resignation and trust.

Katie had too much delicacy to remain with Marion, when her services were not actually needed, and, indeed, she had retired when the first favorable symptoms were manifest in the invalid. But Marion did not fail to inform Fred of her interest and devotion, knowing what a cordial this knowledge must prove to the convalescent. Reassured by the fatherly kindness of Mr. Tyler, flattered by the respectful attention paid his dear mother, and the evident admiration with which the hitherto cold man regarded his worshipped Marion, Fred saw renewed beauty in life as it again opened before him. There was no chill in the breath of winter, when it once more kissed his brow; it only fanned him with delicious, reviving coolness. Storm was sunshine; and earth was very beautiful! He saw no hard times, no discharged clerks and laborers; every face appeared radiant with hope and happiness. Thus it ever is. Every object takes its coloring through the medium of our own feelings. As might be expected, his recovery was rapid; and soon he hailed with grateful emotions the day when a few light duties were appointed him in the counting house, where he had spent so many years of his life. O, how pleasant it was to serve a man, no longer cold or indifferent, but a grateful friend, ever acknowledging *himself* the obliged individual, ever seeking with fatherly interest to promote his good! How cool was his head, and how his daily increasing energy and hopefulness imparted new hope to the heart of the merchant! How difficulties vanished at Fred's touch, and how Mr. Tyler, looking through Fred's telescope, saw, away in the distance, the dawning of a better day.

"O, it was wonderful!" Mr. Tyler would say to Katie. "He was a remarkable young man! Everything went wrong while he was away, and everything was fast becoming right, now that he had returned. Katie, we cannot be too kind to Fred, and we must never forget the past."

Mr. Tyler did not know how Katie's heart danced with delight at these commendations, or he would not have felt any necessity for enjoining kindness and remembrance on her part. It was superfluous, quite.

Katie was in the parlor, reading and dreaming over her volume uninterrupted, although Helena was there; for the latter was too much engrossed with the enamored count to heed her sister, and mamma, of course, was very busy with her own affairs, that she might not disturb the young people. Helena and the count were discussing the merits of some very fine engravings in a book of Katie's. Helena's attention was suddenly arrested by discovering, on the fly-leaf, in delicate characters: "From Marion to Katie."

"Marion! Marion!" she repeated, musingly. "Katie Tyler, is this Marion Cheever's gift?"

"It is," replied Katie, with assumed indifference.

Helena tossed the book disdainfully from her, and said, with a mingling of dignity and withering scorn, which she well knew how to assume:

"I thought that you were 'put on your good behaviour,' now that that plebeian had returned; but this looks little like it;" and she spurned the volume with her fairy foot.

The count looked disturbed. "What is it?" asked Mr. Tyler, entering the room just in time to hear the last sentence; "what is the trouble?"

"Enough!" replied Helena; "look, see!" pointing to the book, and she paced the room with heightened color.

"Is this all!" said Mr. Tyler, bitterly. "O, Helena, Helena! know that 'that plebeian' is your father's partner, and Marion Cheever is the most beautiful girl, and one of the loveliest characters I have ever known. Katie, my darling child, come hither; and he led the weeping, distressed girl from the apartment.

"I do not quite understand this," said Mr. Tyler, as he drew Katie's head to his breast. "This in relation to your being 'put upon your good behaviour.' Explain it, Katie."

With surprise, Mr. Tyler learned that Katie had believed herself the cause of Frederic's discharge, and all through Helena's duplicity.

"Nay, nay, my child!" he exclaimed. "How much you must have suffered! Patiently administering to me, and bearing about in the depths of your loving heart such painful reflections, how could you love, or even respect me, supposing, as you did, that my arrogance and selfishness had come between you and your brightest hopes of happiness? Katie, you are a

good girl, and in the world there lives but one man worthy of you, and that man is Frederic Cheever. Already I love him as a son. I have, as I said to Helena, made him my partner in business. Prospects are brightening, and to him I owe my narrow escape from bankruptcy. He loves you, Katie, as only a great heart like his is capable of loving. I owe him much. I have wronged him greatly. In the business arrangement, I am no less benefited than himself; but in giving you, my brightest earthly treasure, to his keeping, I feel that the debt is liquidated."

Bitter reflections burned in the heart of Count Orland at the exhibition of character made by his beautiful betrothed, and distressed beyond description, he abruptly left the painful scene. His person was fine, his character noble; fame and fortune were his, and he was fastidious, very fastidious. The woman who could realize his ideas, must be faultless in person, mind and character. In the queenly Helena, he had imagined all these graces, and imagination had reared a beautiful castle of connubial happiness, now, alas! in ruins at his feet. His was a soul of honor, and Helena was his affianced. All that night he pondered on the difficulties of his position, and bewailed his rashness and folly, in suffering beauty to have betrayed him thus madly. His nature was too noble, and his views had become too greatly enlarged by an extensive acquaintance with the world, to despise any man because that, from the unfortunate chances of his birth, or some subsequent change in his fortunes, the word plebeian might be applied to him, and he saw at once how antagonistic his views must be to Helena's. How selfish and narrow must be her views! How cold and cruel her heart! "Could a bitter fountain send forth sweet waters?" Could he hope for happiness from such a source? It was a moral impossibility. Should he wreck his high hopes thus? The thing was not to be thought of. Accordingly, Helena received a note as follows:

"MISS TYLER: I deemed that the beautiful impress of your person was alike upon your mind; and only upon this ground I sought your hand. The painful events of last evening have discovered to me my mistake. Excuse me, if I refuse to risk the happiness of a life time with one who—to say nothing of the exhibition of passion—could wound so gentle a sister, and witness unmoved her distress and her tears.

Respectfully, COUNT ORLAND."

"Very summary proceedings," remarked Helena to her mother, when she had recovered from the shock occasioned by the contents

of the note. "Count Orland is a splendid man, a good match, but perhaps it is as well so. He is too fastidious for me. I am young yet; my charms are not on the wane, and I know of several gentlemen, as winning as himself, from whom one of my smiles could win perfect homage. I know what the count expects from woman. He is jealous, and already my heart has sickened at the thought of bestowing my whole self upon one individual. You know, mamma, one constituted like myself cannot endure a monotonous existence. I suppose the impudent, haughty Englishman thinks I am heart-broken; but my reply shall convince him that he has removed a great weight from my heart. At first I was shocked, I own; now I am relieved."

When Mr. Tyler learned what had transpired, he was deeply grieved—not that the count had discovered his child's failings, but that his daughter should be unworthy the love of so noble a man. He could not censure, but involuntarily he esteemed him the more highly for the course he had pursued, and he extended his friendship with more than former cordiality.

It was not a gay bridal, that of Frederic and Katie, but it was a sweet, a happy bridal. There were few to witness that ceremony, for their circle was limited; and they did not care to gather about them, at such a time, the indifferent or the curious.

Mrs. Tyler and Helena had been vexed and mortified at the business relation formed between the employer and the employed, and still more vexed when they had learned of the intended union. But they had seen at once that all opposition would be unavailing, and had therefore wisely prepared themselves to manifest all necessary courtesy to the parties. They reasoned thus: Frederic was *now* associated with one of the wealthiest merchants in the city. They had always thought him fine looking, and quite too aristocratic in his bearing for a poor youth. But it would answer better now; and perhaps Katie—always retiring, with but few attractions—had done as well as they could expect. After all, it was humiliating; for there was the widow and daughter, poor and unpretending, but Fred's mother and sister for all that, and as such, they must receive due attention. They, of course, would be prominent individuals at the wedding, and it was well that there were so few guests.

Count Orland was there, for his intimacy with Mr. Tyler had brought him in contact with his partner, and his winning manners and innate worth had quite won his heart.

Helena, as her eye first fell upon the faultless beauty of Marion Cheever, recalled the words of her father, words she had then deemed idle, and bitterly she acknowledged that, at length, she had seen one more perfect in beauty than herself.

There was another, too, that remembered his words, and involuntarily owned their justice; and with a sweet sense of trust and happiness stealing into his heart, he resolved to study her character, and learn if indeed it were as lovely as Mr. Tyler had said.

We might pause here, to trace, minutely, the history of these hearts, to paint his surprise and pleasure in finding her so refined, so highly cultivated. We might tell how, by degrees, she won his whole heart, and gave hers in return, but too happy in "bestowing her whole self upon one individual." But as it was not Count Orland's, or Marion's history, that we purposed to write, but only the discharged accountant's, our story must have its limits, and since he is happily wedded, we must leave him here, though by so doing, we incur the charge, so often preferred against writers of romance, of making marriage the great aim of life, and the ultimatum of all things. Our story has higher aims.

AN INCIDENT IN SCHOOL-TEACHING.

One day I saw a little fellow with his arms about a little witch of a girl, endeavoring, if I interpreted the manifestations right, to kiss her. "Tommy," said I, "what are you doing there?"

"Nothin', sir," spoke the bright-eyed little witch; "he wath tryin' to kith me, that he wath, thir," and she eyed him keenly.

"Why, Lucy, what prompted him to act so ungentlemanly, right here in school?" I asked, anticipating some fun.

"O, he hitched up here, and he wanted me to kith him, and I told him that I wouldn't kith thuch a thumphy boy ath he ith; then he thed he'd kith me, and I told him that he dathn't, but he thed he would do it, and I told him I would tell the mather, if he did, but he thed he didn't care a thnap for the mather, and then tried to kith me hard;" and the little thing sighed.

"Why didn't you tell me, as you said you would?" I asked, in a pleasant manner.

"O," she replied, with a *naïve* I did not often see, "I didn't care much if he did kith me, and tho I let 'im."

Here the wholeschool, which had been listening intently, broke out in an uproarious laugh, while our little hero and heroine blushed deeply.

—Knickerbocker.

The whole outer world depends, as far as we are individually concerned, on that within; and in a certain sense each may be said to behold a different world. As in beholding the rainbow there seems to be but one, yet every one in fact, beholds a different one, so in beholding the world every one sees a different one, and that dependent in a great measure upon the state of the mind.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BY EVELINA M. F. BENJAMIN.

From a mountain spring gushed a tiny stream,
And like molten diamonds glistened,
And its song had borrowed from joy its theme,
Peace breathed o'er my heart as I listened.
Tinkle, tinkle o'er the sand,
And the pebbly band,
Hurrying on to the ocean grand.

Then I followed its course till it hid in a dell,
Where no sunbeam ever rested;
Where no violet bloomed, or lily bell,
And no star its wavelets crested.
But its joyous song
Still was borne along,
Like the tinkling feet of a fairy thing.

But whether it flowed through sun or shade,
Ne'er was stilled its music gladdening,
And a lesson I learned in that darksome glade,
With its rocks and shadows saddening;
And a prayer was sped
That the Saviour would shed
His peace on my heart though life's joy fled.

THE MONEY-STEALER.

BY THE CHAPLAIN OF A PENITENTIARY.

ONE Sunday morning, after service, a young convict, not more than eighteen years of age, said he desired to speak with me. When all had left the wards, I sat down by him on the bench.

"I have never been baptized, sir, and I wish to be, as I feel I am a *heathen* until I am," were the words with which he addressed me.

In conversation with him, I found him intelligent and well instructed upon the duties and obligations of one baptized. His offence was stealing money. Subsequently, after his baptism, he told me the story of his sin; and its truth I have since had an opportunity of verifying. His story is as follows:

"My father and mother were not rich, but had a small farm. They died when I was seven years old, leaving me in the care of my uncle, my father's brother, who was a wheelwright in the village of —, near Knoxville. This uncle was a widower, and had no children; but he was very desirous of getting rich, and he nearly went in rags and without proper food, to save money and lay it by.

"Of course, he kept me very close, and was a hard master to me. He was the executor of my father's property, and had in his hands property worth four thousand and eight hundred dollars, which he was to take control of until I came of age.

"But he was false, sir, to his pledge to my father. He never sent me to school, and I was so ragged that I was ashamed to appear with other lads. I was also such a sufferer for want of food, that I would walk three miles to the tavern, to help the hostler take care of the stage-horses to be permitted to share his dinner. My uncle not only deprived me of schooling, clothing and food, but he severely beat me. He could never speak kindly to me. Whenever he had anything to say to me, or an order to give, it was in a loud tone and with an oath that made me, little boy as I was, tremble. He was a tyrant of the worst sort, sir, and my life was one of misery and suffering. He made me look after the cow and horse, dig in the garden, cut wood, go his errands, and whatever else was to do; and at night I slept on the floor under an old saddle blanket in the lumber-room, with his saddle as my only pillow.

"Such was the life I led until I was in my sixteenth year. Up to this time I knew not what money was, as I had not had a penny in my hand since my mother died. He used and squandered my property, and made me his slave.

"At length, he hired a boy of about nineteen, to work at his trade. This boy and myself soon became acquainted. He soon saw how matters were with me. He was a wild, money-spending youth, and was always out nights. He soon got me to accompany him. But I had no money to spend. I felt ashamed on this account. He hinted that my uncle had money enough, and that it rightly belonged to me. His temptations and the allurements of the new life he introduced me to, had their effect. Up to this time, I had been perfectly honest; and even now, sir, I have never told a lie or uttered an oath! One night, my uncle came home tipsy. He had just made the sale of a cart, and had a large sum in silver in his side trowsers pocket. I heard it ring as he threw off his clothes upon the chair by his bed-side. The idea of getting up when he should fall asleep and take some of the money (*my* money, as I reasoned with my active conscience), at once took possession of me.

"I lay awake waiting till all was still. I then softly arose and crept to the chair where his pantaloons were. I carefully sought for the pocket. In my haste and fear, I pulled the clothes off, and they fell to the floor with a loud ring of money. Instantly my uncle started up, and cried out, 'who is there?'

"Crouched down out of sight, I answered by imitating, which I could do very perfectly, the mewing of the cat.

"'It's that infernal Bess. I'll have her hanged to-morrow!' he growled, turning himself to sleep again.

"When all was once more quiet, I stretched my hands out for the pocket, and at length found it; and with a throbbing heart, abstracted several pieces of money, and silently regained my own bed. I did not know how much I had taken, but supposed about a dollar. It was too dark to count it. In the morning, I found I had eighty-seven and a half cents in all. This seemed a vast sum to one who had never had any money before. I went out at day-dawn and concealed it underneath the hub of an old cart-wheel that lay rotting in one corner of the yard.

"That day I was in constant and most lively apprehension, lest my uncle should miss his money. But I concluded that probably having been tipsy, he had expended a portion before he came home, and really did not know how much was in his pocket. But I was mistaken.

"The success of this first theft, and the temptations of my uncle's apprentices, led me to watch other opportunities to abstract further sums. The result was, that in the course of six months, in about twenty visits to his pockets in that time, I had taken about twenty-five dollars in all.

"It was now time for my uncle to act. He had been, from the first night, aware of the loss of his money, and had traced my footsteps to the old hub and there discovered the missing money. Instead of at once charging me with the theft, he let it remain and preserved silence. He knew of all my subsequent pilferings—nay, sir, placed the money often in my way, so that I could not help taking it without being perceived. He set traps for me, sir, and I was at last taken in one!

"It was near the fourth of July. Several of the apprentices were going a few miles up the river to have 'a frolic.' I was told by my uncle's apprentice that if I would put in ten dollars, I might be one of the party; for each one subscribed that. I promised I would do so if I could.

"'Could I' he answered with a sneer; 'would is could! There is the old man's pocket-book. If I were you, I would take a fifty and done with it. A bung-hole will no more than empty a cask, and so will a pin-hole. In for a penny, in for a pound.'

"That night, I was busily searching my uncle's pockets. But I found but a few pieces of silver. I now thought of his pocket-book, which I had never suffered before to come into my mind. He kept this in a trunk, which he

always kept locked and carried the key. The ten dollars I was resolved to have. I therefore watched all night for my uncle to get to sleep. But he was unusually restless. But about two o'clock in the morning, I heard him snoring. I crept to his bed side, and after some search, found his waistcoat pocket. In it, I discovered the key to the trunk. I took it softly out, and breathlessly crawled beneath the bed, where he kept the trunk, to unlock it. It was not without bumbling and a good deal of noise that I succeeded. But he did not wake. My hand thrust into the old hair-trunk, soon lighted upon the pocket-book; but I hesitated in the dark what to take out. I felt a great many bills. I feared I might only take a one dollar bill and perhaps might take a hundred dollar. I was shocked and alarmed at the idea of taking so large a sum as the last. I sought for silver and found piles of dollars (I knew they were dollars by their size). I counted ten of them and took them out and put them into my pocket. I then re-locked the trunk. I returned the key to my uncle's vest pocket, and without noise, escaped from the room. The money I placed in the stuffing of the old saddle and soon fell asleep."

"Had you no pangs of conscience?" I asked.

"No, sir. I had been thoroughly imbued with the doctrine of my shrewder companion, that what I was taking was my own."

"Why, then, use such secrecy?"

"Lest my uncle should detect me and punish me. Please to recollect, sir, that I had no education. I could neither read nor write. I did not know anything about law or its distinctions. In my own opinion, I was not robbing my uncle, but only taking my own. Since then, I have been taught otherwise. I heard the law laid down in my trial, and then, for the first time, understood that I had been committing a crime."

"You acknowledge and feel this now?" I said, interrogatingly.

"Yes, sir. But it appears still very strange that my uncle, who robbed me of four thousand and more dollars, is free still, while I am here in prison. But, sir, I am an uneducated man, and suppose it is all right."

There was a degree of frankness and ingenuousness about the young convict that deeply interested me in his favor. He saw that I listened with deep interest in his narrative, and thus continued:

"Early the next morning, as I was going out to look after the cattle, two men, strangers to me, came full in front of me, and stopped me as I was shutting the house door.

"'You are our prisoner, young fellow,' said

one of the men, laying his grasp painfully upon my shoulder.

"For what? What have I done?" I asked, with surprise.

"That you'll soon have to confess," responded the other.

"They then tied my hands behind me, and led me through the streets between them and lodged me in jail. It seemed to me like a dreadful dream. About ten o'clock, I was brought out and conducted before a justice. There was a great crowd collected. Among them, I saw my uncle.

"He then charged me with having robbed him, and stated the sums I had taken—amounting in all to thirty-three dollars and forty cents. He said that I had money (ten dollars) now on my person, which was marked; for on every dollar he put away, he made a spot of ink over the last figure of the date. I was then searched, and ten dollars so marked were found on me.

"The result was, I was committed for trial. In court, my uncle appeared as prosecutor. The testimony against me was overwhelming; yet I had been able to prove that three times he placed the money where I could not but be tempted to take it. But this rebutting evidence he explained away by saying that he did this to try me and fasten his losses upon me, if I were the real robber.

"I was sentenced, sir, for three years. I am sorry that I have done anything wrong; but I am sure that my uncle has wronged me, not only in not letting me have an education, but in making use of the money that should have been appropriated to myself."

"But was there no probate judge to call him to an annual account?" I asked, with indignation.

"Yes, sir. But he was a particular drinking crony of my uncle's; and let him go on from court to court without drawing him up."

"You have not been so much guilty yourself," I said, mentally, "as the victim of the villany of others."

Subsequent acquaintance with this young convict convinced me that he was one of the most honest-minded, frank, ingenuous persons I ever knew. His guilt was to be attributed wholly to ignorance of laws and to the temptations which assailed him. It was my privilege to teach him to read and to write. He served out his time, and when he left the prison, I obtained for him a situation as a cooper, in Nashville. He won a good name as an industrious man. Every month, he was at the communion in Christ Church.

When he reached his twenty-first year, I advised him to take steps to recover his property from his uncle. He did so, and is now in the possession of a fine estate, where he cultivates a farm, has married a lovely girl, and, perhaps, one of these days he may yet represent his State in Congress. I have before me more than thirty letters from him, all of which tell me of his prosperity and happiness. The uncle, when compelled to relinquish his unjustly detained property, was stripped of his last dollar; and is now, while I write, a convict in the same prison, sentenced for life for having set on fire and attempting to burn down the house of his nephew, and firing at his nephew himself, with the intention of killing him.

Such is a true narration of the history of this young convict. There is no man I would sooner trust now than McIntosh, for such is his name. His letters are full of the purity and simplicity of his nature. Though once a convict, he is now an honest man; and such is his goodness of heart, that in his last letter to me but one, he desired me to let him know if he could do anything to soften the rigor of his uncle's imprisonment.

A HIT AT SOMEBODY.

The New York Sun says: "We have heard of ladies who will pay \$16 or \$18 for a new hat in Broadway, and yet cut down to the lowest possible figure the price of work which they give to poor seamstresses. They will pay \$5 without a scruple for the making of a plain dress in a fashionable Broadway establishment, where girls sew ten or eleven hours a day for \$3.50 per week; and if they are afterwards obliged to employ an unpretending dressmaker to alter it, they grumble at paying her a fair remuneration for her services. Fashion is a heartless thing—the fruitful source of folly, extravagance and dishonesty."

RULES FOR STUDY.

The other evening, Professor Davies, the eminent mathematician, in conversation with a young friend of his upon the importance of system in studying as well as in everything else, took a paper and wrote off for him the following important rules:

1. Learn one thing at a time.
2. Learn that thing well.
3. Learn its connections, as far as possible, with all other things.
4. Believe that to know everything of something is better than to know something of everything.

It was said, and very beautifully said, that "one man's wit becomes all men's wisdom." Even more true is it that one man's virtue becomes a standard which raises our anticipation of possible goodness in all men.

WILLIE.

BY E. R. BROTAWELL.

Bright as the sunbeams breaking
Through the clouded vault on high,
Fair as the golden sunset
Of the soft Italian sky;
Mild as the silvery moonbeams
That sport with the dewy flowers;
Fond as a cherished love-dream,
In youth's all-trusting hours.

I watched as he walked beside me,
In almost breathless fear,
For I thought the sweet child angel
Long would not linger here.
The maple buds were swelling,
The lark soared again to the sky,
But his little feet grew weary,
And he turned aside to die.

The nursery floor is empty,
The room is dark and cold,
For Willie, its only inmate,
Sleeps 'neath the churchyard mould.
Grave, thou art not the victor!
Death, thou canst wound no more!
Faith sees an angel hovering
On the far-off radiant shore.

BERTHA THE NORMAN.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

WILLIAM RUFUS, the successor of the Conqueror, was of true Norman descent, as he showed by a violent course of oppression and conquest, and by the acquisition of untold treasure. Haughty and passionate, he bent all his courtiers to his will, save and except his brother Henry Beauchere, who stood independently aloof, and the Earl Hilary St. Cyr, a man enthusiastic and devout, proud, brave and gentle, who exercised a singular influence over the royal mind.

The king had been hunting in the New Forest, and separated from all his companions, was leisurely riding along the narrow bridle-path, when a slight female figure, darting from the thicket, seized the rein and turned his horse's head aside. The king, who had been for a moment paralyzed, as if by some strange emotion, now raised his short sword and would have brought it down with violence on the woman, had she not with agility, snatched and thrown it far into the brake.

"One doth not dub a woman, knight—sir king!" she said, in low and musical tones, contrasting singularly with her harsh action. The king returned no answer, but sat eyeing her vindictively, while she met his glance to the full as unabashed. A sudden burst of sunshine irradi-

ating the mossy wood, called forth the distinctive features of these figures as they thus maintained their positions, and brought out a background of stretching vista down long forest stems. The woman wore Saxon kirtle and bodice, and a linen cloth was twisted above the curling clusters of her tangled, yellow hair, out of whose meshes gleamed eyes blue and shining, throwing a radiance across the face embrowned with various wind and weather.

"Whither goest thy majesty?" she said, at last, with a mock obeisance.

"Away, Elfiva!" he cried, hoarsely. "Get thee from my path!"

"When I choose," she answered. "But not till we have a word or two. Seest yon shower rolling up ragged and gray behind the sun? Listen! its first drop will be to thee a messenger of fate. Let me see thy palm! Ay, I foretell thus!" and she held the king's hand in her grasp while her lips hissed in his ear, "Dost remember when last these hands were clasped together?"

"Nay, nor shouldst thou!"

"But I do! but I do! And I will! Till from love I work out utter hatred. Here in this forest, my life became desolated. Here, thine shall be surrendered!"

"Blood will be no new stain on thy hands!"

"Ay, it is fitting I should be taunted of it, yet not by thee. Thou, a king, wast with me before. Did I spill blood, and brother's blood? Ay, but the king placed the weapon in my hand, the king told me where to strike! So much the more deadly was his crime. Thou," she added, with sudden vehemence, "thou didst level my childhood's home, and despoil my gray-haired sire, that here thy hunting-grounds might be. A home of Saxon princes! Here, in this forest, I repeat it, thou shalt die! Go on. When the coming rain drives thee to shelter, thou wilt meet thy fate. Not yet is thy time come; but wait and see. Bertha the Norman will spurn thee—but Elfiva the Saxon loves thee and curses thee, and will make thee a mark for deadly arrows!"

She flung his hand from her tight grasp, and loosened the rein—then, as she pricked the king's steed with her dagger, the frightened animal rushed on through the trees, beating himself wildly in his course against them. At last with swollen nostril and crimson eye, he dashed his temple upon a mighty oak and fell lifeless. The enraged king dexterously freeing himself, looked back threateningly to the Saxon, where she stood with folded arms, a haughty smile of contempt on her lips, but a quiet sadness in her

eyes and on her soft-hued cheeks. She wound slowly away ere he spoke, and vanished peacefully through the path, glittering with already fast falling raindrops.

As the king, full of vexation and perplexity, turned about with a mighty oath, he found himself at the entrance of a hut half hidden in twisted vines. Mindful of the words of Elfriva, he would not have entered although nearly drenched, had not Hilary, Earl St. Cyr,—who had already taken shelter there—perceived him, and coming forth led him, ashamed of his superstitious scruples, beneath the roof. Standing in the dark hut where the rain pattered on the thatch and splashed through the leaves, it was some time ere his majesty could discern any object, but finally, accustomed to the green shade, he began, as was his wont, to note each and all before him. In a moment his eyes fell on the figure of a nobly attired young woman who sat quietly on a low stool, languid and listless, yet self-possessed. Clear, hazel eyes, matching in shade the thick braids bound round her haughty head, gave a softness to the countenance with its tender, roseate-coloring, and oval, Madonna-wise outline; but the nose and brow, and chiselled lips, were of bold, Norman stamp, proud, cold, striking, yet delicate and womanly. Her attire was of simple white muslin, chastely arranged and confined at the waist by a golden girdle and seal. Two servants held elegant wrappings in respectful attitudes behind her, while Lord Hilary stood at her side. The king made a step forward, while the earl, taking her hand as she slowly rose, said:

"Allow me to present to thy majesty the Lady Bertha, daughter of the late Geoffry, Earl Fitzroy, thy most valiant servitor."

As the lady bent before the king, he gallantly raised and re-conducted her to her seat, and taking another beside her, motioned Lord Hilary to a similar honor. An hour the king spent thus, endeavoring to appear condescending, gay and interesting, when the bright fragment of a rainbow arching above the new, thin growth of the forest just before them, announced the cessation of the rain. Rising, after her servants had wrapped the mantles about her, the Lady Bertha, accompanied by the king and earl, and followed by her attendants, left the unoccupied hut and wound away through the glistening forest. At last they crossed a babbling brook and opening a gate beyond, threaded a long, private park, crossed drawbridge and courtyard, and entered in the Castle Clare, the home of the young orphan countess.

Scarcely had the noble party left the hut, ere

thrusting away a heap of moss and boughs at the other end, Elfriva the Saxon entered and peered forth after them.

"I am not high enough to be thy queen!" she said. "Bethink thee," she added, laughing in scorn, "of thy father's mother! Was Arlette, the smithy's child, of better birth than Elfriva, the untainted Saxon? Take from thy heraldry the lion rampant, put there the anvil and hammer! Thou hast a noble grandam to boast of!" and then, bursting into the loud, wild music of a tragic Saxon ballad, she re-arranged the place and sat upon the ground in the doorway, with her knees drawn up, and her hands clasped around them, looking out into the forest till the night fell.

Days passed, during which the king assiduously cultivated the acquaintance of the Lady Bertha so auspiciously vouchsafed him in the forest, but Lord Hilary had already won the heart unconcerned at the king's approach. Truly in the bright, auburn hair, and pale, blue eyes of William Rufus, there was none of the romantic beauty resting on Lord Hilary's chestnut tresses, and dreaming in his large, brown eyes—nor was there any of his nobility of soul pertaining to the former, albeit he was a king. Moreover a mutual love had been acknowledged between the chivalric Hilary and Bertha, of which the king pretended profound ignorance, and which her uncle the present Earl Fitzroy vowed to overlook, while he planned a thousand plots to give her to the king. Still the king pressed his suit as though he had been but beseeching an equal, and with all true gentlemanly bearing, and still the Lady Bertha deferred him from day to day, till the royal patience was well wearied, and he angrily determined to rid himself of the Earl St. Cyr. But how? The earl was by far too popular among the Norman nobles, who were the bulwark of the new kingdom, to be put to death or imprisoned; obviously he must be sent to foreign countries.

There was one Peter of Amiens, surnamed the Hermit, preaching the Crusades throughout Europe, exciting the mob of knights, courtiers and citizens to arm in defence of the Holy Sepulchre, and him the king summoned over to England, trusting that the enthusiastic St. Cyr might be thus beguiled into a tedious war, and unawares leave the fair Norman beauty to himself.

Seven days and seven nights had the Hermit harangued in England, and his eloquence aroused all the martial spirit of the kingdom to avenge the indignities of the holy relics, and the sufferings of Christians in the East. Meanwhile the court was at Winchester.

The moonlight lay on the long, velvet sward of the royal lawn, illumining the throne elevated at one side, where sat the king and where stood the Hermit, and pouring a soft light over the multitude of lords and ladies, of soldiers, gownsmen and plain citizens, crowded upon its surface. The king had begged the Lady Bertha to share his throne that evening, but she had quietly declined, and sat in a low chair on the lawn with Lord Hilary thrown at her feet, and the eyes of the king fixed unwaveringly upon them.

Peter the Hermit was tall and gaunt, clad in a gray garment of undyed cloth, reaching from his throat to his feet, and girdled by a heavy rope, whence depended an iron cross. His figure, his long, fair hair and pale face, his light-colored raiment and the pearly moonlight streaming over him, conspired to give him a spirit-like aspect, as he wound from the first low breathings of his hollow voice into tones of fervid aspiration and kindled eloquence. His auditors hung breathless on the vibrating thread of his discourse, and burst into echoing shouts of enthusiasm as he ended. Bertha sat silent, the tears on her glowing cheeks, her thoughts far off in the Oriental realms, long after the orator had ceased. At length, she bent over Hilary who had been steadfastly gazing on her.

"Go," she said, kissing his forehead gently. "I do not wonder at thy ardent wish. Go, do thy master's work, and God be with thee!"

"And thou, Bertha?"

"I will give thee thy banner. I will await thee in England. I will be faithful to thee, nor ever wed this king. Hasten, my love. Summon thy bands, thy vassals, thy friends—and again, God be with thee!"

Then rising together, they left the place. Not any less impression did the harangue make on the other hearers. Swords were drawn from their scabbards, oaths of the Crusade were administered and taken. Hose and doublet were cast aside for greaves and cuirass. Sins were shrived and debts forgiven.

A fortnight longer and Lord Hilary St. Cyr, having obtained the king's permission, given with a joyous heart but hypocritically sad voice, stood with a thousand men on their way to join the main forces, before the castle of the Earl Fitzroy. Loud blares of the clarion and rolls of the drum sounded as the gates were thrown open, and Lord Hilary, armed cap-a-pie in glittering steel, sitting on a steed splendidly caparisoned, galloped on. Throwing himself dexterously from the saddle, the horse shot like an arrow, while the earl leaned on his spear, opposite where, down a long corridor, attended by the

king and Earl Fitzroy, swiftly advanced one with light-flowing garments, who held a scarf and banner in her hand. It was the Lady Bertha. Moving much faster than the others she soon stood alone on the steps above the earl who now knelt before her, and wound within the crest of his helmet a scarf of white gauze, unembroidered save by a wide band of woven silver thread around the edge.

As the earl lifted the helmet away, suffering his rich curls to flow over the cold steel, she stood erect, proudly unrolling the banner, with the king beside her. It was of white satin, flowing in long, silky fringes, and pictured with St. George and the dragon, in blazing gold and gems. Long, golden cords and heavy tassels held it to the slender staff, and the wind floating through it, raised it like a canopy above the head of the adventurous crusader. All tender farewells had been spoken the night before, and now only kissing the white, trembling hand, his eyes swearing constancy, and bowing low to the king, he buckled on his helmet, vaulted across his steed, and the trumpets sent up a victorious acclaim, as bearing his banner he rode forth among his troops, and the portcullis clanged behind them.

No sooner was the whole crusade, flower of the chivalry of many nations, in motion beyond the Alps, than the king commanded the Earl Fitzroy and his niece to his own royal abode, a palace on the edge of the New Forest, and the maiden was told to prepare to become the bride of a crown. This she haughtily and decidedly refused, and swept from the presence-chamber in burning indignation. Passing the hall, she went steadily beyond the gates and into the depths of the forest. All day a heavy fog, full of sultry heat, had rolled thick, white, and impenetrable above, and frequent gusts of rain and wind had swept across the damp masses of smoke-like vapor; now the fog was blowing off, amid warm showers, but in her fear and anger she heeded not the constant dip and splash of rain, as she hurriedly traversed the woodpath, scarcely knowing where she went, so she but escaped the hated presence of the king. She was aware she was guarded on hearing the quick tramp of a heavy foot behind her, but was scarcely prepared to see the king himself at last overtake her, and seizing her hand, draw it through his arm as he would have turned her about to retrace her steps. Snatching it violently away, she answered his low address with angry and incoherent hatred. Still he constrained her to walk with him. It was impossible to resist, and trusting to Providence and her own strategic power, she yielded.

There was a crashing in the bushes by them, and a deer with silver-tipped horns bounded by.

"Do not tremble," said the king, "it is but a deer, whom, having caught, I marked on the horns, that whose slew should have the golden bauble on my scabbard."

"I do not tremble," she added fiercely.

"Sweet Bertha, methinks there are few that would make such ado at sharing a throne, as thou!"

"Few could share it with one so detestable!"

The king's pale eye flashed.

"Beware, beware!" he cried. "Thou shalt pay bitterly for thy words, dost thou not mend them."

"I already pay bitterly in the degradation of listening to thee."

"Be silent, daring girl. If love cannot bend thee, force shall subdue thee!"

"There is no love abiding with thee; thou carest only for my gold. Take it, king of England, and suffer me to be free!"

"By the virgin mother, thee only will I have. St. Cyr may take thy wealth. What is that to me? I will make Bertha, its owner, my queen."

"I will die first."

She said the words with a low emphasis, like the first thunder-drops falling through long-continued silence. The king dropped her hand in amazement. But she stood regardless, in languid weariness, her arms drooping by her side and the warm rain pouring over her.

"Rain, rain," muttered the king; "Elfiiva vowed it would lead me on to fate! What meant the hag?"

Low, thunderous sounds, long rolling in the horizon, now volleyed around and overhead, and lightning clearing the sultry air from which the fog was slowly vanishing, flashed intermittently through the thin covert of the New Forest. This fresh phase of the storm startled Bertha. Quickly extending her arm, her slender finger pointed towards the summit of a tree directly behind, and very near the king. He turned, but ere mortal tongue could speak, a ball of fire quivering on its tip, split downwards, enwrapping the crashing tree in flame, and felling it with a fearful noise, as the full report of thunder burst, rattled, echoed, roared and rolled, above, below, around, throughout the forest, and the earth and the heaven. When the last angry volley died sullenly away, the king found himself thrown on one side at the feet of the intrepid girl.

"A sharper and deadlier bolt than that must transfix me ere I yield thee!" he cried, as he rose.

"And one shall!" cried the too well known

voice of another, not Bertha, a voice whose tones were as sweet as a song pouring through subsiding tumult, but whose words were arrows; and the face of Elfiiva, with hands parting her tangled locks, flashed through the trembling trees. "A barb," she cried, "shall tear forth thy brain, and free thy victim! Here, maiden here!" and she caught Bertha's hand. Losing not a moment, the Norman girl obeyed and together, darting away through bush and brake, outstripping the king, they at last stood, torn, bruised and wringing wet, within a cleft of rocks, surrounded by seemingly fathomless water, but through which they had waded without difficulty. It was in fact an extremely shallow stream, opposing no barrier but in imagination.

"Rest thyself on yon heap of moss," said Elfiiva, as she helped array Bertha in dry and rich garments hidden there. "Thou art my avenger," she added, "and I thy protector. I will send thee to thy lover in Palestine. Have no fear!" and while Bertha, too distracted to sleep, lay on the mossy bed, Elfiiva embraced her knees in the old attitude and hummed the Saxon ditty. Soon a faint murmur in the distance became audible, increasing till the hunting horn swelled its choral in the air, the trumpets sounded and the loud bay of hounds flew after them. "The hunt is abroad," cried Elfiiva. "Thus seeks the king for his ladie-love. Thus he shall not find her, for the scent will not lie in water!" And she resumed her song.

By-and-by the tones of Elfiiva's song fell dreamily on the ear of Bertha, the murmurs of the narrow stream became lost in oblivious silence, and she slept. The red light of sunset was falling on the picturesque spot, on moss-plashed trunk, and brook and rock, when an angry roar of bounds and a wind of the hunting-horn, filling the air with resonance, awoke her, and starting to her feet, she stood erect, regardless of Elfiiva who crouched over her, lest they should be seen. She saw the whole dell filled with armed, dismounted men, and the king standing on the bank of the stream, while his thirsty steed drank. Instantly she would have hidden herself, but it was too late.

"I have her, I have her!" cried the king.

"Now be brave!" whispered Elfiiva. "Meet thy fate with scorn when it be unworthy of thee. I will save thee yet!" and springing high on a projecting crag, Elfiiva braced her feet and leaned against the rock, while from her great blue eyes she flung out a contemptuous defiance at the throng below; at the same time Bertha, tall and majestic by nature, moved forward, and standing in open sight, said:

"Thou art right. Here am I, sir king!"

"But how wilt thou obtain her, William Rufus!" cried the Saxon, carelessly, from above.

"A will finds a way, thou hag!" he rejoined, as mounting again, he urged his steed into the middle of the narrow stream.

A moment more, and the water, which was scarcely half leg high, had the appearance of great and sudden depth, owing to the shadow of the clump of rocks opposite, and throwing his heavy shield behind him, he flung himself into the stream, alighting, to his infinite consternation on the pebbles with a trifling splash. The horse, frightened at the double fall, sprung forward wildly, and Elfiiva, bending quickly down, seized his rein and sprung into the saddle.

"Shoot your arrows at her!" cried the amazed and mortified king, as he scrambled to his feet.

At the word, fifty inefficient arrows hurtled around her, but heedless of them, she wheeled the plunging steed about, snatched the eager and lightly-springing Bertha into her arms and dashed down the bed of the shallow current, throwing the water up in a cloak of spray around her as she galloped on.

"Is not mine a charmed life?" she called, looking behind her at the bewildered band. "Adieu!" and putting the steed at the bank, they were soon madly rushing through the beaten way beyond all pursuit, till after several miles of highway, when the night had fallen, the horse stood trembling and white with foam, at the wicket of a cottage. A serving man came forward as they entered.

"Yea. Is't thou?" he said.

"I," answered Elfiiva. "Protect thou this damsel for me, Robin. Hide and keep rarely this steed, he hath saved us to-night. I will return anon!" and she went quietly away.

The curfew bell had tolled on the second day of her absence. The light was extinguished, the embers heaped with ashes, Robin the peasant was in the hamlet without saddling the steed, when the latch lifted and Elfiiva's slight form stood in the doorway. Advancing with a quick step she blew and scraped the ashes from the embers, and fanned up a flame boldly.

"Hasten, girl," she said, "indue thyself in this armor. It is that of an esquire!"

As Bertha skilfully obeyed, the Saxon dropped roll after roll of gold into a leathern purse, and girded it on Bertha's waist beneath the armor. When finally equipped,

"Now what am I to do?" asked Bertha.

"Thou art the esquire of Hilary, Earl St. Cyr!" answered Elfiiva. "Go after him. Tell him the Lady Bertha sends thee, a gift to him.

Serve him well. Betray thy secret to none When one brings to thee the other half of this broken ruby heart that I now hang round thy neck, return to England. Then thou wilt be no longer hunted, for William Rufus will be dead! Elfiiva will be dead! Henry Beauclerc, the wise, the great, the gentle, will be king. He will summon back thy love. Say, wilt thou not?" she cried, to Robin the peasant, who had just entered.

"I promise thee," answered he, throwing off the low cloth cap and the mufflers he had hitherto worn, and as he kindly took both hands of Bertha, she beheld the familiar, pleasant face of Prince Henry. "Hasten, brave maiden!" he said, "and now fear nothing."

Leading her forth he lifted her to the saddle, and touched the steed lightly with a twig.

"I do none of this from love of thee!" cried Elfiiva after her; "but from hatred! from hatred of him I once loved!" and she too left the hut and went on another way.

Four years had passed. The crusades were all-conquering. Jerusalem was in the hands of Godfrey of Boulogne. Bertha, in guise of a faithful esquire to Lord Hilary, had seen many raging conflicts, received sharp blows and parried sharper, and still had kept her identity concealed. One morning on the long, green slope without the gates of Jerusalem, Lord Hilary led his horse to and fro, while his young squire, with visor closed, sat gazing on the grand scenery around. There came a messenger slowly winding the ancient path worn by the feet of many nations. Approaching the esquire, he whispered:—"Rufus of England is no more. Henry, the king, bade me give thee this. Thy path is before thee!" and he threw into the esquire's lap the other half of the ruby heart that Elfiiva had given. Breathless the esquire matched the fragments. They fitted exactly, and springing to her feet, Bertha ran towards the knight with a joyful shout.

"Sir knight! Lord Hilary, I must leave thee!" she cried.

"Leave me? Why wilt thou?"

"Ay, my lord. She who gave me thee, demands me back."

"Go, then, go, dear companion of four years' joy and toil, with all my fond regrets! Thou camest, a chain to join us who were so far apart, from her the star of my life! I shall see thee yet in pleasant England, or in Normandy!" and followed by his page the earl went back into the city. At noon the two rode forth, Lord Hilary to accompany his unknown love some distance on her dangerous way. At last they parted,

and when Lord Hilary re-entered his tent, a little Arab captive met him, saying :

"Thy esquire bade me repeat these words to thee on thy return. 'One who four times a twelve month hath been thy faithful esquire, is thy faithful Bertha. The pole star not more constant than she, nor wild, western breezes purer. Do not follow. Thy summons draweth near.'"

In an instant there rushed on the earl's recollection a thousand precious scenes, numberless dear traits, and he cursed his blindness and folly now that it was too late. His oath of fealty in the crusade forbade him to follow, even were she not beyond his reach, and in anxious suspense he awaited the summons home.

Meanwhile let us recall the flight of time and review a scene in the New Forest, occurring almost a year ere the messenger reached Bertha.

The morning breezes blew free, and hunters' horns were merrily winding their jovial spires of sound, as William Rufus, with his brother Henry and Sir Walter Tyrrel, started a noble buck and gave full chase, preceded by bell-mouthed hounds, across the lea. The king wore an open silver helmet surmounted with a cross, and deep traces of the trouble occasioned by Bertha's loss were visible upon his countenance. As they separated to run down and hedge the noble beast who was the one of silver-tipped horns, Sir Walter and the prince took stations, making nearly a triangle with that of their royal lord, and waited for their sport. The Prince Henry was stringing his bow, when Elfviva stood before him, somewhat paler and weaker than when last we saw her.

"Send that," she said, "at thy earliest convenience, as thou didst promise, to the esquire of Hilary, Earl St. Cyr!" and placing in his hand the broken fragment of a ruby heart, she vanished ere he could rejoin, while the saplings rustled in her path, and the brown hares started from their bush-leaved lairs before her feet. A half hour elapsed, during which all three had gradually changed their positions.

"There he goes!" cried a voice in Sir Walter's ear. "Dost not see him, the beast of silver horns? There, he crashes by the prince—he nears the king! Ah, idiot, wilt thou lose him? String thy bow! Hasten!" and Elfviva's eyes blazed on him, as she sprang from a covert to his side. Her long arm was extended towards a silver point glancing in a distant sunbeam. It was the cross on the king's helmet! "Shoot! shoot!" she almost screamed. "Ere thou hearest the king's halloo—ere the hunt is up and thou the loser!"

Sir Walter raised his arm and sighted. The arrow whizzed over glade and glen. There was

a cry of agony from the king, and the knight rushing in found him pinioned by the arrow to an oak, entirely dead. Winding his horn in sudden desperation, an instant brought the prince to his side, who beheld with him the deed, dreadful though guiltless, and putting spurs to their horses they both galloped into London, proclaiming the whole affair, and deploring it bitterly. Nevertheless, Henry seized the royal treasure, notwithstanding his grief, for experience had told him it was the best prop to a throne, and the bishops at once proclaimed him king.

When the two companions were without the limit of the wood, on the way to London, Elfviva first advanced and gazed upon her work.

"I said it, I said it!" she murmured. "And I have done it. Never again wilt thou desolate life, for thine own is gone from thee. Never again wilt thou speak harshly to Elfviva! O my love, tenderly do I remember the years of love—bitterly sigh for the wasted joy. I forget all else—the scorn and the hatred, and take thee home to my heart. Thou hast been exiled and I have been mad!"

She tore away the arrow, lifted down the corse, took off the helmet and the breast-plate, and laid his head upon her bosom, rocking to and fro with a thousand endearing phrases, and kissing the clammy brow with her fevered lips. * * When they came to bear away the royal dead, they found a woman still clasping him as she lay in the grass beside him. Lids were closed above great, violet eyes; lashes swept icy cheeks in wet, soft semi-circles; lips were rigid in calm smiling, for Elfviva, too, was dead!

Another year rolled round, ere the remnant of English Crusaders landed above the white cliffs and were welcomed home by ringing bells, joyful acclamations, and bright flowers strewn in their path. Of happy meeting in hall and hut that day, none was happier than that in the Castle Clare, where the Earl Hilary found his truant squire amid a wealth of princely joyance. For tenderest embrace was given, and softest whispered word was interchanged, as Bertha, more radiant for the years gone by—went down to meet her knight in the great stone doorway. And still the dwellers of those regions tell wondrous chronicles ofwassailing and feasting in the happy bridal weeks ensuing

The perversions of the best things can be turned into the worst, as in the most wholesome roots and herbs there is some component part which can be extracted and subtilized into a deadly poison.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

The heart may be oppressed
 With deep sadness and with fears,
 All silently and slow
 May speed the leaden hours;
 The bright and speaking eye
 May glisten through its tears,
 As 'neath the crystal dewdrops,
 Are seen the blushing flowers.

But hope will soon dispel
 The darkest cloud that shades
 The path we all must tread,
 While in this world below.
 As 'neath the sun the dewdrop
 Soon melts away and fades,
 So may our lives like rivers,
 As sweetly, smoothly flow.

A sweet face in its sadness
 Is a painful sight to see,
 Yet when a smile of joy
 Illumes the features fair,
 How radiantly bright
 With beauty it may be;
 Surrounded by soft curls
 Of clustering, golden hair.

For grief lives but a moment,
 And joy will come at last,
 As clouds flit o'er the landscape,
 Nor leave a shade behind;
 The present may be gloomy,
 But O, how soon 'tis past!
 And then what peace and comfort
 The weary soul will find.

When Peace, the white dove, folding
 His pinions round the heart,
 It ne'er again shall languish
 Beneath his downy wing;
 For happiness and sorrow
 Forevermore must part,
 And with a voice of rapture
 The soul shall ever sing.

THE TOP-KNOT.

BY CARTER ORMSBY.

ANNE, of Denmark, and Mary Middlemore, her favorite maid of honor, were sitting together, one summer afternoon, in an apartment of Greenwich palace. The queen was about thirty-two, with a clear, delicate complexion, bright brown eyes, fine hair, and in her appearance was naturally exceedingly graceful; but the enormous farthingale which she now wore—in accordance with the fashion of the period—it being of an amplitude to form a resting-place for her arms—detracted from the ease and grace of her movements.

Mary Middlemore was an English girl of eighteen, and very beautiful. She was now seated on a footstool, close to Queen Anne, who, though accused by some of being proud and disdainful, was, in her deportment towards those she liked, peculiarly affable, and often playful and familiar.

"You wear a brave top-knot in your hat, this afternoon," said she, passing her white and remarkably pretty hand over the bright chestnut curls of Mary, amid which shone a bow of silver ribbon. "A token from Wat Drummond, the Scotch lad, is it not?"

"Indeed it is not, madam," replied Mary. "Wat Drummond knows better than to offer a love-token to me."

"And why should he? He is by no means an ill-looking lad."

"If not ill looking, he is far enough from being good-looking, with those green eyes of his, and caroty locks hanging about his face in strings."

"The bright hazel eyes and dark locks of Sir Robert Lacey please you better. Well, I will not deny that Lacey is the handsomer man of the two, and now I remember that he has been your partner in the dance oftener than any other of the gentlemen, of late. Ah! I have it now—your blushes betray you. It is Lacey's love-token you have in your hair, instead of Drummond's. You will not deny it."

"It would ill become me to deny the truth to your majesty, except at those times when you condescend to speak in a bantering way, with the wish and expectation of being answered in a like manner."

"Well, may Lacey's suit thrive, say I, and so will say the king, I doubt not, for, though he may like Walter, he being a Scottish lad, he knows very well that he is lacking in those qualities which would recommend him to the favor of a young and handsome gentlewoman."

A few hours after this familiar chat with the queen, as Mary Middlemore was sitting by herself, engaged in reading, she heard some one enter the room, and looking round, saw that it was Walter Drummond. His personal appearance would hardly make good the assertion of the queen, that he was not ill looking, his tall, ungainly figure being perfectly destitute of symmetry, while his eyes and hair, as described by Mary, were by no means out of keeping with his sallow complexion.

"A gude day to you, fair lady, that is to say what is left of it," said he, with a low, though awkward obeisance.

Mary coldly responded to his salutation, and then resumed her reading.

"In troth," said he, "if when you looked up, you had seen, instead of me, Robin Lacey, the Englisher, who had the luck, when at the Christmas revels he danced a galliard, to dance himself into your favor, I ken vera weel there would be little danger of your dimming your een, by poring over a book."

"Robin Lacey would not intrude himself into the presence of one he had reason to believe would prefer to be alone."

"It would be deemed no intrusion in him, nor would it in me, if I didna prefer to hauld a little rational discourse with you, rather than to be blearing your e'e, as is his fashion, by the use of honeyed words; but remember, if his heels are light, so is his tongue fause."

"An assertion which, no doubt, you would rather make in my presence than his."

"I'm a peaceable lad, 'tis true—na given to quarrels and riots, yet I wad na give the doup o' a candle, to prevent his hearing me say it. And now, lassie, I'll e'en take this as a keep-sake, an' gang my ain gate."

As he said this, he extended his long, bony arm, and with a grip that might have held fast a steel rapier, much more a silver ribbon, seized the top-knot she wore in her hair, and without paying the least attention, either to her entreaties for him to restore it, or her indignant remonstrances, left her presence. Having gained an ante-room, which was at what he considered a safe distance from the angry lady, he twisted the ribbon with his hat band. She had one consolation—Robert Lacey was absent, and not expected to return for a day or two, and she hoped that in the interim he might be induced to give back the ribbon.

The ensuing morning, as several gentlemen stood together at a window, in the presence-chamber of the queen, Drummond, with the silver ribbon still entwined with his hat band, passed the door. At the moment of his passing, Mary Middlemore was speaking to some of the ladies of Drummond's audacity.

"There he goes, now," said one of them; "and did you see, Mary, with what a look of pride and insolence he regarded you as he passed?"

Mary, without waiting to reply, sprang through the door-way, and attempted to regain possession of the ribbon; but holding it high above his head, he told her she might as well give o'er, as he should yield it neither to her nor any one else.

"That is a point yet to be decided," cried

Lord Herbert, one of the gentlemen standing at the window; and as he spoke, he hurriedly approached the uncourteous lover, and demanded of him the surrender of the ribbon.

"You'll have to bid me do it mair times than once, I'm thinking," said Drummond.

"What bidding will not accomplish, force may!" exclaimed Lord Herbert, and seizing Drummond by the throat, he came near throttling him.

By this time, the fray had brought to the spot some of the friends of both parties, whose exhortations for them to desist, joined with the warning that they might incur the penalty of losing a hand, promised to prove of little avail, had they not been enforced by those weightier and more irresistible arguments which lie in the strong arm and ready hand. Some one, in the mean time, had had the consideration to close the door of the presence-chamber, and the same hand had now taken hold of Drummond's sleeve, to ensure his keeping quiet, a precaution by no means unnecessary.

"Ye needna ruffle your feathers in this sort of fashion," said he, angrily glaring upon his antagonist; "you've insulted me by interfering in what didna concern you, and I know of but one way in which the matter can be settled."

"You would have a taste of cold steel—would you?" said Lord Herbert. "Well, I cannot say that I've any objection to *crossing* swords with you, were it only for the sake of keeping me in practice."

"Ye needna speak wi' sae much scorn," said Drummond, "for it may turn out to be a sae much sharper practice to ye, than ye count on, as to make ye sing anither sang."

"That's my lookout," said Lord Herbert, in a haughty tone.

"Maybe if the terrors of the star-chamber hadna been staring me in the e'e, I wad gi'n ye a redding-strake for your officious interference that wad hae made you, e'en now, sing a different ane."

"It is no use to multiply words," said Lord Herbert. "Seeing we've gone thus far, the sooner the matter is settled, the better."

"I shall be blithe to meet you within the hour," said Drummond, "if some convenient spot can be agreed on."

"I can think of none better than Hyde Park, and—"

Whatever Lord Herbert intended to say, was cut short by the unexpected appearance of King James.

"What's all this—what's all this?" said the king, advancing with more haste than dignity.

"Is the malt abune the meal, that ye pitch your voices at sae high a key, close to the door of the queen's apartments? Fa' back—fa' back. If you chokit up the lobby in this sort o' fashion, 'twill behoove us to order a constable to flourish his staff before us, when we wad pass from ane part of our palace to anither."

The command from being somewhat whimsically expressed, was not the less readily obeyed, and all, in a greater or less degree, assumed that respectful air which they considered due to their sovereign. Drummond, however, could not entirely banish the look of sullen anger which had settled on his countenance. Lord Herbert, on the contrary, manifested an air of much self-complacency, joined to a courtier-like grace, and no one would have imagined, by his smooth, smiling aspect, that he had just accepted a challenge to engage in mortal combat. But one of the older gentlemen—the same that had taken it upon himself to prevent Drummond from again falling upon his antagonist, after they had been separated, by holding him fast by the sleeve of his doublet—undertook to inform the king that Lord Herbert and Walter Drummond, one of the gentlemen of his majesty's bed-chamber, had exchanged a cartel to fight unto death.

"Lord Herbert, did you say? Why, what possesses the man? 'Tis scarce twenty-four hours since he returned from abroad, bearing with him a silken scarf as a present to our queen rom the princess of Conti—which present, I am told, is meant as a challenge to the gentlemen of our realm to tilt with sharp lances, in honor of the beauty of them baith—that is to say, the princess of Conti, and also our ain queen."

"Your gracious majesty comprehended the matter aright," said Lord Herbert. "Such tokens sent from one princess to another—as understood in the laws of gallantry—is a challenge which can only be properly answered by tilting *à l'outrance*, in order to maintain either the superior beauty of the queen, or the princess. And now I must crave your majesty's pardon, in venturing once more to beg a boon, which I gave the princess of Conti to understand would be readily granted, knowing as I did that your majesty is well pleased to humor your subjects by giving them leave to engage in any reasonable diversion."

"And ca' ye sic nonsense as that reasonable?" demanded the king. "Na, na—I shall grant na sic thing. You and the ither madcaps like you maun seek diversion otherways, than in breaking the peace of my kingdom, and your ain fule's head at the same time."

"But if your gracious majesty would condescend to listen for a moment—"

"Meaning that I would listen to your advice. Na, na, my Lord Herbert, it becomes na subject to give advice in sic matters. Though in governing my kingdom, it is proper and seemly that I take the wise and experienced into my counsel, I need na one to assist in regulating matters appertaining personally to myself or queen, for which, did time and opportunity serve, I could lay before you many sound and weighty arguments, the chief points of which you may find touched upon in my Basilicon Doron. It is now full sixteen years since I went to seek my royal bride in person—the witches and warlocks having brewed sic a storm as compelled her to take refuge in Norway—and I am blithe to be able to say, that she is still sae comely na one need risk marring his ain comeliness by maintaining hers. E'en then, perilous as was the voyage I had in prospect, I kept my intention from my chancellor, as I was never wont to do any secrets of my weightier affairs, two reasons moving me; for I knew if I had made him of my counsel, he would have been blamit for putting it into my head, which had not been his duty; and then I minded me of the envious and unjust burden he daily bore for leading me by the nose, as gif I were an unreasonable creature, or a bairn, that could do naething for myself. And now, if I listen to your counsel, and give you leave to get a broken head, you will be blamit by the fair dames of the court for asking sae foolish a thing, it not being in their nature to delight in beholding the disfigurement of sae goodly a countenance."

Lord Herbert, who knew that when the king had made up his mind there was little chance of turning him, smothered his resentment, and assuming a smiling countenance, was about to withdraw, first giving to Drummond a quick and almost imperceptible sign to follow him. But slight as was the sign, it did not escape the notice of the king, and had the effect to cause his thoughts to revert to what had been told him respecting the contemplated hostile meeting between Herbert and Drummond.

"Na, na—dinna go yet," said James, eagerly. "Ye maun bide here for the present, while I speak of a matter that memory of other things had wool nigh put out of my mind. And you, too," indicating Drummond, "who being of my ain country, and filling a place of special trust near our ain anointed person, suld have remembered that we bear na gude will to the wielding of deadly weapons, the less so, as frequent use doth settle down into a habit. And that ye may

baith have time for your choler to abate, and plenty of leisure for reflection, ye will, if our council advise not otherwise, be conducted to the tower, there to abide four weeks."

The king, accompanied by many of the gentlemen present, among whom was Lord Herbert,—"it not being safe," as James said, "to leave two sic hot-brained callants so near each ither,"—had been gone scarce a minute when another individual appeared on the scene, booted and spurred, with whip in hand, as if recently arrived from a journey.

The new comer, who was none other than Robert Lacey, was passing on quickly to a door opposite the one by which he had entered, when suddenly his eye fell on the silver ribbon which was still twisted with Drummond's hat band. He stopped short, and his face flushed, but quickly getting the better of his discomposure, he said to Drummond:

"I believe I've seen that ribbon before now."

"Like enough," said Drummond.

"It belonged to a lady, I believe."

"I wad na undertake to gainsay your belief."

"And that lady was Mary Middlemore."

"I shall say naething to the contrary of that."

"And may I ask how you came by it?"

"Dootless you may, though I dinna ken that I'm bound to answer all the idle questions ye undertake to speir of me."

"If I am rightly informed," said one of the by-standers, "he snatched the knot of ribbon from the lady's hair, and refused to restore it."

"Is that true, Walter Drummond?" asked Lacey.

"An' if it is, what then?"

"Merely that I must have that ribbon."

"Not unless ye prove yourself the stronger of the two, for which there is na muckle danger, for I ken weel enough that a boastful tongue and a brave heart dinna often go thegither."

"Every one that knows Walter Drummond, knows that," said Lacey, who at the same time, by a dexterous movement, seized hold of the ribbon which had been the cause of so much trouble and contention, and succeeded in gaining possession of it, though the feat involved the demolition of the had-band, with which it was twisted.

"I'm blithe to be weel rid o' it," said Drummond; "but this is a sair rending ye's gi'n my hat-band, the cost of which was two Scotch shillings an' some pence, to say naething of the time and words spent in higgling for't with the fause loon, who wad fain have made me believe that 'twas worth its weight, ten times over, in siller."

It was evening, and Mary Middlemore stood at one of the palace windows which overlooked the Thames. Its broad bosom, broken here and there into ripples by the passing breeze, caught thousands of bright sparkles from the beams of the moon, which in "cloudless majesty rode high in the heavens." She had not seen Robert Lacey since his return, and all she knew was, that some angry words had passed between him and Drummond. Though her eyes dwelt on the lovely scene without, she did not realize its beauty, for her mind was ill at ease. All at once a hand was laid lightly on her shoulder, and "Mary," by a well known voice, was spoken close to her ear.

"I have come to restore your ribbon," said he, holding it to the window in the moonlight. "I did not expect to find it where I did," he added, with a look and voice of assumed gravity.

"Do you think that I parted with it voluntarily?" she asked.

"What reason have I to think otherwise?"

"There are so many reasons for your thinking that I did not give it to Wat Drummond, that I should be tired of enumerating them, and you of listening."

"There is, to confess the truth, no need of enumerating them. I already know how he came by it. Will you not take it back?"

"Yes, as your gift, I will, and keep it always; but I shall never wear it again, after its having been flaunted above Wat Drummond's ill-favored visage."

"I cannot say that I am disposed to urge you to wear it; but we will let it go now, and think and talk of something pleasanter. In the first place, you may be glad to know that it has been clearly proved that the estate I mentioned to you belongs to me, and not to my cousin. I have, moreover, seen the queen, and told her my good fortune, who was pleased to express her satisfaction; and when I hinted to her that I was now well able to maintain a wife, she smiled, and said she knew of no lady who would be a better match for me than yourself. I told her that I was happy to find that her majesty's mind was the same as my own, and then she bid me seek you, and find if you were of a similar opinion. And now, Mary, when I see her again, what shall I tell her?"

"That it would ill become one, on whom she has bestowed so many favors, to express an opinion different from hers, unless I could show some good reason for so doing, and though I doubt not, if I were only a little more sharp-sighted I could find many, I must confess that I am now unable to think of even one."

WORDS OF LOVE.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

As to-night I sat alone,
Thinking of the past and gone,
When the moon as bright as now,
Calmly shone upon my brow,
And the branches of the trees,
Waving in the midnight breeze,
On my face their shadows cast,
Slowly o'er my heart there past,
Driving from it all the care,
Leaving only brightness there;
In a whisper soft and low
Words of love, heard long ago.

Word by word, I say them o'er,
Smiling as of old once more;
With bright tears my eyes are wet,
The words of music linger yet.
And forever they will stay,
Charming many sad hours away;
Seeming to my heart more dear,
With the flight of every year;
Thus when I am all alone,
Thinking of the past and gone,
I hear whispered soft and low,
Words of love heard long ago.

THE ESCAPE.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

A MORE romantic and beautiful maritime picture can hardly be imagined than that of Boston harbor fourscore years gone by. The green islands on its bosom—looking more like fairy continents than native soil—had not then been subjected to the wear of nearly a century of subsequent tide course, and the depredations of the coasting vessels, which not unfrequently supply themselves with ballast from their banks, and thus the stones being taken away, the soil soon follows, acted upon by the swift running tide. Then again on their sheltered sides throve thick and luxurious groves of trees of primitive growth now cut away; then too there are one or two of these minor islands that have disappeared altogether. Still the scene now presents a picture of great beauty, such an one as it would puzzle a painter with all his powers of imagery to improve.

The body of the Old South meeting-house was converted into a riding-school for the soldiers of the king, the general's marquee was pitched in the midst of the Common, the entrances to the city were strictly guarded, and the rude soldiers of General Gage patrolled the streets. Martial law prevailed, and the quiet and peaceable inhabitants of the town were actually prisoners within their own homes. Such,

gentle reader, was Boston at the commencement of our story.

Just at the foot of Copps Hill at the North End, the ancient and modern name of this section of the town, there lived an humble family of the name of Beverly. The father was an industrious fisherman, thrifty and well to do among his neighbors, until the rigor of the king's authority was felt in the town. Then his boat was stopped, and he was no longer allowed to make his customary trips out on his fishing excursions, lest, as the general said, he might carry information to the rebels concerning the state of affairs in the army then quartered in the town.

Paul Beverly could poorly brook this restraint for several reasons. First, he now fully realized that he was a prisoner, and then his purse began to suffer from the long time that he was compelled to lay idly at home; besides these reasons, the habit of his trade had made it almost necessary to him that he should frequently breathe the fresh invigorating sea breeze that blows off the coast. Paul used to stand at his door near the shore, and while cogitating upon all these matters as connected with the restriction laid upon him, would watch his favorite little fishing-boat as she rose and fell on the swell of the sea, chafing at her mooring as if she longed to be off under the influence of the breeze again.

At last Paul could bear it no longer, but one dark and cloudy night, while it was raining just enough to keep the shore sentinels within their boxes, and to lessen the vigilance of the deck watch of the cruisers that lay in the harbor, he slipped the cable of his boat, and with muffled oars pulled silently down the harbor. As he fell off with the tide just below Castle Island—now Fort Independence—and had run the gauntlet of all the shipping, the brails were shaken from his sails and the boat bent gracefully to the breeze which blew off shore, flying before it like a spirited courser.

It was a beautiful little craft of about fifty tons burthen, and it had not unfrequently tempted the cupidity of the officers of the ships in the bay, one or two of whom had said openly that they must have her. She was of the very model to take a sailor's eye, sharp forward and gracefully swelling amidship, she again receded in most perfect lines abaft. She carried two peculiarly formed lugger sails, which at the first glance, seemed far too large for her delicate dimensions, but so admirably were they adapted to her peculiarity, that although they were indeed a wide spread of canvass for her tonnage, yet she moved as steadily and gracefully through

her native element under their power, as does the swift-winged sea-fowl upon his broad and nervous wing. She was painted of a sky blue tinge,—a favorite color of the day—relieved by a narrow white belt or strip that extended completely from stem to stern. Her little figure head was formed of a dolphin's head carved curiously in wood, and set high upon the prow. She was fitted so as to accommodate three or four persons with comfortable sleeping quarters, and for her size was well found in all respects. To look at her, she was the very *beau ideal* of a sailor's heart, and seemed to possess almost superhuman speed. Paul called her "The Bracelet," for he said she was clasped about his heart, and he could scarcely have better loved his own flesh and blood.

Paul had a daughter, his only child, and at the time of the opening of our tale she was aged just sixteen. Amy was one of those bright beaming stars that we look in vain for among the pampered children of fortune. In form she was round almost to fleshiness and yet just one remove from it, presenting that beautiful tendency to *embonpoint* that seems the peculiar heritage of the soft-eyed Circassian race of the East. Her limbs were finely formed, and her person unshackled by the trammels of modern fashion, shed its natural grace at every motion. Her long, auburn hair was clasped in a modest snod at the back of the head, and parted smoothly across the forehead. But it was her eyes, those indexes of the soul, that struck you at first with admiration, they were of that deep blue—nature's own sweet tint—that liquid loveliness of color that is sure to captivate, such eyes as live along the banks of the Rhine and among the peasants of the Alps. They were eyes that you would love to look deep into, were those eyes of Amy Beverly, and eyes, too, gentle reader, that reflected back in innocence the purity of the soul within. You should have seen her eyes.

Intelligent, refined beyond the class in which she seemed to move, kind and generous to every creature about her, Amy was the theme of every tongue. Even the rude soldiers when they met her near her father's door, suppressed the half formed oath, and while they looked upon her with admiration, it was with a degree of true respect also, for there is a hallowing influence about innocence that is all-powerful.

Think you, reader mine, that so rich a gem could rest unsought? Many of the officers of the army and navy then holding possession of the town, had essayed to win her confidence, some with honorable and worthy motives, but more, alas, that it should be so, for their own

base purposes. Amy was young to have attracted such notice, it is true, but her person was ripened even beyond her years, and though but sixteen summers had passed over her humble birth, yet had she as nearly attained to maturity and womanly perfection, as the lovely girls of sunny Italy, where a genial clime and burning sun quicken the blood and warm the imagination.

How did Amy receive the universal homage that was paid to her natural beauties of mind and person? Did pride and coquetry grow out of it? Did she seek to make conquests for the mere sake of triumph? O no, Amy Beverly was no coquette—she was the same kind, generous heart to all, nor could all the flattery that was poured into her ear so often, affect her even for a moment; all were the same apparently to Amy. She had ever a bright thought and a gentle answer for all, and even in refusing many a solicited favor, it was done with such womanly grace and consideration, the rejected one paused to admire before he felt his disappointment!

Such was Amy Beverly.

It is nightfall, the evening drum has beat and the sunset gun has boomed across the waters of the bay. The stores of the town are closed, and the good old fashioned inhabitants are collected in knots about each other's doors, smoking and talking in under tones of the prospects of the times, the rudeness of the soldiers, and the bitterness of the oppression of the king. Old Dame Beverly sits by her door spinning, and Amy ever and anon appears by her side as busied in the light occupations of the house, she lightly sings to wile away the moments.

"Will you try my fruit, dame?" asked an old and apparently very decrepit woman with a basket of apples and pears upon her arm, of Amy's mother.

"I have no taste for fruit to night, good woman," said Dame Beverly, kindly.

"Nay," said the apple woman, "but I sell five for a penny, and that's very cheap."

"It is, indeed, but pennies are scarce, now, good woman, and besides, I do not crave the fruit."

"You will not buy, then?"

"Not to-night," answered Dame Beverly.

"Ah, my sweet miss," said the fruit vender, addressing Amy, who now appeared at the door, "perhaps you will have a penny worth of my fruit. I have not sold enough to buy me bread to-day; will you buy?"

The tone of earnest entreaty seemed to touch Amy's heart, for she handed the old woman a few pennies, but took no fruit in return from the

basket, and she was just about to turn away when the apple woman again spoke:

"I am very weary, could you give me a chair for a few moments, my dear young lady, ere I go on further?"

"O yes, come in, and sit down and rest yourself," said Amy; "you are very welcome," preparing a chair and handing it to her as she entered the comfortable dwelling of Paul Beverly.

"Thanks—thanks—kind one," said the woman, as she entered.

But scarcely had the fruit vender passed into the little sitting-room before she closed the door behind her, then dropped the little paper curtain before the window, and stood upright and erect before the astonished Amy. A moment more, and the tattered cap and bonnet were cast off, the worn and ragged frock dropped to the floor, and there stood before her the person of a young man well formed and handsome in features, through bronzed by exposure to the sun. His bright hazel eyes wore an expression of soft and gentle love as they beamed fondly on the astonished maid. He wore an undress military uniform which showed him at once to belong to the continental army, even then hemming in the city.

"O Harry, dear Harry," exclaimed Amy, nestling closely upon his manly breast, as he clasped her in his embrace; "why do you thus expose yourself? You are in the utmost peril."

"Never fear for me, my dear girl," said Harry Harvard, "the same disguise that brought me so safely within the lines, will easily carry me back again, depend upon it, Amy."

"Yes, Henry, but you do not realize the risk you run—think how many chances there are against you. O, I tremble with fear lest you should be discovered."

"O, I'd run the gauntlet of a thousand such trifling dangers, Amy, to see you at any time."

"You are so imprudent," said she, half vexed.

We have described Amy to you, gentle reader, as she appeared at the moment of rest and quiet, about her ordinary occupation, but now all her charms were doubly apparent. The excitement had heightened the natural color upon her cheek, and the soft and gentle spirit of her soul seemed to speak from her eyes, while she pleaded with him she loved for his safety's sake.

"Nay, Amy," said Harry Harvard, "do you not think the pleasure of our meeting worth some little risk?"

"You know full well, Harry, how happy I am with you, but I fear so much too, for your safety, that I am very unhappy. Do you not know that they would condemn you as a spy if you should be detected within the lines of the city?"

"Yes, that's very possible, Amy, but they must find me first, you know, before they can pass sentence."

"We can talk thus, now, but it will be more serious I fear, dear Harry, before you return to your camp."

"You must not forbode evil any more, Amy."

"Henry, I won't be happy till you promise me that you will never hazard so much again, until you say that you will not cross the lines again to see me."

"Well, Amy, I promise, ay, sign—seal—and deliver," said Harry, kissing her fondly between each pause, upon her snow white forehead.

The liberty was not repulsed, for Henry Harvard was already betrothed to Fanny Beverly. They had known each other from childhood, had sailed together, played and romped together, till each had become as necessary to the other's happiness, as two fond hearts could possibly be, and we have seen how much young Harvard was willing to risk to meet with her he loved so sincerely.

Henry Harvard was about one-and-twenty, and already had he distinguished himself by promptness and good soldierly qualities, so as to have attracted the commander-in-chief's notice, and to have been promoted to a lieutenantcy, which grade he now held in the army under Washington, then encamped about the town. He had been brought up near the spot where Amy was born and still lived, and his father and Paul Beverly were old and sincere friends. Both had been fishermen, and had amassed a comfortable subsistence by their calling, when Henry's father died. Young Harvard had been able to obtain an education considerably above the ordinary acquirements of the day, as also had Amy, their studies being often prosecuted together, but the rallying of the sons of freedom had called him from his happy home, and the side of her he loved so fondly. The present occasion was the first time he had seen her for many long weeks, doubly long, being moments of separation.

"Where is thy father, Amy?" asked Henry Harvard, after "sealing the contract."

"Hush, Henry!" she answered. "I hope they have not discovered his absence yet. He went off last night down the harbor after the prohibition of the authorities to fish. He said that he could not live and be idle any longer here on the shore."

"This is indeed venturing," said Henry; "and when do you expect him back again, Amy?"

"To-night, about midnight."

"So soon?"

"That is the time that he set."

"Heaven grant him safety."

At this moment, Dame Beverly came in hastily and exclaimed with astonishment at beholding Henry Harvard there—but a few moments served to explain all to her, when she exclaimed :

"You must hide immediately, Henry, for a neighbor has just told me that Paul's absence has been discovered and reported, and that a guard of soldiers have been ordered down to search the house !"

"This calls for promptness," said Henry.

"O, pray hide immediately, dear Henry," said Amy, trembling as she spoke with fear and apprehension.

"Put me where you will, Amy."

"Mother, you know the dark under-cellar—"

"Yes, my child."

"Well, it is dark and damp down there, but I think it is the only safe place for Henry to hide in."

"Never mind the dampness," said Henry. "I can bear that well enough, and hark, I must be quick, for I hear a fife and drum in the street already; yes, they are coming this way, too."

"Fly quick, dear Henry," said Amy, urging him to leave the room.

"Stay," said he, turning back for a moment. "Amy, if they offer thee rudeness, if only by a single look, speak so that I can hear thee; will you promise me that, dearest?"

"Yes, yes, O, I will promise you anything, if you will but be quick; they are already at the door."

"Fear nothing, Amy."

Scarcely had he reached his hiding-place when the regular tread of disciplined men sounded above his head, and the soldiers commenced to search the house in all directions. Amy, with a beating heart awaited in fearful suspense their prolonged search. At length, when the officer had satisfied himself as it regarded his search, and had made certain minutes of his examination of the premises, and marched away his guard, she fell on her knees and uttered a silent prayer of gratitude, while her eyes were bathed in tears.

Henry was soon released from his confinement, and further added to his safety by dressing himself in a spare suit of Amy's father's, and the addition of some other trifling disguises that might add to his safety. It was evident to the family that Paul Beverly would be seized immediately on his return and thrown into confinement, and doubtless also that his property would be confiscated; therefore counsel was taken

among them as to what it was best to do under such circumstances. At last it was decided that all the most portable articles of value, with the wardrobe of the family, etc., should be gathered in convenient form, ready to be placed at once on board "The Bracelet," and arrangements made to leave immediately on her arrival. Fortunately no guard had been left, and thus their efforts were unimpeded, and the prospect of their getting away unobserved, which was very encouraging.

Everything was at last prepared, and Dame Beverly, Amy and Henry sat watching for the arrival of the boat. Hour after hour passed away, and it was nearly daybreak when at last "The Bracelet" was discerned quietly making her way among the shipping and approaching the wharf, while Paul Beverly pulled a muffled oar.

Paul was soon apprised of the state of affairs, and fully concurred in the plan as proposed by young Harvard, which was that they all should make the best of their way off in the boat with such valuables as they had already secured. Henry was not sorry to have so good an opportunity to make his own escape from within the enemy's lines, and more especially with such travelling companions as he was about to have on the present occasion. All haste was necessary, for daylight was already foretold by the gray streak of morning light that began faintly to skirt the distant horizon, and but a few moments were allowed to elapse before the goods were stowed in "The Bracelet," and Amy with her mother and Henry were soon in her, with Paul Beverly at the helm.

Henry was no green hand in a boat, and he plied the muffled oar with a skill that gave good prospect of their escaping before the day should become sufficiently advanced to render their discovery a matter of certainty. The little craft, as if she knew that there was occasion for her silence, moved along quietly among the shipping, guided by the steady and skilful hand of Paul. Thus had she nearly reached without the farthest ship-of-war, that was anchored near the shore, when a hail suddenly came across the bay to their ears.

"Boat ahoy!"

"Now pull for your life," said the father to Henry Harvard, "there's no further use in concealment, we are discovered."

"Boat ahoy!" again hailed the officer of the king's cutter which they had just passed. But no answer was returned from those on board "The Bracelet," while the oars were plied with redoubled vigilance and force.

"Heave that boat to," hailed the officer of the

cutter; but still she held on her course and heeded them not.

Anon the boatswain's whistle resounded shrilly on the morning air from the deck of the cutter, calling her people to their stations, and in a few minutes' time she had slipped her anchor, and was quietly dropping down the harbor with the early tide in pursuit of the boat; her sails one by one were opened to the breeze, while Paul's little favorite spread her two broad wings, and flew rather than sailed from her pursuers.

"There must be strategy here, father," said Henry, so he called Paul, "if we hold down the main channel and out straight to sea, we might possibly run away from them, but ten to one they would put a shot through your little favorite, and perhaps sink us altogether. But I think I can manage them if you'll give me the helm, and will look after the sails yourself, father."

"Very good," said Paul, "I have trusted you before, Henry, and know your skill; take the helm, my boy."

"Ay, ay, sir, now we will show these crack British seamen a trick to baffle their cunning."

As we have intimated, the boat could easily outsail the cutter with the present breeze, but the quick eye of Henry Harvard had already discovered that the captain of the cutter had cleared away a gun forward and run it out of its port, and he was momentarily expecting a shot from the piece. To avoid this, and prevent the captain of the king's ship from firing, he tacked boldly into the south towards the land-locked harbor of Hingham, and inside of the headland of Hull. He hoped by this means to lead his pursuers to think that they should be able to drive the boat into such a corner that they might take her without injury to her beautiful model by shot. The ruse was successful, and the captain of the cutter who had already ordered the gun to be pointed just before the boat tacked towards the south, called to his men to desist, and run it in again, for he should take the boat easy enough as soon as she was "cornered," the very impression that young Harvard wished to convey to him.

Thus the two held on, "The Bracelet" skimming over the waves like a bird, and the cutter following closely abaft, throwing a mound of foam and spray before her prow. The king's officer chuckled in his sleeve to think the ignorant fisherman as he designated Paul Beverly, should have thus run into a corner when he might very possibly have escaped the cutter by following the main channel out to sea. And it was indeed so all appearance a great mistake in those who sailed "The Bracelet."

The two were now hardly half a mile apart when the Bracelet rounded to, under a bend of the Island of Hull, and for a few moments was thus hidden completely from sight of the chase. Every one at all acquainted with the lower harbor of Boston, must know that the Island of Hull as it is called, is in fact a promontory, being connected with the mainland at low tide by the far-famed Nantasket beach (the most extensive one in the Union), while at high water the waves not unfrequently make a clean breach over it, thus in fact, making it an island. It was within this land-locked bay, surrounded on two sides by the long low beach, and the curving island itself, and on the opposite side by the mainland, that "The Bracelet" now was. The captain of the cutter was now so certain of securing his prize, that he went below to his breakfast, ordering his lieutenant to send a boat's crew to take possession of "The Bracelet" as soon as she should heave to, or ground.

The Island of Hull is divided into two parts just about its middle, and within a bend of the land, so as actually to make two separate islands; both, however, are called Hull. This separation is so hidden by the peculiar formation of the land, as to render it a secret to all those who are not thoroughly acquainted with the bay and its parts. This division is formed by a swift channel of water running constantly with tremendous force in either direction in accordance with the state of the tide. There are powerful eddies obstructing the navigation, and it must be a skilful pilot who can carry even the smallest craft through in safety. The passage may be fifty yards wide, and some two hundred rods in length.

We have said that "The Bracelet" was hidden now from the cutter's sight, having rounded the headland of Hull, and passed within the basin we have just described. Harry Harvard was at the helm, and scarcely did he find himself thus hidden from the chase when he bore up, and with all sail and the tide in his favor, he steered directly for the "Devil's Gut," as the passage is rudely called by the pilots of the bay. "The Bracelet" entered it, and Henry with a steady hand guided the light bark in its very centre, and through which she shot like an arrow, under the increased force of the tide added to the impetus of her sails.

She was out upon the opposite side, and in the main channel again in safety, in much less time than it has taken us to describe the event, and when the cutter soon after rounded the headland before alluded to, and could command a full view of the basin, the astonishment of her

crew was unbounded. They could not believe that any boat would dare to attempt the passage of the boiling cauldron that they at length discovered after examining the shores closely. At the present state of the tide it really looked doubly fearful, and indeed they thought that it must be impassable at any state of the tide, and they confidently asserted that if the fisherman's boat had attempted the "Gut," she must have sunk in the passage.

The captain being called, his rage was unbounded, the cutter was put about, and after some half or three quarters of an hour of delay, again came round into the main channel, but no boat was to be seen. This was at least some gratification to the captain of the king's cutter, for he would not be obliged to log the affair as an escape. So the log-book of his majesty's cutter *Druid* that day contained an account of the chase, which wound off by saying, that the enemy in attempting to escape by an impassable channel, *struck a rock and went down!*

So much for the gallant cutter *Druid* and her brave captain.

The bonny little "Bracelet" was no sooner in the main channel again than her head was turned towards the northeast, and before the expiration of the time lost by the cutter in again getting out of the little basin, she was hidden by the outer islands and the morning mist, and soon after landed her precious freight in the quiet little harbor of Lynn. A neat and comfortable cottage was procured for the family, and young Harvard had his Amy where he could visit her without the risk of being found within the enemy's lines, when he did so.

The war soon began in good earnest. Dorchester Heights were fortified by the continental army, and the town no longer became tenable. The British army were forced forthwith to evacuate the place, to which the Beverlys were then able to return. Long years of carnage followed, years of tribulation and of bloodshed, but it was the struggle of a great people for freedom, and independence was at last attained, a seven years' war was ended, and peace, sweet smiling peace, again blessed the land.

Henry Harvard, for distinguished and brave conduct, was promoted to a colonel's commission before the close of the war, and a few days subsequent to the declaration of peace, he was married to the gentle and affectionate heart that had ever been his star, and who was so true to him—the kind Amy Beverly. Henry built a stately mansion near the very spot where both were born, and here Amy and himself closed their last days together, surrounded by their own children,

to whom the father and mother on more than one occasion related the story of the chase of the king's cutter, and "The Bracelet" in Boston harbor, and the "escape" by the "Devil's Gut."

NEW YORK AND BOSTON COMPARED.

In 1730 the population of Boston was 11,000, and of New York 8,000. Now the population of Boston is 150,000, of New York 750,000. Brooklyn, adjoining New York, that was a village a little while ago, has 200,000 people, or 50,000 more than Boston; and there are other towns about New York that will soon be as large as Boston. The increase of people in New York was 235,000 in the last five years, which was 85,000 more than Boston now contains. Relatively Boston has a much greater tonnage, commerce and wealth. The average valuation to each person in New York is \$700; in Boston it is \$2000. Boston, without one-fifth the population, spends more money for schools than New York. It is impossible for anybody to conceive how great a city New York may become. Its estimate for 1860 is about one million souls, and with the trade of the whole continent, it may be the whole world, centering there, it may go up to five millions in one century. London and Paris are the only two places of the civilized globe that exceed it to-day. Paris will soon be in the shade, and London cannot keep pace with the mistress of the New World. It only needs the Pacific Railroad, and in fifty years the largest city that exists would be its inferior, and very shortly it would be able to purchase the wealth of the richest of ancient or modern times, and have a surplus left—*Traveller.*

A ROYAL RESIDENCE.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing from Gotha, in Germany, says: "The first building which we passed, on our way from the depot to the city, was the stable of Ernest, brother of Prince Albert, of England, and Grand Duke of the State of Saxe-Gotha. Opposite is his palace, a neat but very unassuming building, in elegance and in architectural design, wholly inferior to his stables. The building for the horses is of hewn stone; the palace of brick, covered with the mastic which so generally prevails throughout Germany. High on the hill, over 1300 feet above the level of the sea, is the palace in which the former dukes used to reside, filled with cabinet and historical curiosities, an admirable collection of paintings, ancient statuary, gems and medals, Chinese and Japanese trinkets, rooms splendidly furnished, and sumptuous beyond description, and yet deserted by the duke for a small house near the bottom of the hill, but which has this great advantage, that there he can be near his horses. It will be remembered that Albert's taste, also, is strongly for the chase. The father of those two princes had the same preference, though it was left for the son to build a palace for his horses—a senseless piece of extravagance."

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.

I HAVE LOVED.

BY HENRY G. BRINKERHOFF.

I have loved, and O how fondly,
Words, cold words, may never tell;
And the dream remained long after
Hope had bid my heart farewell.

Memory brings me back the morning,
That bright morning when we met—
Busy care, or toil, or sorrow,
Had not crossed our pathway yet.

And each spot we sought together,
Each sequestered nook and glen,
Come again before my vision,
But they're sadly changed since then.

Change is marked on all around me,
Sternier thoughts now through my brain;
For that dream of love has vanished,
And it may not come again.

A WORD ABOUT THE COUNTRY.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

IN a retired nook, in one of our Eastern States, we have lately been cultivating a more intimate companionship with nature. We always conceived of her as a beautiful goddess, but never before have we half realized her charms. At times, although a little coquettish, yet she is a true lover, and never leaves you with a disappointed heart.

As everybody is now travelling, or expecting to do so either in midsummer or autumn, as we have returned from snuffing the breezes of summer, let us say a word in behalf of a quiet route as most conducive to health and pleasure, not to add improvement.

Fancy yourself alone with nature in her charming attire of a summer season. A forest surrounds you—the very stillness awes you to contemplation—it is twilight. The “whippoorwill” is distinctly sounding his notes upon your stone door-step. Hark! he comes still nearer, and sings yet louder; you rush precipitately to look at the stranger, but your footstep has broken the charm, and you grieve for his departure. It is morning! Somehow, in this unbroken silence, one does not always sleep most profoundly. The early dawn of day is proclaimed by our old friends, the robins, who are in full concert, never in better tune—never more inspiring notes. By-and-by comes the old whippoorwill—we hear him in the distance—for he is rather shy of that intrusive act you committed last evening.

Just as we were listening to the sweet concert (as if there could be no harmony in this world), the wild and frantic chattering of little redbreast is heard calling vociferously to his mates for help. Grimalkin has besieged his nest and borne away his young, and is devouring them with epicurean delight at the foot of that secluded tree. Poor bird! we cannot help you; we are reminded only, in your tiny loss, how perfectly analogous is your case to those who have built golden nests, and felt great security in their possessions, when the assault of a robber, or the blast of lightning, or some unlooked for marauder, has torn it from your fancied strong tower.

Well, we watched our little songster's grief. After a few flutterings, her grieved spirit returned again to her tenantless nest. Plainly it was all over—she deserted it, and began to pick around our doorway; and before evening she chanted a half sad, half melodious strain, which ended in a full song of gladness. She gave us no farther indications of sorrow. Would we were wise as the bird, not to dwell in melancholy mood over what we cannot regain when lost forever.

Our whippoorwill grew less timid. We found his lone egg deposited upon a bit of moss on a flat rock—fully exposed to wild prey, or the careless hoof of stray cattle that fed in the enclosure; yet she deposited her treasure without fear—perchance nothing will harm her. Does not this teach us to exercise a trust in Providence? having performed our part, to leave the result?

The crushed violets—there was a dear little clump of them, and they were imbedded in thick grass, and peeped out so lovingly, and kissed the dew-drops, and looked up in the majestic face of the sun, so that we never felt like plucking one of them to add to the fragrance of our bouquet. But alas! a heavy frost had crushed them and stamped them in the earth; but nature often restores her gifts, and after a shower, when the great drops fell so heavily that it seemed as if those alone would have been an agent of destruction, our little wild flowers became loosened about their roots, and after a few struggles to regain their lost position, they succeeded, and though somewhat bruised and tangled, yet they appeared the same violets still. And cannot many a crushed heart re-adjust itself, and again perform its service to the world, and cheer yet other hearts, by its power to baffle all its untoward mishaps?

Passing upward to more reasoning instincts, we saw the same fidelity to the laws of nature, while a transgression here seemed more in ac-

cordance with our own erring wills. "Bruno," our house-dog, was chained; he had committed, or it was alleged against him that he had made depredations upon his neighbor's flock of sheep, and as "Bruno" was an old rover and much given to sportive feats, and the bantam cock, with his featherless tail, gave evidence against him, the poor slave was sold into bondage; and had the cries of the more enlightened slaves continued as harsh and howling as "Bruno's," not one would have been retained in the hold of any vessel, and slavery would have ceased long ago.

The corn, which peeped out so fresh and green from its deep enclosure, and gave the farmer a goodly prospect of a fair crop, is suddenly plucked up by the voracious crow, who comes at early dawn, mid-day and evening, and bears away the precious germ. He must be kept in subjection, and fear alone will restrain him. In the ragged habiliments of a beggar's garb, sundry scarecrows are placed at short distances from each other; and if the rags flutter, or the tiny windmill gives an extra whirl, our black bird takes the hint and flies over, without daring to alight. Then, again, the beautiful luxuriant vines are eaten—really, the farmer has an enemy to contend with, in whatever he plants or gathers! The weeds are so prolific, the insects so abundant, that with unceasing toil—yea, "by the sweat of his brow,"—does man till his fields, and all the boasted improvements of husbandry cannot save a crop over which the locusts may swarm, or the vulture prey.

We have sometimes wished our amateur farmers, our book agriculturists, our scientific treaters of growth and products, could but for one season follow the industrious farmer through all his varied rounds, and then make his report about the "ease and facility with which nature rewards her cultivators." Let him climb the trees in yonder orchard, or descend to the roots, where an unseen worm may be destroying fertility; let him repair the waste which a blighting wind or a cold winter has made; let him go out at early morning and swing his scythe blithely, and then guard at noonday against the heavy shower which is threatening in the west, and would he not soon find that *writing* about these things, and *working* upon them, were two different employments? All honor to him who would facilitate or lighten labor in his study, but let him remember, in the *field*, men must toil.

We talk about thrifty farmers; we have seen such, but they were men of hard labor, early risers, and small consumers of their own pro-

ducts. You may ride along and envy the field of asparagus, or the trailing vines of strawberries, but how much and many of them find their way to the cultivator's table? The market is the place whither they are sent, and at the table of the rich man, ay, and the poor one at times, you will find them served. The pecuniary gain from these commodities must be appropriated to other uses. We were lately introduced to a large grapery, and were pointed to the many varieties. My friend, at elbow distance, suggested how delightful it would be to board with the proprietor of these grounds. "Gentlemen," replied he, "I furnish all my fruits for yonder market. There is a lock on my gateway, and a high enclosure about my premises—otherwise, I should have been bankrupt long ago."

We all visit the country, but after all, we do not all realize how people live there. The city gourmand thinks only of cream and eggs, and fresh fruits and vegetables; the countryman thinks how much butter his cream will yield, and how much money his fruits will bring to him; "and yet," says our city friend, "it costs you next to nothing to live here—rent free, taxes light, grounds productive, prices high—why, really, I wish we could exchange situations." For the want of conceding to our country friend how much toil and expense and anxiety his present possessions have cost him, we are sorry to add, many of our city friends are regarded as perfect ignoramuses, to which charge they must plead guilty. The country is full of beauty; the landscape is made up of charming varieties; the gardens are luxuriant; neatness and thrift are on all sides; but my city friends, I beg you not to forget that these ornaments were not imported in all their freshness, but toiling hands and anxious hearts and weary feet made what was once a wilderness, to "blossom as the rose."

A VALUABLE BUCKET.

Among the many modes of making money here, none, I think, surpasses the following: A surgeon told me he went one day into the tent of a brother medicus, on the Bendigo, just as a patient was going out. "I have been stopping a tooth," said the surgeon. "Do you get good cement here?" inquired my friend. "Admirable! I saw an old gutta percha bucket selling in a lot of tools one day at an auction. I bought the lot for the sake of the bucket, which cost me five shillings. I have already stopped some hundreds of teeth with the gutta percha at a guinea each, and shall, no doubt, stop thousands with it before the old bucket is used up. It is a fortune to me. My name is up for an unrivalled dentist, and they come to me from far and near."—*Two Years in Victoria.*

THOU ART COMING.

BY SUS M. SCOTT.

Thou art coming, and the sorrow
Which in absence grieves me more,
From this thought a bliss can borrow,
That it seldom knew before.
Yes, this absence has but strengthened
All the feelings of my soul;
Till the chords of love have lengthened
Far beyond my weak control!

Thou art coming—O what pleasure
This one thought alone can give;
Thou, my fond heart's richest treasure,
'Tis for thee alone I live!
Chide me not for thus unweaving
Feelings that should hidden be;
Chide me not that love unailing
Is the gift I bring to thee!

Thou art coming! O this whisper,
Sweetly sounding in my heart,
Wakes the wish that thou wert coming,
Nevermore from me to part!
Thou may'st never know the anguish
Which the thought of parting brings;
How, away from thee, I languish,
How this grief my bosom wrings!

But thou'rt coming, and no longer
Will I weep in sadness now;
Faltering faith is growing stronger,
While thy love wreath binds my brow.
For I know I'm not forsaken,
As I feel thy presence near,
From its grief my soul shall waken,
Thou art coming—thou art here!

APPLES, AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

With us, the value of the apple, as an article of food, is far underrated. Besides containing a large amount of sugar, mucilage and other nutritive matter, apples contain vegetable acids, aromatic qualities, etc., which act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics and antiseptics; and when freely used at the season of mellow ripeness, they prevent debility, indigestion, and avert, without doubt, many of the "ills which flesh is heir to." The operators of Cornwall, England, consider ripe apples nearly as nourishing as bread, and far more so than potatoes. In the year 1801—which was a year of much scarcity—apples, instead of being converted into cider were sold to the poor; and the laborers asserted that they could stand their work on baked apples without meat; whereas, a potato diet required either meat or some other substantial nutriment. The French and Germans use apples extensively, as do the inhabitants of all European nations. The laborers depend upon them as an article of food, and frequently make a dinner of sliced apples and bread. There is no fruit cooked in as many ways in our country as apples; nor is there any fruit whose value, as an article of nutriment, is as great, and so little appreciated.—*Albany Journal*.

FUNNY PEOPLE.

As a class, funny people are by no means numerous. Indeed, they are great rarities. So that it is chiefly on the stage that you can see the model men and women of the order. The world of real life is dull and dry for rearing the species and preserving its originality. It gets soured and crusted with the atmosphere of society, and loses its specific levity by the requisition of gravity instead. Fun is generally a great favorite—so much so, that even in church, if it should be met with, it seldom causes a frown. With some this funny propensity is natural and unaffected—with others it is artificial, aiming at effect. With the former it is generally done gravely and seriously, as if unconscious of the ridicule about to be excited. The funniest of all people never laugh at their own fun. You never see old Keeley laugh; his wife laughs, for she wants the same power as he of commanding the countenance, but for that very reason she wants his humor. Keeley looks grave as *Bottom*, when all the house is roaring with laughter; nor does there appear the slightest effort on his part to restrain his countenance. It was the same with Liston—that cool, inimitable droll—who always seemed to be the only person present who was not aware of his own absurdities, or amused by his own drolleries.

It is chiefly in this perfect restraint or command of the countenance that the difficulty of comic acting consists. It is a rare gift. Not one man in ten thousand can preserve his countenance unmoved, in the midst of a good-natured volley of mirth and fun. Anger may do it for him sometimes, when he would rather indulge in it; but that is only another proof of the almost insuperable difficulty of controlling the exquisite muscles of the mouth, in which lie the whole of the passion expression of the countenance. In the young, it is perhaps impossible, and some youngsters suffer severely from the irrepressibility of laughter, when ludicrous ideas are presented to the mind. Young girls, also, when they would be merry and very funny, generally laugh so much when telling their funny stories, that it is no easy matter to know what they are saying. A real funster can so surcharge his story with fun, that his hearers shall be compelled to laugh, whether he himself laugh or not, which he seldom does, except for sociality and exercise for his lungs. But one who has not a real funny genius supplies the want of it by the laughter that nature has ordained to accompany it. If you see a girl telling a story and laughing inordinately at every two or three words, as if she were rather hearing some one else recount the tale than recounting it herself, you may be quite sure that that girl has not the genius for telling a funny story, but only the susceptibility for laughing at one. But if you see two or three young women laughing most hysterically, and one in the midst of them talking quietly with almost imperturbable, but yet good-natured smiling countenance, you want no more evidence—that is a funny girl, the funniest of the bevy. She has got the genius for fun. She is an actress and a star in her own sphere.—*N. Y. Ledger*.

A good conscience is a continual feast, and a peaceful mind the antepast of heaven.

HARVEST HOME.

BY ANNE S. PICKERING.

Harvest home—harvest home!

They shout right joyously;
As they gather in the golden grain,
That falls so readily.

How the wagons are laden with rich ripe corn,
The merry procession moves on;
All nature is smiling, and joy is beguiling
The hearts of the happy throng.

Harvest home—harvest home!

In the words their music sweet;
They tell that the farmer's fears are gone,
And his joy is now complete.
And that all throughout this glorious land,
The queen of plenty will reign;
So they shout in glee right merrily—
Hurrah for the golden grain!

Harvest home—harvest home!

Those words sink deep in my heart;
They seem to speak of the last great day,
When we each must take a part.
When the heavens shall open the trumpet sound,
And the bands of the grave be riven;
And the angels will reap with one great sweep,
The harvest from earth to heaven.

MY FIRST WHALE:

—OR,—

EXPERIENCE IN DEEP WATER.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

"Did I ever tell you," said my old salt water friend, Joe Grummet, as he coiled himself away into the profound depths of a mighty easy chair, and snapped off something less than half a fathom of pigtail, "Did I ever tell you about the first whale I ever saw taken? It cost the life of one poor fellow, and a dismal time we had of it altogether; I think if I could have got my feet on dry land that night, I should have given up going to sea entirely; but as I did not get ashore for nearly a year after that, by which time we had taken a good many whales under pleasant circumstances—the disagreeable impression wore off, and I came to like it as well as the best of them; but as I was young at the time, and that being the first thing of the kind I had ever witnessed, it is not surprising that it made a strong impression upon my mind.

"It was in the afternoon of a day which had been as free from any appearance of storm as you can well imagine, while we were running the longitude in the north Pacific, not above a couple of hundred miles from the coast of Japan, that I, being a little shaver and not of much ac-

count upon deck, was sent aloft to the mizzen-topmast crosstrees on the lookout.

"The important duty of watching for whales, was of course not entrusted to me alone; indeed, the principal object in sending me aloft, was that I might be kept out of mischief; in the fore and main-topmast crosstrees were stationed experienced men who continually swept the horizon with their vigilant eyes, in anxious expectation of discerning the wished-for prey.

I had been aloft, it may be, a couple of hours, and having fastened myself securely to the mizzen-topgallant tie, fell into a sort of doze, in which I was neither asleep nor awake, but musing over some past event. The ship was rolling gently along over the smooth ocean, the men on deck were lazily performing the trifling duty required of them; everything around was solemnly still, the sun poured down its intense rays with dazzling brilliancy, and all things animate and inanimate wore that listless, dreamy aspect, which can only be appreciated by those who have lain for weeks becalmed, upon the boundless sea; when the monotonous silence was broken by the lookout at the main-topmast head, who, calling into requisition the full power of his vocal organs, electrified the ship with the magic cry, 'There she blows!'

"In an instant all was animation and excitement; the men started to their feet, the captain rushed from his cabin, glass in hand, and the boat steersers sprang to the davits, ready to let go the falls.

"'Where away!' shouted the captain, but before the answer could be returned, every one aloft and on deck could perceive at but a short distance from the ship a large school of young bulls; or, as they are technically termed, forty barrel whales, throwing the jets high into the air in their noisy respiration, or, tossing and tumbling about occasionally, 'breaching' completely out of the deep blue water, in their uncouth gambols.

"'Lower away, lower away,' shouted the captain, mates, boat-steersers and crew in the same breath, forgetting in the excitement of the moment, the sea etiquette and discipline at other times so rigidly enforced. Scarcely a minute elapsed before three boats were down and the men tumbling into them with reckless disregard of torn breeches and broken shins; as they struck the water the men bent to the oars, shooting ahead with surprising velocity in the direction of the school.

"The mate's boat led off, closely followed by two others in charge of the captain and a boat-steerer. With what anxiety we watched the

chase may be imagined, for it is no child's play, attacking a score of young bull whales, each of which could with one flap of his broad flukes annihilate both men and boats; indeed, instances have occurred in which they have succeeded in destroying a ship.

"As the leading boat approached within a cable's length, it became evident the whales were alarmed, and with a simultaneous action the 'pod' separated, darting off in every direction; one, however, bolder than the rest, lay wallowing in the foam and spray caused by the incessant lashing of the water with his immense and glossy tail.

"The mate's boat being ahead, pulled directly for him, while the others through fear of disturbing the 'sea beast' fell astern, pulling slowly in the same direction; suddenly, the whale, as if not desirous of a closer acquaintance, breached high above the surface; in the descent, settling slowly into the water, and, throwing his tail into the air with a saucy flourish, disappeared.

" 'There goes flukes,' was the exclamation of disappointment which burst from all, as the monster vanished, and a long string of anathemas were heaped upon whales in general, for not allowing themselves to be killed with less trouble; but we were not destined to be wholly disappointed on this occasion. In a few minutes the bubbling and agitation of the water announced that he was rising; half a dozen strokes of the oars laid the boat within a few feet of the spot where his whaleship saw fit to bring his ponderous nose into view. 'Peak your oars,' exclaimed the mate, and instantly they glistened in the air; there was good headway on, and with a dexterous movement of the steering oar, the boat was laid alongside the unconscious victim; one instant the harpoon glittered above the head of the mate, the next and it was darted with unerring force and aim 'socket up' into the side of 'forty barrels.'

" 'Stern all,' roared the mate, and dropping the oars into the rowlocks, the boat was rapidly impelled away from its dangerous proximity; men work quickly to obey that same order 'stern all' particularly, as it is enforced by half a dozen tons of tail slapping about their ears. A cheer from those in the boats and the men on board reverberated along the still deep as the boat gained a safe distance. The sea, before unruffled, now became lashed into foam by the immense strength of the wounded whale, who, with his vast tail struck in all directions at his enemies; now his enormous head rose high in the air, then his flukes were seen through the spray lashing everywhere, his huge body writ-

ing in violent contortions from the agony the iron inflicted, the sounds of the blows from his tail upon the surface of the sea awakening the echoes for miles.

"The other boats now began to approach with all speed, striving with each other for the honor of planting the next harpoon; but suddenly, the whale disappeared; he had sounded; the line ran through the groove at the head of the boat with lightning-like velocity, smoking from the friction until it fairly ignited; the mate, cool and collected, poured water upon it as it passed; now an oar was held up, a signal that the line was running out; two hundred fathoms were exhausted; up flew the captain's boat and bent on another line just in time to save the first which was nearly lost; but still the monster kept on his downward course seeking to rid himself from his enemies by descending into the dark and unknown depths of the vast ocean. They now bent on the 'drogues'—quadrilateral pieces of board with a central handle or upright, by which they are attached occasionally to the line for the purpose of checking in some degree the speed of the whale—but he did not turn; another and another had but slight influence in checking his career; the second line was exhausted and another bent on; he was six hundred fathoms deep, but now the line was taken more slowly until it stopped entirely; he was rising, the line was rapidly hauled in and carefully coiled away in the tubs. The two boats which were not 'fast'—that is, had not succeeded in driving a harpoon into the whale, were on the alert to gain a good position from which to attack when he should again make his appearance.

"The gurgling and agitation of the water which rises, before, announced his approach; with a huge splash he rose half his length above the surface, throwing his spout high and suddenly in mingled fear, anger and pain. Those in the fast boat now hauled themselves gently toward the whale, the boat-steerer placing the mate close to the fin of the trembling animal for the purpose of lancing; for some cause the lance, which should have inflicted a mortal thrust, glanced aside, giving merely a slight wound, but at the same moment a harpoon from the captain's boat was driven home upon the opposite side.

" 'Stern all!' was again vociferated, and the boats shot swiftly away. Mad with the agony which he endured from these fresh attacks, the infuriated leviathan rolled over and over, coiling an immense length of line around him; rearing his head with wide expanded jaws, he snapped

at everything around and rushed at the boats with fearful speed, but the hardy tars, cool and self-possessed, darting to one side, foiled him in every attack. Another attempt to lance nearly caused the destruction of the captain's boat.

"An entirely new idea now seemed to take possession of the whale, and he darted off in a straight line dead to windward, going 'head out,' with as much commotion of the water as an ocean steamer, and dragging the two fast boats after him at the rate of twelve or fifteen knots an hour. The third boat being in advance, managed to waylay them; 'a short warp' was thrown to the mate's boat, and all three were hurried along at a scarcely diminished velocity.

"He can't keep that up many weeks; 'he'll soon get sick of that fun,' was the confidently expressed opinion of all who remained on board the ship, but still on he went, never deviating from the straight line or slackening his speed in the least. As the distance between us increased, the boats became less and less distinct, until they finally vanished entirely; the second mate taking his telescope went aloft to the main-topgallant crossrees, and continued watching them until even with the aid of a glass, and from that elevation they faded in the horizon. Taking the bearings by compass of the direction in which they had disappeared, the yards were braced sharp up, that we might beat up as much as possible toward the same quarter.

"It was now within half an hour of sunset, and there was every appearance of the coming on of an ugly night; the wind which had been freshening for the last hour or two, came in long, fitful gusts, sighing mournfully in the rigging. The sun, angry and red, sank slowly beneath a dense bank of black clouds which lined the troubled horizon, and the short chop sea looked fierce and threatening; the greatest anxiety now began to be felt for our shipmates in the boats; as long as there was any light we continued to strain our eyes to windward, in the vain hope of seeing them, and as the night, dark and stormy, closed in, we gave ourselves up to the most gloomy anticipations. The second mate, with the praiseworthy desire to run with all possible expedition to their relief, continued to carry sail upon the ship much longer than prudence would have sanctioned, and it became evident that a portion of the sail must be taken off her, or we should lose our spars; but still he hesitated, when a loud crash and the peculiar sound of torn canvass fluttering in the wind, warned him that he had no time to lose—the mizzen-topgallant yard had gone in the slings, and the sail was torn to ribbons.

"'Clew up the topgallant sails fore and aft, and a couple of you jump up and send down that mizzen-topgallant yard,' was the immediate order; the men, who had anticipated the command, sprang to the clewlines, while two of their number, one a veteran sailor who had accompanied us from home, the other a Sandwich islander we had shipped at some port in the Pacific, jumped into the mizzen rigging and ran aloft to send down the wreck of the spar. They had scarcely reached the crossrees, when a sudden and violent squall burst upon us, almost throwing the ship on her beam ends, causing her to quiver in every plank, and deluging the deck with spray. It was over in a moment, and as the vessel righted, the doleful cry of 'man overboard' rang through the ship; looking astern, we saw the Sandwich islander grappling with the waves and striking out vigorously toward us.

"The ship was soon put about, but in so doing she unavoidably passed a long way to leeward of the poor fellow; we made no doubt but that he would be saved, for like most of his nation, he could swim like a fish. Several planks and oars were thrown overboard the moment after he fell; but disdaining their aid he continued to breast the foaming surges as if the sea was his native element. A spare boat which is always kept for such emergencies, was lowered as soon as possible, and the men bending to the oars with all their strength were making rapid headway toward the spot where he still strove with the yielding waters, but they arrived half a minute too late to save our poor shipmate from his watery grave; while his strength was undiminished, and when the boat was within a few fathoms of him, he was drawn suddenly under water apparently by some powerful force. I saw him struggle for a moment ere he sank, then the foam of a broken sea roared over him and he disappeared forever. The boat was rowed round and round the fatal spot again and again until there was no room for hope, and then she was slowly and reluctantly pulled back to the ship by her melancholy crew. As they returned, the turbulent waves tossed them about as if in sport, making the boat resound from the beating of the fierce waves which flew against her bow.

"The moment the unfortunate man disappeared, a large bird of the albatross kind came careering along, and swooping to the water alighted on the very spot in which the poor fellow was last seen. It was a curious circumstance, and only served to heighten our horror, when we saw the carnivorous bird seat itself proudly over the head of our companion; and also served to remind us of the number of sharks we had

so frequently seen of late—the fate of our poor shipmate could hardly admit of a doubt.

“By the time we had hoisted in the boat, it had grown intensely dark; the wind too had increased to half a gale with heavy squalls at times, which compelled us to close reef our top-sails. Our painful situation now bore heavily upon us all. We had lost one man beyond the possibility of recovery. Our captain and mate, with fifteen of the crew, had also disappeared, and were by this time all lost, or likely to be so in the stormy night which had now set in; being too, several hundred miles from the nearest land. We however, kept beating the ship to windward constantly, carrying all the sail she would bear, and making short boards, putting about every twenty minutes. We had also, since nightfall, continued to burn blue lights, and had likewise a large vessel containing oil and oakum, burning over the taffarel as a beacon for them.

“But though all eyes were employed in every direction searching for the boats, no vestige of them could be seen; and when eight bells struck indicating the hour of midnight, we were almost ready to give them up in despair; as the wind howled hoarsely through the rigging and the waves beat savagely against the ship, not a few of us fancied we could hear the shrieks of our poor shipmates above the roar of the storm; again we would imagine we heard the voice of the captain ordering the ship to ‘heave to,’ while the boats had been seen more than fifty times by anxious spirits, who had strained their eyes through the gloom, until fancy robbed them of their true speculation, and left her phantasmagoria in exchange.

“There were not many on board who did not think of home on that weary night—there were not many among us who did not curse the sea and all sea-going avocations; while with the same breath they blessed the safe and cheerful fire-side of their parents, which at that moment they would have given all they possessed but to see. But at the moment despair was firmly settling upon us, a man from aloft called out that he could see a light right ahead; we had so often deceived ourselves, that for a time his confident assurance cheered us but little; we turned our eyes, however, in that direction, and in a few minutes we could plainly perceive it tossed to and fro by the angry surges.

“With what alacrity we crowded sail may be imagined, and in a short time we were up with the light, when to our inexpressible joy we found the whole party safe in the boats, lying to leeward of the dead whale, which had somewhat protected them from the violence of the sea.

“They had only just been able to procure a light, having unfortunately upset their box of tinder—those were not the days of friction matches—through the violent motion of the boat by which it became wet, but which they succeeded in igniting after immense application of flint and steel—or their lantern would have been suspended from an oar directly after sunset, as is the usual practice when boats are placed in like circumstances.

“Having secured the whale alongside, the boats were hoisted in, and amid heartfelt congratulations our friends proceeded to make themselves more comfortable than they had been for the last few hours. The melancholy fate of our poor shipmate had its saddening influence, but it could not dispel the joy we felt for the safety of those we had given up for lost, and when on the ensuing morning the day broke clear and cloudless, and we began the exciting occupation of ‘cutting in,’ all our hardships and all our fears were forgotten, and merry songs and mirth provoking jests, among which last were included, as a matter of course, the time honored whaling jokes about the whales having a ‘very fat lean,’ and a ‘remarkably large small,’ took the place of gloom and despondency.

“I have been ‘in at the death’ of many a whale since that time, in fair weather and in foul, within the arctic circle and beneath the equator, but never have experienced anything so depressing as the taking of that first whale; for the very reason, I suppose, that it was the first, and because I was young and green, as every man must be once in his life.”

ECCENTRICITIES.

Sydney Smith tells some curious anecdotes about Lord Dudley, whose absence of mind afforded so much amusement to his friends:—“Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men I think, I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street and invited me to meet myself. ‘Dine with me to-day, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you.’ I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere. Another time, on meeting me, he turned back, put his arm through mine, muttering, ‘I don’t mind walking with him a little way; I’ll walk with him as far as the end of the street.’ As we proceeded together, W—passed. ‘That is the villain,’ exclaimed he, ‘who helped me yesterday to asparagus and gave me no toast.’ He very nearly upset my gravity once in the pulpit. He was sitting immediately under me, apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick, as if he had been in the House of Commons, and tapping on the ground with it, cried out in a low, but very audible whisper, ‘Hear! hear! hear!’”

The greatest wealth is content with a little.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OUR DOLLAR MONTHLY.

One more number of our Magazine will close the second volume and the first year of its existence. Its complete success has been no less surprising to us than gratifying, for though not yet one year old, there is but one other monthly in the country, the circulation of which it does not exceed. This simply demonstrates how ready the public are to patronize a really cheap and valuable work. We have labored to make its contents chaste, popular, and graphic, and to freight it each month to the very brim with the best and most cheerful reading matter, in the purest range of our literature.

We shall commence the new year with renewed vigor, and upon nicer paper than we have heretofore used, while the same talented and popular contributors will labor for the pages as during the past year. We shall improve the arrangement of the Magazine according to the experience which a year's labor has given us, and it shall fully merit the patronage so liberally bestowed. It shall continue to be fresh, original, and equally designed for every American fire-side, north or south, east or west, forming, what it purports to be, in every respect, the *cheapest Magazine in the world*.

In order to secure complete sets of the work it is exceedingly desirable that our patrons should renew their subscriptions at once, for the new year, as we only print up to the demand. The utmost economy in time is necessary to enable us to print our already immense edition, and it is out of the question for us to supply back numbers. So great has been the demand for the Dollar Monthly, that we have not now in our office *one number for sale even of the last month's issue!* Therefore subscribe early.

Those who feel friendly to the purpose of furnishing entertaining, moral, and instructive reading for the million, at a price in accordance with the progress of the times, will favor us and the enterprise, by inducing one or two friends to join with them and send their dollar each for this miracle of cheapness.

TOADS.—If you have a garden, never kill a toad. Toads are the greatest insect devourers on the face of creation.

MARIANI.

This distinguished Italian patriot, a colleague with Garibaldi and Mazzini in the triumvirate of the short-lived Roman republic, which was put down by French bayonets, is dead. Mazzini is agitating and writing leaders and letters for the London papers, while Garibaldi, the bravest of the triumvirs, commands a brig trading between New York and Chili. Garibaldi defended Rome to the last gasp, and when all hope was lost, cut his way through his victorious enemies, and escaped to the Abruzzi, vainly pursued by General Regnault de St. Jean d'Anglely, with the flower of the French cavalry. During his flight, his wife died of fatigue. But the noble spirit of Garibaldi is still unbroken, and we may be sure that when united Italy rises against her oppressors, as she will, we shall hear of her hero-champion wherever she needs a leader or a life. We have had the pleasure of meeting Garibaldi in Boston, some time since, and found him as modest and retiring as he is brave. Modesty is characteristic of all great men. It is only your bullies and small-beer men who are bold and noisy in private life. It will be remembered that when Washington was publicly thanked by Randolph in the name of Virginia for his earliest exploits, he could not find voice to reply. Much of the same stamp is the heroic and fearless Garibaldi.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—We would recommend to our readers this remarkably cheap and popular magazine. Long editorial experience, a ready pen, good taste, and ample means, all combine to enable Mr. Ballou to produce a most admirable serial. "How one hundred pages of reading matter," says the Boston Transcript, "can be furnished monthly through the year for one dollar, is to us an unsolved riddle." But the fact is, Mr. Ballou's extensive publishing house affords facilities which are probably unrivalled in the country, and certainly the great circulation and popularity which the "Dollar Monthly Magazine" has realized, are only in accordance with its unquestioned excellence.—*Christian Freeman, Boston.*

QUEEN VICTORIA.—This crowned lady's late visit to Paris was a triumphant affair. Paris outdid herself in display, and the French emperor's hospitality was unlimited.

YOUNG FIREMEN.—The North End boys have organized a fire company, and paraded lately with a machine that is a perfect miniature gem.

RACHEL, THE TRAGIC ACTRESS.

The readers of the Magazine, in view of the great excitement at this moment caused in this country by the celebrated woman whose name heads the present article, will be interested in the following sketch of her extraordinary career.

Some thirty years back the loungers in the cafes at Lyons were often awakened from their dreams over the newspapers, or disturbed at their games at dominoes, by the voice of a poor little girl, who went from table to table collecting a few sous from the charitable, while her sister sang and played on the guitar. This child, even then remarkable for the beauty of her voice and the intelligence of her expression, was named Elizabeth Rachel Felix, and was the daughter of a Jew pedler. A few years afterwards she was to be heard singing with her sister at the doors of the cafes in Paris. Still a few years later, and the same girl, at the age of eighteen, was hailed as the undoubted queen of tragedy in France, under the name of Mademoiselle Rachel. The steps by which she mounted to the eminence were simple enough. The beauty of her voice had attracted the attention of the celebrated Choron, who admitted her into his musical class. After remaining in this class about ten months, it was seen that the depth, beauty and expressiveness of her voice, together with her marvellous power of expression by the features, rendered her better adapted for tragedy or comedy than opera. She was then removed to a class instituted for the instruction of dramatic pupils, in which she went through a course of severe study. After a trifling success obtained at some minor theatres, her great merits were recognized by Vedel, the manager of the Theatre Français. He engaged her at a salary of £160 for the first year, and she was announced to appear in Camille, in Corneille's play of *Les Horaces*, on the 12th of June, 1838.

Jules Janin, who is the French Willis, if Willis be not the American Janin, had just pronounced the classic tragedy dead for lack of good acting, and the great "French Theatre" the only place where you could be cool, comfortable and quiet in summer. So thought, on the 12th of June, 1838, M. Jules Janin, the prince of critics, and Dr. Veron, the brilliant editor of *Constitutionnels*, who on Rachel's first night went to the Theatre Français "in search of shadow and solitude." It appeared at first sight that he was likely to find them, for there were only five persons, himself included, in the *orchestre*. Jules Janin had come to the same somnolent abode, for the same purpose very probably, for he was at the same time reposing on a sofa in the green-

room. Neither of the two celebrities ever dreamed of troubling themselves about the stage. Gradually, however, the doctor's attention was drawn to the Camille. A remarkable physiognomy awoke him from his dreams. "It was full of expression," he tells us; "the forehead was slightly projecting; the dark eyes, full of fire, were sunk deep in the orbits. The head was supported by a body, slim indeed, but with a certain elegance of pose, movement and attitude. The voice was full of character, sympathy, and of remarkable compass, but above all expressive." The doctor was in raptures; he rushed up to the prince of critics, dragged him down stairs to the boxes, insisted upon his listening to the actress, and from that moment the reputation of Rachel was made.

The vagrant Jewess of the streets of Lyons, whose talents a few years before had contributed merely a few sous to the daily necessities of her parents, was now launched on the tide at the moment when, "taken at the flood," it "leads on to fortune." High society in Paris crowned her with laurels, and greeted her entry into their salons as though she had been a conqueror returning from some great victory. And a conqueror she was. She had conquered a ten years' indifference of the public to dramas which, in their class, are works of high art. She had clothed bodies of the old tragedy with flesh, had breathed into them a living spirit. She had peopled the vacant halls of imagination with forms of excellent beauty.

After having established her reputation by her performance of Camille, she went through the whole range of the old classic French theatre, and undertook the principal parts in various modern plays. Amongst the former were Esther, Laodice, Ariadne, Berenice, Electra, Phedre, Hermione. In the latter may be mentioned Fredegonde, Judith, Thisbe, and Adrienne Lecouvreur.

Our readers well know that a rival has lately appeared in Paris by the name of Ristori, an Italian performer of the highest merit, and that it is now the fashion among the fickle to abuse the idol they worshipped for so many years. A late number of the *Paris Illustration* says—"the firm of Rachel & Co., are on their way to the land of dollars; and it is hoped they will succeed and even wished they will remain there, since it is now certain that Madame Ristori will play French tragedy at the French theatre." But it is in vain for the French editors to attempt to injure the queen of French tragedy. Her return to Paris will bring back all her rebel subjects to her feet.

THE MYSTERIES OF AUTHORSHIP.

Sheridan said that "easy writing was confounded hard reading," an epigrammatic expression, but one not to be taken as infallibly true. On the contrary, we are inclined to think that facility of production, as well as fertility, is the rule of genius. We are aware that this is contrary to the Horatian doctrine, but the old fogies of the Augustan era are not to give laws to the literary world forever. The moderns have done some things tolerably well, if we have not achieved lumbering Latin epics or Greek Idyls. One Shakspeare (meaning "Bill") was quite a clever dramatist; one Milton (meaning Jehn), sang acceptably of a realm the pagan poets never dreamed of, and one Scott produced novels that will be read when the fragmentary writings of Petronius are forgotten. Now Milton, of course, labored when he built his monumental poem, but from what we know of Shakspeare, apart from the evidence furnished in the number of his immortal dramas, we are warranted in supposing that his plays were dashed off rapidly. Sir Walter Scott, we know, wrote *Guy Rannering* in a fortnight: Dr. Johnson produced *Rabelais* in a walk, and Alexander Dumas, whose works are something more than clever stories, writes with the rapidity of a steam-engine. It is your dull dogs who labor over a poem, a romance, or a play, and give us a frigid production, wanting in fire, force and vitality.

The habits of authors when composing are a very interesting study. Savage composed his greatest work while strolling about London, and would run into a shop and buy a scrap of paper to jot down his thoughts. Dryden used to take a dose of medicine to purify his blood and raise the tone of his imagination. Schiller spent his days in sleeping and lounging about in the fields—his nights in alternately pacing his room and writing down the ideas that at that time occurred to him.

Many have resorted to the fatal resource of opium or liquor to produce a state of mental excitement favorable to composition. Byron wrote portions of *Don Juan* when under the influence of gin, and it would not be difficult to detect the passages in which the source of inspiration was uppermost in influencing the lower nature of the unhappy poet. It has been asserted that as the ancient Pythoness dreaded and struggled against the Delphic inspiration, so the modern author has a horror of labor, which the vulgar call laziness—perhaps the fit of inspiration is so exhausting that it may well be dreaded. Alphonse Karr, himself an excellent writer, gives us some interesting particulars concerning noted foreigners,

whose works are familiar to American readers through the medium of translation. He says some irritate the brain by taking snuff. Gavarni, the famous artist, smokes incessantly, like a steam-engine. He "fires up" in the morning, and "shuts off" only late at night. Eugene Sue, the author of the "*Mysteries of Paris*" and the "*Wandering Jew*," was accustomed to close his shutters in the day time and work by candle-light. An Italian poet begged his favorite cat to lend him the "green light of her eyes" to labor by. Victor Hugo, now an exile from France on account of his politics, used to compose his works when walking beside the canal near the square of the Bastille. Janira, the witty and eloquent French sketcher, to whom N. P. Willis has been frequently compared, writes his newspaper articles while he and his friends are chatting about something else. Balzac, the novelist, lounged all day in fashionable society, went to bed at six o'clock, got up at midnight, and wrote from the material that life itself had furnished him. His daily life was sleep, his nightly life was vigil. Alexander Dumas has no peculiar secret for getting up inspiration. He takes off his coat and suspenders, and goes to work like a day laborer. Lamartine is supposed to dictate much of his brilliant composition. Chateaubriand used to walk about barefoot on cold floors by way of catching inspiration—sometimes he only caught cold.

All these peculiar proceedings of authors are the result of habit fantastically formed. The grand secret of pleasing is that contained in the maxim of Sir Philip Sidney: "Look in thy heart and write." If the talent lies not there, it is useless to take snuff, or go barefoot, or turn night into day, in the hope of winning inspiration.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—When Catlin's Ojibways visited Buckingham Palace, to be presented to the queen, the old chief mistook Sykes the porter for Prince Albert, and inquired after his squaw. Poor untutored Indian! He could not appreciate the "divinity that doth hedge a king."

THE RELIGION OF LOVE.—How fortunate it would be if warring sects would constantly bear in mind the caustic remark of Dean Swift—"We have just religion enough to make us hate, but not enough to make us love each other."

LEARNING AND BRAINS.—Learning will not give a man understanding. "No man," says Selden, "is wiser for his learning."

PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

None of the arts have made more rapid progress among us than those of design and engraving, in a popular direction. Let any one compare the illustrations of twenty-five years ago with those of the present day, and he will perceive the immense improvements—we will not make any allusion to the primers and almanacs of eighty years since, or the geographies of half that age. Pictorial illustration is now deemed an indispensable means in the formation of the mind. The articles on mechanics, natural history, and architecture, contained in that admirable and excellent work of reference, the *Encyclopedia Americana*, lose full half their value from the fact that they have no illustrations—illustrations being absolutely necessary to comprehend fully descriptions of machinery, of birds, beasts, anatomy, buildings, and similar practical subjects. It has been justly observed that a few strokes of the graver convey more precise ideas of certain subjects in nature and art, than many pages of letter press. It is only necessary to compare the illustrated articles in *Brande's Encyclopedia*, with the articles on the same subjects in the *American Encyclopedia*, to understand fully the practical value of engravings. This, however, is so generally conceded, that booksellers now-a-days make a general practice of introducing engravings into their publications whenever the subjects admit of it. The present generation is therefore more favored than their fathers, and it will be their own fault if they do not improve the advantages afforded them. Hitherto, we have spoken of scientific advantages of pictorial illustrations, but it has other and higher claims to notice. The habitual contemplation of skilful and tasteful drawings, has an elevating tendency, and produces a feeling for art that ennobles and refines the mind. Well executed wood cuts from spirited designs, disseminated broadcast, popularize a taste for art, and it is only necessary to extend this feeling to render America the home of art, as she is already the abode of beauty. That the talent for art production exists among us, has been abundantly shown; the creation of a demand only is necessary to produce an adequate supply. American artists have accomplished much—they will achieve yet greater things hereafter. The subjects of art are not wanting—nowhere is there a grander nature, or a history more replete in stirring events to be illustrated. The prospects of art in this country are certainly encouraging.

CHALKY.—A hill of chalk has been found in California. The owner will make his mark.

INTERESTING EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES.

Mr. John B. Greene, son of an American banker, has succeeded, notwithstanding the difficulties attendant upon clearing away the Palace of Medinet Habera, in discovering the celebrated Egyptian Calendar, of which Champollion could only copy the first lines. A cast of this monument was taken on the spot, by means of a particular kind of composition, photography not producing it properly. Different colossal figures, the upper parts of which were only visible, have been now cleared away and brought to light; one of them, in excellent preservation, shows the features of Ramases III., and is about nineteen metres high. In clearing around this colossus, Mr. Green was able to discover and take drawings of the inscriptions of the pylone or grand portal erected between the two courts; and he has also proved the existence of a pavement in granite, which probably covered the whole court, and above which rose a passage which appears to have led into a second court. The excavations of Mr. Greene, which have just completely made known one of the most important edifices of Pharaonic Egypt, will, by the numerous inscriptions which they furnish, throw fresh light on the different points of Egyptian philology.

MARRIAGE.—They say marriages are "made in heaven;" but there are some marriages that ought more properly to be called "lucifer matches." "They that enter into the state of marriage," says Jeremy Taylor, "cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage."

THE FIRST UMBRELLA.—Jonas Hanway was the first man who carried an umbrella in England. It was then considered an outrageous novelty, and no one stole Hanway's umbrella. But he was hooted at for carrying it! Louis Philippe always carried an umbrella till the French people gave him a walking-stick.

NATURAL WONDERS.—How wonderful are the works of Nature! Tripoli, a mineral used in the arts, is made up of infusorial shells, a single cubic inch of it containing about forty-one thousand millions, that is about fifty times as many individuals, as there are human beings on the face of the globe.

AHEAD!—Greeley says that it will be a century yet before France is as well supplied with railroads as Massachusetts, or as Ohio now is.

A BRILLIANT DIAMOND.

There is on exhibition at the French Industrial Palace, a splendid diamond which bears the euphonious title of "The Star of the South," and which is said to be one of the three most valuable diamonds in the world. It came from the mine of Bagargan, in Brazil, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five and a quarter carats. In its rough state it weighed no less than two hundred and fifty-four carats. A deep cavity on one of its faces served as a lodging for a little diamond, and had it not been for this cavity, the Star of the South would have weighed when finished, at least one hundred and forty carats. The Koh-i-nohr weighs one hundred and five carats, and the Regent one hundred and thirty-six. The Star of the South has a light reddish tint, and is less brilliant than the Koh-i-nohr, but it is a faultless stone, and has an unequalled surface. It is exhibited with several other diamonds of Brazil, in a little shrine, which is placed in the centre of the nave. It is said to be the great centre of attraction for the ladies who visit the palace, and is gazed at daily by thousands of pairs of curious eyes. The estimated value of the Star of the South is from five to eight million francs.

A GOOD LESSON.

We occasionally—though rarely, see a scoundrel of a teamster brutally beating his faithful horse, either because he cannot draw a load too heavy for him, or from mere wantonness. Lord Erskine once saw a man beating a miserable pack-horse, and remonstrated with him for the cruelty, but received for answer, "Why, it's my own, haven't I a right to use it as I please?" and more blows were showered on the animal. Quick as thought, Erskine immediately laid his cane smartly over the shoulders of the carter, whereupon the fellow asked, "what right he had to touch him with his stick?" "Why," replied Erskine, "my stick is my own, mayn't I use it as I please?"

FACT AND FICTION.—Poets make sad havoc with the truth. How the soul revolts from the crime of Macbeth, slaughtering his guest, the royal Duncan, in his castle of Inverness, that he might usurp the crown. Yet, in reality, Macbeth killed Duncan at Bothgowan, not Inverness, and Macbeth's title to the throne was better than Duncan's.

EMIGRANT WEALTH.—At Castle Garden in New York, in one week, lately, 1219 emigrant passengers landed, bringing with them \$94,571. Thirty passengers in one ship had over \$11,000.

DUTCH WOMEN.

Some of the Dutch women are the fairest and most beautiful creatures in existence. Coleman, in his "European Life and Manners," is enthusiastic in his description of them. He says: "Take the fairest rose that was ever plucked, wish the dew-drops hanging among its petals; take the fairest peach that ever hung upon the tree, with its charming tints of red and white; and they are eclipsed by the transparency and beauty of complexion of the fairest of the Dutch women, as I saw them at Broeck and Saardam. If their minds are as fair and manners as winning as their faces, then I can easily understand the history of Adam's fall. It was impossible, poor fellow, that he should resist. Then their costume is so pretty and elegant. A sort of thin gold helmet, fitting closely to the head, leaving enough of the hair to part gracefully over the brows; a thin but wide band of highly wrought and burnished gold extending across the forehead; at the ends of this, some rich and elegantly wrought flagree ornaments of gold, with splendid ear-drops of gold, or of diamonds set in gold, with a beautiful cap of the finest Brussels lace."

A VETERAN CRIMINAL.—Toward the middle of the last century, an individual of the age of twenty-two, was condemned to the hulks for life. It was then the custom, or at any rate in his case it was the humor, of the court to pronounce the sentence for the term of ninety-nine years. The criminal has undergone this somewhat prolonged confinement, and a short time ago was set at liberty. Though bent double, and bowed almost to the knees, he is in the enjoyment of perfect health. He recently attained his one hundred and twenty-first birthday.

TURBANS VS. HATS.—The hat is held in utter abomination by the Turks, though latterly they have been compelled to wear the European infantry cap. The severest malediction which one of the Druses of Lebanon can utter against another is, "May God put a hat on your head!" Some fashions of hats are, or ought to be, an abomination to Christians.

STROLLING PLAYERS.—A number of the poor children of Thespis have been strolling in the California mining districts endeavoring to get the wherewithal to keep the gaunt wolf from the door.

JUST SO.—Ladies who wear hoops are said to be perfectly unapproachable.

LONG EVENINGS.

Night shuts down upon us now at quite an early hour. The afternoons are brief and getting briefer. Yet, if we miss the prolonged daylight, and the pleasant summer evenings, with their warm breath and vivifying charms, there is no reason to regret their departure, for nature deals with us kindly, and the doctrine of compensation is carried throughout the year. While the change of temperature gives additional vigor to the body, the mind, its sympathetic companion, is also strengthened and re-invigorated; and these long evenings, by shortening the hours of labor, afford ample opportunity for the exercise of faculties thus freshened and re-juvenated. The fall and winter evenings afford grand opportunities for study, and are eagerly embraced by those who can find no time for reading in the summer months. Books are now so cheap that few persons cannot afford to possess them. A hundred dollars judiciously expended will purchase quite a respectable library; such a library as would have been deemed ample by a learned man before the invention of printing, when a scholar who wished to possess himself of a classic work had to go through the tedious process of transcription, happy if he could be allowed the privilege of copying from a rare original manuscript. Yet those students were learned and wise men, because learning and wisdom are not gathered from a multiplicity of books, but from a few excellent works thoroughly digested. The press, which *diffuses* information, affords by the great cheapness and number of its productions, a temptation to rapid and extensive reading. Modern authors are unjustifiably prolific and prolix.

The grain of gold that occupied but a small space on the folio of an author, is beaten into many pages of glittering leaf by the modern writer. We see very little of that nervous, condensed, laconic writing which distinguished the past and some preceding centuries, when a book was a gold mine of thought. Readers who wish to economize their time must be careful to choose the best works on any given subject, and master them thoroughly. Another good rule for the profitable employment of time, is to commence the study of a new science by the simplest elementary books. Don't be afraid to take up a history because it is written for children. In Napoleon's library were many books composed for the youngest class of readers—and these he selected by preference when he wished to begin a new study. But our long evenings must not be all surrendered to labor. We must avoid alike the "all work" and the "all play" principle.

Society—music—the drama—are necessary to the balance of the mind. Human nature craves and will have excitement; we should only be careful that it is not immoderate, and that it is pure in character.

A NEW MAMMOTH CAVE.

A correspondent of the Detroit Tribune, writing from Mackinaw, tells of the discovery at that place of a remarkable cave, the entrance to which was revealed, lately, by a rush of water during a storm, which washed away the surrounding earth and rubbish. The opening was about four feet high and ten feet in width. A party of ladies and gentlemen, well provided with lights and cords, entered it, and after ascending gradually through a long and narrow alley, surrounded upon every side with stalactites and crystals of calcareous spar, which glittered like diamonds, in the torchlight, suddenly found themselves in an immense dome, or amphitheatre, two hundred and fifty feet in length by two hundred and forty in width, and one hundred and eighty in height. Leaving this beautiful place, they then passed through a long series of alleys and magnificent chambers, and finally discovered a dim light through a crevice of the wall in front. Excavating a place of sufficient size for passage, they passed through and found themselves in a small cave, near "Dousman's farm-house." They had travelled a distance of nearly three miles beneath the surface of the ground.

MUNCHAUSEN.—Some persons have doubted the existence of such a man as Munchausen, though all may be excused from believing in the tales attributed to him. Yet there was really such a personage as Jerome Charles Frederick Von Munchausen, a German officer who served with distinction in the Russian service against the Turks. His arms were pistols and sabre, but he had a wonderful faculty of drawing the long bow.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—An insane cat lately leaped from an upper story of Gibbs's hotel, in Court Square, in this city, and destroyed herself. All who have *felines* will sympathize with her late proprietor.

FUSELI.—This talented and eccentric man uttered one of the most valuable of art-aphorisms when he said "he is the prince of artists and men, who knows the moment when his work is done."

Foreign Miscellany.

Locusts have done much damage to the crops in Southern Russia this season.

The British in the Sea of Azof have blown up the sunken Russian ships of war.

Mr. Hancock, a London jeweller, has in the Paris exhibition jewels of the value of \$650,000.

Advices from Paris state that 50,000 additional reinforcements are to be sent to the Crimea.

It is a curious fact that during the period of one hundred and thirty eight years, the first-born of the Austrian house has been a girl.

Late news from India state that the British government was about to collect a Crimean reserve force from that country at Cairo.

The Turkish government has authorized the construction of a railway from Constantinople to Belgrade, which will soon be open for traders.

The Paris Mint have struck a medal in commemoration of the visit of Queen Victoria. It is executed in gold, platina, aluminum, silver, and bronze.

Of the twelve gates of Rome, only three are now held by the French—i. e., the Cavalleggeri, leading to Civita Vecchia; the Porta del Popolo, leading to Tuscany and Romagna; and the Porta San Giovanni, on the road to Naples.

The mayor of Havre has issued a decree prohibiting sailors of all nations from carrying knives in their girdles in the town, and declaring that captains of ships will be held civilly responsible for the conduct of the men under their command.

Among the medical graduates of the Edinburgh University, who obtained their diplomas at the last examination, were a Chinese and four Egyptians. The Chinese graduate, Won Fun, is believed to be the first Chinaman who ever graduated at a British university.

The English destroyed at Berdiansk, in the Sea of Azof, ten large granaries, filled with wheat, each averaging about two hundred tons in capacity, and several flour mills, which have been employed night and day grinding for the use of the Russians.

A ukase of the emperor of Russia calls out the militia in eleven additional governments. A demand is made of twenty-three men out of every one thousand of the population—the levy to commence on the 1st day of October, and to be completed by the end of November.

A servant girl lately robbed a gentleman residing in Paris of 100,000 francs (\$20,000); for some time the thief was undiscovered, but at length she was caught and all the money found. The amount had been carelessly left lying upon a desk, and, under the circumstances, the owner almost deserved to lose it.

In England, for the fifty years previous to 1800, 96 of every 1000 deaths were of small pox; from 1800 to 1850, only 25 out of 1000. In France, out of 2,671,562 persons vaccinated, there were but seven fatal cases of the disease, and in many of the departments, small pox is now unknown.

The annual subscriptions to the London Art Union amount to more than \$200,000.

The Persian government instigated by Russia, say the British has suppressed Protestant schools.

A telegraph from Hamburg, in Norway, through Denmark to Christiansa, in Sweden, has just been completed and put into operation.

The Moniteur states officially that the sum total of the subscriptions to the French loan is 3,652,591,985 francs.

Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's picture of "The Horse Fair" is sold to an Englishman—but not a resident in England—for a trifle under £2000.

The pope has awarded a gold medal to Prince Borghese, for importing a Durham bull. We thought the pope had bulls enough of his own.

One in every six of the men, women and children of Newcastle, Eng., is a pauper, and the total number of paupers in the town exceeds 16,000.

A codfish was recently brought ashore at Buckie, in England, which had in its stomach no less than twenty-five full grown herrings.

At the theatres in Paris you keep your place by tying a handkerchief round your seat. No one will take either in your absence.

The Russian loss at Swenborg is reported as only 46 killed and 160 wounded; the fortifications were destroyed.

One of the missionaries to the Jews in London has received during the last year, 1149 visits from Jews and Jewesses, who are seeking instruction in Christianity.

The report in Paris is, that if the Empress Eugenie gives birth to a daughter, the emperor will repeal the Salic Law, in order that his daughter may reign.

A Mr. Daft, civil engineer, has designed a war raft, 1500 feet long, and 300 feet wide, propelled by screws and paddles, to carry a weight of 20,000 tons, at a speed of fifteen knots an hour.

Some difficulty has arisen between the government of Moldavia and the Ottoman ministry, the latter having replied in favorable terms to a petition by the Jews of the province for greater freedom.

During the funeral of Lord Raglan, not a Russian gun was fired. In return, as soon as the church bells began tolling, announcing the death of Admiral Machinoff, all the allied batteries were silenced.

A Berlin paper states that Austria has declared that she will treat according to military law every individual found tampering with Austrian soldiers with a view of inducing them to join the Anglo-Italian legion.

The Russian loss in the battle of the Tchernaya was nearly 4000 killed and wounded, and of the allies only 1000. The Russians were not pursued across the river, and therefore held their former position.

The Military Gazette of Vienna states that the Emperor Alexander, accompanied by his brothers, Nicholas and Michael, will soon proceed to Sebastopol, as he verbally promised his late father to do, to thank the garrison for their brave defence.

Record of the Times.

A "Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society" has been formed in San Francisco.

Rev. Dr. Cone, who died lately in New York, had been an editor and a treasury clerk.

Willis says that Rachel is the "world's most gifted woman." This is unqualified praise.

A Paris paper warns our Indians that Rachel is lean, and begs they wont eat her.

The fashionables spend half a million of dollars annually at Cape May.

The following toast, given at Plymouth, lately, is excellent: "The American Fair—Too wise to take the veil, too beautiful to need it."

The best water in Baltimore is from artesian wells; they have forty of them, and expect to sink many more.

Shakspeare's Antony, when he boasts that he could once call forth kings "like boys unto a *miss*," unconsciously uses a word now appropriated by the Bowery.

Predictions are not always verified. Madame de Sevigne, who could not tolerate Racine, said: "There are two things that will assuredly go out of fashion—Racine and coffee."

When the three brothers, Abbott, Amos, and William Lawrence, left the paternal roof, their father gave them this injunction: "Fall not out by the way, for a three fold cord is not quickly broken."

An Ohio paper, recording an accident to an individual, speaks of him as "a *young man* between seven and eight years of age." Babyhood and boyhood, we suppose, are obsolete terms in that region.

Coal, in great abundance, has been found near the line dividing the British possessions from the old boundary line of Oregon. A Catholic missionary reports that this coal is far superior to any he had seen on the coast.

The Rensselaer Manor tenants once held a meeting and resolved that the payment of one-tenth of the produce was too heavy a rent, and agreed unanimously thereafter that they would pay only one-sixth. They never discovered their mistake till the rent became due.

Since the laws abolishing imprisonment for debt and exemption in addition to the homestead, a certain amount of personal property from attachment, have gone into operation, the business of sheriffs and constables has considerably decreased.

A late California paper mentions the discovery of a spring in El Dorado county, whose waters flow from a bed of arsenic. The mineral deposit is thirty feet thick, and crops out of the surface of the earth. Veins in it abound with gold. The name of "Death Spring" has been given to the stream.

A gentleman in Winchester, Va., has succeeded in producing the tamarind, in perfection, from seeds picked out of the preserved fruit. The tamarind is a beautiful tree, and will grow anywhere. The seeds should be planted in the fall, about four inches apart. The sprouts are transplanted when about three feet high.

A ray of light will perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it would require to wink our eyelids.

Four of the Presbyterian clergymen of New York city have retained their pastoral charges for a period of twenty five years—Rev. Drs. Spring, McElroy, Phillips and Krebs.

The U. S. steamer Michigan has just left Detroit for a cruise on Lake Superior, and will be the first national vessel that ever floated upon the greatest of American lakes.

Bismuth has been discovered in Shelby county, Ky. The metal is very brittle and fusible, and exhibits by the blow-pipe the genuine characteristics of bismuth.

Professor S. F. B. Morse, of telegraph celebrity, has lately received from the emperor of Austria a large gold medal for his proficiency in science and art.

A supposed diamond, of extraordinary size, has recently been found in Lancaster county, Pa., and is deposited in Prof. Phillips's office, Philadelphia.

The Russian officers are pretty good penmen. There is a sententiousness and pith in their official communications, indicative at least of clear heads and strong intellects.

Hon. J. C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, has purchased Basswood Island, one of the group of the Apostle Islands in Lake Superior, and intends erecting upon it a summer residence.

The Russian pronunciation of the Crimean stronghold, that has cost the allies so many months of fruitless siege, is Seb-as-top ol, the accent on the third syllable.

Dr. R. P. Jones, of Philadelphia, has adopted the stage as a profession, and is engaged at the Charles Street Theatre, Baltimore, for next season. Dr. Jones has been connected with the press.

A very young lady, who went to a circus in Sacramento, fell in love with the ring master, contrived to let him know it, and they were married after the performance, and started the next morning on the wedding tour.

An Irishman and his wife who applied to the superintendent of the poor in Rochester for a railroad pass to Buffalo, on the pretence that they were utterly destitute, were searched, when one hundred and seventy-five dollars in gold was found upon them.

The pearl fishery has been carried on very successfully on the coast of California within the past five years, and the Santa Barbara Gazette says that "a very great amount of pearls have been found." From the same paper we learn that an expedition has just been fitted out at Santa Barbara to prosecute the fishing on the southern coast.

The Presidential carriage of Washington was very large, and of such weight as to make the six Virginia bays, by which it was sometimes drawn, almost indispensable. It was cream-colored, globular in shape, ornamented with cupids, supporting festoons and wreaths of flowers, emblematically arranged along the panel-work, and was covered in with coach glass of the very best quality.

Merry Making.

The children of coopers are never free from the hooping cough.

A young lady has written down in her album that kissing is a capital offence.

If a small boy be called a lad, is it proper to call a bigger boy a ladder?

The quickest way of coming to the point is—cutting it short.

The judge who "suspended his opinion" is no doubt in favor of capital punishment.

The fellow who "scraped an acquaintance," got kicked for it in return.

Dyers are subject to the blues and scarlet fever, and clock makers to the tic dolereux.

Why is a Shanghai chicken like a dirty housemaid? Because one is a domestic fowl, and the other is a foul domestic.

Our congressional orators are never troubled with shortness of breath, although with them flatulence is not uncommon.

"Come, tell us how much you cleared by your wild land speculation?" "Cleared? O, ah, cleared my pockets!"

Why is it not to be wondered at that your teeth cause frequent disturbance in your mouth? Because they often make there more than one row.

There is a village in Michigan where the church bell is rung every day at twelve o'clock, for the people to take their quinine, as they have the chills and fever all round.

There is an old lady who says she always likes to travel by a trunk line, because then she feels confidence about the safety of her luggage.—*Punch*.

"I say, Mister, how come your eyes so all-fired crooked?" "My eyes?" "Yes." "By sitting between two gals, and trying to look love to both at the same time."

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.—*Sydney Smith*.

Queen Caroline asked Sir Robert. Walpole what it would cost to enclose St. James's Park, with a view to exclude the public from it. "Madam," the premier is said to have replied, "only a crown."

Use of Adulteration.—Little Girl—"If you please, sir, mother says will you let her have a quarter of a pound of your best tea to kill the rats with, and a ounce of chocolate as would get rid of the black beadsles?"

Last year a country merchant conjugated the increasing heat in somewhat the following style: "Hot, hotter, hottest—hottentot, hottentotist—hottentissimo, hottentissimus; hot as an oven, hot as two ovens, hot as seven ovens."

A story is told by the N. Y. Times, that the allies have been playing possum before Sebastopol, being able at any time to take the fortress, but waiting for the arrival of large Russian reinforcements, so as to whip them all at once—just to save the trouble of marching into the interior.

The man who was ducked by a water-wheel claims a *revolutionary* pension.

"Punch" teaches book-keeping in one lesson of three words, "never lend them."

When do your teeth usurp the functions of the tongue? *Ans.*—When they are *chattering*.

The throat of birds is very small—hawks, nevertheless, often take quite "large swallows."

It requires capital to *start* a newspaper; it will *stop* itself.

An easy way to acquire German—eat sauer krout, or marry a Dutch girl.

Scene in a restaurant—"Waiter, if you call this bread, bring me a brick. I want something softer."

You must judge a dentist as men are judged in aristocratic countries, by the excellence of his extraction.

The reason why many ladies *dodge* an offer of marriage is because the question is *popped* at them.

"Pray, don't mention it," as the man said, when he was told by the tax-collector that his rates were due.

A bashful printer refused a situation in a printing office where females were employed, saying that he never "set up" with a girl in his life.

Which of your teeth are like a mantua-maker's fingers and thumb when she is cutting out a dress? *Ans.*—*Incisors*.

An old lady being at a loss for a pin-cushion, made one of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

"Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?" "Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in a verbal profundity." "Thank you, sir."

The greatest "thrashing machine" in Kentucky is a deputy sheriff, residing at Lexington. A short time ago, he "licked" four flat-boatmen and "a gassy butcher," in eighteen minutes.

An excited gentleman once announced to the Connecticut Legislature a steamboat explosion, as follows: "Sister Meeker, and ledgers of the membriamature, the Elliver Ollsworths biled her buster."

A duel between a couple of dry goods clerks comes off in Baltimore next week. They fight with tooth-picks. If the police does not interfere, we expect to hear that death has overtaken two dickies and a false collar.

"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, eh?" "Yes, Jem." "Well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities." "Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was an Old Bailey Judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

Jerome Cardan, as recorded by Mr. Morley, was in the habit of saying, "When you mean to wash, first see that you have a towel handy." England is to blame for not having better attended to the above advice. Before attempting to give Russia a good wipe in the face, we ought to have seen that we had our Russian towelling all ready.—*Punch*.

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THE WIFE'S RANSOM—A GOLD ADVENTURE.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

WHEN Hugh Munro departed from the quiet inland village, in which his childhood and youth-time had been passed, and took his hopeful way upon the great line of emigrant travel to the western borders of our republic, he carried with him two strong aids to the poor man—a determined will and unshrinking patience. With these, and cheered by the smiles of a devoted wife, Hugh braved the perils and trials of pioneer life, thanking God for the health and strength which he enjoyed.

The hardships of the overland route, the long nights of anxious watching—rendered indispensable by the weakness of the small caravan with which Hugh Munro travelled—were shared uncomplainingly, nay, blithely, by the young wife. Her smiles ever soothed, her unfailing cheerfulness sustained him in the march, and the emigrant thanked that Mercy which had vouchsafed to his wanderings the light and gladness of trusting love.

Hugh Munro was no coveter of El Dorado's wondrous treasures. The gold which he sought and hoped to dig from the bounteous soil with his own vigorous hands, was a future of competence and content in the bosom of his family; and if, at times, the dazzling speculations of some sanguine adventurers among his party, or the occasional tidings of new gold discoveries, gleaned from other emigrants encountered on the route, awoke a feeling of restlessness in his own breast, the young husband looked quickly into Ellen's clear eyes, and there beheld a pos-

session more precious than all the ore of Mariposa—a treasure which “moths nor rust might not devour, nor thieves break in and steal;” for it was the devotion of a virtuous wife.

Consequently when at length the toils of the march were over, and the emigrant band, reaching the rich alluvions of California valley, began to erect their humble dwellings at the foot of the great Sierra Nevada, Hugh Munro commenced the life of a pioneer settler with as light a heart as ever beat under manly exertion. Very speedily, beneath his stalwart arm, the giant patriarchs of the woods bowed their centuried heads, and admitted the genial sunbeams to dally with the luxuriant soil.

—“Trees on trees o'erthrown,
Fall creaking round him, and the forests groan.”

Very soon, too, the almost spontaneous operations of Nature in that genial climate covered the fields, which he sowed with golden grain crops, fruitage, and flowers of marvellous beauty. The dancing hill-streams, flashing from the uplands, brought nurture to his meadows; the lofty mountain walls sheltered his small domain from wintry winds; all the good gifts with which Nature in that bounteous country rewards the toiling hand, were spread before his own cottage door, inviting him to make free, enjoy, and be thankful. The little community around, linked by past acquaintance and mutual confidence, soon increased in comforts and grew strong in spirit, and in the course of three or four years from the period of their arrival, the

settlers mustered quite a thriving and energetic body, rapidly building up with the determined vigor which characterizes the American emigrant, a town and district which, perhaps in a few short years longer, might appear as if by sudden enchantment, among the prosperous marts of the great Pacific continent; for, indeed, not more startlingly does the complete formation of an extensive coral island announce itself to the mariner in southern seas, than now-a-days the presence of a large commercial town breaks upon the astounded vision of a traveller, occupying a spot which he beheld perhaps only ten years before a wilderness, untrodden by civilized man. But the fact of industry has nevertheless preceded the fact of success—the pioneer's tools, like the coral insect's labors, have predated and prepared the great afterworks, which shall live and flourish when the humble settlers are no more.

The valley of the Colorado, extending from the golden hillsides of the Sierra Nevada, southward to the Sierra Madre, is destined, doubtless, at no remote period, to become a great agricultural centre; its climate, soil and other natural advantages insuring such harvests to the farmer, and its geographical position as respects the rest of California and of New Mexico, promising to secure good commercial routes and markets in the future. At the date of our narrative, however, the operations of emigrant settlers were limited in locality to a small belt of rich bottom and woodland, immediately at the bases of the Sierra Nevada, and communicating with the gold region by many accessible passes and vales conducting to the western slope. The eastern portions of the great Colorado, however, then remained (as it does now, in fact,) a *terra incognita* to the few inhabitants of Nevada's foothills; but it was peopled by their fears with innumerable perils and hardships to emigration, which effectually dampened all enthusiasm to "push on" to its discovery. Inhabited by tribes of savages, the most hostile and daring of any of the aboriginal natives, who, though continually engaged in predatory warfare among themselves, regarded the white man as a common enemy, the Colorado valley, for nearly a thousand miles north and south, is, even at this present time, a sealed book to the pioneer or explorer.

Among the numerous wild tribes, whose possessions, whether comprising hunting grounds or corn plantations, extend from the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, across the Colorado basin, and from the northernmost spurs of the Rocky Mountains down to the ranges of Sierra Madre, may be reckoned a Ishmaelish people,

generally classified as the Pahutaws, or Utaw Indians of the Lower Basins. The characteristics of these occidental portions of the great North American red family are little known, but, like the Camanches of New Mexico, they appear to be a dividing race between the rude tribes of our Atlantic border and the romantic and more refined nations which once occupied the southern soil of this continent, from the valley of the Natchez to the lake of Tezcuco, and from the borders of Florida to the regions of Manco Capac.

But, unlike the fated people who perished before the first invaders of their beautiful lands, or what afterwards dwindled to sure decay under the desperate operation of Spanish avarice and lust of dominion, the Californian tribes have always managed to preserve not merely nominal independence but an actual balance of power, if not an ascendancy, in the sparsely northern provinces, which have been the seat of their possession. The governors and intendants of Mexico, though always disposed to exercise their plenipotentiary powers to the utmost, generally deemed it more discreet to pursue a temporizing policy with the wild tribes of the Colorado, than by any assertion of Spanish sovereignty to provoke a spirit of resistance which they might find it difficult to appease. Consequently Spanish intercourse with the Alta-Californian red men was restricted to such efforts as might from time to time be made on the part of the good friars who dwelt at the various missions, to impart to their benighted savage neighbors the light and blessings of civilization and Christianity—efforts which, indeed, were successful in bringing in the more timid or confiding tribes, but proved utterly inadequate to the work of evangelizing the remote and wandering dwellers of the great valley and the salt deserts at its upper termination.

Completely nomadic in their existence, these tribes vary their localities with the facility of a marching army, occupying, by seasons, the vicinity of settlements, the extensive prairies, or the almost impenetrable forests; their half barbaric mode of warfare affording them alike the means of protecting the transportation of their movables, of repelling attack, and of assailing, generally, with impunity, the almost defenceless villages and farm-houses that lie isolated and exposed to their depredations.

The polity of these tribes is patriarchal, their organization essentially military; and it is estimated that they can, even now, when from various reasons their ancient numbers have greatly decreased, bring into the field as many as twenty

thousand mounted warriors at the shortest possible notice. It may well be conceived, therefore, that the neighborhood of such people, if conjoined with their hostility, must operate as no feeble check to the enterprise of infant settlements:

Indeed, a mounted (and they are all splendid horsemen) Californian Indian is not the least formidable enemy that a well-armed traveller might encounter. Bestriding a stout-limbed *mustang*, or a shaggy-maned steed of the prairies, with the grace and freedom of an Arab Bedouin, but disdaining, in many cases, the use of saddle, bit or stirrup, the savage rider grasps the mane of his savage courser with his left hand, and in his right poises an eight foot lance, which he darts and recovers with the rapidity of lightning. Add to this powerful weapon, a tomahawk, a short, thick club depending from his horse's neck; and oftentimes a Spanish carbine slung at his back, and you have the offensive weapons of a California warrior, who, painted, gilded, and decked profusely with feathers and silver ornaments, joins a marauding expedition with the same alacrity with which he embarks in the sports of the chase.

Among the southernmost nations, in which may be included the Pahutaws, there exists, likewise, a species of rude chivalry, that partakes of the honorable character ascribed to many customs of the Bedouin Arabs. For example, they strictly observe the laws of hospitality. A stranger, who has crossed in amity the threshold of a Pahutaw's wigwam, or lodge, or broken bread with its master, is as sacred from insult or injury as the pilgrim who has once eaten salt in an Ishmaelite's tent is secure of his host's protection. The Indian's promise is likewise held as immutable as the Arab's *kismet*, and has been as often the means of preserving some hapless pale face whom the fortune of war has delivered into savage bondage.

It was near the close of a sultry day in autumn that a solitary mounted Indian appeared suddenly emerging from a dense mass of woods into an open space or clearing, in the centre of which stood a small but snugly-built farm-house, surrounded by a pretty patch of garden land, now blooming with a hundred variegated flowers, the spontaneous flora of the luxuriant clime. The clearing itself was quite extensive, and was laid out in fields, some of which, bordering on a narrow river, near by, were clothed with soft grass of the deepest green color, while others displayed a store of waving wealth, in golden corn and other cereals. The open space was

bordered on one side by the river, which, flowing southward, lost itself in the extensive sweep of forest whence the Indian had emerged; on another it was completely walled by the great forest itself, whilst in the rear of the farm-house a series of rocky shelves rose one above another to the summit of a lofty chain of eminences, the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada.

As the Indian paused within a few paces of the open door of the farm-house, it became quite apparent that both steed and rider were fatigued with long travel, and stood in immediate need of shelter and refreshment; and to bespeak the planter's hospitality, was now evidently the intention of the Pahutaw, for such the savage appeared to be.

Unfortunately, at this time, the inhabitants of the lovely valley, which the Indian had just penetrated, were in daily dread of savage incursions, rumors having reached them of several hostile expeditions devastating the possessions of more exposed settlers. Under fear of attack, therefore, the young farmers had formed themselves into a band which, on the first intimation of danger, might be summoned to the protection of their little village.

The Indian, who now checked his mustang, and throwing across his neck the leather thong which served for a bridle, lightly dismounted before the cottage door, was a man past the prime of life, of muscular proportions and grave aspect; one, indeed, much noted among all his tribe as a brave warrior and astute chief. He apprehended no danger to himself as he paused in his solitary journey, to rest at the white man's lodge; for though aware that large parties of the upper tribes were abroad over the country, he knew likewise that their object was not hostile, but limited to the pursuit of their seasonable hunts. Leaning, therefore, upon his gun, whilst his horse quietly cropped the tender herbage beneath his feet, the red man remained at the threshold of the farm-house, gazing into the interior, and awaiting patiently the appearance of some member of the household.

As he stood thus, silent and majestic, a young child, that had been playing in the shade of the porch, came with hesitating steps toward him—an infant, scarcely two years old, attracted by the glittering ornaments of the Indian's dress. The Pahutaw, smiling benevolently, stooped and lifted the wandering babe in his hands. It was at this instant that a young man, emerging from the farm-house, beheld the unconscious infant raised in the red man's brawny arms. A cry of horror and alarm broke at once from the settler's lips, and in a moment he had grasped a

rifle from a corner of the cabin, and, rushing to the door, discharged it suddenly. The sharp report reverberated through the neighboring woods, and was answered, almost immediately, by another shot at no great distance from the house.

The Pahutaw, who had not noticed the presence of the farmer, till startled by the report of his gun, now instantly divined, with the instinct of his race, that danger threatened him. He quickly deposited the babe upon the green sward, where, frightened by the rifle-shot, it remained, uttering shrill screams, and leaping to his horse's back, turned from the open space in front of the farm-house, and sought the shelter of the wood. But, as if by enchantment, a dozen armed white men presented themselves suddenly before him, and ere his mustang had galloped twice its length, a volley of rifle balls whizzed about him, tearing the plumed head dress which he wore, and grazing his limbs, as, bending to the horse's neck, he dashed forward to regain the path whence he had come. No time had been granted him for parley, and the Indian saw that a panic possessed his enemies, who had fired rapidly and almost at random. Stooping, therefore, to avoid the shots, he pressed his knees to the sides of his mustang, and dashed through the midst of those who opposed him, in the direction of a narrow glen, leading to the heart of the wilderness.

A shout of disappointment arose from the settlers, as the brave savage passed them scatheless; but whether apprehensive that the strange Indian was one of a marauding band, or enraged at what they deemed a bold attempt to kidnap the young child, they allowed scarce a moment to elapse before they were in swift pursuit of the fugitive. Those who had fired reloaded as they ran, whilst a fresh party of farmers, appearing in another direction, dashed through the thick woodland, with the intention of cutting off the savage's escape by gaining a narrow gully, which he would be compelled to cross in his flight to the wooded lowlands. Consequently, the hunted Pahutaw, on breaking cover at a distance of several hundred yards from the planting, beheld through the openings of the forest, that at least a score of his foes would have him in rifle-range before he could gain the shelter of the glen.

This Indian, as we before remarked, was brave; and, moreover, above all his tribe, he was noted for the craft which constitutes the chief defence of savage life. No sooner, therefore, did his quick glance discover the method by which the settlers were about to cut off his retreat, than his fertile cunning resolved upon

another movement. He checked the career of his mustang, and whirling suddenly about, retraced his course to the farm-house.

For an instant, the white men fancied that the savage counted upon a path of escape through the hills at the rear of the mountains, but they were speedily undeceived. The Pahutaw's mind was too subtle to essay a desperate flight through dubious mountain passes, and his bold invention had conceived a new means of safety. At the moment in which he had discovered that his flight to the vale was impeded, his quick eye had also caught sight of a female figure advancing across the clearing at the right of the house, apparently endeavoring to reach the frightened babe upon the sward. Quick as thought, the Indian turned his horse, and whilst the farmers paused as to the fugitive's intention, they beheld him dash toward the cottage, bend quickly from his steed, and in the next instant wheel round with the form of the young female held firmly across his saddle by his stalwart arm. It was but a moment's achievement to bear down upon the screaming woman, lift her with a fierce clutch from the ground, and then, turning, to retrace his course, leap the thicket and gallop toward his enemies, who, with levelled rifles, commanded the only path of escape. But no shot sped from the muzzles of those poised weapons. The singular boldness of the red man's exploit, the fearful celerity with which he neared the spot which they occupied, holding the form of the female, who had fainted and lay insensible, completely shielding his breast, appeared to paralyze the faculties of those who opposed him. The foremost man among the whites uttered a wild cry, as if he himself had been stricken by a bullet. Well might he shudder, indeed, for he recognized in the woman who had been seized by the Pahutaw, the partner of his life, the wife of his bosom!

Meantime the strong-limbed mustang broke swiftly toward the glen. The rifles still remained suspended, but no flame belched from their threatening muzzles, and at length, as the daring savage reached and dashed past the motionless group, every weapon dropped slackly to the earth as its owner marked the weak yet consummate protection which the crafty warrior had thrown around his life. For a moment the baffled men listened to the clatter of the wild horse's hoofs in the descending glen, then to their ears came a shrill whoop of triumph pealing through the forest depths; the Pahutaw had escaped!

In a small community, composed of individuals and families bound together by like interests,

and sharing their sympathies as well as experiences with one another, an event such as that we have chronicled was well calculated to create much excitement. The sudden panic caused by the presence of what the settlers deemed a hostile savage, his daring manoeuvre and escape, carrying away the wife of one of their own number, and the uncertainty which remained upon the general mind as to the strength and nearness of an Indian foe, combined to draw together in a very brief space all the dwellers in the isolated village of Feather Vale, as the unpretending cluster of plantations had been christened by the pioneers. An hour had not elapsed following the abduction of the woman, before all the families of the place had collected upon the open space in front of the farm-house, to which we have called attention. They were all agitated with the fear of some impending calamity, as well as startled at the event which had just occurred. Rough-visaged men, called suddenly from the labors of the field, wild in garb, and armed with various weapons, among which the western rifle and revolver were conspicuous, mingled with the more peaceful-looking persons who pursued the quiet vocation of trade, while groups of women and children, and a few savage looking *hombres*, whose exterior betokened a late acquaintance with the upper diggings of the mountain, made up an assemblage, motley in character and diverse in appearance.

Near the door of the cottage stood a young man, who, with his carbine clutched in one hand, and a trembling babe pressed to his bosom with the other, preserved a strange silence amid the vehement conversation of those gathered near him. This was no other than Hugh Munro; and it was his wife who, torn from her friends, was now borne into the forest-depths by the fugitive Pahutaw chief. It was the young emigrant who now, bitterly speculating upon the fate of his beloved, resolved at the same moment upon his own course of action. Bravery and resolution are twin qualities, and if it was Hugh Munro, who startled at the unexpected sight of a red man near his child, had, without further thought, discharged his gun in order to summon the settlers, and thus brought on the catastrophe, which, had he known the peaceful intentions of the Pahutaw, might easily have been avoided, so it was likewise Hugh Munro who now determined, as he pressed his infant to his breast, that neither rest nor sleep should visit him again till his foot should press the trail of the bold abductor of his wife. With this one object clearly defined, he now stood at the threshold of his cottage, his rifle grasped in his nervous hand,

his farmer's garb exchanged for one more suited to travel through forests and over mountains; Hugh Munro was already, in fancy, on the trail of the Pahutaw.

There was not one among the surrounding settlers who did not sympathize deeply with the young farmer, and who would not have perilled his own life had such act been sufficient to rescue the kidnapped wife. Nevertheless, so alarmed had been the entire community of late, by rumors of the vicinity of large and dangerous Indian parties, and so fearful were they at this time that a large force of savages lurked in the neighboring forests, that they concluded in their minds it would be little short of madness to attempt a pursuit of the Pahutaw in the labyrinths of the wooded plain, where a single ambuscade would destroy them in a moment. Therefore, though they deeply shared with Hugh the feelings which prompted him to start at once in pursuit of the Indian, and though they grasped their rifles tightly, and vented maledictions on the treacherous redskins, their movements otherwise promised little assistance in the recovery of the settler's unfortunate companion.

Hugh Munro, however, was, as we have said, a brave man, and had formed his resolution; so, whilst he clasped his child tenderly to his breast, kissing its little mouth, he spoke to his neighbors sharply and briefly enough, as he surveyed them from his cottage threshold:

"Friends, it must be done; and I must do it alone."

"What do you mean, Hugh?" asked a dark-visaged settler, near.

But Hugh answered not by words, though a tear might have been seen to gather in his eye, and fall upon the coarse folds of his blanket hunting-shirt. He turned and walked into the house.

"Munro is fixed on something desperate—that's clear," remarked the neighbor who had before spoken.

"Well, I'm one to help if anything can be done," rejoined another of the settlers.

"If it aint chasin' that red satan on his mustang?"

"Precisely. That's out o' reason, sartin'."

"Munro loves his wife, and that's a fine child o' theirs; so you see he feels the loss; but—"

The settler paused, and leaned musingly upon his gun. Presently he looked up, and said:

"Maybe the redskin'll keep the poor girl for ransom."

"There's a despret chance o' that, sartin'," replied the other, just as Hugh re-appeared on his threshold.

He was now equipped for the march, having bound a knapsack to his back, and slung in his belt a powder-horn and a long-bladed knife. His rifle was still fiercely grasped, and his countenance wore a resolute expression.

"Where now, Hugh?"

"In pursuit of my wife! Is she to be left to perish?"

"But to attempt to rescue her alone—"

"I would not ask one of you to risk his life with me, even if I needed help in my project. You have your own families, my friends, and our homes must be protected if these hostile savages return. I go alone—to return with Ellen, or return no more! The Pahutaws are powerful and crafty, but I trust Heaven will assist me in my purpose."

"Yet it seems like madness, Hugh. If we could get news of it to the fort, and have the agent notified—"

"And my wife meantime murdered by the savages! No, neighbors, friends, I must go alone. Farewell!"

"God protect you, Hugh; you are a brave fellow!"

"I love my wife!" answered the young farmer, hastily dashing his hand across his forehead to hide the tears that struggled to his eyes. "William Mason," he continued, addressing a neighbor standing near, "let your wife take care of my poor babe. She will cherish it for its mother's sake. God bless you all, neighbors! Good-by!"

Hugh Munro hastily wrung the hands which were outstretched on all sides, and then, with a sharp whistle, broke from the group.

In answer to the whistle, a shaggy-looking dog sprang from the house-door, and bounded on before Hugh, whining, and snuffing the ground.

Many days after his departure from the little village of Feather Vale, Hugh Munro, weary and dispirited, ascended the sides of a rugged mountain, commanding an extensive prospect of forest and prairie. His garments were tattered and discolored by travel through swamps and thickets; and as he gazed around over the wide stretch of country under his view, it was plainly apparent that his physical powers were nearly exhausted by the hardships of his journey. Nevertheless, he held with a firm grasp the barrels of his rifle, and below his belt of buffalo hide appeared the bright blade of his knife. Behind the young farmer, followed his shaggy dog, companion of the lonesome march.

Long and toilsome had been the bereaved

husband's travel, through alternate woods and deserts, his only food being that which chance brought within rifle-range, and his only consolation the hope of being permitted to reach once more the side of his wife, either to share her captivity, or perish with her by the hands of the fierce savages.

The sun was just setting, and his red beams blazed through the yellow top of tall trees beneath the precipice which he had reached. Far to the west, his glance retraced the vast extent which he had traversed since that morning's dawn; and beyond the mountain's base, as he looked southward, he could catch faint glimpses of a light smoke rising from among the thickest portions of the wooded valley. Hugh Munro well knew this to denote either an encampment or village of Indians, and the wanderer's heart throbbed with anxiety, with the hope of soon beholding his living wife, balanced by the dread that he might see her scalp hanging in a savage wigwam.

For several days past, he had been aware that a large Indian trail was before him, and profited by his knowledge of woodcraft to detect the slight marks left in the passage of the forest, and to determine pretty accurately the number of warriors composing the party. He might have been discovered, all day long, stooping to examine a broken branch, or inspect some tree-bark, grazed by an Indian's gun. And now, at the close of a wearying day's travel, he reached the mountain summit, and looked down upon the object of his pursuit, the red man's camping-place.

But a thousand harassing reflections tortured poor Hugh's mind. It might be that the kidnapper of his wife had taken some other path, and was now far away with his tribe; or, perhaps, enraged by the pursuit of the farmers, the savage had sacrificed his victim, leaving her body to be devoured by prairie wolves. As this dismal thought occurred to him, Hugh clasped his hands together, and sank upon his knees.

"O Father above!" he cried, fervently. "Grant that I may see my Ellen ere I am called to die. Grant that she may be restored to me and to our poor babe."

With renewed confidence then the husband arose, and taking a firmer hold of his rifle, began to descend the other slope of the mountain, just as the sunset rays disappeared beneath the horizon.

Hugh Munro knew enough of the customs of the Pahutaws to be aware that, if he could approach the village without observation, and boldly entering the first lodge, claim hospitality

from its occupant, he would, should his request be granted, remain safe from harm among the tribe; as they were all known to observe strictly their rude laws of honor, and as, moreover, each man was lord of his own wigwam, and could protect any who had sought the protection of his roof. The white man resolved, therefore, first to reconnoitre the outskirts of the encampment to which he was approaching, and then to enter, if possible, a lodge, and throw himself at once upon the generosity of its owner.

The resolution of Hugh Munro was induced not more by his desire to learn the fate of his wife, than by his determination to share that, whether it involved captivity or death. If the first, he trusted that means might sooner or later be found to effect escape for both, and if the latter, the disconsolate husband cared not how soon his own massacre should follow the loss of one dearer far than life. With cautious but determined steps, then, Hugh Munro drew nearer to what he supposed to be the Indian village.

His path conducted through thick clumps of trees, surrounding a small plateau, where, by the side of a running stream, the smoke of a small fire revealed the presence of man, and the sound of singing, whooping, and rattle of wooden drums, acquainted him of the fact that some savage ceremony was in progress. When, at length, after crouching for some time, with his dog, among the stunted bushes at the edge of the wood, he resolved, by degrees, to draw nearer to a wigwam which stood at one extremity of the circle of huts, he beheld in the centre a large number of Indians, performing a strange sort of dance around a large platform, whilst, outside of the group, the women and children of the tribe appeared to be gathered to witness the rites. But Hugh Munro's look regarded none of these. His quick glance had discovered, bound to a painted post, at one corner of the platform, the figure of a woman whom his beating heart at once gave evidence of being his wife, though her face was quite concealed by the long hair, which, falling over her forehead and drooping shoulders, descended to the platform on which she knelt, apparently devoid of every hope. At the sight, Hugh could scarcely forbear the utterance of a cry of anguish, so suddenly was he stricken by the consciousness of imminent peril to her he loved. His dog, too, placing its nose to the earth, whined feebly, as if to reveal that he comprehended the meaning of his master's grief.

Hugh Munro sank down among the leaves, pressing his hand upon the head of his faithful attendant, and gazing anxiously at the throng of

savages, who, with clasped hands, whirled on every side of the platform.

But, though well-nigh paralyzed by the fearful spectacle which he beheld, he was nevertheless not unmindful of the course he should pursue. He watched the leaping figures of the red men, and listened to their wild yells, but he forgot not to loosen the knife in his belt and bring his rifle nearer to his body, though it appeared like madness to attempt the use of either weapon against the force that surrounded the captive woman.

But when, at length, a young brave sprang beyond the circle of warriors, and leaping upon the platform, flourished a hatchet over poor Ellen's head, Hugh could hold his feelings no longer. Drawing his knife from its belt, and dashing from his place of concealment, he sprang, with a fierce yell, toward the savages, followed closely by his dog, whose deep bay startled the forest echoes. The next instant, a terrific whoop broke from a hundred throats, and a score of guns were levelled on the stout arms of as many Indians. But Hugh Munro had not acted without pre-consideration.

He remembered well the stratagem by which the savage captor of his wife had effected his escape from Feather Vale, and he resolved to resort to a like expedient. Singling out, therefore, among the groups of women and children who surrounded the warriors, the lithe and supple form of an Indian boy, who, by his crown of feathers, and glittering armlets, he knew to be the son of a chief, Hugh Munro had directed his course toward him, and suddenly winding one arm about the stripling's body, held him with the gripe of a bear, whilst, with the other hand, he pointed the glittering knife at his breast.

Hugh Munro had counted rightly on the effect of this exploit. The light frame of the Indian lad was confined by his brawny arm as within a vice, despite of every struggle; for the husband, at that moment, felt endued with the strength of a giant. The warriors, who, shouting their warcries, had at first aimed their muskets, now beheld the white man's manoeuvre, and lowered their weapons to the ground, whilst the young brave, who was flourishing his hatchet over the pinioned captive, paused in his wild threatening, and stood, as if undecided, upon the platform.

It would have been a study for a painter—this crisis of action. The wild mountain scenery glowing beneath a bright western sky; the warriors, poised their muskets, and the captive bound to the post; whilst Hugh Munro, the main figure of the picture, stood with resolute demeanor, clutching the Indian boy, whilst at his feet crouched the shaggy dog, exposing his

gleaming teeth, and emitting a low, ominous growl.

Hugh, with his bare knife-point within an inch of the red youth's heart, glanced from his wife to the throng of hideously painted savages, as if to denote to them the object for which he thus dared so perilous a deed. And as he thus stood, defyingly, a tall chief advanced, with a majestic step, from among the rest, and stretching out his arms, in token of amity, spoke in a sort of Spanish patois, which Munro readily understood.

But Hugh relinquished not his attitude, nor ceased to threaten the young Indian's breast.

"*Brother!*" said the chief, pausing, and fixing his eyes upon the white man's countenance. Hugh Munro at once recognized that calm gaze, and knew that this chief was the same who had abducted his wife, and whose trail he had, as it seemed, followed to this Indian village. Their glances evinced mutual recognition, but the farmer only looked meaningly towards the platform, where his poor wife lay, utterly unconscious of what was passing around her.

"The white chief is brave!" said the red man. "He is as the panther in speed. Listen to me! I am a warrior. I am a Pahutaw chief. I would be friends with the white warrior!"

"Let my red brother release the captive," answered Hugh, glancing earnestly around him to detect any hostile movement on the part of the savages. "A warrior does not kill women. Let the Pahutaw chief restore to me my wife. It is her I seek, and not this boy's life."

"Will my brother trust the red chieftain?" asked the savage, calmly. "I promise that the pale woman shall not be harmed. Let my white brother trust me, and he shall eat bread in the lodges of the Pahutaw."

"But will the red chieftain restore the wife to his white brother?" demanded Hugh.

"The red chief will not lie. The white bird shall not die, but I cannot break the cage which saves her life. Listen! The young warrior, yonder, has chosen her for his bride, to save her from the sacrifice. Does my white brother understand?"

The stout farmer trembled through all his limbs, as he heard this, though he still maintained his close grasp of the Indian lad. He saw at once that his wife had been spared, only to become the partner of a savage, and that the movement of the young brave, which he had thought threatened the captive's life, was in fact only a part of the ceremony by which the bridegroom claimed his prize. The hatchet had been raised, not to harm the paleface, but to sever her bonds.

Hugh Munro divined all this in a moment's space, and perceived likewise that his best and only hope was to take advantage of the terror and admiration his daring feat had excited in the savages, and trust at once to their generosity for his own safety; especially as, from the chief's assurance, he knew that the captive was in no immediate peril. With this reflection, he suddenly released the Indian lad from his grasp, and at the same instant dashed the knife upon the ground. Then, leaning on his rifle, he presented his hand to the advancing Pahutaw chief.

"*Brother!*"

"*Amigo!*"

The hands of white man and Indian met and clasped, and instantaneously a loud shout arose from the warriors, who immediately crowded about the two, whilst the wife Ellen, released from her bonds, opened her eyes, and with a joyful cry recognised her husband.

A great feast was that night given in the lodge of the head chief of the Pahutaw village, and Hugh Munro broke bread with the host as a favored guest. But though thus treated with marks of consideration such as were deemed due to a warrior, he was not permitted to see or communicate with his unhappy wife, who, consigned to the care of squaws, had been conveyed to another part of the encampment. The boldness and devotion of the white man had, however, already gained him a sort of rude friendship among the tribe, and he did not despair of being soon able to prevail upon his host to favor the restoration of his wife. This reflection occupied his thoughts during the feast, so that the discerning Pahutaw noticed his abstraction.

"My white brother's heart is not in his bosom," said the red man, as he led the way, when the entertainment was over, to the hut which had been appropriated as Hugh's resting-place for the night. "It is flown away to the white bird."

"The white bird whom my red brother stole from her nest," said Hugh, with a groan.

"Was it not to save my own life?" asked the chieftain, who, during the feast, had explained his peaceful intentions at Feather Vale. "But listen! I am a warrior—and the warrior's friend. What will my white brother give to the young man who claims the captive as his prize, if he will say to her—'Go! you are free?'"

"Ransom!" cried Hugh, joyfully. "Will the young man accept of ransom? All that I possess shall be sacrificed for my poor Ellen's liberation."

The red man smiled at the earnestness of his

guest, so different from his own quiet self-possession. "Let us talk with the warrior!" said he, and at once led the way to the young brave's lodge.

They found the savage willing to listen to the proposition of Hugh, in reference to ransom. But it soon became evident that the brave was desirous of retaining possession of her whom he had chosen to be his squaw; for he began to rate the price at a figure which almost threw poor Hugh into despair.

"Bring me," said he, "the best gunpowder of the paleface, a hundred horns—bring me red cloth and yellow blankets—and new guns for my lodge. Give me also ribbons and feathers, that my other squaw may be rejoiced."

And the crafty savage proceeded to enumerate a store of articles, to procure which would require not only all of poor Hugh's present possessions, but more than he hoped to amass in ten years' toil, while the time necessary to obtain them, even could he borrow means of his friends, would consume many months.

"Bring me these," cried the young brave, "before three moons shall disappear, and the white bird shall fly away. Otherwise, she shall sing in my lodge. I have spoken."

Hugh Munro turned away from the young Indian, and retraced his steps, in company with the Pahutaw chief. His heart was very heavy, for the large ransom required by the savage could not be procured without a journey to San Francisco, or, still farther, to Santa Fe, and before he could start for either place, it would be necessary for him to return to Feather Vale, in order to invoke the aid of friends to raise the means of purchasing the goods. He saw that the proposal was made because the cunning brave was aware, perhaps, of his inability to return within three months with the stipulated ransom, and he shuddered as he reflected upon the fate to which his poor wife was exposed. The Pahutaw chief said no more to him, save to wish him rest, as he pointed out his sleeping place, and Hugh Munro, casting himself upon the buffalo skins prepared for his couch, began to dream, but not to sleep, whilst his faithful dog crouched at the door of the hut.

The morning sun beheld Hugh Munro arise, with unrefreshed limbs, from the spot where he had passed the night in agonizing thoughts of his wife. The door of the lodge was fast, as it had been secured upon the outside by the courteous Indian chief, who had likewise placed a guard of savages near by. Hugh thought not of this, knowing it to be the custom of red men; and, indeed, his solicitude concerning Ellen did

not permit his reflections to embrace much of other matters.

The almost impossible terms imposed upon him by the young savage, reduced the husband almost to despair. He saw no method of compassing his wife's deliverance within the time specified, and he could not but feel that the seeming willingness of the Indian to accept ransom was but a subterfuge in order to rid himself of his chief's interference. Consequently, when at length a low growl from the dog announced the coming of his host, Munro was in no mood of amity toward the savages, and the Pahutaw chief addressed him more than once ere the young farmer looked up with a moody brow.

"Has my white brother slept sweetly?" asked the red man.

"He cannot sleep away from the lodge of his wife," answered Hugh.

"Ugh!" returned the Indian, with the customary guttural expression used by the aborigines to denote almost every variety of feeling. "Let my brother follow me and be glad."

Hugh Munro did as he was directed, following the Indian from the wigwam, and to some distance in the rear of the village, where, among the low hills at the foot of the next range of mountains, was a thick, rank growth of prairie vegetation, interspersed with great boulders of trap rock. The farmer's dog bounded on before, barking joyfully.

Through this rugged and barren soil oozed a small streamlet, which apparently proceeded from some outlet in the mountain, and gliding sluggishly along, became dispersed and lost in the grassy wilderness surrounding the Indian village. Over this small stream, following the eager dog, Hugh Munro passed, with his savage guide, and almost immediately the young farmer uttered an exclamation of delight; for he beheld his wife Ellen standing alone and free before him. The next instant, he was clasped in her embrace, whilst the faithful dog frisked wildly around them.

The Pahutaw chief remained at a little distance, surveying, with grave countenance and folded arms, the meeting of the two palefaces. Then, as Hugh turned his grateful glance around, the Indian said, with a slight movement of his head:

"Will my brother look from the white bird to the feet of the red chief?"

Hugh glanced from the Indian's quiet countenance to the little streamlet, on the border of which he stood. At the same time, Ellen exclaimed:

"It is the gold, Hugh—the golden sands."

"Ugh!" muttered the Pahutaw, and perhaps the faint semblance of humor appeared at the corner of his dark mouth, as he marked the eager change in the white man's features, as the latter stooped quickly to the water's edge.

It was indeed true. The mountain streamlet glided over a bed of golden sand, and large lumps, the deposits of a thousand washings in that solitude, were strewn thickly beneath the hand of Hugh Munro.

"Let my brother fill his hunting-pouch with the bright sand," said the Pahutaw, still preserving his quiet demeanor. "Let the white bird be ransomed. The young warrior of our tribe is satisfied."

As the Pahutaw spoke, the brave, who had claimed the possession of Ellen, appeared approaching from the village.

The young warrior's brow wore rather a dark expression; nevertheless, he made a sign of friendship, as he neared the white man.

"Our young man would make joyful the lodge of his white brother!" said the chief. "But he must buy a new wife, and make warm his house for another squaw. So I have given to him of my own goods, till my brother shall return with the white bird's ransom."

Saying this, the stately chieftain drew aside a bundle of branches and prairie grass, which was piled near by, and discovered to the wondering gaze of Hugh Munro a heap of articles such as form the trade of half-breeds with the Indian tribes. Several bales of red cloth, a keg of powder, and a box of gay-colored ribbons, lay at scarcely a yard's distance from the streamlet.

"These are all the wealth of the Pahutaw chief," said the latter, in his guttural tones. "But my white brother is naked—he has not so much. Let him then take these goods, and ransom the squaw. The Pahutaw chief will trust his white brother, that he will restore as much when he is rich."

Hugh Munro could scarcely believe his senses. Overpowered by emotion, he seized the hand of his wife, and drew her half kneeling to the Pahutaw's feet.

"Generous man!" was all he could utter.

"Let the white chief's lodge be joyful! Ugh!" returned the Indian, as, gracefully lifting his embroidered blanket, he threw it over his shoulders, and stood again immovable, whilst the young brave stooped and gave his hand to Munro, in token of his assent to the conditions of Ellen's release.

And ere the sun had set on that eventful day, the pioneer and Ellen were on their homeward way, conducted by the Pahutaw chieftain a day's

journey on their march. Sufficient of the "golden dross," for which so many peril life, was stored about the persons of both, not only to purchase goods to reimburse the noble Pahutaw for his security, but to make comfortable their after life in the pleasant home of Feather Vale. And there, at this hour, to the traveller who shares his open hospitality, Hugh Munro delights to relate his own romantic gold-adventure among the valley tribes.

ANECDOTE OF SHELLEY.

Shelley took great pleasure in making paper boats, and floating them on the water. So long as his paper lasted, he remained riveted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement. All waste paper was rapidly consumed; then the covers of letters; next, letters of little value. The most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondents, although eyed wistfully many times and often returned to his pocket, were sure to be sent at last in pursuit of the former squadrons. Of the portable volumes which were the companions of his rambles—and he seldom went without a book—the fly leaves were commonly wanting. He had applied them as our ancestor Noah applied gopher wood. But learning was so sacred in his eyes that he never trespassed further upon the integrity of the copy. The work itself was always respected.

It has been said that he once found himself on the north bank of the Serpentine River without the materials for indulging those inclinations which the sight of water invariably inspired, for he had exhausted his supplies on the round pond in Kensington Gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could be found, save only a bank-note for £50. He hesitated long, but yielded at last. He twisted it into a boat with the extreme fineness of his skill, and committed it with the utmost dexterity to fortune, watching its progress, if possible, with a still more intense anxiety than usual. Fortune often favors those who fully and frankly trust her. The northeast wind gently wafted the costly skiff to the south bank, where during the latter part of the voyage the venturesome owner waited its arrival with patient solicitude.—*English Anecdotes.*

POPULAR DEFINITIONS.

What is fashion?—Dinner at midnight, and headache in the morning.

What is wit?—That peculiar kind of talk that leads to pulled noses and broken heads.

What is idleness?—Working yaller mountains on pink subsoil—or a blue tailed dog in sky-colored convulsions.

What is joy?—To count your money and find it overrun a hundred dollars.

What is conscience?—Something that guilty men feel every time it thunders.

What is knowledge?—To be away from home when people come to borrow books and umbrellas.—*Punch.*

Lowliness of heart is real dignity, and humility is the brightest jewel in the Christian's crown.

TO WILL.

BY IDA RAYKIN.

Think of me, dearest,
When daylight appears,
When the earth is all sparkling
With morning's bright tears;
When memory is clear
As those gems of bright dew,
Then wilt thou think of me,
Kind thoughts renew?

Think of me, dearest,
In dark, silent night,
When the deep blue above us
Is sprinkled with light:
That sweet, peaceful hour
Will soften the heart,
And bid all unkindness
Forever depart.

Think of me, dearest,
In moments of joy,
When no shadow darkens,
No gloom can annoy.
Think of me, dearest,
As I think of thee,
Fondly and ever,
Ah, thus think of me!

THE WHITE SUN BONNET.

BY EVE CARROLL.

ONE afternoon in August, when the warm sunshine poured through the poplar branches, making it almost as warm in the shade as in the open fields, I sat on grandfather's doorstep, making a white sun bonnet. I was thinking all the time, how, under the broad shade of this cambric bonnet, I would rob the woods of their wealth of berries and nuts, and what long morning walks I would take, following the brook on its winding pathway, and then, too, when I went to the village on week days, I would wear the sun bonnet, so that my Florence straw trimmed with pink bows and flowers, would be new and fresh for Sunday. These thoughts flowed very pleasantly through my mind, and in the meantime my needle kept quick time to them.

Looking up, presently from my work, I noticed that grandfather had brought his chair into the hall and sat near the door, sucking his short stemmed pipe. The light of life was fast departing from it, yet he puffed away, occasionally emitting faint clouds of smoke, and gazing with an abstracted look upon my needlework. This, I thought, argued an absent mind, and I asked him what he was thinking about.

The old man roused up at the sound of my voice and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Why, Kitty," said he, "I was thinking of the white sun bonnet."

"Thinking of this one?"

"Dear me! no, of my own."

"What, have you a sun bonnet, grandfather?"

"Yes, my child, and if I had not, I should not be sitting here to-day, looking back on old times with a thankful heart. I must tell you about my sun bonnet, Kitty, and then if you prove a good listener, I'll show it to you."

The pipe was laid aside, and I threaded my needle anew.

"When I was young," he began, "I lived in this very house, a farmer's boy, and my Mary, a farmer's daughter, lived in a little brown house over the hills yonder. One afternoon when I was coming across the fields homeward, from a fishing expedition, I saw her for the first time. Wearing a white sun bonnet, and with a basket of strawberries on her arm, she came towards me, and with a bashful blush, asked me to tell her the way to the village road, for," said she, 'I have been wandering around so long in search of strawberries, that I find myself in a strange place.'

"She seemed so pretty and modest, and her blue eyes looked at me so timidly from under her white bonnet, that I blessed my stars inwardly for her mishap, and with all the politeness I could summon offered to guide her. She accepted my aid, thanking me cordially, and so we trudged on together toward the main road. "I helped her over the fences, and only bade her good evening when we were in sight of her father's house.

"All the next night I dreamed of meeting a little maid in the fields, and of leading her homeward through lonesome lanes and over hills and valleys. For weeks afterward I peeped under every sun bonnet I met, hoping to see the face of Mary Burns, but I did not chance to meet her. Falling at last of finding her in any other way, I just walked across the fields one summer night and knocked at the front door of Farmer Burns. Mary herself came to the door, and with a smile and courtesy showed me into the parlor, where in half an hour we grew so well acquainted, as to seem like old friends to each other.

"After that day, the path grew wondrously short between her house and mine, and at the end of a year I brought her here, no longer wearing a sun bonnet, but dressed in white muslin, and with a wreath of bridal flowers on her brown hair. I never saw a face so lovely as was Mary's on our wedding day."

Here grandfather paused and wiped a tear

from his eyes, and I thought how long the brown hair turned to gray had been underneath the coffin lid.

"For about two years," he continued, "we were as happy as it was possible to be. Mary was all I could have wished a wife to be, and I did everything I could think of to promote her happiness.

"But at the end of that time, a relative, who had resided for many years in the south, died and left me a large legacy. This was the greatest misfortune of my life, or rather I made it such by my own folly and weakness. Thinking that I had no longer any need to work, I neglected my business, grew indolent in my habits, and began to squander my wealth in idleness and pleasure. Indolence is a short road to vice, and without realizing my danger, I soon began to frequent those places where intoxicating drinks were sold, and then it was an easy thing to acquire a strong and absorbing taste for them.

"Poor Mary! Her face grew sad and pale with watching, and she pleaded with me to return to my former happy, useful life, but I soon learned to answer all her entreaties with harsh words. Yet she was always patient and always faithful to me. When I came reeling home at night, I used to see her as I opened the gate, sitting here, where I am sitting now, with little Charlie—your father, my child—asleep in her arms. Here she used to sit and watch for me.

"I cannot bear to tell you, Kitty, how bad things got to be, but at last, when I was almost a drunkard, and every endeavor of kindness and affection failed to move me, a little thing did the work.

"I was coming home, across the fields at sunset. It was very early for me to return from the village, but I was more sober than usual, and for once chanced to return at an early hour. Yet I was not so sober but that as I walked through the long grass, I often stumbled and fell. But I went on, and just at dusk came in sight of home.

"Sitting on a little mound in the field yonder, Kitty, with her face turned from me, was a woman's figure in a light shawl and a white sun bonnet. I had not seen that white bonnet for three years, and now it seemed as if some spirit had brought it before my eyes to reproach me with visions of the past. I paused to look at it and at Mary, as she sat there so motionless, and a superstitious awe crept over me, for I fancied that the wraith of Mary Burns was sitting there. Not my real wife, for she and Mary Burns were two different beings. The one was a pale

and sad-faced woman; the other, younger and fairer, and blooming with smiles and blushes. Here was Mary Burns, the same that had met me in the fields with her basket of strawberries on her arm.

"Memory is sometimes the good genius of a man, and she was mine in that hour. The white sun bonnet that I had not seen for those years, summoned her to me, and she brought back all the past. I saw the blue-eyed young girl straying through the fields, and myself stealing glances under her white bonnet, as I led her to the roadside. I saw myself, a bashful but honest youth, knocking at the door of Farmer Burns. I lived over again our long walks in the woodland and our longer chats in the parlor, and then I saw her on her wedding day, so beautiful, with white flowers in her hair.

"Then the darkness of the altered present rushed over me. All the misery which had overshadowed her, returned to me with threefold intensity, smiting me with keen reproaches, and in the bitterness and wildness of that sudden repentance, I rushed towards the figure sitting on the cold ground, and falling at her feet, I exclaimed:

"'Forgive me—forgive me, Mary Burns!'

"O how softly Mary's hand was laid on my hot forehead, and in the long sickness which followed that night, her touch never lost its tenderness, nor her voice its glad, hopeful tone. When I rose again I rose to a new life. I had had ample time to reflect and to grow strong in good resolutions, and with God's help I kept them all.

"Now, Kitty, come up stairs, and I'll show you the white sun bonnet, which I always believed was the means of bringing back to me that vivid picture of the past, and thus of restoring me to life and duty."

We went up into grandfather's chamber. He took down the old-fashioned bonnet from its peg in the closet, and looked at it long and tenderly, then carefully replaced it.

Half an hour later I entered his room and found him fast asleep in his easy chair. He smiled, and I thought he must be dreaming of Mary Burns.

The puffs of Rachel in the New York papers, remind Clapp, of the Gazette, of a good story, started in the height of the Celeste furore in this country. A bear went to see Celeste act. Such was the effect of her first night's performance that he entirely abandoned his man-eating propensities; on the second night he brought his wife, and on the third, anxious to increase the beneficial effect of her acting, he took a private box, and invited a young alligator to accompany him!

THE WANDERER.

BY REBECCA R. PIERCE.

With footsteps worn and weary,
He wandered home to die;
When the summer flowers were blooming,
And the winds went softly by;
For his heart was fondly yearning
For his own bright sunny skies,
Where loving hands might smooth his brow,
And close his dying eyes.

He pined for those home-voices,
To hear each kindly tone,
Thrilling once more upon his ear,
A joyous welcome home.
To meet a mother's beaming smile,
A sister's warm caress;
O, these he deemed might death disarm
Of half its bitterness.

Once more that quiet home-path
The weary wanderer prest;
And his sinking form was folded
Close to each yearning breast;
A sister's smile, a mother's tears,
Were mingled with his own;
The first, for many weary years,
His care-dimmed eyes had known.

When the autumn winds were wailing
Amid the forest trees,
And the withered leaves were falling
In every passing breeze—
Coldly and tenderly
They laid him down to rest,
And kind friends placed with gentle hands
The green turf o'er his breast.

PAUL BRANT:

—OR,—

THE WOODCUTTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY JOSEPHINE HALE.

THERE was not in the still, sweet country where our story leads us, a sound of human life, save the faint, musical stroke of a woodman's axe in the forest. And there were gleams on the richly-leaved trees, as though the light, with one dying effort, would stroke them once more with her broad, smooth hand, ere damp evening, like death, had chilled it.

Paul Brant rested at length, and leaning heavily on his right arm, with his left hand lifted the straw hat from his brow, that the cool wind might ripple across it. As he stood, silently contemplating the clouds through the trees, he was not thinking of their loveliness, but following the windings of his own disturbed, uneven thoughts. He was a handsomely made man of

some fifty years; and the locks clinging to his pale temples and straggling loosely down his shoulders were thin and half-gray. His forehead was broad and massive, though furrowed with the deep seams of care; and the dark brows sweeping above his stern, blue eyes, occasionally drew together as with some deep perplexity—while the hard fingers of his right hand sharply pressed the rude handle of his axe. "Ay, ay," muttered he, and burying the shining edge of the axe deep in the mellow soil, "the thing'll work and I'll do it. Let me see. Saturday afternoon—call at Nathan's and leave word. At night-fall he comes, is urged to stay—consents—sleeps next room to old man—door unbolted between them. The thing'll work—the thing'll work! At midnight I listen—house still—everybody quiet as death. Then with Nathan's axe I creep to the old man's door—with one blow finish him. Old man rich—Nathan's grasping disposition and previous dishonesty—his sleeping here and next room to the murdered man—axe under his bed—stained clothes—all go against him. Little Ninette—O heavens! what am I about? what am I about?"

The veins on his forehead swelled frightfully and he trembled violently throughout his herculean frame. A slender tree felled years ago, lay crosswise over his path, all overgrown with thick, bright moss, and where most decayed, softly patched with the sweetest verdure. He sat down upon it, and stripping the moss from the wood, began to crumble it in his hands.

"Fool!" resumed he, when he had smothered the remembrance of a face looking out on him through soft, scattered ringlets, young and smiling, like the face of summer just washed in dew, and peeping through the leaves. "Old Murray's money does him no good, but it would do me a world o' good—a whole world o' good—I've thought of it till it must be done. Here in the woods I've thought of it, till, between the rings of my axe, a hissing voice, has said, thousands of times, 'Do it, man, do it!' The other night, too, when I sat and watched Ninette, who was looking pale, and who was—hush, hush, hush! That child again, that innocent child!"

This he added so hoarsely, so differently—and looking about him with so much horror and wildness, that it seemed as though another voice than his own had been planning this foul wickedness, and that his, much deeper and more solemn, had broken in suddenly and reprovingly, saying:—"Hush, hush, hush! my innocent child, my little innocent child!" Paul Brant sat a moment longer, the moss and leaves crushed under his clumsy feet, his powerful arms in-

terlaced and twining strongly over his broad breast and his heavy brows drawn together in a frown. Then seizing his axe and flinging it over his shoulder, he sighed heavily, and with a crashing footstep passed from the wood.

And here be it said that Paul Brant was the victim of a species of insanity. The word "gold," was written in fire on every earthly thing he saw. The word "gold" flamed forever in his heart—wound about it in curling characters. Money was something, the touch of which made his hand burn and his blood tingle. Money was something—the sound of which—could one silence the lips of his little Ninette, was sweeter and dearer to him than any other. The rattle of dollars seemed ever in his ears; the merry chime of silver was his music; he scented gold afar off. In his early manhood—and this may have been some slight excuse—he had met with severe and repeated losses. Every later year of his life had reduced him to lower and meaner circumstances, and removed him farther away from his goal of happiness. Time forever increased this diseased appetite of his feverish heart. He hungered and thirsted for riches. His peace of mind was gone—the light of cheerfulness shone no more for him—the mild taper of contentment his own fingers had ruthlessly extinguished, and he was wandering on in the dark! Yet Paul's murderous soliloquy in the forest had been only a soliloquy. It was one of the plans which he never meant to carry out. Habitually, now, he wrote out wild schemes with the mad finger of imagination, and wiped them out hastily with the yet blushing hand of conscience. But his peace of mind was gone, and he was wandering on in the dark!

The road through which Paul bent his way was deep-cut between two hills, and worn dusty with travel. But he soon struck off into one a great deal more beautiful, where elm trees stood ranked on either side, and met each other over head, shivering with strong laughter. This led to his own home. Worn out mentally, and therefore bodily, with a face unusually pale and lips compressed, Paul crossed the little garden-patch in front of the house, and then Ninette came bounding out to meet him! She was a beautiful young creature of about thirteen years. Her face was darkened by the sun of her few summers, but was smooth as ivory, and mellowed to a deep rose color at her lips and cheeks. Only when the light shone into them could one see the soft blue of her eyes; for they were so profusely shaded with long, black lashes, that many believed the eyes and their silken fringes matched. Her form was light and erect, and her

steps wild with life. And her hair, of the deepest brown, curled richly around her oval face and down her shoulders. But her expression—it was that—that was what made little Ninette beautiful! Glad and sprightly she was, to be sure, and innocent and guileless; but she was something more—something better. Let time show little Ninette's noble, tender heart, as it lay written in lovely lines upon her face.

"Ah, papa! ah, darling papa!" said little Ninette, reaching up and patting his cheek. "I am so glad to see you. Now put away your axe and come in at once. There is no more work to be done to-night. What is the matter?"

She stopped in the path, and looked earnestly in his face.

"You look tired," continued she; "you are very anxious?" and she took his hand.

"Yes, yes, Ninette, tired, very tired," murmured he, absently, dropping his axe and his head at the same time. "Then," said she, joyfully, "you can rest so nicely at home with me. You shall not work to-morrow, no, nor next day. You shall be my little, sick, tired papa a whole week. Come in, come in. Pick up your axe and come in!"

She went ahead of him a little, and with both her small, tanned hands clasped over his, dragged him after her, laughing merrily. Heavens, why did she drag him so fast—so fast—and he with the axe glistening and swinging loosely in his hand? The child was lovely enough, and pure enough, but her laughter is spoiled by his which chimes in with it. Angels protect her—what a laugh!

Paul's secret love of gold was not known to the world—only Ninette knew—and she, poor child, the knowledge grieved her. But she knew that he loved her far better than gold; and that was a blessed comfort, yes, blessed. It was strange that one thing had not occurred to the child. For a long period—perhaps a dozen years, there had boarded in the family an old man by the name of Murray, apparently without friends or relations. He was of a miserly, greedy nature, and was reputed to be very rich. To such a man as Brant was not this a temptation? And yet, the child had not dreamed of crime.

As they went in, Ninette and her father, Murray, who was sitting by the window in his leather arm chair, raised his sharp, querulous face, half as though he expected the two brought him news—news of gain. But this hope passed, and he sank back in his chair, his lean hands clasped tightly together, and his eyes fixed upon the floor in a vacant, unpleasant stare.

Meanwhile, Brant's daughter looked up in his

face with a smile, and unlocking his heavy fingers loosed the axe from his grasp, and set it aside in one corner of the room. An hour passed, and Murray had fallen asleep in his chair. Brant and Ninette sat opposite each other; the child closely watching the face of her father. It certainly seemed that the girl, at length, grew frightened: for the bright-colored knitting dropped from her pretty hands, and every drop of blood forsook her cheeks. Suddenly Brant looked up and smiled. She answered him. Re-assured, she took up her work and swiftly wove a line of tiny stitches, her eyes still earnest in their watch of him. Again their faces change—both are wild and pale, both of absorbing interest—hers still towards him, and he straight-gazing at the axe which yet glistens in the dark corner. "Father!" exclaimed the child.

"What, my child, what is it?" returned Brant, his face, like lightning, coming back to its old, smiling look.

Ninette trembled like a leaf, and blamed her own timidity. Her fears were all hushed in a moment, "Nothing, papa, I only thought you were so still—you do not speak to me," and the great shadow of her lashes lay on her cheek, and another chain of crimson stitches ran round her work.

He said nothing—he lost himself again—and when next she looked up it was very dark in the room, and aslant the axe there was a thin, quivering streak of moonlight. Paul Brant's eyes were fascinated by it—he could not withdraw them.

"Hark!" whispered Ninette hoarsely, to herself; and the slender needle, with which she wove, fell with a faint echo to the floor.

"It must—it must be done," muttered her father, in a low, distinct voice; "it shall be done to-night, and I'll even do it myself. Gold, gold, gold!"

A piercing shriek broke from the child's lips, and swiftly crossing the room, she seized the heavy axe in her hurried hands, and dragging it from the house, hid it, outside, in a deep thicket of leaves. She did not see, while she did this, a pale face at the window, like the face of a madman, watching her movements. When she came in her father stood in the middle of the room, with a soft, kind beam in his eyes. And those very eyes had burned insanely but an instant ago!

"Ninette," said he, holding out his hands, and the child sprang forward, kneeling at his feet, and pressing his hands lovingly to her lips, her beautiful hair falling upon her face.

"Ninette," continued he, sadly; "I wander sometimes—is it not so? I frighten you, poor child. You must watch over me, Ninette. I think I am losing my wits." He smiled, and stroked her hair. She did not smile—she did not raise her face—but nestled her head against his arm, and continued weeping.

"Ninette," said he, in surprise, "you do not doubt me? See here," and he stretched out his hands—"these never shall be stained with guilt, so long as God spares me my child. For I love you, little Ninette, love you," and the tears started from his heavy lids.

She arose and her face cleared, just as the morning throws off clouds and looks out on man, calm and peaceful. And when she had smiled once, proudly and confidently she said: "Good night, dear papa," and raised her face to his. He kissed her tremulously on the lips and forehead, and she left the room. Just as she had gained the top of the stairs leading to her bed-chamber, a sharp voice called to her. It belonged to Murray, who had been aroused from his sleep, and who was following her, and crying out:

"Ninette, Ninette, here! give me a light, child. Would you send me to bed in the dark? Make haste, Ninette, and light me a lamp."

She hastened into her chamber, and quickly striking one, came back and stood with it in her hand at the top of the stairway. Murray came impatiently and stood at the bottom. By a strange impulse they both paused, gazing dumbly at each other. Neither of them advanced a step farther. Almost for the first time, Murray saw that the girl was beautiful. The long, golden flame of the lamp flashed upwards over her face, and her loose, light garments were fluttering. In her eyes there was a kind of mournful pity, and her childish smile had vanished. And what did she see? She saw a helpless and tottering old man. She saw—not his avariciousness, not his follies and absurdities—but only his pale, silver hair, and his trembling limbs, and his anxious brow, so careworn and weary. She laid her hand on her lip and then slightly beckoned to him. He looked surprised. Her calm, resolute eyes were on his face, and she still beckoned slowly, with an air that only increased his doubt and surprise. He climbed the stairs, with difficulty, and stood at her side. Then she said to the old man, touching him lightly with her hand:

"I wish to have you change rooms with me, to-night. I wish to sleep in the room you occupy below."

"What!" he began; "do you—"

"Hush! say not a word," continued Ninette.

"My father must not know what we do. You will take my room to-night?"

"But," he began again, "my—my—it is useless. I cannot."

"If you have anything in the room you are afraid of," said she, quickly understanding him, "go back and get it—bring it here. You need not go through the room where he is, go in by the other door. I will set the light down for you."

He needed only to cast one more glance at her face, to feel persuaded that she was in earnest, and that she had good reasons for doing this. When he came back, the child was gone from the stairs, and toiling up heavily, with something clasped in his arms, he entered Ninette's bed-chamber, and closed and locked the door.

Then Ninette, soon after, creeping softly into the room she had chosen for herself, unfastened her robes, and laid down, shivering, upon the bed. Then her beautiful face grew pale as death; and her hair was scattered on the pillow, and her eyes were closed—O, so heavily! She experienced all the horrors of darkness; she felt that fright which one often feels, waking in the lone night-time, and choking with the remembrance of some ghastly dream.

Yet she had not been dreaming. The axe in the leaves—that look of her father's! no, no, she had not dreamed. She heard the clock striking; her door, when the chime had ceased, creaked slowly. Her heart beat loudly, and rung in her own ears. Through her half-open lids, she saw a white figure coming in stealthily, and bringing in its pale hand an axe with sweet leaves clinging to its glittering edge. It was dark—very dark—and the figure was white. The face was as fixed as marble, and the eyes open and staring. With soft, regular, awful footsteps it approached her, and she ceased to breathe. Nearer, nearer—the axe swung in the air—she cried out, and put up her hand—it slanted aside, severing one long tress of her deep, brown hair. The figure turned with light soft footsteps away. She stood up, and with one low moan, flung her arms about its neck, and looked it wildly in the face. More wildly—more searchingly—more joyfully. Thank God he was not awake. Thank God he was walking in his sleep!

She strove to awake him—she clasped him in her arms. "She cried, "Father, father, awake, awake! Ninette has saved you. Wake—open your eyes, father. Ninette has saved you—Ninette has saved you!" and what a thrilling cry it was, which started him from his sleep. She smiled—she clasped him in her arms. She pointed to the fallen axe—to the pillow where

she had lain—to her own bleeding hand, with a strange joy—to the beautiful ringlet of hair—and then she smiled again, clinging to him and calling him "father!" still.

He knelt down at her feet and sobbed aloud, saying, while he dared not touch her, "Ninette, Ninette!" and saying not another word for the fullness of his heart. But she—she kissed his face—she smiled—and many times the music of her voice was heard that night—"Thank God, 'twas in his sleep."

Need it be said that the word "gold," wherever written, wherever seen, was tarnished forever to the eyes of Paul Brant! Need it be said that the lesson Ninette had taught him was so deeply graven on his heart, that the ring of dollars ever after was the echo only of Satan's far-off voice?

Some years after, old Murray dying, proved him his nearest surviving relation, and left him his hoard of gold. But Brant calmly made it over to his daughter; and still was happiest cutting wood in the forest, and whistling sweet time to the falling of leaf-shafted oaks.

They were standing together at twilight. He took a silken curl of her hair from his bosom, and whispered softly:

"It is the very same, Ninette. I have kept it ever since." Then he put his arms around her, and his gray head rested on her shoulder. And night, with a whisper, "Saved—saved!" ran over the sky, and there were golden breaks in her garment, and a veil of stars blowing in the wind.

TOO RIPE.

It is the custom for planters at the South to purchase clothing for their slaves by the wholesale; and, as of course, they have not the opportunity to examine closely each article, they are sometimes swindled by a few bad ones being thrown in among the good. An acquaintance of ours tells us that, on one occasion, he had laid in a box of shoes, and distributed the most of them among the negroes. A few days afterwards, "Old Bob," a favorite servant, found that the shoes that had fallen to his lot were bursting out. So, going to his master, he said:

"Massa, where you buy dose shoes?"

"I bought them in New Orleans, Bob," responded our friend.

"Well, where did de New Orleans people buy 'em?"

"They bought them from the people up North—they bought them from the Yankees."

"Well, where do de Yankees get 'em?" persisted the negro.

"The Yankees! why, they pick them off of trees, Bob."

"W-w-well," responded the darkey, holding up his shoes, "I reck'n de Yankee didn't pick dese pair soon enough, massa; I reck'n he wait-ed till—till—till dey was a little too ripe!"

IN THE COUNTRY.

BY GEORGE W. BURGAY.

I love to sit
Where gay birds flit,
Or soar in song above me;
Where insects hum,
And flowers bloom,
And friends are near that love me.

Here Nature speaks,
From buds and beaks,
The lesson God has taught her;
Like silver stars
Beyond the bars,
Are lilies on the water.

Through seas of grass
The mowers pass,
And bend to tasks of duty;
On every bush
The berries blush
Red as the lips of beauty.

In smoke and dust
Let misers rust,
And perish with their money;
The virgin land
On which I stand,
Overflows with milk and honey.

Here hope will be
Green as the tree
Which nods upon the mountain;
And love will gush
Like streams that rush
Fresh from the sparkling fountain.

I love to sit
Where gay birds flit,
Or soar in song above me;
Where insects hum,
And flowers bloom,
And friends are near that love me.

THE RESCUE.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

MANY years ago, when our country was wilder and more thinly populated than at present, there might have been seen upon a public road that wound along the brow of a hill, seeking an easy descent into the valley, two girls, sisters, who were walking slowly towards their home—a heavy, ungraceful, but well-kept structure that lay below them, encompassed by orchards and cultivated fields. The elder of these, Miss Hart—or Olive, as she was called by her own family—was no longer young or pretty, but she possessed a distinguished, ladylike manner, that made her on many occasions not less noticeable and pleasing than her young sister, Eunice, who enchanted all with the sorcery of radiant smiles lighting up her fair face, and by the vivacious grace that inspired the movements of an almost perfect figure.

Eunice pouted her ripe lips, and tossed away her glossy curls, as she said:

"If I were really a brute beast, or a nice piece of mechanism, even, it might do well enough to bargain me away; but since I may claim the ownership of a soul without arrogance, and one, too, that is as sensitive as souls in general, it does seem as if I might have a voice in the disposal of the poor little body that holds it."

"Papa does not wish you to be miserable," said Olive, kindly; "and if, when you become acquainted with Henry Elton, you cannot like him, you certainly will not be compelled to marry him. Your happiness will not be sacrificed to sustain the pledges of other people."

"Was papa's promise so very sacred?" inquired Eunice.

"Those given to dying men always seem so. When papa was last in England, several years ago, he lost his friend Elton; but before that sad event, to carry out, I believe, a long cherished whimsical intention of uniting the families, this marriage was planned that affords you so great dissatisfaction. If I were not so unfortunate as to be several years older than Harry, you probably would not obtain a clever, wealthy husband as easily as you now will," said Olive, laughing.

"You might have had him in welcome," retorted Eunice. "You may take him now, for I am determined to hate him, and to let everybody see it. I will not be made the subject of such an uncivilized, paganish negotiation, as if I were a dusky little heathen."

"You may think better of that wilful declaration in a month, when you have seen Harry," replied Olive; "for if he inherits a fair share of his father's external advantages and excellent qualities, he could easily make himself acceptable to a more fastidious and prejudiced young lady than you."

"I wish I knew just how he did look, and precisely when he will appear among us. We'll go and ask Dame Elsie about him;" and Eunice danced and clapped her hands as she caught at the new idea.

"Fie, fie!" exclaimed Olive; "it is not over respectable to seek Dame Elsie, and it is said that it is sometimes dangerous. We have heard that she busies herself about what no Christian woman ought to know, and that she holds intercourse with strange, indescribable visitors. If

it had not been for the leniency and influence of our family, she would have been made a public example ere this."

"I shall not fear the wrinkled crone on the authority of mere hearsay," said Eunice, resolutely. "I believe her and her vicinity to be as harmless as yonder startled partridge, and that her mysterious and solitary habits are but convenient and necessary accessories to her profession of fortune-telling. I have seen a dozen swains and lasses, whose experience has demonstrated the accuracy of her predictions, and if she has an inoffensive way of telling truly what people desire to know, it concerns no one how she finds it out."

"You should not associate so familiarly with the vulgar classes," said Olive, who was notably exclusive, and who was now glad to turn the conversation in any direction from the one it had taken.

"They are very amusing, and often intelligent," replied Eunice. "But let us go at once to Dame Elsie's, now that we are upon the hill; it will save ascending it another time."

"It lacks scarcely an hour of sunset," was the reply, "and there is a mile between us and our home; and Dame Elsie's hut is more than a mile distant in the forest behind us. It is indiscreet and unsafe to go there now."

"I have no superstitious fear of hobgoblin terrors, and if we walk quickly we can easily return to this place before dark, and thence the road is open to our home. I have a shilling in my pocket, and we can visit her now and no gossiping acquaintance be ever the wiser, if you have any scruples on the score of a dignified reputation. Come Olive, sister, don't deny me. It is no common curiosity that urges me to go."

"It is an unholy business, and can result in no good. It grieves me that you can put any confidence in the insane mutterings of a repulsive, haggish woman; and our father will be more angry than grieved when he learns that we have been there."

"He will never know it," said Eunice, with an arch gesture and expression. "But unless we make haste the sprites will have the ground before us."

She immediately began to clamber over the low, broken fence that separated the road from the forest, and Olive, with perhaps a little sympathy in her sister's curiosity, which restrained her from flatly refusing to go, half reluctantly followed.

The path which they took was very wild. A few large trees had been felled to mark its course, but from their vigorous roots, thrifty shoots came

up in dense, glossy clumps. The adjoining saplings, envious of the narrow opening that man had effected, sought to embrace each other across it; and the low shrubs, and juicy, slender herbs, strove to imitate the wayward luxuriance of the trees. So that, with all the varied obstructions, a path could only be said to be designated, not made. Yet the ground was not rugged; the air was exhilarating with the pungent odor of healthy plants and the moist soil; the slanting sunshine brought into strong contrast gilded patches and deep shadows; and the little birds twittered on every tree-top, and balanced on the swaying boughs. The sisters, busily conversing on every novelty, and the many points of singular beauty that the scene presented, went on rapidly, plunging deeper and deeper into the increasing denseness of the forest. The ground gradually descended as they progressed, till at length they found themselves in the low, broad basin of wet land, whose tangled vegetation offered no place of egress, save at the point where they had forced their entrance, and whose gloomy shadows already anticipated the evening twilight.

"Where are we?" exclaimed Olive, almost in terror. "Now I think upon it, we have walked nearer two miles than one since entering the forest."

"We have come a long distance," said Eunice, nothing daunted; "but if we have overshoot the mark, the proper way is to return at once, and not bemoan our mistake in this wilderness. We must have passed Elsie's hut not far behind. It is a forlorn little thing, which you could scarcely distinguish from an earth-mound or a blackened boulder."

"Incredible! It could not have escaped our observation. It must be that we have missed our course altogether. The paths through these woods, though often travelled, are vague and divergent. We were rash to attempt them. Let it be now our only object to escape from these thickets. Wild beasts have been seen often, even on this side of the forest, and there are said to be secret caves, where ruffianly vagabond men associate and devise mischief, whence they prowl to execute it."

"If there is indeed such danger, we will hasten homeward," returned Eunice, cheerfully, unwilling to betray her own rising alarm.

The sisters with alacrity sought to retrace their steps, but presently became aware that they had lost every token of the path, and also that it was impossible with their inexperience, to keep a straight course while they were momentarily obliged to make a *détour* about some

obstruction. Soon the fading rays of the sun wholly failed, and missing their only guide, they became in a little time bewildered, and each was confident that the other desired to go in a wrong direction.

"We must allow that we are lost in the woods," said Eunice, trying to feel brave. "It really sounds quite formidable. Now our heroism is to be tested."

"It is ridiculous," returned Olive, much vexed. "A fine story to be tossed about the country, that Colonel Hart's daughters were lost as they were seeking a disreputable locality to listen devoutly to the gibberish of a witch."

"Let us make one more effort to get out," said Eunice, humbly, who felt too much in the wrong to retort upon her sister's severity.

But their endeavors were in vain. A thick cloud crept over the sky, which, added to the shade of the dense foliage, made an almost palpable darkness. The sisters, uneasy if they paused, and filled with compunction when they remembered the anxiety which their unwonted absence would occasion at home, clung to the hope of emerging from the forest when they should have surmounted the next impediment. Thus they wandered painfully, till overcome with exhaustion they sank down at the foot of a tree, where they resolved to watch each other while they should take alternate sleep.

Olive assumed the first watch, and while, with tired sight, she strove to distinguish some outline in the blackness, there came faint gleams of lightning to her assistance. She had a strange pleasure as she beheld the ghastly landscape flash out ever and anon in the livid light. She could not turn her eyes from the dismal fascination which the successive lurid brightness and oppressive darkness afforded. At length she changed her position, and looked in a new direction. She had scarcely done so, when a cry of joy burst from her lips that at once awoke her sister.

"Dame Elsie's hut is but a few rods from us!" she exclaimed, "and it will give us protection from the approaching rain."

"It is almost midnight, and are you not afraid of the sprites, who, they say, hold conferences with the seeress at that quiet hour?" said Eunice, whose love of mischief could not be easily buffeted out of her.

"There is graver reason to fear the ill effects of this exposure," replied Olive, with an air of dignity that she knew how to assume with effect.

The hut was, fortunately, tenanted by its owner, who was crouching over a few smouldering

embers, when the wanderers made application for admittance, and who had the inconvenience of excessive startled surprise entirely on her own side.

"May the saints help me!" cried the old woman. "Who are you in this darkness? Women! What, the young ladies from the Hart farm? Why do ye seek me at this time of night? Are there murderers or thieves—"

"We are only, unfortunately, lost in the woods," returned Olive. "And now if you will accompany us to our home, we will provide for you until morning, and abundantly reward you. I bethink myself that we must not delay to quiet the alarm which our folly has occasioned."

"I will go alone," said Elsie; "and you shall remain here, for you are too tender to walk farther to-night. The bed is soft enough for weary bones, and in the morning they will come for you."

"I did intend to remain here when I first saw the place," replied Olive; "but we have rested long under a tree near by; Eunice has slept; and if you will bring us some food to support us, we will go home at once, and end this straying immediately. Such is my wish."

Elsie lighted the remnant of a slender candle, and busied herself in bringing forth the meagre stores of her pantry. Eunice mentally rejected one little plate after another as they were set out on the low table, and concluded it would be good policy to go hungry an hour longer, when her sight was gladdened by the appearance of a tolerably fresh loaf of coarse bread, and a broad pewter plate covered high with new, white, dripping honeycomb.

"I would walk farther than I have to-night to taste such fragrant sweetness, could I obtain the luxury in no other way," she exclaimed, as she cut open the crisp cells that poured forth their limpid contents.

Elsie, while the sisters finished the hasty meal, went about to secure the premises against the entrance of the threatening rain. As she was thus employed, there were heard without approaching steps, and Eunice, certain that some messenger had arrived from home in search of them, would have opened the door at once.

"Be not hasty," said Elsie, laying her skinny finger on the girl's shoulder. "In a lonely place like this, we do not admit strangers rashly. We'll know whence and what they are first."

There was a knock and a voice.

"I do not ask admittance, but directions to guide me through this forest."

Elsie opened the door, and there appeared a young man, too short and broad in person, and

with too irregular features to be handsome; but a frank and intelligent expression inspired confidence, and more than atoned for some deficiencies in face and figure. He continued:

"I was so conceited, ten hours ago, as to imagine that I had skill enough to conduct me through this wild tract without losing my course, and thus save several miles from a more circuitous route; but after a great deal of travelling, and a few adventures, I am more hopelessly involved in these detestable intricacies than ever, unless you are able to direct me to the residence of Colonel Hart, which I am desirous to reach in the shortest possible time."

"There are Colonel Hart's daughters," said Elsie, "and we go down into the valley now. You can go with us."

Elsie's speech annoyed Olive greatly, for it was her design to keep their excursion a secret, and it did not seem a propitious commencement to make them known to a roving member of some neighboring family.

The stranger hesitated, as he observed them attentively.

"Is it your fixed purpose to return home to-night?" he inquired of the young ladies.

"It is," said Olive. "We committed ourselves too freely to the guidance of these forest paths, and they have detained us till this late hour in consequence of our inattention; but we go now," and she gathered up her shawl and advanced to the door.

"Stay a moment," said the stranger, motioning her back. "I am unwilling to occasion you needless trouble, but I have just met with an adventure which you must know, and then you can decide what you will do."

"Are you alone? Is there any one with you?" asked Elsie, who was peering into the darkness.

"My good horse, only," was the reply.

"I thought I saw a man in that last flash," said Elsie.

"It was the tall stump before the door; there I saw it then," returned Eunice.

"Perhaps! My eyes are getting poor," and Elsie looked sharply out.

"Let me hasten with my story," said the stranger. "I had not been long in these woods when I found it impossible to ride in the path which I had taken—I suppose I had already wandered from the right way—and after leading my horse until dark, I considered it advisable to secure the first shelter for repose. I luckily came upon a kind of artificial cavern, built of enormous flat stones, that looked in their convenient constructive arrangement as if they had

once been the playthings of giants. Securing my horse on a grass-plot at a considerable distance, I entered my rugged inn, and had almost fallen asleep, when I was disturbed by approaching footsteps and voices, that came nearer, without pause or intermission, as if the way were familiar, and stopped at the portal of my primitive apartment.

"I resolved to remain undiscovered while I might, and quietly receding further inward, I listened to the conversation of, I should judge, three men. I gathered that, at the instigation of a certain Bill Edmonds, who, it appears, is excessively angered by a rejection from the younger Miss Hart, these men, for a considerable reward, were to find means on this or tomorrow night to capture the lady, and deliver her into the possession of her discarded suitor. If it should be found necessary, in order to accomplish their design, the house was to be fired, and in the ensuing confusion, the prize was to be secured.

"As I heard the infamous plan arranged, I was impatient to rescue a worthy family from the consequences of such villany, and not feeling quite competent to destroy upon the spot the ruffianly trio, I determined to frustrate their design by forestalling their visit to Colonel Hart's. I cautiously retired still farther into the supraterranean cavern, and succeeded, as I hoped, in finding an insignificant back door to the structure, and worming my way through the broken rocks, I was at length free. I luckily found my horse in the darkness, and favored by the spongy soil that received the animal's hoofs without noise, I escaped without attracting observation. Having obtained several hints respecting my course from the conversation of these men, I expected to leave the forest behind me shortly, but instead, I have been leading my horse this hour, and had just concluded that the forest was enchanted, and that I must be content to wander in the magic cycles till the spell should be broken, when I saw your friendly taper."

"Let us hasten homeward that the household may be in a state of defence," said Olive, throwing a mantle round her pale sister.

"If I might advise where I am so little acquainted," said the stranger, "I would recommend that, unless the timidity of the young ladies be excessive, or there exist evident objections to such an arrangement, they remain here while this good dame and I avail ourselves of the utmost speed of my horse to go and return as soon as possible. The horse, of course, cannot carry four persons. I have lost much time already, and while we are making slow progress,

a portion of the intended mischief may be accomplished."

"You are right," said Olive; "we are not afraid to remain here."

"And it commences to rain, also," continued the stranger. "Get a pillion, good woman, or a substitute for one, and we'll not delay."

Eunice nearly laughed outright, in spite of her apprehension, as she thought what a comical figure the gentlemanly personage before her and the shrivelled beldam would cut, if it were daylight, riding double to her father's door.

"The tree branches are low; we must walk half a mile before 'twill be safe to ride," said Elsie.

"Let us hasten," said the stranger. But before going, he paused to add: "I would suggest, if the intense darkness is not specially disagreeable to the young ladies, that they extinguish the light, lest it should attract wanderers to the house, who might be more troublesome than I have been."

"Yes, put it out," said Elsie, jerking her finger at them; "and keep still if you hear noises, and don't touch the cat."

She slipped out at the narrow door, fastening it by sundry mysterious manipulations, with wooden pins and hooks; and in a moment the sound of receding footsteps died away, and there was heard only the gentle pattering of the rain upon the roof and surrounding foliage.

"I cannot understand," whispered Eunice, as she clung to her sister, "how I should have rested an hour ago beneath the trees without a feeling of timidity, and now, when we are tolerably provided for, I am oppressed with disquietude."

"You are greatly fatigued," replied Olive, "and you have been startled by the intelligence which the stranger brought to-night. Heaven grant that he may not reach our home too late! Hide your face in my shoulder."

"I cannot; it is so fearful here that I must see everything. How the ferocious, implish eyes of the cat glare upon us from the darkness of the corner. It seems as if Edmonds looked at me with the same expression when I last saw him."

"You dismissed him too imperiously and unfeelingly," said Olive; "and I shall not regret that you are frightened now, if nothing more comes of it; for it may teach you that it is unwise to coquette with such desperate fellows. If you had told him at first and frankly that you were no longer at liberty to bestow your hand on any other than him to whom it has been promised, it would have soothed his vanity and satisfied his egotism, and probably spared us the solicitude of this hour."

"Forgive me, sister; but I could not tell him what I will not allow to be true, whatever you and papa may think of it."

Olive made no reply, and the girls sat in silence during what seemed to them a long time. Then there were heard voices without, and steps seemed to move about the house.

"They have come back for us," exclaimed Eunice, starting up.

Olive held her fast, and silenced her by saying in a whisper:

"Elsie would not try to come in at the windows!"

There was a hand upon the sash attempting to move it; there was another making a more forcible attempt to effect an entrance by the door. The light from a lantern glimmered on the ceiling. The sisters had no means of defence but to retreat quietly into the farthest corner behind the cat, who had come forth to confront the intruders.

Directly there came a vigorous assault upon the door, which fell clattering upon the floor of the hut, and two athletic men entered, bending forward to discover what it might contain. Puss, whose claws and eyes, ire and hair, were terribly excited, made a direct facial onslaught upon the first, sprang over his shoulder to grapple the second, and then back again to her previous antagonist, almost before he could make an emphatic use of a not over-choice vocabulary with which to return her sharp welcome. The cat did not seem to touch the floor, but flew from one to the other like an enraged hornet, and afforded her opponents nearly as much as they could do to save their eyes and repel her fierce attacks.

"It is the old witch herself," shouted one.

"No common beast could keep in the air like this. Catch hold of her, I say. We shall find the girls changed into hooks and trammels."

Puss wouldn't be held, but performed her part so well, that if Eunice had retained the presence of mind and nerve of Olive, the sisters might possibly have escaped, for as the contest advanced into the room, and the lantern afforded scarcely any light in the commotion, they edged their way along against the wall of the hut, and had nearly gained the door, unobserved, when Eunice, in her excessive agitation, stumbled against the fallen fragments, and was prostrated helplessly across them. Olive strove, even then, to drag her out, but it was too late; the cat had just received a stunning blow, and the ruffians turned to secure their prize, and seizing the terrified girls bore them rapidly through the forest, the screams and the struggles of the sisters be-

ing of no avail in those dreary solitudes and against the strength of their kidnappers.

The public road was gained in a little time, where a couple of horses awaited them, and the sisters were carried off at a round pace, they knew not whither, save that it was from their own home. After riding an hour, the ruffians left the road, and crossing for some distance the open fields, entered into another section of woodland, and winding their way through this, arrived at a low house, whose inmates they roused, and into which they carried the girls, with garments dripping from long exposure to the penetrating rain. The old man and woman, who lived there, seemed to have been expecting their visitors, and while the former applied himself with alacrity to kindling a fire, the latter took the sisters into a little bedroom, and gave them some coarse substitute for their wet dresses.

It was in vain that Olive attempted to ascertain where they were, and what they were next to expect; the old woman, though sufficiently garrulous on other topics, answered her questions with the monotonous reply of old Ignorance himself, "I do not know." When she went out, Eunice, with hasty contrition for the wilfulness that had led her into such trouble, flung herself upon the miserable bed and wept passionately. Olive made no attempt to console her, but sitting down, leaned her head against the wainscot to think what must and could be done. She detected in that position a low conversation, carried on, evidently, between their conductors and hostess; and she hushed her breathing to hear each word.

"You don't say that you've brought them a day too soon?" said the old woman, in petulant tones. "And I'm to be bothered with them till to-morrow night! Where are the fine things coming from that they must eat?"

"Start out the old man for something. You know we pay you well."

"It's well enough for you to say what's to be done; but why, I say, didn't you leave them till Edmonds could meet them here?"

"Why, the covey flitted in our way, and we had nothing to do but lay our hands upon it, and bring it along. 'Tis safe enough in your keeping—the pay, you know, remember that—only take care of the brightest bird, that's the one that's wanted, and Edmonds will be here himself sometime between sundown and midnight to-morrow, and you'll have your money."

"But the other one," said the old woman, "what's to be done with her?"

"She's to be held close till I come," said the ruffian, with decision. "She's a bonnie bird,

and has got a clear voice. 'Twill be rich to keep her in a cage and tame her."

Olive, though not particularly edified with hearing what appropriation was to be made of herself, was yet greatly relieved to find that there was a respite of so many hours, and resolving to be prepared for any demand upon her strength, lay down beside her sister, who had already wept herself to sleep, and reposed till they were called to their early breakfast. She affected a sprained foot, and hobbled out with a wry face; and when the old woman offered to dress it, she would have only a dish of cold vinegar to pour over her stocking and cambric handkerchief, that, artfully folded and disposed underneath, indicated a badly swollen state of the cords. Eunice wasted her pity on her sister's affliction, and not being initiated into the secret of the misfortune, was greatly concerned; but Olive was resigned, and hoped it would be over in a few days, and ate her breakfast as calmly as if her foot was her only source of trouble. Eunice continued to feed herself with tears.

The day wore tediously on, and yet all too fast for Olive, who seemed so contented with her situation, and so crippled by the accident under which she appeared to suffer, that she was allowed to limp around the naked yard and narrow garden, and find what amusement she liked, while Eunice, who was impatient and restless, was a closely watched prisoner. The house stood alone on a small clearing, at the foot of a high hill or mountain, that was heavily wooded about its base, and did not reveal its altitude to those in close proximity to it. Eunice could form little estimate respecting the locality of the place to which she had been brought, and could tell nothing of the direction and distance to her own home.

Mid-day came at length, and with it dinner, after which the old man set off to procure some luxuries for supper, that, in expectation of additional visitors, was to be served up with all possible display. Olive poured more vinegar on her foot, scolded her sister for crying when a handsome young fellow was riding forty miles that day to see her (for her hostess had ventured to tell her so much), and then craved permission to sit in the sunshine at the end of the house. She observed, when she left the house, that the old woman was absorbed in the manufacture of pastry, and that she kept up a kind of conversation with Eunice, with the evident design to be assured of her presence by her responses, and thus charge her ears with the guardianship of her person, instead of her eyes.

Olive crawled out at the door, went round the

end of the house, and then darted into the woods that were close at hand. It was her intention to ascend the hill in order to ascertain what course to take; but before she had half completed that laborious attempt, she struck a path that soon seemed familiar, and she perceived that she was upon a mountain to which the families in the valley often made excursions in the summer—she had been there only a few weeks previously. This welcome recognition took much of the burden from her mind; and she applied herself with courage to the weary journey that lay before her, hoping in the course of the long ten miles to fall in with some friend or acquaintance who might facilitate her progress. But she was not so fortunate. It was approaching night when, breathless and exhausted, and tortured with the thought of her sister's condition, she reached her home. The household was in the greatest distress. Col. Hart, with many of the neighbors, was absent in search of the missing girls. The stranger of the preceding evening, and a man servant, familiar with the country, had been left at the house to protect it, if necessary, or to act upon the reception of any intelligence. It was a happy arrangement.

Fresh horses were ready in a moment; and when Olive had given to Robert every particular concerning the locality in which her sister was detained, and the circumstances connected with the sudden capture and subsequent events, to both the stranger youth and the man servant, they set off, fully determined to accomplish the rescue.

It was already twilight when they found the house at the foot of the mountain, and their vexation was great as they ascertained that Eunice had disappeared with her grim guardian, and that only the old man remained upon the premises. This was, however, not very different from what they had expected, as a consequence of the flight of Olive, but it was not less inconvenient on that account, unless they could by some means discover whether the woman had gone. The stranger offered the old man gold, and failing there, strove to intimidate him with threats, but was able to extort only the most inconsistent and irrelevant answers, that seemed more like the jabber of idocy than the effect of a definite resolve to maintain complicity in what might be to him a profitable crime.

The men went out to hold a consultation. It was evident that Eunice could not have been taken to a great distance, as it did not appear that Edmonds had yet been there; he was not expected till later—certainly not before that time. It was deemed expedient to watch the

house, and wait for his arrival. The stranger determined to undertake this duty alone, while Robert was to seek out several lurking places on the hill side, with which he was familiar, in hopes to find the fugitives secreted in some of them. The stranger retired with his horse through the path by which he had come down the mountain; for he, with Robert, had pursued the same route that Olive had followed in her escape; and having gone far enough to avoid the suspicions of the single tenant of the house, he tied his horse, and stole back beneath the friendly shade of the trees. He waited long, so long that he began to cherish many misgivings in regard to the propriety of the course he had adopted, and regretted that he had not taken more active measures, though at haphazard.

The night was clear and bright beneath the starlit heavens. Robert did not return, and if the old man of the house had not lingered about his door, as if he were waiting some arrival, the stranger would have relinquished his assumed post at once to put in execution a succession of plans that he had formed in the silence and solitude. His impatience was relieved at length by the appearance of two horsemen, who halted before the house.

"Have you the girls safe?" inquired the foremost.

"Is it you, Edmonds?" was the reply.

"Yes—all right; but where are the girls?"

"One's got away, and the woman's took the other up here a little to keep her safer."

"Which has escaped?" asked Edmonds, with eagerness.

"The oldest one," was the answer.

"So much the better. She would have been hard to manage," said Edmonds.

"That was my affair, not yours," retorted his companion. "I meant to have had the training of that bird."

The old man explained as well as he could how the elder sister had escaped, and how individuals had come in quest of the other; and he chuckled as he related how he had succeeded in getting rid of them so promptly, and averred, triumphantly, that he was equal to the old woman any day.

"Then you have made great progress since I saw you last," said Edmonds. "But make haste and show us the hiding place of the lady. These fellows may be here again shortly, and I would prefer taking my prize away into more comfortable quarters, after a peaceable fashion. Be active."

The riders followed their decrepit conductor along a wooded dale that wound, with a gentle

ascent, between the hills. The stranger, who was armed, and not at all inclined to maintain peace, if strife should appear necessary, fell close in the rear of the party, and exultingly pursued his way, favored by the dimness of the night. They soon came against a rocky ascent, where they paused, at a signal from the guide, who, with a peculiar half whistle, half scream, called his wife. She crept from a sheltering nook, and stood looking over the ledge.

"Edmonds is here," said her spouse; "bring her down."

"No," returned Edmonds, emphatically. "I will go for the lady myself."

There was a shrill cry of distress, and the old woman appeared to exert her utmost strength as she held Eunice, who, frantic and desperate, sought either to flee or to throw herself over the precipitous ledge upon which she struggled. It was impossible to make a direct ascent to the place that she occupied; but on each hand might be found a circuitous path, threading a zigzag course among the bushes, and meeting the other near the summit of the rocks.

As soon as Edmonds entered one of these, the young stranger, with almost superhuman caution and celerity, glided up on the opposite side, and reaching the top before his unsuspecting rival appeared, received the senseless form of the terrified girl from her hateful keeper, who supposed that the expected claimant had come, and making a sudden retreat by abrupt and wary turns, re-entered the dale, and flying through it, again commenced the ascent of the mountain, and had reached his horse with his charge before the amazed and angry group at the ledge arrived at any proper appreciation of the loss that had befallen them.

Eunice continued insensible, and her rescuer rode at the utmost speed of his horse to gain a stream which, he recollected, the road crossed just as it led into the open country. There he alighted; and laying the light form of the girl upon the grassy bank, dashed the cool, clear water upon her face, and by many a soothing address, sought to arouse her. He presently succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, but it was more difficult to banish her alarm, and by repeated assurances, convince her that she had no longer anything to fear. The ride homeward was short to both, and by midnight the sisters were in each other's arms, weeping for very joy. Col. Hart was present to participate in their happiness, and all the servants, except Robert who followed several hours afterwards, manifested their sympathy.

Olive hastened her sister to repose, and before

leaving her to sleep, caressing her as she would an injured child, she said:

"It seemed cruel and harsh for me to leave you, without one word of explanation; in this dreadful place; but if a single action or the slightest betrayal of consciousness had excited suspicion, where should we have been? I resolved, at the beginning, to err on the side of prudence, even at the expense of mercy. So you must forgive me."

"O, I beseech you not to speak of my forgiveness of you, when I have been so very wrong," said Eunice, with emotion. "The first ray of hope broke in upon my sorrow, when I perceived you had escaped, for I knew your devotion and energy. But my rescue at last was accomplished, as by a miracle. To whom are we indebted for my preservation? Who is the stranger who met us so fortunately?"

"So providentially," returned Olive, gently. "Your deliverer I have seen and heard less than yourself; but papa has had a long interview with him, and is convinced that he possesses unusual excellencies of character and a superior intellectual development. He has never seen our lovely valley and wild hills before, and papa thinks that he may beguile him with the pleasures of our rural life into a visit of several weeks. The valuable service that he has rendered us already makes him more than an acquaintance merely, and will afford an apology for his continuance with us until inclination or business calls him elsewhere."

"O, I am so glad that he is to remain with us at present," said Eunice, evidently speaking from the heart. "But his name, have you learned that?"

"Barry, Mr. Barry," replied Olive, as she rose and left her sister.

Eunice did not fall asleep at once, for rich manly tones continued to ring in her ear, and cordial, handsome eyes seemed to smile upon her, and she thought how very grateful she ought to be to Mr. Barry, and that she could not be too much his friend; because she was so deeply indebted to him. But she heroically resolved not to fall in love with him, for her wilfulness had already cost herself and family much trouble, and filled with contrition, she determined to yield her unqualified submission to her father's wishes. Doubtless Harry Elton would be endurable, and she hoped, if he came soon, he would do himself honor in the estimation of Mr. Barry.

The succeeding days demonstrated that Eunice had taken the right position. It was easy to exhibit a sincere friendliness to Mr. Barry

without any embarrassment, since he manifested no intention to reciprocate a warmer sentiment could he have excited it. He rode and walked with the sisters, he worked with them in their garden, he read to them by the hour, and talked to them of literature and poetry, and of the great world of men and things, with which his acquaintance far exceeded theirs. He was so frank and hearty, boyish at times, and wishal, so dignified and intelligent, so easy and agreeable, that for the sisters each day passed in his society sped more swiftly than the preceding, and they were conscious of a strong fraternal regard for their visitor. Col. Hart cultivated an intimacy with the young stranger, and succeeded in detaining him for a longer period than Eunice at first had dared to hope.

Eunice was in the sitting-room alone one morning, when Mr. Barry entered and startled and distressed her by confessing his passionate devotion and asking for her heart and hand. It was only on the previous evening that she had had a long conversation with her father concerning Harry Elton, from whom he had just received a communication referring to his engagement with Eunice, which he, on his part, desired to fulfil, if her consent could be obtained, and she gave her promise to marry him, and thought she was happy, as she received the joyful thanks of her gratified parent. It was a bitter thing to find, so quickly afterwards, that her heart had all been given to Mr. Barry, a fact that his first word of love revealed to her. What could she do? She could only tell him about Elton and that her destiny was united to his.

"And how can you love this Elton, this stranger whom you have never seen?" inquired Barry.

"O, I do not love him!" exclaimed Eunice, bursting into tears; "and worse than that, I sometimes dislike him more than I can tell."

"And why keep an engagement that excites your extreme aversion? Break your promise, and marry me."

"Papa never asked me to do anything that was not on the whole for the best, and he says, now, that I shall be happy in complying with his wishes; but I do not yet see how it can be."

"Nor I, if he wishes you to become the wife of any other than myself; there is no one whom you do or can love as you do me."

"I never said so," returned Eunice, half affronted, "and I have said positively that I should not marry you."

"It is true, and it is my only consolation, now that you turn me from you, to know that your heart is wholly mine, and that you cannot give it

to another. Your silence, or whatever assertion you can make, will not change my conviction."

At that moment, Col. Hart opened the door and invited Barry to ride with him to a certain portion of the farm which they had purposed to visit that day, and Eunice was left to reflect upon the assurance of her rejected lover.

At the dinner-table, Col. Hart briefly mentioned that Elton would probably arrive in the evening, and requested his daughters to be in readiness to receive him. The announcement obtained no response from any party, save a simple assent from Olive; but Eunice became white and red, and white again, and was relieved when the meal shortly terminated and she could escape into the fresh air of the garden. She had taken but a few turns, when Barry met her, and with a very grave expression, said:

"I am come, dear Eunice, to bid you goodbye. I should not wish to see your face with two lovers about, when one makes it so sad. If it would please you, I will go away and leave my place to Elton."

"It would please me—no, it would be best for you to go," returned Eunice.

"It is hardly kind for you to say that, after the pleasant days we have spent together," continued Barry.

"I did not mean to be ungrateful, even in appearance, for I owe you so much—everything."

After a pause, Barry said: "Yet you will thank me for going away, and will not even invite me to come again. I will not allow you to do yourself so great an injustice, to say nothing of the effect of such treatment upon my own happiness. I will return soon to visit you, and indeed I cannot say that I will not take up my abode with you some time. I am wholly unsettled now, and may choose a home in any place, and Elton is doubtless a good-natured fellow, or he would not come all the way from England under a promise to take a wife whom he has never seen, and we shall get on well together; and as for you and I, if we see each other daily, we shall be very happy."

"Most miserable," replied Eunice, who was greatly distressed by the singular pertinacity of her lover.

"A most absurd fancy, which some romantic young ladies entertain, to suppose that persons loving each other, as we do, can be miserable because they meet every day."

"You are not like yourself, Mr. Barry," replied Eunice, with dignity, striving to repress her tears. "I entreat you to leave me."

"That is very direct. I cannot refuse," replied Barry, with an injured look; "but I will

return soon to see you all, and certainly shall not deny myself the privilege of being at your wedding. I would take a kiss, if you were not principled against giving me one. Nay, but I will have one. Good-by. Don't forget me." And he marched out of the garden, leaving Eunice to wonder at his strange, turbulent manner, and to fear that his disappointment had disordered his intellect. But she was glad that he was to come back soon; perhaps, by his imperious conduct, he would prevent a marriage that was becoming, every moment, more and more dreadful in her view. She went to her chamber, and almost forgot the expected guest in thinking of him who had just departed.

It was nightfall when Olive entered her room and told her that her father desired her presence in the parlor, for Elton had arrived. Glad that the twilight might conceal the indifference that would show itself on her countenance, she followed her sister. Her father received her, and introduced Elton, who eagerly advanced. She could not raise her eyes to observe him and his low salutation. He took her hand and conducted her to a sofa, and sitting at her side, contrived to hold the little member fast in his own. Col. Hart and Olive kept up an informal conversation, but Elton did not speak. Eunice began to grow indignant, and was thinking how she should escape from the clownish fellow who sat with such ineffable content beside her, when the candles were brought.

Col. Hart advanced towards them, saying: "And you think, my dear Elton, that you can take good care of my little girl?"

"Certainly, heaven helping me," was the earnest reply.

"Barry!" exclaimed Eunice, starting back, and looking up in bewildered surprise.

"No, Harry Elton, if you please," said that individual. "I am sorry you don't like me, Eunice."

The blushing girl strove to conceal her face with her hands, but Elton drew her towards him, and she hid it on his breast.

"Let me explain, Eunice," said her father. "When Elton arrived, and found every circumstance to favor such a course, he desired to remain incognito, and thus gain your affections on fair grounds. Knowing your prejudice, which was not wholly inexcusable, I assented, with the concurrence of your sister, and I trust that you are quite prepared to pardon our conspiracy against your unhappiness."

Eunice looked up with such a radiant smile, that there could be no doubt of her satisfaction.

"But I am wholly responsible for this day's

mischievous," said Elton, "for when I heard you coolly say that you did not like me, it worked in me such sharp discontent, that I could not resist the temptation to avenge myself by teasing you a few hours, though I knew that you were deluded. But I'll not be so wicked again, unless you repeat the offence."

"That I shall take care not to do," said Eunice, as she went from the room to dress her hair for her old visitor, which she would not curl for the new.

"If every one," said Olive, who accompanied her, "who visits Dame Elsie, finds such a fortune there as did you—"

"O, be merciful, Olive, sister;" and Olive said no more.

RIGID NOTIONS OF DUTY.

A soldier on duty at the palace of the emperor, at Petersburg, which was burnt a few years ago, was stationed, and had been forgotten in one suite of apartments that was in flames. A Greek priest was the last person to rush through the burning rooms, at the imminent risk of his life, to save a crucifix in a chapel, and returning he was hailed by the sentry, who must in a few instants more have been suffocated. "What do you want?" cried the priest; "save yourself or you will be lost." "I can't leave," replied the sentry, "because I am unrelieved, but I called to you to give me your blessing before I die." The priest blessed him, and the soldier died at his post. The late emperor on one occasion, attempted to pass a sentinel in one of the corridors of the palace at Petersburg, who had orders to let no person pass; but the man resisted him, and when the emperor tried to disarm him, wrestled with, and flung him back against the wall.—*Seymour's Russia.*

LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENTS.

Curran used to relate, with great glee, a mishap which befell a Roman Catholic bishop who went to the castle to adulate the Lord Lieutenant. The Roman Catholic opposition had been neutralized by promises retributively unfulfilled for nearly thirty years. It seems that one of Lord Cornwallis's eyes was smaller than the other, and had acquired a quick, perpetual oscillating motion. The addressors, who had never seen him, had elaborated their compliments in the country. His excellency was on his throne in high state, when Bishop Lanigan, of Kilkenny, at the head of his clergy, auspiciously commenced: "Your excellency has always kept a steady eye upon the interests of England;" the room was in a roar. "Never," said Curran, "did I hear its match, except in the Mayor of Coventry's compliment to Queen Elizabeth: 'When the Spanish armada attacked your majesty, they caught the wrong sow by the ear.'"—*Anecdotes of Comic Characters.*

Good fruit, though it does not constitute the goodness of the tree, is necessary to demonstrate that it is good.

THE BRIDE OF MY SOUL.

BY ARTHUR PENN.

Beautiful Truth! Earth's fairest daughter,
 Wooed by the many, yet won by the few;
 Beautiful Truth! 'neath placid water,
 Adown the deep well thy form we would view.

Beautiful Truth! born when the Saviour
 Descended the skies to water our earth,
 With all-healing tears to which the behaviour
 Of Pharisee, Sadducee, daily gave birth.

Beautiful Truth! Weary and bleeding,
 Thy feet have been wandering many a day;
 Beautiful Truth! ever receding,
 Enchanting thy lovers, yet saying them nay.

Beautiful Truth! friend to the mourner,
 Smiling on those who would struggle for right;
 Beautiful Truth! dead to the scorner,
 Living alone to the searcher for light.

Beautiful Truth! to thy side, to thy bower,
 Try me, and teach me, and prove my deep love;
 Beautiful Truth! I vow from this hour
 To consecrate unto thee all that I have.

Beautiful Truth! come to thy lover,
 His arms are now yearning to clasp thy fair form;
 Beautiful Truth! in thee I would cover
 My wearisome past—O save me from harm!

Beautiful Truth! in thy arms I would slumber,
 Thy cheek 'gainst mine own, should repose all night;
 Beautiful Truth! in the days without number,
 I'd serve thee, I'd love thee, I'd live in thy light.

THE PALE YOUNG MAN.

BY ANNIE T. WILBUR.

"TEN o'clock, and not yet dressed! Make haste, Louise!" And she twirled impatiently the rich bracelet which surrounded her arm, opening and closing alternately its rich clasp.

To see her thus, eager and trembling, who would not have attributed this childlike emotion to the expectation of the fete? Who would not have seen an artless coquetry reflected in this blue and clear eye so placidly regarding itself in the mirror? Who would have thought that this brow, blooming beneath fresh camellias, could wear anything but flowers? And yet, if we might believe her friends, it was not so. There was, they said, a young man, in whose presence all this charming, childishness of Marie disappeared. The very evening before, at the ball of the Spanish ambassador, they had talked together for a long time with mysterious signs and mocking laughter.

"Look!" said one, "she dances only with him."

"But who is this Mr. Arthur?" asked another. "A journalist, I believe."

"And can Mademoiselle Beaugency love such a man?"

"She is a republican! She said to me last evening that there was no longer an aristocracy of birth, and it was time that it should be succeeded by that of talent."

And the friends laughed and shrugged their shoulders.

Nevertheless, all they said was true. Mademoiselle de Beaugency loved Arthur Aubert. Educated in a boarding school, away from the haughty atmosphere of her family, Marie had imbibed from her reveries and solitary readings an enthusiasm which might lead her to dangerous imprudences; she could not resign herself to an existence where day should succeed day without an event, where epochs are dated by figures, and the impression never leaves a memory. She was at an age when one begins to look into the future, to dream of an ideal lover. And then, full of hope, the young girl seeks him among the crowd, and if she finds in her path a figure corresponding with her dreams, her heart yields, her destiny is decided.

This had happened to Marie; after having dreamed of an angel, she had seen Arthur, who had a pale complexion, pensive eyes, a pleasant voice! and the depths of her soul were troubled. Thenceforth she had observed the young man carefully. At the ball, she had remarked that he seemed constantly absent-minded. In the country she had seen him avoid dancing, and set apart with his eyes fixed on a book; but the wind alone turned the leaves, as if the thoughts of Arthur found sympathy in no human thought. Then he was poor, and it had been said in the presence of Marie that he was a youth of great intelligence, to whom the means of success had alone been wanting. Then she had begun to regard him as a genius, trampled upon by the age, and struggling in silent torture. She had thought how sweet it would be for a wife to rest on her shoulder this head heavy with thought, and she had said to herself that she should like to be that wife. How could it be otherwise? She was but eighteen, and experience had not yet taught her to doubt.

The young man was not slow to divine this, and they soon understood each other. Marie saw him daily, and loved him more and more. This very evening he was to be at the ball, for which she was dressed; he had promised this the night before she was about to see him. Now you will understand why she was so impatient to arrive at this fete; why she scolded Louise.

The hall echoed with the sound of instruments and the steps of the dancers. The fête was in all its brilliancy. There are so many enchantments in a ball; there, careworn brows lose their wrinkles; the air, laden with perfumes, caresses moist eyes like a beloved hand; the smiling waves of dancers thoughtlessly move on, and even the unhappy are carried away by this universal joy.

But amid these faces with a laughing expression, there was one more luminous than all the others. Mademoiselle de Beaugency seemed absorbed in her happiness; wholly occupied with Arthur, she remained motionless amid these joyous movements, and her eyes glanced over the crowd without seeing them; the whole world was as nothing to her mind, which contained only thoughts of the young man. Wishing to escape the constant invitations which disturbed her enchantment, she directed herself towards a window, raised the double silken curtain which concealed it, and stepped out upon the balcony.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of March, cold still, but already bearing some exhalations of spring; one of those evenings when the wind no longer whistles among the dry leaves, and the perfume of violets and hyacinths is wafted to us from the south. Marie was refreshed by this breeze. She leaned over the balustrade of the balcony, contemplated for a long time the night sparkling with stars; then seized with one of those pious impulses which accompany great joy, she clasped her hands as if in prayer.

The sound of the putting aside of the curtain, and of a stealthy step, made her rise precipitately. Arthur was already beside her.

"Pardon me," said he, "I have disturbed the meditations of an angel."

The young girl blushed.

"Nature is so beautiful," replied she, "that I could not repress a religious impulse. Do not smile at this weakness."

"Me, smile! Do you think me then without faith, because I am without hope?"

"And why without hope?" said the young girl, in a low tone.

"Is it for you to ask me, Marie? Do you not know the object of all my thoughts? Would you also envelope yourself in that dissimulation to which woman is accustomed?"

"No," said the young girl, hastily; "I have understood you; but you?"

"I? I know that you have been touched by my love; but so many obstacles separate us! You are a woman, Marie; you will grow weary of struggling for an unfortunate man, who can

repay you for your sacrifices only by occasioning additional sufferings."

"God is my witness that it is you only who have spoken of sacrifices; I have thought only of the happiness of meeting you."

"Pardon me, it is wrong to sadden you, I know; this prudence for the future is an evil. I ought to think but of the present, but of you, Marie—of you, who have wished to cure me of my despair—you, who love me—for you do love me!"

Marie wept gently, but nevertheless replied:

"I love you."

"O, repeat it often. Tell me, Marie, that you will be mine, and none other's."

"I have promised you."

A singular gleam of triumph was in the look of Arthur; the young girl smiled like an angel, for she thought that it was happiness which imparted this light. There was a moment of silence, during which, with her hand in the hand of the young man, and her head resting on the balustrade, she suffered her tears to flow. Suddenly Arthur pointed to a star, which flashed across the horizon and died away in the night.

"Look!" said he, "it has but gleamed for an instant in the sky; it has traversed in a second the space which his sisters are an eternity in traversing; so will it perhaps be with me! Who knows whether I have not exhausted in this moment all the happiness which has been reserved for me?"

"It is you who are weak now," replied the young girl; "I, who am but a woman, doubt not the future. I have confidence in God and in you; neither will deceive me."

At this moment the music gave anew the signal for dancing.

"Let us re-enter," said Arthur; "a longer absence may be remarked."

He returned first to the hall; the young girl soon followed.

"I have been bold, Marie! Is it false, or is it you have deceived me? False! and why should it be? What imports it to them whether you become the wife of a rich Duke de Montyon or that of the poor artist, Arthur Aubert? They have said that you would marry the former, because it is so. And you, candid young girl, have been silent on the subject of this marriage, because you must else have withdrawn from me your promise. O, yes, I can conceive that, after so many hopes given me, you would have found it embarrassing to have said to me: 'I am about to marry.' And yet there was a very simple method of acknowledging it without

a blush. You had but to say to me: 'I am to espouse a duke and a peer!' Then I should have comprehended all. As for me, ignorant as I am of your social subjection, I know that there are titles and names, before which all resistance yields. Be happy. Adieu.

"ARTHUR."

"Arthur, though there may have been one event in my life which I have concealed from you, yet I have not deserved your reproaches. I have left you in ignorance only to spare you a grief which would have changed our relation in nothing. As I have seen the calm expression of your face, I have had more strength for the struggle which has been unavoidable. You are always ready to suspect; as for me, I repose with confidence on the conviction of your love. Tell me, who has given you a right to doubt my courage, when your destiny is at stake? Have I not told you that I loved you? Have I not dared to write it to you? For you, I have endured the railery of a world, whose strongest faith is in the prejudices of position; and all this past is effaced before these words which have been spoken to you—*she is about to marry*. You have believed those who repeated this announcement to you, carelessly, as the announcement of a ball; and of me, whose good faith and energy of heart were compromised in this fact, you have said: '*She has lied*.' No, Arthur, I was sincere and certain of myself, when I told you that I would be your wife; and this was not one of those resolutions which is overthrown by the first event. Besides, do you know the man who has been proposed to me? Had I not known you, I should have refused him. I have promised you, and I promise you again, I will be yours only. I will make no half sacrifice.

"MARIE."

"You are generous, Marie; you are willing to remain my betrothed, and to complete your sacrifice. I thank you; but I had dreamed of a woman happy in my love, and not sacrificed. I do not wish you to weep over the past in my arms. It is much to have compromised yourself by speaking, even writing, to the poor artist; how many other mortifications must you overlook in order to bear his name! You cannot be mine; you, beautiful, rich, and envied by all. It is not for stormy nights that God has made his stars. Go, you are wedded to the pleasures of the world. Could your satin shoulders endure any other covering than that of cashmere? Could your feet, accustomed to tread only on carpets, bear the contact of a rude floor? Na-

ture has made you to be the wife of a nobleman. Why should you refuse this high destiny? You do not love this man; what matters it! You see that love alone cannot constitute happiness. And, then, has your mother not told you, one always ends by loving a husband! Why should you not love this nobleman? His hands are white and well gloved, his cheeks fresh, his lips smiling; he is perfect, and you are a fortunate woman! What a sad life will you escape! You do not know the privations of a mediocre existence. What have I to offer you? A cottage in the suburbs, with a little white curtained parlor; a parterre of six feet, adorned with a few flowers that I shall have cultivated myself? Adieu, then, to the long and shaded avenues which are the parlors in the open air of your hotels! You will have to content yourself with an arbor, with a narrow bench which will hold only two! There, close beside me, your waist surrounded with my arm, you will hear only my voice, my lips alone will smile upon you. In winter you will be obliged to content yourself with reading by the fireside, and a little music. I, alone, shall be there to applaud you with a look or a pressure of the hand. O, how much you must prefer prolonged praises in your saloons, sparkling with gold and light! Remain there, Marie; it is your place. Adieu.

"ARTHUR."

"What have I done that you should write to me thus? If I had made you no promise, I should make it now. O, no, my friend, I sacrifice nothing. I wish only you here below! It is your peaceful, simple existence that I ask of God, and not the pleasures of the world. Why have you portrayed, jestingly, the picture of my life with you? Yes, it is a simple home that I wish—your home. O, how should I breathe at ease in this little dwelling! How would the cares of housekeeping please me! You should see whether I was ready to live in the great world; whether I was not, on the contrary, reserved for the holy and calm joys of home! You should see whether my cheeks would not recover their former color in the air of your little garden, and whether my brow would be less serene beneath the flowers which you have gathered, than beneath diamonds and birds of Paradise! Your letter has made me suffer by the thought that you have suffered yourself, and yet I am very happy to think of the fortune which awaits us both. Adieu. Love me; now it is your duty.

MARIE."

"Pardon me, I entreat, Marie; I must have

wounded you cruelly; you, so devoted! But if you knew what I suffer, when I think that my happiness, my life, depends upon a will which may be shaken. Do not compare our two situations, I conjure you; you are the angel whom every one would associate with his destiny, I am the paria repulsed by all. Among so many beings who are pressing around you, may there not be one who will promise you more happiness than you can hope for with me? Reflect, it is not with a prejudice, with the world alone, that you must break in order to belong to me, but with your whole family. Tell me, think you that I, alone, can be a substitute for all the ties which you would sunder? I feel that I have courage to render you happy, have you enough to be so? If you have thought that your parents would yield to your solicitations, that they would recoil before the fear of making you unhappy, you are mistaken. I say it without irritation, without severity, but they would give you to a felon as soon as to Arthur Aubert. I am the felon of your aristocratic society! It has written on my forehead, *plebeian* and *poor*, and these two words contain of themselves every species of disgrace. Think of the courage which will be necessary to contend against the reprobation of all! Have this courage, but come to me sure of thyself, for I should be without courage if I should witness your regrets. I have done what I ought; I have told you all the obstacles which must be conquered before our union. Now, choose between your family and me.

ARTHUR."

"You, you, Arthur; can you doubt it? But why break off relations with my family?—my father, my mother. It would kill them if I should forsake them; it is on me that they have placed their dearest hopes. Can we not wait? I am their only and beloved daughter; they will yield, I tell you, when they see me so unhappy. Wait until they are willing to call you their son. I promise they shall one day give you that name. But to expose yourself to their hatred, their reproaches, O, that would be frightful! I tell you again, I love you more than everything else; but this love ought not to be a shroud cast over all my former affections. You, my friend, are noble; it is, especially, your generosity of heart which I have loved. Why will you not sacrifice a few days of our happiness to the repose of my parents? Let us wait and hope.

"MARIE."

"I have told you, Marie, that childish courage is not sufficient, which, not daring to look at the

object of terror, goes towards it with close eyes. Let us wait and hope, say you; with what object? The more your parents have loved you, and planned your future happiness, the more implacable will they be, because it is not a simple happiness which they have desired for you, but rank. This is their heaven; they would place you in it. They do well, and you also would do well to be a submissive daughter. No, Marie, I will not pass years of anguish in the expectation of a position which may not arrive. I know that your parents will never consent. What should I wait for then? Till death had left you alone in the world? I understand; when you shall have around you only tombs, you will rest your brow on the living heart which is left you! But who knows, Marie, if these arms, also, will not then have closed forever!

"What matters it! Let us wait, since you wish it. I shall know how to rid myself of my grief when it shall have become too poignant. Let us wait, Marie, and let us pray for death, since it is upon two coffins that you will lay your crown of betrothal!"

ARTHUR."

The marriage of Marie with the Duke de Montyon, at first presented as a simple probability, then as a project, had at last been announced as a settled event. In vain had the young girl entreated, embraced her mother's knees; the baroness had consoled her gently, had wiped away her tears and kissed her swollen eyes, but without granting anything to her prayers. She was one of those women who surround with caresses the hardness of a resolute will, and whose iron hand, concealed by a velvet glove, weighs down everything it touches.

Marie, seeing all hope escape her, would have declared that another love filled her heart; but at the first words of this confidence, the baroness had refused to hear more. She had, smilingly, drawn her daughter on her knees, had pressed her to her breast, and in a tone, calmly imperious, had declared that no reason could change her determination.

"Be reasonable, my child," added the good mother, caressing Marie's pale cheeks. "I know that this is one of the fancies of young girls; all this will disappear before the advantages of an elevated position."

Violence would have exasperated Marie, and rendered her capable of a desperate resolution. This sort of affectionate indulgence took away all her courage. She remained undecided, despairing, able only to weep, and hoping only for death.

Meanwhile her love had but increased ; her romantic and tender nature was exalted in presence of the opposition of Fate to the fulfilment of her vows. Besides, letters from Arthur came daily to keep alive her passion, and the more insurmountable the difficulties, the more immense the sacrifices to be made, the more alluring was this position to the noble young girl, who clung to this golden dream of devotion.

Meanwhile the entreaties of Arthur had become more pressing. One day Marie received a billet which contained only these words :

"A decision, a decision, whatever it may be ; if you refuse me, I shall ask no more."

Bewildered, she replied, she promised all, but demanded time ; she still hoped in the future, in chance, in all that one hopes when reason tells us to hope no longer. Arthur did not reply.

Two days passed away ; the silence of the young man continued ; Marie began to tremble. Soon fear became suspicion ; suspicion, certainty. She wrote three times without receiving a reply ; she had prayed three nights for a single word from him. Nothing came.

Friday arrived. It was the day when she usually saw him at the soirees of General —. She arrived at the moment of lighting the saloons ; she waited. The guests arrived slowly, one by one ; a single guest alone did not arrive ! Each time the lacquey appeared at the door to announce a new name, Marie trembled ; but ten o'clock struck, and his name had not yet been pronounced ; a profound discouragement seized the young girl. At last a step was heard. A young man appeared at the door ; she half rose.

"Monsieur Raymond Perrier," the lacquey said. She sank back in her chair.

Meanwhile, the journalist, after having taken a few turns in the saloon, distributed a few bows and civil questions, perceived Mademoiselle Beaugency, and immediately advanced towards her.

"I dared not expect the happiness of seeing you here this evening, mademoiselle ; we see you now so seldom."

"I go out little," murmured Marie ; "I have been ill."

"I learned it from Arthur Aubert."

At the name of Arthur Aubert, Marie hastily raised her head, as if then only was she struck with the remembrance that Raymond was his friend.

"Have you seen him lately ?" asked she, in a low and quick voice.

"Just now."

"Was he well ?"

"Well."

"And why did he not come ?"

"I do not know ; he is sad ; he did not wish to."

All these replies were made with evident embarrassment. The countenance of Raymond had become serious so suddenly that Marie was chilled by it.

"Can anything have happened to M. Aubert ?"

"He saddens and terrifies me," replied Raymond, shaking his head. "I found him absorbed in profound despair. I am ignorant of the cause, but I fear the consequences."

"What say you ?"

"I wished to remain with him this evening ; he refused me, and compelled me to leave him with a sort of impatience that I could not explain to myself ; then, at the moment of my leaving, he pressed my hand in a very singular manner."

"Well ?" exclaimed Marie, bewildered.

"Well, I think he is weary of life," said Raymond, quietly.

She heard no more ; a cry issued from her lips, and she fainted.

On the morrow, at midnight, she descended, mysteriously, to the garden, pale and despairing. On returning to her father's hotel, she had made a desperate resolution she had written to Arthur, and was awaiting him, decided to be his. The night was dark ; midnight sounded from the Val de Grace. The poor child seated herself in an arbor, and burst into tears. A few minutes had passed away, when a slight noise was heard, the garden gate opened, Marie arose with a cry, and found herself in the arms of Arthur.

Three years afterwards, a group of elegant ladies and young men were promenading beside the terrace of the Tuileries. An open caleche was slowly passing along the quays.

"Is not that M. Aubert ?" said one of the ladies to a dandy, who was giving her his arm.

"Himself ; he has just lost his father-in-law. That mourning is worth fifty thousand pounds to him."

The caleche passed near the promenaders ; the young man, who had spoken, saluted M. Aubert.

"Do you know them ?" asked some one.

"*Pardieu !*" said Raymond, smiling ; "it was I who brought about their marriage."

"Was there not a love affair, an elopement ?"

"Precisely so."

"This Arthur Aubert has made his way rapidly," murmured one of the promenaders.

"He is a man of talent," repeated a second.

"A charming cavalier," added the lady.

"You must introduce me to him," returned the first interlocutor.

Raymond bowed in token of assent.

"His young wife is very pale," said some one.

"She is sick," replied Raymond.

"How so?"

"She has perceived that her heart has been treated like a commodity, and speculated upon; she is dying of disappointed hope."

The lady, who had already spoken, shrugged her shoulders.

"She always had romantic ideas," murmured she.

"Say that she is a mad woman, who will end her days at Charenton," added a fat deputy, who had as yet said nothing; "I have prohibited my daughter's visiting her."

Everybody approved, and they continued their promenade.

LEAF FROM A LOG.

Many years ago, on a stormy and inclement evening, "in the bleak December," old Miss Tarbox, accompanied by her niece, Mary Ann Stackpole, sailed from Holmes' Hole to Cotuit, in the topsail schooner *Two Susans*, Captain Blackler. "The rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon" that schooner, and great was the tossing and pitching thereof; while Captain Blackler and his hardy crew "kept her to it," and old Miss Tarbox and her niece rolled about in their uncomfortable bunks, wishing themselves back in Holmes' Hole, or any other hole, on the dry land. The shouts of Captain Blackler as he trod the deck, conveying orders for "tacking ship," were distinctly audible to the afflicted females below; and "Oh," groaned old Miss Tarbox, during a tranquil interval of her internal economy, as for the fifteenth time the schooner "went in stays," "what a drefful time them poor creetur of sailors is a having on't. Just listen to Jim Blackler, Mary Ann, and hear how he is ordering about that poor fellow, *Hardy Lee*. I've heerd that creetur hollered for twenty times this blessed night, if I have onct."

"Yes," replied the wretched Mary Ann, as she gave a fearful retch to starboard, "but he aint no worse off than poor *Tuupale Hall*—he seems to ketch it as bad as Hardy."

"I wonder what they be?" mused old Miss Tarbox. "I knowed a Miss Hall, that lived at Seekonk Pint onct—mebbe it's her son."

A tremendous sea taking the *Two Susans* on her quarter at this instant, put a stop to the old lady's cogitations; but they had an awful night of it—and still above the roaring of the wind, the whistling and clashing of the shrouds, the dash of the sea, and the tramp of the sailors, was heard the voice of stout Captain Blackler, as he shouted, "Stations! Hard a lee! Top 'le haul! Let go and haul!"—and the *Two Susans* went about. And as old Miss Tarbox remarked years afterward, when she and Mary Ann had discovered their mistake, and laughed thereat, "Any body that's never been to sea wont see no pint to this story."—*California Pioneer*.

THE CEREMONY OF DRESSING A QUEEN.

What a cruel ceremony was the dressing of that same queen. When Marie Antoinette, in the days of her cumbersome greatness, stood of a morning in the centre of her bed-chamber, awaiting, after her bath, her first article of dress, it was presented to her, or rather it was passed over her royal shoulders by the "dame d'honneur." Perhaps, at the moment, a princess of the blood entered the room, (for French queens both dressed and dined in public), the right of putting on the primal garment of her majesty immediately devolved upon her, but it could not be yielded to her by the "dame d'honneur," the latter, arresting the queen's garment as it was passing down her royal back, adroitly whipped it off, and presenting it to the "premiere dame," that noble lady transferred it to the princess of the blood. Madame Campan had once given it to the Duchess of Orleans, who solemnly taking the same, was on the point of throwing it over the queen's head, when a scratching (it was contrary to etiquette to knock) was heard at the door of her room. Thereupon entered the Countess de Provence, and she being nearer the throne than the lady of Orleans, the latter made over her office to the new-comer. In the meantime the queen stood like Venus as to covering, but shaking with cold, for it was mid-winter, and muttering, "what an odious nuisance!" The Countess de Provence entered on the mission which had fallen to her, and this she did so awkwardly, that she entirely demolished a head dress which had taken three hours to build. The queen beheld the devastation, and got warm by laughing outright.—*Dr. Doran*.

ORIGIN OF GENIUS.

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.

Rabelais was the son of an apothecary.

Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook.

Cervantes served as a common soldier.

Moliere was the son of a tapestry maker.

Homer was a beggar.

Hesiod was the son of a small farmer.

Demosthenes was the son of a cuder.

Terence was a slave.

Richardson was a printer.

Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer.

Howard was an apprentice to a grocer.

Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer.

Doctor Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a linen draper.

Daniel Defoe was a hosier, and the son of a butcher.

Whitefield was the son of an inn-keeper at Gloster.

Sir Cloudesly Shovel, Rear Admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and afterwards a cabin boy.—*Scientific Facts*.

Sydney Smith had a great dislike of the Utilitarians. Of one of the class he said:

"That man is so hard you might drive a broad wheeled wagon over him and it would produce no impression; if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, I am convinced sawdust would come out of him. The school treat mankind as if they were mere machines; the feelings or affections never enter into their calculations."

GRENADE.

BY J. DAY PARSON.

Wake, lady, wake!

The moon is softly beaming;

The birds have hushed their songs,

And the stars are gently gleaming;

Wake, lady, wake!

Wake, lady, wake!

For the night is soft and balmy;

All Nature's sunk to rest,

And the flowers are sleeping calmly,

Wake, lady, wake.

Wake, lady, wake!

Thy lover longs to greet thee;

He stands beneath thy window now,

With sweetest words to meet thee.

Wake, lady, wake!

Wake, lady, wake!

For the time moves on apace;

I long to hear thy melting voice,

And see thy form of grace;

Wake, lady, wake.

TOM CROSBY'S DEED OF MAGIC.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

TOM CROSBY was a cobbler—or, at least, so his neighbors called him,—though he was, in fact, one of the best boot and shoemakers in the country. He often had to turn applicants away empty-handed; for he had more work always on his hands than he could attend to. Tom's cottage was near the centre of the village, and his little shop was close by it, and from morning till night the merry music of his lapstone rang out upon the air. Tom was a steady, industrious man, and everybody liked him. He was always kind, always good-natured, full of fun and anecdote, and, above all else, he was one of those rare persons who spend their leisure moments in looking after their own business. Tom was now forty years of age, and though he had always worked hard and steady, yet he had not accumulated much property. He owned the small house and the shop, together with some four acres of land, which lay back of the buildings, upon which he raised a goodly store of fruit and vegetables. Besides this, he had some one or two hundred dollars laid safely away in a savings bank to serve him on a rainy day.

Mrs. Crosby was an excellent wife, and one of the best of mothers, and no one could have kept the humble cottage looking more neat and tidy than she did. The little front room always presented the same spotless parity of floor and

wainscot, and the white cotton curtains never had spot or wrinkle. The kitchen was more cluttered, but never dirty, while even the ground floor of the woodshed was kept swept and clean. This excellent couple had four children. Young Tom was thirteen, and helped his father some in the shop when school didn't keep. Willie was ten; Lizzie five, and little Effie only two. Tom named his first child himself. Mrs. Crosby had selected a very pretty name; but her husband was determined that he should be a "young Tom," and the wife gave in; but the rest of the children she named herself, and we can see that her tastes differed somewhat from Tom's. He had wanted to call the second boy Peter, in honor of his grandfather; and then he suggested the name of Hannah for the first girl, but his "plebeian" (such was the term Mrs. C. used) names were not quite up to the mark. But these children were good. They were, in fact, the best children in the neighborhood, for their father took great pains in the formation of their characters, and their mother felt no greater pride than to have them appear well.

People pointed to Tom Crosby as a pattern of happiness and peace; and yet he was not always happy. An evil genius had crept into his house—into his home—and he was growing more and more unhappy every day; for Tom had never been happy only when he could make those around him happy. The pain or disquiet of a single individual in his family was sure to upset his own cup of joy.

Now the truth is, the sweet angel of Content, which had for so long a time kept guard over Tom's household, had flown away, and another spirit had come in. Mrs. Crosby had become discontented and unhappy. She had allowed the spirit of envy to gain possession of her soul, and from the moment she let the demon in, her peace of mind was gone.

"Tom Crosby," she said, after the children had gone to bed, one evening, "what is the use of living so?"

"Living how?" uttered Tom, shaking the ashes from his pipe, and putting it away.

"Why—living as we do now. Plodding along year after year in this same old train. I declare, I'm almost fit to go crazy when I think of it."

"But, Hannah, I thought you used to be very happy here."

"And so I did; but what does that signify? Because I was happy when I was a child, does that prove that I should always want to be a child? I used to be happy here when I thought we were on the road to something better. I

didn't think when you married me, that I was to live stuck down here in this place, and that I was to grow old and die with the everlasting thumpety-thump of your old hammer dinging in my ears."

"But what would you have, Hannah?" the husband asked, with a tone and expression of pain.

"What?" uttered the woman, energetically. "Why—I'd have some higher place in the world than a mere *cobbler's* wife!"

"Ah, Hannah, we were once the happiest couple in town, and you were then only what you are now. You only want what you have lost."

"Lost, Mr. Crosby?"

"Yes, Hannah. You only want back that old spirit of contentment."

"There it is again, Tom Crosby. Because I would hold my head up a little higher in the world, and be somebody, I am not contented! Mercy on me, would you have a soul contented to see everybody else getting up, and me be obliged to dig and burrow here?"

"But who is getting up, Hannah?"

"Who? Why—there's Sarah Brown, that was—now Sarah Wilkins; just look at her. She was where I was office, but now she has her coach and servants, and dresses in silks and satins. And then look at Thompson, and Cowley, and Nathans. All of 'em building new houses, and keeping their horses and servants. Look at 'em, I say—and then look at us."

"But, my love, where shall I find money to do such things?"

"Find it where other folks find it. Shut up your little nasty shop, and go into some business more promising. How do other folks find money I'd like to know?"

"But other folks have a faculty which I have not," said Tom, in an earnest, argumentative tone. "I have found perfect happiness in my little shop, and in my neat and comfortable home. Health has been secured to us; our children are blessings; plenty has been always ours, and no man can dun you or me for debt. Other folks may be happy with their great houses, and their servants, and their parties, but such things are not suited to us. Ah, Hannah, you could never be so happy as you have been were you to have Sarah Wilkins's place. She may like it, but you would not."

"Don't tell me, Tom Crosby. Don't you suppose I know what I should like? I say it galls me to think that I'm never going to get above this kind of life. Others, who are no better than we are, have money enough—"

"And don't we have enough, Hannah? Don't we have everything we want?"

"No, we don't. Look at Wilkins. See how his wife dresses, and how proudly she holds her head when she goes into meeting. Only just think how she nods at me, but never speaks. I declare, Tom, it's too bad."

"And yet, my love, Mr. Wilkins came to me yesterday, and wanted to borrow a hundred dollars."

Mrs. Crosby opened her eyes, but before she could make any reply, somebody rapped at the door. Tom answered the summons, and the caller was a boy, who had come after a pair of new boots.

"Boots!" uttered Mrs. Crosby to herself, after her husband had gone to the shop. "Boots! Mercy! shall I ever escape that degrading sound?"

This simple scene will show somewhat of the state of mind into which Mrs. C. had fallen. She had not always been thus, though she had always held little ideas of pride which her husband had never felt. But about two years previous to the opening of our story, Mr. Albert Wilkins had moved into the town, and he had brought with him for a wife one who had been Hannah's schoolmate in times gone by. Mrs. Wilkins not only made much show of her wealth, but she also slighted her old friend, and this worked upon the feelings of the more humble female. Mrs. C. first began to envy the wealthy woman, and from this sprung numberless consequences. It was sometime before she really thought of aiming at such show herself, but the idea gradually came over her, and then she began to reflect upon her husband's position, and she was not long in making up her mind that he might have been wealthy had he tried. It was in vain that Tom urged the expense of his children, in vain that he pleaded his own inability, and in vain that he urged the joys of contentment. The evil spirit had gained possession of his wife's soul, and he could not exorcise it by any argument or persuasion. Hannah became unhappy and miserable, and even her own children now failed to give her joy.

One day Tom was in his shop all alone, and he was weeping. He had just been to the house, and another "scene" had transpired. He had come back to his little shop, and with his hands clasped, and his eyes turned heavenward, had he prayed that God would move his wife's heart with sweet content once more. Hardly had he uttered this prayer, when the door of his shop was opened, and a man entered. This was no less a personage than John Newton, an old

schoolmaster of Tom's, upon whom fortune had smiled most bounteously. He lived in a neighboring town—in a large and thriving manufacturing village—and had amassed great wealth without marring his heart. He seldom saw Tom now, but when he did meet him, his greeting was as warm and genial as ever.

"What, Tom!" uttered Newton, as he saw the poor cobbler's gloomy, tearful face; "what is to pay now?"

"Nothing," was Tom's answer.

But Newton was not to be put off thus, and after considerable questioning, Tom revealed the secret. He knew that if he had a noble friend on earth, John Newton was that friend, and he told all. For some time after he had done, Newton remained thoughtful and silent; but at length a bright gleam rested upon his face.

"Tom," he said, "Hannah doesn't dream of the thousand and one cares from which she is now free, and to which wealth would subject her."

"Ay, that's it, Jack," the cobbler cried. "That's it. She don't know how much she has to enjoy. She's got her head turned."

"But I think we can turn it back again."

"Eh?"

"We can turn it back again, I say. By my soul, Tom, I have never offered you money, because I knew you had enough—but I can give you something better now. I will take my wife and children out of the way for a while, and you shall have the use of my house, plate, servants, dresses and all. Eh? How's that?"

Tom Crosby opened his eyes, and as soon as he could comprehend matters fully, he sat down by the side of his friend, and they talked together over an hour.

* * * * *

"I say it's no use, Tom, I'd just as lief die as live so. What's the use of poking along in this way?"

"Well, Hannah, you sha'n't live so any more. You needn't look surprised, for I mean just what I say. I've got the power, and I can use it. I've found the *Philosopher's Stone*."

"The what, Tom?" cried Hannah.

"The *Philosopher's Stone*."

"But what's that?"

"Why, it's something that gives the owner power to be rich right off. If I've a mind to I can wake up to-morrow morning with you and I both in a palace, and surrounded by riches."

Mrs. Crosby was slow to believe this, but at length Tom convinced her. Yet she wanted to see the stone. The cobbler took a small leather bag from his pocket, and from it he drew a

round white stone nearly covered with strange characters. The hieroglyphics upset the last point of skepticism in Hannah's mind, and she believed. Shortly afterwards they sat down to supper. Mrs. Crosby did not observe her husband when he put a suspicious-looking powder into the tea-pot, nor did she notice particularly that her husband drank only milk and water. But the expectant wife could not eat. She drank her tea—more than usual—and then arose. But somehow she forgot to clear away the table. She sat down in her chair, and ere long she fell asleep.

* * * * *

Hannah Crosby awoke and looked around. She was not sure that she was awake. She leaped out upon a soft carpet and rubbed her eyes.

"Tom! Tom! For mercy's sake, Tom, do wake up!"

Mr. Crosby arose to a sitting posture and looked at his wife. They were in a large room, the floor of which was covered with a carpet of downy softness; the walls glittering with gold and flowers; the ceiling painted sumptuously; the furniture of the most costly kind, and the bed itself a very marvel of wondrous extravagance.

"For mercy's sake, Tom, where are we?"

"Why, in our palace, to be sure. Don't you remember what I told you last night? But come to bed now."

"Are ye crazy, Tom Crosby? Aren't the sun up?"

"What have we got to do with the sun? By-and-by I shall arise, and then your servants will come in and help you dress."

"Servants? Help me dress? Why, Tom Crosby, what d'ye mean?"

"Why, you wouldn't expose yourself to your own servants, would ye? Hereafter you must never get up till your servants come. They'll laugh at you if you do."

Shortly afterwards Tom arose, and dressed himself, and then spoke to his wife. She looked at him, and started bolt upright.

"Tom Crosby, is that you?"

"Who else should it be?"

"Mercy's sake! O Jerusalem!"

And no wonder she was astonished, for never before had she seen Tom Crosby look like that. His pants were of black broadcloth, his vest of white satin, his shirt bosom of the finest linen and sparkling with diamonds, and his dressing-gown of Genoa velvet.

Mr. Crosby went out, and his wife was left alone. She had just got out of bed to look around, when she heard footsteps, and in a moment she was in bed again. Three stout girls entered the chamber and approached the bed.

"Will our mistress be pleased to arise?" asked the foremost one.

The poor woman remembered what her husband had said about making a fool of herself, and she held her tongue. Yet she arose and allowed the girls to dress her, and after a deal of trouble and labor she was enrobed; but she felt ill at ease. However, when she looked upon the gaudy silk that covered her body, and when she saw the jewels that sparkled upon her hands and bosom and neck, she forgot her pain. After this she was conducted to the breakfast-room, where she found her husband waiting for her. This apartment was as sumptuous as the other—the dishes were of silver and glass, and half a dozen servants attended at the table. Mrs. Crosby longed to speak to her husband, but she dared not before so many strangers. Her cup was filled with coffee, and she drank it. It was much stronger than she was used to drinking, but so finely was it fixed that she loved it, and she allowed the girl who waited upon her to fix her four cups.

After breakfast, Mrs. Crosby was conducted over part of the house, and to her it seemed as though all the wealth of all the world must have been collected and spent in furnishing the place. The heavy gilt-framed pictures, the mirrors, the statues, the carpets, the gold and silver ornaments, the servants—all, all, appeared to her in bewildering profusion.

At length she got an opportunity to speak with her husband.

"Tom," she whispered, "I shall die! Lord! a mercy! I shall!"

"Why, what's the matter?" the husband said.

"O-h-h! They've laced me up so tight I can't breathe."

"—sh! For mercy's sake, Hannah, don't speak so. Why, what will people say to see a fashionable woman with such a huge waist as you have? Did you never notice Sarah Wilkins's waist? Don't you remember how small and delicate it is?"

"Yes, I do remember, Tom; and haven't I told you a thousand times that she was lacing herself to death?"

"Whew! Why, Hannah, what has got into your head? What have we got to do with health? We have stepped at once into fashionable life, and we must stick it out. Now if you have any regard for your reputation, you won't let your servants see any of your ignorance."

The idea of her servants seemed to set all right for a time. But by-and-by, a new idea came.

"Tom," she said, "where are our children?"

"O, they're safe."

"But where?"

"Well, Tom and Willie have gone out to a boarding-school, and Lizzie and Effie are in the nursery with their governess."

"Their governess. What d'ye mean, Tom Crosby? Aren't I to have the governing of my own children?"

"Are you crazy, Hannah? Would you trouble yourself about your children? Why, I never heard of such a thing. You'd lose your stand in fashionable society in a moment if they should find you fussing with your own children! You have servants to take care of them."

Dinner time came at four o'clock. Mrs. Crosby was indignant at such heathenish ideas, but when she learned that all fashionable people kept the same hours she was somewhat reconciled.

"We are to have company to supper," said Mr. Crosby.

"Supper? Have we got to eat again before we go to bed?"

"Eat again? Why—you wouldn't go without your supper? Our friends, who have heard of our arrival, are coming in."

About nine o'clock Mr. Newton and wife arrived, and with them came three couples more, all in the secret.

"Isn't that Effie crying?" uttered Mrs. Crosby, as the distinct wailing of a child sounded upon the air.

"John," spoke Mr. Crosby, to one of the servants, "go and tell the nurse to stop that noise."

"No, no," cried the startled woman—the mother starting up now—"I'll go myself. Poor, dear thing. She shall see, mama, so she shall."

But Tom sprang forward and caught his wife by the arm:

"For heaven's sake!" he whispered in her ear, "you'll ruin us. Don't let such things move you."

"But how can I, Tom? My soul, how can I? Only think—our own little Effie—only a baby. Tom, I—"

Mrs. Crosby," spoke Mrs. Newton, who saw the turn affairs had taken, "will you allow me," taking her by the arm and leading her to a seat, "you have a child, have you? Ah, an infant? How I pity poor people who have to attend to their own children. Such plagues. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Crosby said yes; but she knew she spoke falsely.

"What a miserable idea that is," continued Mrs. Newton, "which supposes that mothers must be fastened down to their children. However, poor people can't help it, I suppose!"

And yet Mrs. Crosby heard her little darling sob and cry, and her heart seemed ~~aching~~ ^{racking} with pain; but she dared not interfere now.

At length supper was announced. It was eleven o'clock. Mrs. Crosby ate considerable cake and confectionary, and at the end she had to drink wine with five different persons. Her position was painful because it was so unnatural. Not one moment of peace or comfort could she find, but instead thereof, it was one continual scene of trial and trouble.

But bed time came—at two o'clock—and for a while the martyr felt relieved. But it was only for a moment, for upon finding herself alone with her husband, she remembered that her head ached, and that her limbs were weary.

"By the powers, Hannah," uttered Tom, "isn't this nice? 'Taint much like cobbling boots and shoes, is it? O, how fine. Doesn't it seem as though we were born for it?"

The wife was silent for some moments, but she spoke at length, and in a low, subdued tone:

"Tom, where is little Effie?"

"With nurse, to be sure."

"O, do go and bring her here to me. Do—that's a good—"

"—sh! Somebody may hear you, Hannah. You know what Mrs. Newton said to-night. She's the next richest to us of anybody in the country."

The poor woman laid her head upon the pillow with a groan.

"Isn't it nice?" uttered Tom, in a chuckling tone. "By the big hoksey, Hannah, only think how we'll live."

"But 'twont be always like this, Tom?"

"No, no—rather guess 'twont. Why, we haven't begun yet. Just wait till folks get acquainted with us and begin to come from the cities to see us. And then when we begin to give our great parties. Wont it be nice?"

But Hannah made no reply, and ere long, she fell asleep; but she did not rest.

On the next morning, Tom was up and off before his wife awoke. The first of consciousness she felt was a rough shaking by the shoulder, and on looking up, she saw her servants. She arose at their bidding, but she had not been long on her feet when she sank back, for her head ached, and her limbs were weary. But she finally allowed herself to be dressed, and soon afterwards, she met her husband at the breakfast-table. She looked at the face of the marble-cased clock on the mantel, and saw that it was eleven o'clock. She was upon the point of speaking to her husband about it, but the presence of the servants prevented.

After breakfast, when Mrs. Crosby thought of going to bed again, she received an intimation to visit Mrs. Newton.

"I can't," she said.

"But," urged the husband, "we must go. Sir John is one of the most important men in the country. We are in for it, Hannah, and we must stick it out. Remember, you have urged it."

"But—but—Tom, I didn't expect—"

"Didn't expect what? Did you suppose that those who had wealth and high station enjoyed the same ease and quiet that the peaceful cobbler owned? By the powers, Hannah, you mustn't fail now. You filled your old station well—but you've got a new one to fill now, and you must come up to the mark. Sir John will expect us."

"Sir John?"

"Yes."

"Sir" John had a very noble sound, and that was a little calming to the poor woman's feelings. However, at four o'clock, the carriage was at the door, and when Mrs. Crosby saw it, she forgot her pains for a while. The horses were coal black, and harnessed almost wholly in silence. Away the aristocratic couple were whirled to a noble mansion, which Mrs. Newton had engaged for the occasion, the real owner of which was introduced to Mrs. C. as a "friend."

The rest of the day, and the night, were passed just about the same as on the previous day, and Mrs. Crosby had an opportunity to see that all rich people must live alike. She had to take wine again at supper, and the clock was upon the stroke of four in the morning when she reached her own mansion. She went to bed wretched and unhappy. She had been laughed at by the servants for her awkwardness—she had been stared at by a young, consumptive miss, because she could not play *encre*, and the whole company had giggled at her funny remarks touching some butter which chanced to be on the table.

On the next morning—or rather towards noon—when she awoke, she found her servants about her as before. She asked them to send her husband to her; but they could not think of such a thing. She simply sprang out of bed and caught a chair, and told them to disobey her if they dared. They left the chamber quickly, and shortly afterwards, Tom Crosby made his appearance.

"Tom," the wife groaned, "I can't stand this—indeed I can't."

"Why, Hannah, are ye crazy? Would ye give up all your wealth?"

"No, no, I'd like to keep the money, but—
but—O, my head!"

"Keep the money?—And what would ye keep it for? We had money enough before for the station we then held; and all you used to want was to make a show like Mrs. Wilkins. Surely you wouldn't go back into our old home, and have to take care of your own children, and do your own cooking, and find your own eggs in the hay, and have the fuss of your own husband, and have to go to bed every night at nine or ten o'clock. Why, you're crazy, Hannah."

"And is it that stone that keeps us here, Tom?"

"Yes. If that was broken, we'd lose all this finery at once."

"And be back in our old home?"

"Yes. But ye see I've guarded against any such danger, for I've put the Philosopher's Stone in a place where nobody'll ever think of looking for it."

"Where is it, Tom?"

"I've hung the bag right up our chimney, here."

"That is a good place," said Mrs. C.; and after this, she proceeded to dress herself, making her husband wait till she had finished, so that "them pesky sarvints shouldn't come nigh her any more."

Breakfast was eaten, as usual, and after a while, three ladies called, and sent up their cards. Mrs. Crosby would have refused, but her husband overcame her objections. So the ladies called in, and Mrs. C. was once more "on nettles."

At five o'clock, the ladies left, and shortly afterwards, Mrs. Crosby stole away to her chamber. Tom had been watching her, and he stole after her, and watched her movements through the key-hole. She first threw herself upon the bed, and there she lay some time. Next, she arose and went to the fire-place. She removed the gaudy screen, and then reached up and took down the little leathern bag. She took out the stone and placed it upon the hearth. Within the fire-place stood a pair of small silver andirons, and with one of these Mrs. C. deliberately smashed the stone to atoms. With a peculiar chuckle, Tom hastened below, and attended himself to preparing his wife's tea. The meal to be eaten was denominated dinner, but when Mrs. Crosby came down, she distinctly said, "supper!"

She could eat but little, but she drank freely of the tea, and within half an hour afterwards, she felt so sleepy that she could not keep her eyes open, and she went to bed, despite her husband's urgent arguments to the contrary. Of

course, she was not long in falling asleep, and she slept soundly, too. * * *

"Tom! Tom!" cried Mrs. Crosby, when she awoke. "Tom! Tom! For mercy's sake, look. Jehosaphat and Jerusalem!"

The sun was shining brightly in at the little vine-clad window, and the old cat was purring cosily upon the foot of the bed. The enraptured woman turned her eyes to the little crib that stood by her bedside, and there lay her darling Effie fast asleep.

"Goodness gracious!" cried Tom, starting up, "somebody's stolen our stone! Our magic stone is gone!"

"Ho, ho! 'Twas I that did it!" the wife shouted, leaping from her bed, and dancing about on the painted floor. "I smashed the old thing up!"

With that, she opened the door of the little bed-room, where, in the cot-bed, lay young Tom and Willie, while in the truckle-bed, Lizzie was sleeping.

Tom was up by this time, and he professed to be greatly alarmed.

"Alas! our wealth is gone!" he uttered.

"Then let it go!" retorted Hannah. "For my part, I've had enough of it. O, Tom, doesn't this place look grand?"

"But how long will it be, Hannah, before you'll be moaning after carriages and silks once more?"

"Never! never!"

At this moment, Effie waked up, and gave a cry of joy as she saw "mama."

Mrs. Crosby, as soon as she could collect her senses, began to think she had only been dreaming, but when she heard Tom and Willie talking about the new school, and saw how the dust had collected on the windows, she feared 'twas, after all, a reality. But by-and-by, she heard a bell ring, and when she found 'twas really Sunday she knew that her past experience had been a substantial thing of real life, for 'twas on Wednesday that she had first seen the magic stone. And then her headache and other bodily pains yet remained to admonish her of the misery she had suffered.

It was over two years before Mrs. Crosby discovered the secret of that three days' experience she had had in "high life," and even then discovered it by accidentally overhearing a conversation between her husband and Mr. Newton. Until then she had firmly believed that she owed the experience to a deed of magic. She now realized how many blessings she enjoyed, and no more gave way to discontent.

LIFE.

BY W. H. S.

Our years fly by upon the wings of Time,
 Unnoticed, till the fleeting breath
 Comes short and thick, precursor of the hour,
 When life shall be no more, and Death
 The victor shall have chained the beating heart,
 And o'er our clay-cold forms have set
 His seal,—and when all earthly joys depart,
 And we awhile are lingering yet,
 Loth to go hence—then, when the hour of death draws
 Nigh,
 May the unfettered spirit mount to realms on high.

Why mourn we for the life we pass in pain,
 Brief as a taper's quivering light,
 That flutters bright, and then is lost again
 In darkness of eternal night?
 Why dream of Hope, that ignis fatuus
 Of the mind, whose ray so oft deceives
 Us with a glimpse of future joy—we deem
 The heart at rest, till it receives
 A rude awakening, crashing with a mighty power,
 The last and fleeting joys of life's departing hour.

The loved of earth—how soon they pass away,
 As mists before the rising sun;
 We fold them to our hearts, but ere the day
 Sinks in the west, their race is run.
 Hearts bleeding weep, weep bitter tears of grief,
 At that lone charnel-house, the grave—
 Nor can their aching bosoms find relief,
 Save in Lethe's fabled wave.

Mourning spirits severed, and the broken chain
 Of love, that death at last shall link again.

There is a rest for all the weary, where,
 In that lone house of death, no voice
 Can stir the soul with agonizing prayer,
 Or bid the heart once more rejoice.
 No tongue with accent sweet, may charm the ear,
 No glistening eye its fire impart;
 Cold, cold and calm beyond all earthly fear,
 In sweet repose low lies the heart,
 At rest forever in the wild-wood glen, where reign
 Silence and solitude in Nature's vast domain.

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS:

—OR—

HOW HAL ATHERTON WAS CURED.

BY ETHAN STUBBS.

[SCENE—Cory office of Dr. Luther Oglethorpe, Boston.
 Hal Atherton, hopeful member of the bar, makes a
 morning call.]

"And so you are a believer in spiritualism, Cousin Hal. Ha! ha! who would have thought it, with your wise head and superior organization—a medium, too. Jeremiah! how I should like to see you produce some raps or raise some spirits. Ha! ha! ha! a rich joke—a wild fellow like you;" and the youthful physician

clapped his broad palms, and shouted in unrestrained merriment over what he termed the misfortunes of his friend. "But look here, rash youth, I'll lay a wager that I can cure you of it and upset you in your belief in less than an hour. What say you?"

Hal looked dignified and self-confident, but asked what the wager should be?

"O, a box of cigars," said Oglethorpe.

"Cigars!" exclaimed Atherton, shocked. "I have no such small vices."

"Well, what do you say to a new hat?"

"Agreed. But hold on; if it's one of your eternal out-west adventures, I won't hear it. Vow, a man can't travel five hundred miles; but what he's forever bragging and relating adventures much better kept to himself and interesting to no one. No, let the rappings rest; they do not disturb you or your slumbers."

"O, but they will, perhaps, for the belief is contagious. Who knows but you may give it to me? No, as long as this arm has the power, you shall be dragged from the ditch before you are 'half seas over,' eh?"

"Very well; have it as you will. Go on. I am proof against everything in opposition to my pet theory."

"Theory, indeed!—of dead people's rising out of their green and fragrant beds in the warm earth, to come in your room, on a cold or hot night, to rap on a china closet or upset your wash-basin, or thump at the head of your bed, in the midst of a delightful dream. Bah! nonsense. Shocking, heathenish, abominable witchcraft—Young America so imposed upon! Well, to begin my story," said Oglethorpe, wiping the drops from his brow, "on my way out west—"

"Out west, yes, I thought so."

"On my way out west, I stopped at a village not a hundred miles from the Catskill Mountains. It was in the latter part of August, and the day had been unusually warm. Clouds of dust were hurled into the heated atmosphere, and ever and anon through the murky sky a strange, lurid streak darted. It was one of those dry, sultry days, when a heavy shower of rain would be such a relief. And yet rain is almost to be dreaded at such a time by some; for with it, at this season, almost invariably comes such a tremendous combination of thunder and lightning as to cause many nervous, faint-hearted individuals to place themselves at much inconvenience and discomfort by seeking refuge on feather-beds from the threatening danger.

"There had been a fearful epidemic raging in the village at the principal inn, at which I was stopping; indeed the servants' accounts quite

alarmed me, for in the room adjoining my own, there was a stranger from the South, who, when he arrived, which was but a few hours previous to my own arrival, had been seized suddenly, and was now alarmingly ill. I was told that he travelled alone, excepting, however, the company of a large dog, to whom he was evidently much attached. The faithful animal had, during his master's illness, kept constant watch by his chamber-door, the physician not permitting his entrance, but all of a sudden, old Brutus had mysteriously disappeared, and the neighbors declaring it to be a bad sign, anxiously awaited the news of the stranger's death.

"At that time, there was another epidemic raging in the same place, and although its effect was perhaps as disastrous, its nature was entirely unlike the other. It must be acknowledged that the honest villagers were rather ignorant, than otherwise, and this must account for their tardy acceptance of and belief in the popular doctrine of spiritualism; and any unaccountable noises resembling the 'tap, tap, tap' of their spiritual visitants and disembodied saints, were at once attributed to supernatural agency, and many honest farmers, serene old maids, and devoted ministers, fell victims to this singular delusion. Neither were the mothers of large families exceptions, or bright and amiable young girls; it seemed to carry everything by storm.

"The room which I occupied (by-the-by, rather a gloomy one), was at the extreme end of an outer wing—not particularly favorable to an individual in whom the organ of *marvellousness* was largely developed; but having just emerged from the seclusion of a medical college, being honored by the appellation of M. D., I was supposed to be impregnable to fear, and indeed I was, or that room would have upset me at once. I had entered my name on the books, having told the waiting-woman my profession, in case my services might be required. I decided to explore the little village, which was wild and mountainous.

"I knew I had but two days, at most, to stop there, for the stage would then probably be in readiness to continue our journey; and I made the best of my time, locked my door, and sauntered out, rejoicing in a thin coat and straw hat. The atmosphere was even more dense and oppressive than it had been within the narrow limits of my attic-room; but far beyond, in the dim distance, I could see the glorious Catskills lifting up their now darkening summits high into the western sky, where the setting sun had gathered his rays into one crimson glow, and flooded the distant valleys in sudden light. But it

quickly vanished, and left everything blacker than before.

"I hurried on, hoping to complete my journey before the commencement of the storm which I saw must inevitably occur. The place was strange to me, but one of wild and romantic beauty, in the western part of the State of New York. The prevailing fever I knew to be contagious, but having no fear, I felt secure. Indeed, I felt thankful that I had chanced upon a place where my poor services might be needed. I was scarcely aware of the distance I had come, and suddenly found myself in a wild hollow, where the hemlock and oak trees grouped in thick knots around a somewhat old and rudely built house. The low and slanting roof, broken and moss-covered, almost reached the ground, where the ivy and thick underbrush formed an almost impenetrable thicket. It looked old and comfortless, with its faded curtains of green paper and broken windows.

"I suddenly turned to retrace my steps, for I thought of witches, maniacs and inebriates. My courage did not fail me, but the large drops of rain upon my boots, white with dust, warned me that the storm was about to commence, and if I should get caught in a sybil's cave, there was no knowing how many stars I should see before I got out again.

"Suddenly, a window of the house opened, and a gray, shaggy head, with greenish eyes, peered out.

"'Come here, sir, in heaven's name,' shouted the woman. 'My child's a-dying, and the spirits have got her. Come quick.'

"At the mention of spirits, I quickly turned and approached the house. It looked very still and gloomy, with its darkened walls.

"'Come in here,' said the woman. 'The door is locked, and them spirits have got the key;' and extending her thin arms, she helped to pull me in.

"I shuddered at where I might be going, but I said nothing, and trusted in Providence. She led me to a cot bedstead, upon which a pale child was stretched, apparently lifeless—her dark hair thrown back, and her thin hands hanging listlessly by her side.

"'I saw you coming,' said the woman. 'You look like as if you were a stranger in these parts, and you looked kind, and so I thought perhaps you might save my Nannie.'

"'And how long has she been so, my good woman?' and I proceeded to inquire into the symptoms.

"The woman, looking very grave, said that there were distinct rappings heard one night at

twelve o'clock. She had asked if there was a spirit present, and it again manifested itself and directed her to write on a paper. The spirit moved her, and wrote that her child must die because she (the mother) had committed some sin. The child had overheard these strange proceedings, and awoke from her sleep overcome by terror; she had fallen sick, and was actually dying.

"I was shocked at this abominable deception, and asked the woman if there was no one in the house who might have made the noise whom perhaps she had offended.

"She said 'no—only one old woman who could not leave her bed, of whom she had once borrowed a few pennies, which she had never been able to return.'

"I at once saw how it was, and endeavored to persuade her that God would not permit any such agency in the death of one of his creatures. I told her how wicked and unpleasant was such a belief, and to observe the dreadful effect it had had in terrifying Nannie to death; for that alone was the cause. I talked long and earnestly to her, and the child opened her eyes, and seemed to revive. It was now raining fast, and I began to dread the drenching I must get in reaching my inn. At that instant, there were three loud and distinct raps upon the wall against which I leaned. I started—it was so sudden. It sounded like any ordinary knock upon a thin board, and I knew at once it was the act of some foolish person who was concealed in an adjoining apartment. I glanced at the child; her widely distended eyes and ashy paleness alarmed me. There, in that wild place, no friend or companion in the house but her deluded mother, how I pitied her! I saw her lips move, as if she would speak, while her eyes were fixed upon the wall from whence the noises had come.

"A sudden blast of wind extinguished the candle, and at the same instant a loud hallooing was heard outside. I heard my own name called, and rushed out. A man was there in a covered provision-wagon, and said he had been searching all round for me, as the stranger at the inn was dying. He had recovered his senses, and hearing I was a traveller, requested to see me. Not a moment was to be lost. I seized his torch, and rushed back to the child's bedside. Her eyes were still fixed and her lips parted, but she was cold, and life was extinct. By her side, the old woman knelt, with her thin hands clasped over her eyes. She, too, was stone dead. It was horrible, but nothing could be done. Both had actually died of fright, and all caused by the absurd knavery of those rappers.

"It was only eight o'clock, but so intensely dark that we were obliged to trust more to the horse, than to our own eyes and torches, for I had left the ravine, and was by the man's side in the wagon. It was lightening, but unaccompanied by thunder, and we reached the inn before the first peal broke upon the dull stillness. We rushed up stairs, but upon reaching the room, were told that the stranger had breathed his last some minutes before, and a number of people were hastily laying him out in a sheet prepared for the purpose. I cannot tell you how much I regretted my absence at his death; but some one handed me a slip of paper which he had written a short time before. The letters were large and blurred, but I could distinguish this:

"If poor Brutus is found, take good care of him; but if dead, bury us in one grave, and tell—'

"Here it ended; but, upon inquiry, I learned that the dog was nowhere to be found. The body had been laid out, and two women procured to watch until sunrise, when he should be buried. The lightning became more and more frequent, and the thunder more heavy and intense, and still the rain fell in torrents. The women were paid a good price for watching, so that I felt my presence there to be unnecessary, and retiring to my room, which, as I have said, adjoined that of the stranger, I arranged my valise to start upon the following day; and closing my weary eyes upon the lurid lightning, and shutting my ears to the thunder by covering my head with the coarse sheet, I endeavored to sleep. But somehow I could not. My dreams troubled me, and feeling uneasy, I re-snuffed my candle, which had burned low in the socket, and looking at my watch, found it to be near midnight. The thunder seemed to have ceased; and arising from my uneasy couch, I pulled aside the curtain, but it was still intensely dark without, and the rain still pattered against the window-panes.

"I paused, as I heard the women in the next room conversing, for, until now, I had not observed a small aperture in the wall of my room, which admitted every sound of their voices. There was a rustling sound, and I stood upon a chair and looked into the room, to see that all was right.

"'Hush!' said one of the women, drawing her chair an inch nearer to that of her companion, while her sallow complexion grew a shade paler; and folding one thin hand around her arm, while the other she held warningly up, she seemed to shrink into as small a compass as possible. 'Hist! did you not hear a noise?' she said, in a loud whisper.

"'No—where—what?' exclaimed the other affrighted woman, starting nervously from the wooden chair upon which she sat, and fixing her gaze upon the shrouded couch, around which the dimly burning candles cast a flickering light.

"'And didn't yer ever know that dead men riz up and talked?' continued the other.

"'Yes, I have hearn o' such things,' was the reply; and the poor woman trembled from head to foot.

"At that moment, there came three or four faint rays, and a low breathing was discernible. Both women were transfixed with horror, and gazed fixedly at the corpse, evidently expecting it to move; but as yet, no motion was perceptible. The folds of the sheet were unruffled still, and the napkin over the marble brow moved not. Suddenly, a distant peal of thunder broke upon the stillness, and I hastened to dress—to relieve the anxious watchers, and to discover, if possible, the cause of the noise.

"'P'r'aps he might have been a murderer!' one of the voices continued.

"'Yes, and his uneasy spirit is a-rapping!'

"'May be,' they both said; and then there was a dead silence, broken only by the distant thunder, and the low, but distinct rappings.

"What could it be? I wondered, and half shuddered. I knew that the poor man was dead—stone dead—and I knew that no spirits (if such there are) could make such an absurd noise. Yet, what could it be? No person in the house would trouble themselves to rap thus in a dead man's room, at midnight. No, it was evident that something was wrong, and the breathing—how could that be accounted for? I was getting alarmed, but tried to whistle it away, and being dressed, approached the room. The door was ajar; I looked in. Everything appeared the same as when I left it, excepting, perhaps, that the candles burned lower, and the corpse was more rigid. The woman started as I entered, but placing my finger on my lips, I motioned them to be silent, and I approached the couch and listened. Yes, I too heard the raps and the smothered breathing. A sudden thought flashed across my mind; it might be the missing dog—but where could he be?

"I mentioned my belief to the women. They scorned the idea of a dog's rapping, and thus destroying their belief in spiritualism. O, no, it could not be—it must be the stranger's ghost; and I was ordered out of the room, I was glad enough to go, and knew they would wish me back; but I was determined to investigate the unaccountable noise, and, after some difficulty, I succeeded in arousing two or three servants,

and we repaired to the room. It was now nearly morning. The rain had long since ceased, and the atmosphere was clear and cool. The women were still there, and affirmed that they had seen the corpse move. I could not but smile at this absurd stretch of the imagination; but the rest were demurely silent. We all glanced fixedly at the shrouded couch. 'Tap, tap, tap' went the noise, but so faint as to be scarcely heard; and bless me! the corpse actually moved the least bit in the world, and then everything was very still.

"In undisguised horror, every one fled from the room, leaving me the sole occupant. I hesitated; what was to be done? Why not look under the couch? Some person might be concealed there to frighten us. I approached and raised the flouncing; there were chests stowed underneath, and piles of bed-clothing, which had been placed there the night previous, but nothing else could I discover. I had not sufficient strength to draw out the chests, but I knew that in a few moments the undertaker would come to remove the body; and I seated myself there, until the hour should arrive.

"I had not to wait long before quite a number of people came to hear the spirits, and to bury the dead. There were no spirit rappings now. It was very still, and the body was removed. With the aid of two or three men, we lifted the couch from its place—and lo! there, upon the floor, crouched in a narrow crevice, was poor old Brutus—the faithful dog. Unseen, he had stolen in there, to be nearer his dear master, at an hour when he knew that he was unobserved. Silent and watchful, he had crouched beneath the couch of suffering—not daring to move, lest he should be driven away. And when, to make room, the bedding had been pushed under the couch, he was probably smothered—but not immediately; for the indistinct breathing, the pattering noise, perhaps the wagging of his tail, and the last frantic effort to free himself, probably moved the sagging of the couch. Yes, poor old Brutus had been the uneasy spirit, and there he was, dead and gone, no longer a spiritual rapper—an unquiet spirit. The poor animal had been suffocated; and now he and his master sleep in one grave."

Is it necessary to add that the doctor won a new hat?

If you have the esteem of the wise and good, don't trouble yourself about the rest. And if you have not even that, let the approbation of a well informed conscience make you easy in the meanwhile.

BUSY WITH THE GRAIN.

BY WILLIS E. PARSON.

The reapers are busy with the grain.
ANNA M. BATES'S LETTERS.

Are the reapers busy, Anna, with the golden grain?
Hearst thou the music that goeth with the wain,
Flooding on the balmy air, a soft, melodious strain?

Are the nodding crests, Anna, falling to the ground?
Swept in their beauty and scattered all around?
Lying as in serried ranks, all ready to be bound?

Are the reapers busy, Anna, all the autumn day?
Are the sickles flashing in the bright sun's burnished ray?
And all the little children playing in the new-mown hay?

There's another reaper, Anna, reaping other grain;
There is other music that floats across the plain,
Wearily and drearily, a sad and solemn strain.

There are other crests, Anna, than the nodding wheat,
Falling in their beauty at the destroyer's feet,—
Whose name well I wist, yet hardly dare repeat.

Stays he not for beauty, Anna, stays he not for youth;
Stays he not for honor, and stays he not for truth;
Young and old are meted a measure of his ruth.

Busy with the grain, Anna, busy evermore;
Growing stern with duty as walks he on life's shore,
Slaying those who love us and those we most deplore.

And this stern-faced reaper, Anna, in the "by-and-by,"
At the time appointed, shall come for you and I—
Pray that he may take us to homes above the sky.

THE FIFTY BOUQUETS.

BY ALEXANDER W. LAUDERDALE.

I WAS present at the first masked ball of the opera, with a young man, whom I shall call Bussey, a tall and handsome youth, rich, witty and distinguished, whose principal occupation is to please the ladies, and who has had the good fortune to succeed in this. It is useless to say that Bussey had come to this ball in search of adventures, and only waited an opportunity to quit my arm for that of the first domino who should accost him.

He had waited a long time, and I was predicting that he would continue to wait, when an unexpected incident suddenly occurred.

"Good evening, Charles," said a musical voice, at the moment we were leaving the lobby for the saloon.

Charles, for that was indeed his name, turned like Romeo at the call of Juliet. He perceived an elegant rose domino, whose folds concealed a charming form, and from whose sleeves peeped out two little hands, coquettishly imprisoned in black mitts. The face was of corresponding beauty, as nearly as could be ascertained through the mask, and my young friend evidently thought

so, judging from his impatience to leave me.

"Wait for me, I entreat!" said he to me; and he ran after the rose domino, without pausing for a reply. I saw them meet smilingly, and promenade arm in arm through the lobby. Three times they passed me in close conversation, and I judged it was interesting only by the gestures of Bussey, who entreated me to be patient. I said to myself that friendship ought to be less selfish than love, and curiosity, besides, induced me to remain. After having promenaded for an hour, Charles at last left the rose domino to return to me, with smiling face and triumphant step.

"Tell us your adventure," said I.

"This is it, my dear," replied he, with a solemn gesture. "In the first place, this woman knows me and I do not know her. She is an original, full of sprightliness and coquetry; in a word, the most delightful and most provoking sprite in the world. I accosted her, as you saw, and the following dialogue took place:

"It seems you know my name. Are you as well acquainted with my person and my history?"

"Your person? That would be saying too much. As for your history, I know something of it, and I can relate to you an adventure of which you were the hero last week."

"Indeed! Let us hear it."

"A young man disputed with you the hand of a lady for a country dance, which she had promised you, and you bravely fought the offending cavalier, who confessed his fault the next morning, at Vincennes."

"That is indeed correct; but when did this affair commence?"

"At the last concert d'ansant of Madame de R."

"You must, then, have been at this concert?"

"I was not."

"You are then a friend of the lady who was the occasion of this quarrel?"

"I am not her friend."

"You are perhaps herself?"

"I am not."

"Who are you, then?"

"Guess."

"You are a charming woman, assuredly. On what condition will you show me your face?"

"When I am sure that it will please you."

"You desire, then, to please?"

"Every one desires that!"

"Then you may be satisfied; for I love you without knowing you, and you may rely upon it, I shall think you pretty."

"Prove it."

"How?"

"By telling me what idea you have formed of my face."

"Will you afterwards allow me to see it?"

"If your idea is correct."

"Well, your face is as elegant as your form, as delicate as your foot, as soft as your hand, as sprightly as your wit."

"*Et cabara, et coelura, et coelera.*" said I to Bussy, interrupting him again. "Your story is like all others, my dear; and unless the end redeems the beginning—"

"I am coming to that; she has appointed a rendezvous."

"O! O!" said I, with surprise; "this is indeed a result! And when is this interview, if I may ask?"

"In five days."

"At what place?"

"Here, at the next ball."

"At the next ball!" repeated I, shaking my head with a skeptical air. And I thought involuntarily of those *Pierrettes* and *Suisseuses* of the fetes of Mûlard, stationed to accost the notaries' clerks and to enter them at the next ball.

I dared not communicate these injurious suspicions to my friend, and only asked him by what token he was to recognize his mysterious incognita.

"By a token of her own invention," replied he; "a token as distinguished as charming, and which will suffice to give an idea of her whole person. On the morning of the day fixed for the next ball, I am to go and order of Mademoiselle X***, the flower-merchant in the Rue Vivienne, a bouquet, which is to be arranged, in my presence, in such a manner as to be noticed among a thousand. My incognita will send for the bouquet during the day, and will carry it in the evening to the ball, where I shall recognize her by it."

"That is in very good taste," said I, immediately laying aside my suspicions. And I frankly confessed to my friend that his conquest had begun to win my esteem.

The next day, at noon, Bussy called upon me. His face plainly announced that he had spent in reflection the time I had spent in sleep. He gravely drew a paper from his pocket, and assured me that he was on the verge of a discovery.

"How so?" I asked.

"Here is a list," said he, "of all the ladies who were at the concert of Madame de R. My rose domino must necessarily be one of these ladies, and I have strong reasons for thinking it the Baroness de B."

Knowing Madame de B. for a coquette, I re-

plied to Charles that there was nothing improbable in his supposition, and this was enough to convince him that it was correct.

The day of the second opera ball arrived; Bussy went early in the morning to the shop of the flower merchant in the Rue Vivienne. He ordered a magnificent bouquet, in the middle of which he caused to be placed a large flower, easy to recognize, announcing that it would be sent for by a person whom he would not name, and threw a Napoleon on the counter of the young *marchande*, who smilingly promised to fulfil his commission. In fact, when, at evening, he passed the shop on his way to the ball, she told him that the bouquet had been sent for, and that she had delivered it according to his orders.

Charles hastened to the opera, his heart palpitating, his head on fire, and re-appeared on the following day in my room, again with his list in his hand.

"I was mistaken, my dear," said he, "I confess; it was not the Baroness de B."

"Who was it then?"

"It can be only the Countess d'O."

"How! It can only be! You have then got no farther than suppositions?"

"No, my friend."

"Did she, then, break her appointment for last evening?"

"She was there. I recognized her, on her entrance, by the bouquet which I had ordered in the morning, and passed an hour with her, more and more intoxicated with her charms."

"Without learning her name or seeing her face?"

"Without seeing her face or learning her name! She listened favorably to all the protestations of my love, all the entreaties of my impatience; but doubts of my frankness seemed to restrain her. In short, she requested a new delay, and accepted a second rendezvous for the day after to-morrow."

"Again at the masked ball?"

"This time at the ball of the Opera Comique. I am to recognize her by the same method as last evening."

"But what makes you think it is a countess, instead of a baroness, as you thought the other day?"

"The distinction of her mind and of her manners, my friend! I know only the Countess d'O. who will compare with her."

"The Countess d'O. be it!" said I, smilingly, to Charles Bussy; "but try to be more fortunate at the Opera Comique, and to get a glimpse of her face, at least."

"O, I promise you I will!" exclaimed he; "for I am enamored of her to madness."

It was as he had said, and he needed his chivalric passion to prevent being discouraged.

Twice more did the incognita repeat the trial; twice more was he thrown back into the field of conjecture. The pretty mask trembled on the arm of her cavalier; she demanded, in a voice of emotion, a respite of a few days longer! And more and more enthusiastic after each interview, Charles at last dreamed of a marchioness or duchess.

Finally, under pretext that a week was not sufficient to ensure the solidity of a passion, he was referred to the ball of the Carnival, and the ancient theatre of La Renaissance was, in its turn, chosen for a final rendezvous.

"The Carnival and La Renaissance let it be!" exclaimed Bussy, too far advanced to recede; "I will see the end of this adventure, or I will lose my name!"

I let him have his way, unable longer to control him, and, as impatient as himself for the *dénouement*.

After three weeks of anxious expectation, on the morning of the decisive day Charles went to order his fifth bouquet of Mademoiselle X***, who could not help laughing, as she recognized him.

The incognita sent for this bouquet, as she had for the others, and appeared at the place of rendezvous with her usual punctuality. She congratulated Bussy on his constancy, and was more fascinating than ever. Resolved, on his part, to secure the object of his efforts, a sight of her features, Charles became still more exacting.

"Look at me, then, sir?" said she, accompanying him to a stage-box. And she had already laid her hand on her mask, while the young man's heart beat quickly, when a new scruple stopped her short, and threw Bussy from heaven to earth.

"If you should not think me pretty!" resumed she, in a trembling and agitated voice. "What a disenchantment for you and what a misfortune for me!" Then, after a moment of silence and reflection: "Listen," added she, hastily, as if struck by a luminous idea, "I do not wish to prolong the trial which you have endured with so much courage; but we can soften the disappointment of both. Be at the Opera Comique on the approaching Monday; I will be there, at the commencement of the play, in the last stall in the right gallery; I will wear a black dress and a white bonnet, with a bouquet like the one I have this evening. You can look at me from the opposite gallery at your ease and at your

leisure; if I am what you have believed me to be, you will come and join me; if not, you can remain in your place, as I at mine, and all will be at an end between us, without our blushing in the presence of each other."

Charles was obliged to consent to this proposition, though he saw in it only a refinement of coquetry, and consoled himself for waiting a last time by the habit he had contracted of doing so.

"If," said the incognita, carelessly, as she left him, "by any accident I could not be at the Opera Comique on the approaching Monday, I will certainly be there the Monday after, or the third Monday, at farthest; but I hope," added she, with an enchanting air, "to be as punctual on this occasion as on the others, and you may rely upon it, it shall not be my fault if your reward is not equal to your merit."

"It will be a thousand times above it," replied Charles, re-aroused by these last words.

And he came the next morning to relate this new episode in his adventure, making me promise to accompany him to the theatre on the Monday following.

We were there on the first Monday, each armed with a good bouquet; but we did not see the incognita appear at the spot indicated by herself. The second Monday it was the same, and my confident friend began to be alarmed. Finally, on the last Monday, we returned to our post, and congratulated ourselves on our perseverance as we perceived the black dress and white bonnet!

"There she is," said Bussy with emotion, recognizing the bouquet at the first glance. We both raised our glasses, and I saw a pretty woman quizzing us, on her part, without ceremony.

But scarcely had I had time to look at her, when I heard near me several angry exclamations. These exclamations escaped from the midst of a group of young people, whose eyes and opera-glasses were fixed on the same point with ours. They were variously agitated, and dared not look at each other. Some were ashamed and stupefied, others furious and agitated, and all had that particular expression of countenance which is vulgarly called *un pied de nez*.

"What does all this mean?" I asked Charles.

"Let us go, my friend, and conceal ourselves!" murmured he, drawing me into the corridor.

Then, casting a last glance through the window of a box, and pointing to the lady of the white hat, who was still quizzing the group opposite, he said, with a smile; "What do you think of my duchess?"

"Ordinary enough; I confess I expected something else."

"And I also!" exclaimed he, in a melodramatic tone. Then, stooping to my ear, he added: "It is Mademoiselle X***, the *bouquetiere* of the Rue Vivienne! To-day is the first of April, and I leave you to judge of what a jest I am the dupe, with my five bouquets, as well as our neighbors and companions of the gallery on the left! Sound this abyss of mystification, in order to profit by my experience, and do not look me in the face for two or three months hence!"

Having thus vented his mortification, Bussy enveloped himself in his great coat up to his eyes, and precipitated himself head-first down the grand stairway of the theatre, while I was attempting to repress a Homeric and Olympian burst of laughter.

It was impossible to contain myself longer when I saw the fellow-sufferers of Charles file off in the same manner. I counted them as they passed, and they numbered at least ten, whence I concluded that by reason of five bouquets, of one louis each, besides the pleasures of the masked balls, the carnival of the flower-merchant had yielded her a thousand francs.

The custom of these gentlemen had, besides, brought her shop into vogue, and a fashionable man cannot now purchase a bouquet elsewhere.

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.

A circumstance of a somewhat extraordinary character occurred a short time since in one of the flourishing towns of the midland counties. A clergyman died, and his wife and daughters, on the third day after his decease, recollecting that no likeness remained, it was agreed, ere the grave closed over him, that the body should be unshrouded, and a portrait taken. A young lady of some professional celebrity was engaged for the task. She, with the assistance of the attendant, took off the shroud, and placed the body in a requisite posture; but other duties requiring the artist's attention, the sketch was deferred till noon. About twelve o'clock, at the foot of the bed, the lady commenced and went through an hour's work on this image of death. At this stage of the proceedings, by some unaccountable motion, the head of the death-like figure fell on the side. Nothing daunted, the artist carefully took the head to replace it, when, lo! the eyes opened, and staring her full in the face, "the dead" inquired, "Who are you?" The young "professional," without trepidation, took the bandage from the head, and rubbed his neck. He immediately saw the shroud, and laughed immoderately. The artist quietly called the family; their joy may be imagined, but cannot be described. That evening he, who had laid three days in his shroud, bemoaned by mother and sisters with agonizing tears, gladdened their hearts by taking his accustomed place at the tea-table, and at this moment is making an excursion in North Wales.—*Bedford (Eng.) Times*.

LINES TO ———.

BY R. A. DARBOCH.

Let me shut out the present, its hopes and its fears,
And once more live over those dear vanished years;
When I lived but to bask in the rays of thy smile,
And my heart knew no sorrow thou couldst not beguile.
In fancy I see thee, and hear the low tone
That fondly assured me thy heart was my own;
And again my glance droops 'neath the light of thine eye,
That I ne'er could encounter—I cannot tell why.

Again are those dark waving locks in my sight,
And that eye strangely blending both darkness and light,
And the lip that was ever turned smiling on me,
Are treasures all locked in my heart's memory.
Away with realities—let me but dream,
For I know that I never can be what I seem;
I live but in dreaming over happiness fled,
And my heart, like the joys I remember, is dead.

It is dead to the present, though wealth may be mine,
And dead to the future, though brightly it shine;
Over all save the love that illumined the past,
Is a dull, changeless feeling of apathy cast.

WILL'S WIFE.

BY EMMA FRANCIS.

BROTHER WILL married a city lady—some one we had never previously known, but of whom we had heard a great deal, both through Will's letters and common report, which told us the lady was a great belle, the gem of all circles, a trifle haughty, but amiable and lovable. Every one said she was very highly accomplished, and from all I heard, I felt much in awe of the proud lady, and wondered how my dear, light-hearted brother ever came to fancy such a bride as she. They had been married many months before Will announced to us his intention of bringing Louisa to his old home. They had been travelling, he said, both far and near; and having just returned from a European tour, they were coming to the old farm-house to rusticate and rest. Louisa, he added, sent us much love, and longed to get acquainted with her new relations.

This last sentence I read and re-read; I thought it sounded very kind and affectionate, and I liked to dwell upon it; but by degrees I came to think brother might have put it in without his wife's knowledge. I had heard of such things, and on the whole, I felt more than ever in awe of both of them. People, I thought, who had been over the blue sea, and visited those lords it made my headache so to read about, must be very much wiser than most people; and my poor heart sank heavily as I thought of the dreaded meeting.

However, as Will had written when we might expect him, everything was set in order for our guests. The old housekeeper who had known him from a baby, flew round the house with unwonted agility, opening jars of sweetmeats—brushing cobwebs from bottles of ancient wine, and taking the snowiest cloths and napkins from the tall cupboard in the corner. As for me, I went about, half smiling, half tearful, arranging the curtains round the old-fashioned windows, putting fresh flowers in the vases on the hearth, dusting the high-backed chairs, and wondering all the while if my new sister's lip would curl in scorn at this, or if she would jeeringly laugh at that. And thus wondering and doubting, as the day wore on, I grew nervous and uneasy; and stood very often by the cushioned chair of my invalid mother, with her thin, pale hand on mine, and her soft voice re-assuring me.

About the usual time for tea, I stood in the doorway by the side of the prim housekeeper, attired in my blue lawn and white apron, to welcome the new-comers. I could not help trembling, and the faster the time for their arrival drew nigh, the faster my heart beat and the more I fancied a tall, cold, haughty beauty coming to disturb our peacefulness; and I told the housekeeper in confidence, that I would just as much like to see an ogress as this fashionable belle of a sister.

In a little while, I heard the rattle of carriage wheels coming up the stony lane, and as I caught sight of a dark brown travelling dress, and the rim of a white chip bonnet, I could no longer control myself; but dropped the housekeeper's hand, and darted away, and hid myself behind a tall woodbine trellis near the doorway.

The next moment, brother Will sprang upon the piazza, as handsome and good-natured looking as ever, and with a word of fond endearment on his lips, lifted from the carriage one of the loveliest creatures my eyes had ever beheld. True, she was somewhat above the medium height; but with a form most delicately and elegantly proportioned, and though her high, pale brow wore a look of intellect and gentle dignity, there was a sweetness of expression in her brown eyes, and about the small mouth, which I had never seen equalled. With a sweetness and grace which astonished me, she greeted Dame Brownly cordially and kindly, and then lifting her dark eyes to my brother's face I saw her smile, and my heart thrilled as she pronounced my name. There was a dimness came over my eyes, so that I could not see very well, and my little heart beat so fast it was near choking me; but I always shall believe that the housekeeper winked

to them where I was, for the next instant, crash went the bushes in front of me, and up I went, blue lawn, white apron and all into brother Will's strong arms; hugged to his heart, blessed by his lips, caressed, coaxed, petted, scolded by that laughing voice all in a minute.

He put me down, and I lifted my eyes to that dreaded brown dress and white chip hat. All the impressions her previous sweetness and beauty had made upon me were at once forgotten; and I stroked my curls behind my ears nervously, first with one hand then with the other, swallowing very rapidly all the time to keep my heart from jumping into my mouth.

A pair of beautiful white hands clasped my face, and a sudden kiss upon my upturned brow in a measure re-assured me; and bursting into a flood of half-frightened tears, I took my new sister's hand, and led the way to my mother's room.

I stood a little apart and witnessed their meeting, and dried my eyes meanwhile; and in a little while, "Loo," as Will called her, sought her room to lay aside her heavy travelling robes. When she again made her appearance, she was more than radiantly beautiful. Her soft, rich hair hung in natural and abundant curls down her neck, the snowy whiteness of which was well set off by the deep toned tiasue that she wore. Her white arms encircled by bracelets, which had been my brother's gift, and a jewelled set in her ears and bosom, completed her attire. It did not strike me then that her dress and the old farmhouse did not look in perfect keeping, and when, as if anxious to conciliate me, she asked if I wouldn't show her the flowers, and all the pleasant places about the farm before tea, I yielded my consent, wanting to love her but hardly daring.

Our house was built on a side hill, so there was a slope both back and front. From the upper piazza, which was long and broad, and which terminated in the roomy kitchen, one could step upon a broad, green sward, sloping up to a high fence which separated the orchard from it. Here, tied to a tall plum tree, was a sturdy young calf; the especial pet of Dame Brownly, and the object of a great deal of my care and attention. He had been placed here to crop the tender grass and enjoy himself as best he might; and the housekeeper declared, that for her part she considered him a great deal handsomer than any deer that ever graced a court—I suppose she meant, poor thing, than any that ever grazed a park—still I may be wrong, for whenever I suggested some slight difference of arrangement in the good woman's sentences, she folded her arms

before her, and eyeing me with ineffable scorn, declared I was "the worst gramanatic that ever contorted a phase."

Well, as I considered this calf the chief attraction about the place, I took sister Loo the first thing to see him. At first she was a little timid (though I saw she tried to conceal it), and said something about his looking mischievous, etc., but I assured her he was perfectly docile, and put my hand in his mouth to show her he wouldn't bite, and stroked his forehead to prove he wouldn't strike, and began to feel quite at my ease in my new sister's presence. Dame Brownly seeing us through the kitchen window, came to the door, exclaiming:

"Lo! I actilly forgot my poor calf to-day. He's eat the grass around that tree as clean as tinder, and ought to be mored."

"We can move him," said I eagerly, to sister Loo. "All we have to do is to untie his rope, and make him fast to another tree."

"Arc you sure he's quite gentle?" she asked, timidly.

"O, yes," I answered, "I'm around him so every day."

Evidently anxious to make the best friends with me, and re-assured by Dame Brownly, who still stood in the door, Loo helped me untie the heavy rope with her slender jewelled fingers, and I gave the calf a pat for him to move off—but he wouldn't stir, and I told Loo to hold the rope one minute, while I got a little stick; I saw that she watched me quite nervously, and not being able to find a stick, I made a glove of one corner of my apron, and plucked a large thistle which was flourishing in a nook behind the cistern. Thus armed, I advanced, and gave bossy a friendly stroke on the haunches; which he no sooner received, than with a wofully prolonged *bla*, he started off up the hill, with poor Loo clinging to the rope and flying after him.

Shade of Bolus! Did ever I witness a more ludicrous sight? Up to the very summit of the hill, only half pausing now and then to give a vigorous kick at the empty air, pulling with all his strength, and ever and anon giving forth his dolorous *bla*; bossy led, while *Will's wife*, the belle, the beauty and heiress, whose feet had scarcely ever trod on aught save carpeted halls, or ball-room floors, with the strong rope wound round and round her tiny hands, was drawn after him, too affrighted to scream, and withheld from loosing her hold, by the cries of Dame Brownly in the doorway, who shouted to her to hold him tight, not to let the poor thing go, he would surely run down the cistern if she did, etc., etc. The top of the hill gained, there was nothing for it but

to run down again, and the calf again took the lead, while Loo, with her airy robes, and jewelled arms, and floating hair, in strong contrast with the surly son of a Durham, sped after him, taking steps which the seven league boots of the ogre in fairy tales would scarcely have warranted, but which it was impossible for her to prevent, as the down hill path and the mad career of the animal almost drew her through the air without a chance of planting her feet on terra firma. Down, down they went, while I stood aghast at this unexpected exhibition, but utterly unable to control my risibility. When they had nearly reached the foot of the hill, the calf suddenly spied Dame Brownly still standing in the door, and no doubt recognizing the hand which had so often fed him, he darted swiftly towards her. Loo gave a despairing pull at the rope, which only maddened him the more, and before the poor housekeeper could get out of the way, he plunged past her with a last terrible blast, completely upsetting the old lady, and a pail of water at the same time; and Loo, poor dear Loo, fell her whole length into the kitchen, just in time to receive part of the shower-bath which was mercilessly bathing Dame Brownly.

My first impulse, now that the race was ended, was to run to my new sister's aid; but brother Will was there before me, and laughing uproariously, he lifted Loo to her feet. I saw her first feeling, as she glanced at her disordered dress and laid a hand on her rumpled hair, was to cry from vexation and mortification; but the next moment as it flashed in all its ludicrous light across her mind, she burst into as merry a fit of laughter as ever rang from mortal lips, and breaking from Will's arms, left him to secure the now quiet beast, while she sped away to re-arrange her dress.

From that hour, Loo and I were sworn friends; but never since have I been able to induce her to go within passing distance of a calf, and I believe she has an aversion to *veal* to this day.

LIBERALITY.

We heard an anecdote of the celebrated Mr. Burchard, the revivalist, quite characteristic of some minds. Mr. B. had preached in a certain town with great power, and among others converted were two daughters of a rich, close-fisted farmer, and, the story says, a member of the church. When Mr. B. was about to leave, a contribution was proposed to defray his expenses, and, among the rest, this farmer steps up and thanks Mr. B. for his efforts, and saying that he felt it a duty and privilege under the circumstances to contribute something, gave twenty-five cents. "Two shillings!" said the divine, "for the salvation of your two daughters! very well, it is dear at that, if their souls are as small as yours."—*Ohio Journal*.

TO THE LOST ONE.

BY AGLAUS FORRESTER.

My heart is sad, sad, sad!
 I'm thinking of the lost one, dear,
 Who was in virtue's raiment clad;
 But O, as trickles down my cheek a tear,
 And I reflect that she is lost—
 "Floating on the wild sea drear—"
 By the raging tempests tossed,
 I feel 'tis more than I can bear!

Lost one, I mourn for thee;
 Thy heart's sweet chords are touched no more
 Save by the wild winds that hurriedly
 Are sweeping thy gentle murmurings o'er,
 No pilot on thy sea doth sail—
 There's none to point thee to the road
 Where thy bark can safely ride the gale
 That fiercely blows "along the world."

Lost one, I mourn for thee!
 O, by the faded tints of even,
 By that love whose melody
 Bursts like the seraph sounds of heaven;
 And by the pale and withered flowers,
 Whose perfume we in vain deplore;
 The faded tints of by-gone hours
 Give back—thy fair, lost name restore!

The summer flowers are drooped and dead,
 Their sweet perfume is recklessly
 Forth on the storm-spirit's pinions shed;
 And all their sweetness born to die;
 And faded all that loveliness
 From their once brilliant leaves,—but O,
 Come back—the saphyr's soft carers
 Again shall bid their blushes glow!

Lost one, wildly I weep
 For the frailty of one so fair,
 And while life thy existence doth keep,
 Thou shalt have my earnest prayer,
 That the Lord will pity take
 On the one for whose sins I grieve,
 And that he'll not her soul forsake,
 But prepare it in heaven to live!

ERNEST HUDSON:

— OR, —

THE FATHER AND SON.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"I was told that you wish to speak with me, father."

The words were uttered hesitatingly, and the speaker, a boy of fifteen years, looked anxiously at the stern, grave man he addressed, whose keen, gray eyes were bent steadfastly upon him, though he gave no other token of being aware of his presence. The boy's eyes fell beneath that searching gaze, and after standing a while in awkward silence, he ventured to repeat his previous words in a tone of inquiry.

"I hear you, sir," was the harsh-toned reply. "I was but contrasting the ready obedience you affect in trifles, with your utter disregard of my wishes in things of moment."

Still that relentless gaze was fixed upon the youth, whose large, dark eyes, raised with a glance of troubled inquiry, drooped again, as he murmured:

"Dear father, I hope I am always ready to obey you—"

"As your drawing lessons evince, eh?" interrupted the same stern voice.

The boy's face was instantly suffused with a painful blush; but he spoke not.

"Or perhaps you will deny that you have been thus engaged?"

The dark eyes were lifted now with an unfaltering steadiness, as the boy, in a firm, but respectful tone, replied:

"No, sir. You have taught me never to stoop to a falsehood, and I shall not now forget your teachings. I have taken some lessons in drawing and painting from Professor Alden; but I did not suppose that you would object to my passing my leisure hours in this way, since it has not caused me to neglect any duty at home or at school."

"Your conduct has no doubt been exemplary in your own estimation," replied the father, sarcastically; "but as you seem to have misunderstood my wishes in this matter, I will take the trouble of reiterating them for the last time. It is my positive command that you henceforth spend no more time in this idle pursuit; whether by way of lesson, practice, or amusement. Now, sir, am I understood?"

"Yes, sir," was the low, sad-toned reply.

"Very well. Now for another matter. Just one year ago I wished you to commence learning the upholstery business at my establishment. You pled for another year's schooling; I yielded; the year has expired, and I now repeat my desire, which you need not attempt again to set aside. Yesterday I ascertained that one of my friends, in the same business, is in want of an apprentice. I give you your choice, whether to learn with him or with me."

The boy had stood silently listening to these words, as they fell upon his ear in the measured tone that speaks the iron spirit within, silently, though with cheek growing every moment paler, and the tall, slight form leaning heavily against the table by which he stood, seemed bending beneath the weight that was falling on his warm, young heart. He looked up as his father ceased. There was a touching mournfulness in those deep, earnest eyes that it would seem none could

have resisted; but it awoke no softened or relenting feeling in that stern man.

"I await your answer," was his response to that pleading glance.

"O, my father, you know how utterly repugnant to me is this project!" murmured the youth; and then the sobs he could no longer keep back forbade further words.

"I did not desire your opinion of the matter, sir," rejoined his father, sharply. "I might, indeed, have expected that it would have been opposed to mine; but I will not compel your obedience in this matter. I have plainly told you my views; you have the alternative of complying with them, or of leaving this house—*forever*. You can take this morning to deliberate. If you decide to remain with me, well; if not, in the interim, prepare to leave a house which will no longer be your home, even for a single day. Not a word!" he continued, imperiously waving his hand toward the door; "not a word; after dinner I shall listen to your decision."

The bright morning sunbeams were shining cheerily through the open windows of that pleasant house, as Ernest Hudson ascended to his chamber; but the brightness and beauty, and the balmy spring breeze that swept by, lifting his bright hair, and playing lovingly around his heated forehead, for the first time failed to awaken a thrill of admiration or pleasure in his darkened spirit. Throwing himself wearily into a seat, he looked around with that longing gaze we are wont to bestow on familiar objects, which we feel will meet our eyes no more; and the youth knew that this was his case, for, feeling his utter inability to acquiesce in his father's plan, he felt, too, that he might better attempt to turn the mountain torrent from its course than hope to change that iron will, strengthened no doubt, in this instance, by a conviction that he was consulting his son's future interests, no less than his own aims.

It was a favorite theory with Mr. Hudson, that one half of the misery and distress that came under his notice, was occasioned by the almost universal desire of youths to become professional men, which, being weakly fostered by injudicious parents, caused them to turn with disgust from mercantile or mechanical pursuits, in which was a wide field for enterprise and energy to reap a plentiful harvest. On this occasion, he formed what he deemed a wise plan for his son's guidance, not considering that he, gifted with the exquisite organization and delicate sensitiveness of genius, shrank with dismay from the course so arbitrarily pointed out.

The extraordinary talent for painting that had

early developed itself in Ernest, his father had labored strenuously to smother, ever denying him the privilege of joining the drawing class in his school, under Professor Alden; but that gentleman, happening to see some productions of the boy's untutored pencil, generously afforded him an occasional hour's instruction when opportunity offered, and was richly repaid by the progress made by his docile and industrious pupil. The latter at length tested his powers on a small landscape of his own design, which he submitted to his instructor, who, while he faithfully pointed out the few minor defects he observed, felt fully justified in advising him to devote himself to the cultivation of the bright gift he possessed. While his ardent imagination was indulging the beautiful dreams thus excited, Mr. Hudson discovered his secret labors, and determined on the immediate adoption of his long cherished plan. Understanding, though but partly, the clinging, affectionate disposition of the youth, he had no doubt that he would consent, however reluctantly, to abandon his favorite pursuit. But in this he was mistaken.

Ernest felt that he could not apply with any prospect of success to his father's business; he asked himself if it was right to throw away precious years on learning a business which on attaining his majority would certainly be abandoned; and his decision was soon made. It was hard to leave his home under the cloud of his father's anger; harder still to stifle the sweet inward voice that spoke so thrillingly to his young spirit; so, without much deliberation, though with many bitter tears, he made preparations for his exile.

Sadly he thought of his mother while thus occupied, that loved one who had for years slept "the last quiet sleep," but whose fond praises of the early attempts of his pencil, which she had delighted to inspect, were treasured sacredly in the loving bosom of her child. Long ago, another had taken her position in the household, another claimed her place in the affection of its master; but that young heart was faithful to the memory of a mother in the grave—upon her place in his heart no stranger might ever intrude; though, ever gentle and forbearing with all, he cherished no unamiable feelings towards his step-mother, who, on her part, was seldom deficient in kindness to the boy, upon whom, indeed, no eye dwelt coldly, save his own parent's.

When the dinner (at which he was not present) was over, Ernest, with a beating heart, descended to the parlor, where Mr. Hudson was walking slowly and majestically to and fro. On seeing his son approaching, he sat down by the

centre-table, awaiting his communication with an air of extreme indifference. The youth, after vainly waiting for a look or word of encouragement, forced himself to say:

"I have come, dear father, to bid you farewell, if it must be so. But O, my father! my father—"

"This, then, is your choice?" interrupted the father, his voice betraying no emotion. "You will not accede to my wishes—it is well."

"Alas! I cannot—I cannot!" sobbed the distressed boy. "Father, forgive me this one act of disobedience."

"Never! But go! go! I want no more words from you, ungrateful boy! Go!"

With a contemptuous exclamation, the angry parent flung back the hand timidly extended, and the boy, slowly and sadly, retired. Ere he reached the door, his steps were arrested by his father's voice.

"Worthless as you are, and though I no longer consider you as my son, I do not wish you either to beg or steal at the beginning of your career, whatever may be its termination;" and he threw a few pieces of gold towards his son.

A haughty gleam shot to the tearful eyes—the tremulous lips curled slightly at the taunting words.

"Thanks for your kind consideration, sir; but preferable were even the bliter means of living first suggested, to bounty thus offered;" and he turned proudly, scornfully away.

In a moment, however, his better nature triumphed over the momentary impulse of outraged feeling. Turning back, he picked up the coins, and laying them respectfully on the table, near his parent, left the room. Presently he re-appeared, following the porter, who was carrying his trunk. He paused as he was passing the parlor, and looked wishfully to his father, who sat as he had left him, apparently absorbed in a book. The boy's heart rebelled again. How could he go forth without one kind word, one parting embrace from the parent whom, with all his sternness, he had loved so tenderly? Never, since his early childhood, had he felt a father's arms folded around him, a father's lips pressed lovingly to his own. How he longed to throw himself into his father's arms, to weep away the gloom and despair that seemed surrounding him, even though he should abandon his darling scheme, rather than give him pain. While he stood thus, irresolute, Mr. Hudson, perhaps feeling that those eyes were fixed sorrowfully upon him, looked up with that same cold, hard, unrelenting expression, as wilfully

misinterpreting the pleading, wistful gaze, he said, tauntingly:

"Are you waiting for the money, now? But I never repeat an offer once scorned."

The boy did not wait to hear more, but with a spirit steeled again to softer feelings, passed rapidly through the hall. As he was closing the door, his step-mother followed him. He had forgotten her in the melancholy absorption of his thoughts, but now warmly grasped her proffered hand.

"So you *are* going, Ernest?" she said, in a tone of mingled sorrow and reproach. "It is hard for your father to be thus treated by his only child; but I hope you will not have cause to repent your obstinacy. Good-by."

And thus the gifted, warm-hearted, affectionate boy went forth an alien from a father's house and love.

To the town of B——, where dwelt the eldest brother of his deceased mother, Ernest's course was directed. "The iron horse" bore him swiftly over the many intervening miles, and just as the sun was setting he reached his uncle's house, which was beautifully situated at the entrance of the thriving young town. As he opened the garden gate, he could see the table laid out on the wide porch in the rear of the house, and his uncle and aunt about sitting down to the evening meal. The former, hearing his gate open, went forward to meet his nephew with a welcome that was as a reviving cordial to his sinking spirits; then throwing his arms caressingly around him, led him to his aunt, calling out as they approached her:

"This is a pleasant surprise, mother. I'll wager you did not expect a guest to supper."

"Not so dear and welcome a one, indeed," replied the lady, a kindly smile breaking over her benevolent face, as she warmly greeted the unexpected visitor.

Both were surprised when the first excitement of the meeting had passed, to observe how wan and languid the youth appeared; as well he might, having eaten nothing since early morning, and the mental conflict he had endured since then could not but affect his slight, delicate frame. Mr. Bland at once proposed that he should go to his room and refresh and rest himself before supper; but his more observant wife, laying her hand on the boy's arm, as he was following his uncle, said, gently:

"One moment, my child; there is something on your mind that affects you more than fatigue. Let us know at once what it is, and perhaps you will feel more at ease."

When, in a few sorrowful words, Ernest in-

formed them of his banishment and its cause, a glow of indignation ruffled the placid features of Mr. Bland, but it passed instantly, and drawing his nephew within his encircling arms, he tenderly kissed his burning brow and quivering lips, as he spoke a few broken words of encouraging sympathy.

"Nay, do not grieve so sadly, my own dear boy!" he added, soothingly, as the youth, overcome by the sudden revulsion of smothered feeling, sobbed wildly on his bosom. "Cheer up, Ernest, you shall be *our child* now; and some of these days your father will see things differently."

"Were it not that Ernest is so distressed, I would rejoice that something occurred to bring him to us," said Mrs. Bland, in her kind, friendly voice. "We are very lonely here sometimes, dear Ernest—only two old people together. You will bring joy to our home, I am sure."

How gratefully did the drooping spirit respond to this ready kindness; nor was it long ere, stimulated by the desire to repay it, he succeeded in regaining, in part, his natural cheerfulness, and was able to participate in the table-chat his aunt, with woman's tact, introduced.

"And now, my boy," said his uncle, as they sat in the pleasant parlor, lighted only by the silvery moonbeams, "tell us your plans?—or have you formed any?"

"I have thought, sir," he replied, modestly, "that I might be of service to you about the farm. If not, perhaps I could obtain a situation of some kind, I care not what, so that I could pay my board, and have some little time to devote to painting."

"Don't speak of paying for your board in this house, Ernest," said Mr. Bland, kindly, but gravely. "I think I can propose a better plan than yours. The scenery about B— is really beautiful. Walk and ride about as much as you please for inspiration, apply yourself to your easel whenever you feel inclined, and become a great artist as soon as you can. This is my plan, but I see mother has some objections to it," looking pleasantly at his wife.

"Only in one respect, my dear. Would it not be better for Ernest's health to spend a short time on the farm every day, at he himself proposed, than to devote himself altogether to one pursuit?"

"I doubt not you are right," replied Mr. Bland; "and as I will be with him, I can take care that he does not over-exert himself. Besides, the trifle he can thus earn will be as useful to him in one way as the wholesome exercise in another."

"Now, Ernest, we must not make any further objections to your uncle's plan," said his aunt, quickly, seeing him color at the mention of money. "You will have need of pocket-money sometimes; and if not at present, you will want as much as you can get by-and-by, for I know that some day you will be thinking of Italy."

"You see your aunt is one of the prudent folks," said Mr. Bland, gaily, "always providing for contingencies and emergencies."

Warmly would the grateful boy have expressed the feelings that were surcharging his bosom, but the kind old couple smilingly interrupted him by bidding him "good night," so that he might take the long rest of which he stood in need. With a lightened heart, he sought the couch on which he had so often enjoyed the calm sleep of childhood. How familiar seemed the neat, little apartment! How vividly came back to his mind the nights he had spent there with his idolized mother; nor was it with less of childlike love and confidence than there, though with deeper awe that he now knelt to offer his grateful thanks to the Father in heaven, who had so graciously provided for him when harshly cast off by his earthly parent.

Mr. Bland had formerly been a merchant of B—, but on realizing what, to his moderate views, seemed a competency, had retired from business, finding sufficient occupation and amusement in cultivating the few acres belonging to his neat cottage. Here he and his amiable wife dwelt in peaceful tranquillity. All their children had passed from earth in infancy, save the eldest daughter, who was now married, and at a distance; so that, save for the house-maid and farm hand, they lived entirely alone.

It was truly like a gleam of sunshine after long continued clouds, the presence of the bright, intelligent boy, with his thoughtful affection and graceful mirthfulness, in that quiet spot. Every day served to endear him more to his generous relatives, who, while sorrowing at the thought of ever parting with him, yet unselfishly wished for a reconciliation between him and his parent, for which they knew he was secretly longing. But of this there was no prospect. Ernest, by his uncle's desire, wrote to his father; but the next day the letter came back, unopened, in an envelope directed to Mr. Bland.

Pained and almost disheartened by this unmerited treatment, the youth entered on his new mode of life, which, save for this, had been one of unmingled enjoyment. This cheerful labor on the miniature farm, which his uncle took care should not be too arduous or long continued, soon had a beneficial effect upon his system;

the never-wearying affection lavished upon him gave a new brightness to his young life; while in his explorations around B—, he continually found something to enkindle anew his enthusiastic love of nature, and afford delightful practice in his cherished art. Thus passed three years; the fourth opened for him a new era.

The fame of Daguerre's discovery had reached B—, and produced quite an excitement—the desire to possess one of the wonderful "sun pictures" being almost general. Mr. Bland advised his nephew to go to his native city to procure instruction in the art from a superior daguerreotypist, who had established himself there. It opened to him a prospect of increasing the little store he was carefully hoarding up for travelling at some future time; and he was easily induced to go.

With a heart agitated by conflicting emotions, he traversed the streets once so familiar, wondering whether he should go to his father's store, when he suddenly encountered that gentleman in conversation with two or three acquaintances. One of them recognized Ernest, who had involuntarily paused, and greeted him cordially, to which he mechanically responded; his attention being fixed on his father, who, having glanced around, turned carelessly away, and, with unaltered voice, continued the conversation. Ernest passed on. He could not now go to see his step-mother; neither would he seek any of his boyhood's friends, save Professor Alden; but as speedily as possible, achieved the object of his visit, and with a feeling of relief that he would soon be far from the place he now loathed, started for the railway station. It was early in the morning, and very few had met him as he hurried along, when, as he reached a corner, Mr. Hudson, with his usual slow, stately step turned into the street. With an irresistible impulse the boy bounded toward him; the words, "O, father! wont you speak to me?" came forth in eager, imploring accents; but with Indian stoicism, the stern man slowly pursued his way.

The youth looked after him as he walked so composedly along, then hastened forward again, murmuring, "Repulsed in every way; but it shall be the last time!" Yet, while summoning pride to his aid, and even protesting with a violent vehemence that startled his good uncle and aunt, that he did not care, knowing that he had not merited such treatment, hot, blinding tears were in his eyes, and he felt that he *did* care; for his heart was not a heart to cast off Nature's ties without bleeding in the struggle.

Little time, however, had he for the indulgence of harassing reflections; for the fame of his da-

guerreotypes soon spread; they were admired and sought, as well for the softness of their finish as for the accuracy of likeness, and his time was fully occupied at the camera, more profitably, if less pleasantly, than at his easel. With the rest, came a lady and gentleman, leading a little girl, a perfect fairy for beauty, grace and sprightliness. They had long desired to have a portrait of the little sprite, who was the orphan child of their only daughter; but vain had been all their attempts to restrain her restlessness during the tedious sittings, and they had been constrained to give up the attempt. But on seeing some of Ernest's daguerreotypes, Mr. Walker's hope was again aroused by the idea of having her likeness thus taken, and transferred to canvass. The young artist readily concurred in the plan, and having excited the little one's curiosity about the camera, soon displayed to the enraptured grand-parents a perfect representation of their idol, in the most bewitching phase of her striking loveliness.

To reproduce this on canvass was a pleasant task for his leisure hours, and Mr. Walker soon hailed with delight the completion of the portrait, which, in its truthfulness and exquisite coloring, was worthy of the beauty it portrayed. Proud as the grand parents were of the matchless portrait, it was destined to possess a more sacred, yet mournful estimation. Not long after it was sent home, the darling original was attacked by the croup, and in a few brief hours the fond recollections of bereaved love and the pictured semblance on the wall, alone remained to them of the little one who had been the beauty, and light, and joy of that now darkened home.

Grateful to the gifted one, by whose genius the features of their lost angel still smiled in almost living beauty before them, they conceived a deep and lasting attachment to him. Especially did Mr. Walker, when the first poignancy of bereavement had yielded to a chastened sorrow, love to spend hours with the youth who, with an artist's pure, enthusiastic love of the beautiful, had admired the little Ada, and whose kindly nature ever prompted him to listen with gratifying sympathy to the trifling though precious reminiscences of the departed, which there is a mournful pleasure in calling from the storehouse of memory. Naturally, too, Mr. Walker began to take a deeper interest in the success of his young friend; and as he was a man of high standing and influence, the youth soon became aware of the good results of his admiration and friendly regard.

One day he came accompanied by a gentle-

man, who was about becoming a resident of B—, very wealthy, and a liberal patron of native art, who, struck with admiration of young Hudson's genius, purchased several paintings, and ordered a large summer landscape, the design of which he left entirely to himself, not even wishing to see it until completed. Ernest, who perceived that the stranger's taste closely resembled his own, joyfully set about the welcome task. Patiently, day by day, he wrought on, never wearying of adding a few "finishing touches," while his admiring relatives good-humoredly bantered him on his fastidiousness.

But it was done at last; and the most rigid censor might have pardoned the glow of conscious pride that lighted up his fine face as he gazed upon it. It was a simple design; but its very simplicity, harmonizing with the truthful, delicate delineation, gave it a peculiar charm. In the background, the dense foliage of dark forest trees rose up proudly to the light, fleecy clouds; a silvery thread winding between the huge trunks, widened into a streamlet in front, with a band of joyous little children casting pebbles into its crystal depth, their little bare feet bathed by the pure liquid as the pebbles broke its glassy surface into a thousand glistening wavelets. A few water-lilies bent their graceful heads above the stream, and farther on, a thick growth of blackberry bushes, with the ripe, shining fruit hanging in tempting clusters, completed the picture. It was one to call up in the beholder's mind sweet thoughts of forest haunts and memories of careless childhood's days; and Ernest smilingly anticipated the pleasure it would give his generous patron, whose arrival he was eagerly expecting.

The entrance of Mr. Bland disturbed his pleasant reverie. An exclamation of delight broke from him as he saw the picture gleaming out from the favorable position it now occupied, and the heart of that young and gifted one throbbed with a purer rapture as he saw the mild eyes that ever turned fondly on him, now radiant with pleasure. With the childlike artlessness of his nature, he threw himself into his uncle's arms, laying his head upon his shoulder to hide the ecstatic emotions that were swelling his artist's heart.

"Why, what is this?—vanity, eh?" said the kind old man, with a smile, raising up the beaming face, now suffused with ingenuous blushes; "but I must not chide you," he added, still gazing on the painting with fresh delight.

"But what is this, uncle?—a letter for me?" exclaimed the young man, suddenly noticing an open letter in his uncle's hand.

Mr. Bland looked down gloomily at the letter, till then forgotten.

"Does it concern me?" whispered Ernest again, with undefinable emotion.

"It does, indeed, my boy; but I grieve to cloud the well earned, innocent joy of this hour, with the tidings it brings. 'Tis from a friend of mine in—"

With a cheek blanched with strange forebodings, Ernest took the letter. It told of the total failure of Mr. Hudson, and expressed the writer's apprehension that the sale of all his effects would not cover his liabilities, in which case he would, under the barbarous system then prevailing, be imprisoned for the remainder.

"And what is to be done now, my dear Ernest?" asked Mr. Bland, as he sat down beside him, deeply commiserating the anguish depicted on the lately joyous countenance.

"I can scarcely tell, dear uncle; do you advise me. Perhaps the sum which your kindness has enabled me to lay by," and he raised his uncle's hand gratefully to his lips, "will be sufficient. Shall I go to ascertain the state of affairs, or would it not be better to send to a friend?"

"Why not go yourself, Ernest?"

The young man hesitated.

"I know you too well to suppose that you have any resentful feelings towards your unfortunate parent."

"O, no, no!" was the quick reply; "I have no feelings of resentment or ill will to my poor father; but will not he, perhaps, refuse to accept assistance from me?"

"I trust not, Ernest. I would rather hope that unfriended and sorely tried as he is now, 'twill be a balm to his wounded spirit to find his only child clinging to him in adversity, that your dutiful affection will touch his heart, and triumph over his long-cherished coldness. Make the effort, at least, my dear boy, and whatever may be the result, you will have the consolation of knowing that you have not failed in your duty. Send me word, also, as soon as possible, of the real state of affairs. I could not advance a large sum to help your father out of his difficulties, but that, happily, is not requisite; and I need not say that whatever assistance I can render, will be cheerfully given, on your account, if not his own."

The young man, though with many doubts of success in his generous errand, followed his uncle's advice, and the next morning set out for his native place. His first care was to learn from the creditors the amount of his father's indebtedness. His extensive stock had been sold out previously, and the ensuing day was to

witness the sale of his household goods. Ernest, after a close and careful calculation, felt satisfied that this sale, with the means at his disposal, would fully cancel his father's debts.

Still dreading that his interference would be spurned, he called on two or three of his father's eldest associates, with the request that they would act as his agents in the matter; but they, either ashamed of not having proffered the slightest act of friendship, or afraid that by acceding to his proposal they would be looked to for making up any deficiency in his means, declined; and at last, with a deeper gush of sympathy for the parent, who seemed so utterly forsaken, he determined to seek an interview with him.

It was truly a deplorable condition to which Mr. Hudson was now reduced, in a city that, for many years, had been the scene of his prosperity. Always cold, selfish, and repulsive in his course with his fellow-men, he had many acquaintances, but not one friend. Some time previous to his failure, his wife had died, and unwilling to leave the house which had so long been his home, he had rented it and its furniture to a widow lady, who proposed taking a few boarders; but being unsuccessful in her project, she had soon removed, so that now he was entirely alone in his dwelling, save for the presence of a servant, and the man whom his creditors had appointed to guard it until the time of sale. His stern pride, so far unbent under the anticipated horrors of a jail as to induce him to send to several of his acquaintances for the trifling aid that would relieve his embarrassments; but his applications were vain, and at length, as the night drew near, the last night he would spend in his old home, he threw himself despairingly on a lounge in his apartment, closing his eyes wearily as if he would fain open them no more. All day he had dwelt with self-torturing pertinacity on his sad state—a prisoner in his own house—to leave it on the morrow for a debtor's cell—now the excitement that had long sustained him was over, the turmoil of passion and anger had ceased—he felt a decrepitude and feebleness as of premature old age, through his exhausted frame. The apathy of despair settled down upon his tortured spirit, and tears, unwonted guests to those eyes, dimmed their starry brightness. Did he think at that lonely hour of the bright, noble boy he had thrust from his presence, harshly checking his affectionate pleadings, his only crime the beautiful talent God had entrusted to his keeping? It might have been, for he gazed long and sadly around the gloomy apartment, now darkened by the shade of gath-

ering twilight, as if seeking fully to realize his desolation, and deep drawn sighs broke from his sorrow-burdened heart.

The door was gently opened—a person in the pride and vigor of opening manhood crossed the threshold, then paused an instant, as if waiting for some token of recognition. The eyes of the weary occupant were turned full upon the intruder—no glance of welcome or of pleased surprise beamed from them; but with an uncontrollable impulse, the young man suddenly sprang forward, and throwing himself beside the lounge, tears of filial devotion bedewed his manly face, and fell upon the cold hand that lay passive in his fevered clasp. The stern parent turned away his head—not now in scorn or anger, but with keen remorse.

"O, father! dear father!" pleaded the son, passionately, "do not repulse me now!—do not turn away from your only child!"

Mr. Hudson was visibly affected. Slowly he turned his gaze toward the suppliant, and laid his hand caressingly on the dark masses of waving hair that shaded the clear, open brow, while in subdued, half mournful accents, he said:

"You have not forgotten me, then, Ernest? You have not forsaken the parent who treated you so harshly?"

"O, speak not thus, I beseech you, my father; speak not thus!" was the quick reply; and hope sprang up in the youth's heart as he ventured to press his lips upon the furrowed brow, and was not repulsed.

It was a sad meeting, full of unpleasant memories to both; but after a time they became calmer, and, sitting side by side, their hands fondly locked, as if in fear of another separation, the two so sadly and unnaturally parted, conversed long and earnestly. It was a satisfaction to the afflicted man to pour out his long suppressed feelings, his story of misfortune and trial, to an interested and sympathizing listener, while he had a purer, sweeter gratification in unfolding the purport of his visit, and assuring his father that on the morrow he would be released from his embarrassing situation, without incurring obligation, or leaving a shadow of dishonor on his name.

Mr. Hudson was for a time incredulous of his son's ability to perform what he so confidently, though with becoming modesty, promised. When at length assured on that point, his curiosity was excited to learn how Ernest, of whose proceedings he had kept himself in total ignorance during successive years, had become possessed of the sum which was now placed at his disposal. Ernest hesitated about the propriety

of beginning a narration which could not but awaken many distressing recollections; but being again questioned, told the simple tale.

Mr. Hudson listened with lively interest. When his son had concluded, he looked fixedly at him in silence for some moments. At length he said, in a musing tone, but with an accent of unwonted kindness:

"And all the fruits of your patient toil—the hoarded savings of years—you have brought for my use, Ernest; can you, then, willingly make this sacrifice for me?"

The youth made no reply in words; but the bright smile and expression of devoted affection that glowed on his uplifted face, told how cheerfully the sacrifice—if he felt it such—was made.

The stern, cold man was conquered at last. "My son! my own noble boy!" burst in fervent accents from him, and Ernest Hudson was fondly clasped to the heart which, for the first time, throbbed with true paternal feelings. How the inmost heart of the youth thrilled at that fond tone—that loving embrace!

Despite the occasional intrusion of unwelcome thoughts, that was a happy night to both; and it was followed by a still happier morning when, freed from his difficulties, Mr. Hudson was conducted by his son to the hospitable dwelling that had afforded him a pleasant home for years, and to which, for his sake, his father was cordially welcomed.

Time passed on, and the sweet flowers of love and kindness that throw so pure and innocent a charm around the dreariest paths of life grew and flourished in the bosom of that ever stern, cold man. It was beautiful to see the love and confidence now subsisting between him and the son, whom he had so long bereft of his birthright—a parent's affection; the yearning tenderness with which he now clung to Ernest, the solicitude he constantly evinced for everything that could affect his comfort or pleasure, the emotion with which he now watched the unwearying labors of his son in the noble art he had formerly despised; beautiful to see how Ernest with lavish interest, repaid this love and care out of the depths of a heart that responded gratefully to the slightest manifestation of his father's attachment. His uncle and aunt rejoiced that the shadow which had so long darkened their favorite's horizon, was at length lifted; but they grieved when they thought of the deeper shadow that was lowering, for they knew that the holy bonds, daily growing tenderer and stronger between the two, would ere long be rudely broken.

Day by day, the symptoms of decline grew

more manifest in Mr. Hudson; day by day he drooped more and more, and medical skill and the most devoted attention were powerless in all their efforts. The trial he had undergone, the harassing perplexities and mental throes, doubly terrible to his stern nature, had wrought the effect of years upon his system, and the prematurely aged man declined slowly and steadily toward the grave, which, in little more than a year after his removal to B—, received his remains.

His death was happier than his life had been. Cheered by the most unrelenting affection, supported by the consolations of religion—which, at the eleventh hour, he humbly and penitently sought—he breathed his last in the arms of Ernest, turning his dimming eyes with a last effort on his anguished face, and leaving him the most precious boon of earth—a parent's blessing—to soften the agony of filial sorrow, to be a beacon, a safeguard, and a consolation in the varying scenes of after times.

A MODEL MAYOR.

Sometimes it is the misfortune of a city to have an ass for mayor. Such was the case about twenty-five years ago, with a certain city, which it would be impolitic, not to say impolite, for us to name in this connection. He was so ignorant that the wags sent a book-peddler to him, with English grammars, immediately after his election; and when he declared he had no use for the books, the peddler said:

"Everybody tells me you must have it, and study it, too."

He came into office, and took his chair in stately dignity. In a few minutes the clerk laid before him a paper, which the mayor was requested to endorse as one that had passed under his eye. The clerk remarked:

"It is only necessary that you write your initials upon it."

"My initials!" said the mayor; "what's my initials?"

Now it so happened that P was the first letter of both the mayor's names, and the clerk very innocently replied:

"O, sir, merely write two P's upon the back of this paper."

His honor, the mayor, took a quill in his trembling hand, and, with the perspiration on his brow, wrote "TOO PEZE," and the document is now on file in the office unto this day!

His orthography was quite on a par with the Western man who had some cedar trees to sell, and put up a sign in his lot on which was inscribed, "ZETER TREEZE."—*Buffalo Emporium.*

We must take the rough and thorny as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion, at least, of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease and prosperity.

FRIENDSHIP'S CHAIN.

BY MRS. E. T. ALDRIDGE.

There is a golden chain of thought,
My heart and thine to bind;
With deep and earnest feeling fraught,
A link from mind to mind:
It will outvie the purest gold,
So tender—yet so strong,
I know it never can grow old,
When sorrows round us throng.

O no! we will not let the chain
Grow cankered by neglect,
Nor rudely snap one link in twain,
Nor whisper "I forget!"
'Twould be a mockery to do thus—
True friendship bliss imparts;
Let fortune smile or frown on us,
That chain will link our hearts.

Though other friends may seem as dear,
And others' smiles more bright,
We'll pledge our mutual friendship here,
Beneath the moon's pale light.
Nor will we sever Friendship's chain,
That binds our hearts together;
Nor rudely snap one link in twain—
Let us be friends forever!

THE SMUGGLERS OF MORECAMBE BAY.
A REVENUE OFFICER'S ADVENTURE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

CAPTAIN MARSHAM came in for the next story. He was a well built, firmly knit man, rather below the medium stature, but all muscle and nerve. His head was now slightly touched by the silver-pencil of age, some five and-fifty years having passed over his head. He was an Englishman, and was now in port, being in charge of a heavy Liverpool merchantman. He told his story as follows:

"When I was along towards thirty years of age, and thereabouts, I had command of the British revenue cutter, *Rocket*. She was a schooner, of about a hundred and fifty tons, carrying six twelve-pound brass guns, and as fleet as the wind. I had a crew of fifty men, and—perhaps 'twas only good luck on my part—we had done more towards hauling up the smugglers on the shores of the Irish Sea, than all others put together. It was in the month of June that we lay in the Mersey, just below Liverpool, and I had orders to cruise around the mouth of the Dee, and from thence on along the Welsh coast; but before we got up our anchor for the cruise, an officer of the customs came on board with new orders, and I soon found that our course now lay to the north'rd, about Morecambe Bay.

"The amount of the question is just here," said the officer who came with the orders. 'There is a nest of smugglers somewhere about the shores of Morecambe, and for more than a year we have been hunting after them in vain. The northern part of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, are flooded with French wines and brandies, and yet we can't catch the smugglers. They are a cute set, at all events, and as a last resort we come to you. Now if you break up the gang, you'll get honor enough, at all events, and perhaps something more substantial.'

"After the officer had gone, I opened the papers. They were from head quarters, and informed me, that the vast amount of spirituous liquors that were smuggled, were landed somewhere between, or about the mouth of the Ken, and the mouth of the Loyne. I cruised about the mouth of the Loyne, then up the Ken, for nearly two weeks, without falling in with anything that looked like a smuggler. I overhauled several vessels, but could make nothing of them. All but one were, or professed to be, fishermen; but at last I found one I mistrusted. She was an old brig, but a remarkable sailer. We overhauled her off the southern point of the Isle of Walney, and she was bound out. She had only ten men on board, and they professed to be going out on a fishing excursion. But I didn't believe it. I knew the brig had no cargo aboard, and I fancied at once that she was going after one. I had boarded her, and found her deck neat and clean, and the rigging laid up in such a manner as to indicate that she was worked by experienced seamen. The ten men who were on deck, were rough, hardy looking fellows, and it took but one look into their faces to assure me that they were smugglers. There is a peculiar something in the look of a contraband outlaw, that isn't to be mistaken, and never a man had more of that look than did he who commanded the brig. While we were talking I heard a cough below. My ear caught it in an instant, but I exhibited no suspicion, only I knew they had more men below.

"When I returned to my schooner, I knew that I had been on board one of the smugglers. The brig kept on its course to the westward, and I soon made up my mind that the fellows had their contraband goods stored somewhere on the coast of the Isle of Man, where they were landed from France, and then brought across as opportunity offered.

"Appleby, I said to my lieutenant, 'what do you think of that fellow?'

"Why," returned he, with a quaint smile, 'I

think he's a smuggler; and more than that, he was built purpose for it.'

"I asked him how he judged, for I had been so busy with the crew that I had not noticed the vessel.

"In the first place,' Appleby replied—he was a keen one—'she aint so old as she looks. She's been made to look old on purpose. I could tell that by her seams, and by everything else. Then she don't draw more than five feet of water at the outside, and her bows are like a spoon. She has a keel deep enough, I'll warrant. She's made only to run in this sea, sir, you can depend upon it, and she can sail fast, too. She's a smuggler.'

"Ay,' I replied, 'and if she only has to run to and from the Isle of Man, she can smuggle liquor enough to furnish half the kingdom.'

"Just so,' my lieutenant said, and from that moment I had resolved to turn my attention to the brig. Each trip such a craft as that might make, with not even half a cargo, would defraud the government out of several thousand pounds, so it would pay to look after her. We had the wind then from the east'rd, and on a taut sheet I ran directly for Lancaster, which I reached in four hours. It was nearly dark when we cast anchor, and as soon as possible I made my way to the custom house. I found the officers there, and I told them if they would furnish me with some dilapidated old schooner, and take care of my vessel while I was gone, I would catch a smuggler for them. The poor fellows were pleased enough, for their customs had dwindled away fearfully. Liquors and tobacco were articles seldom entered at their port now, and yet there was plenty consumed in the country round about them.

"The schooner was furnished—an old coaster that had been last used in the herring fishery—and she answered my purpose well, for of her age and infirmities no one could doubt. When it was fairly dark we got her down alongside the cutter, and proceeded to get out such articles as we wanted. We took sufficient arms for our crew—fifty of us—a brace of pistols, a heavy cutlass, and a long knife, for each man, and provisions enough for three days. Next, I selected a set of disguises, for I always carried them, and many a time did I find them useful. We dressed, all hands of us, in full coasting costume, and when the change of raiment had been made, you would have sworn that we were the veriest coal-heavers and dock-jacks in the kingdom. As soon as we were thus prepared we set the sails of our new craft, and poked out to sea, and in the morning we were about ten miles to the south'rd

and west'rd of Walney, and as soon as it was clearly light, I stood in towards the sandy wash at the mouth of the Ken, for I supposed the smuggler would load at Man during the night, and be by this time on her way to the coast. And I was not wrong in my conjecture, for about nine o'clock, just as we were off the western headland of the wash, we saw the brig coming in under full sail, around the point of Walney, and I saw that she was steering direct for the Ken, so up I ran, and came to anchor just off the point where the line separates Westmoreland and Lancashire.

"After all was snug I sent forty of my men below, and bade them keep perfectly quiet if they heard any one come on board. In half an hour afterwards the brig came dashing past us, and came to anchor not more than half a mile above, where a thickly wooded point of land made out into the wash, the eastern part of which was guarded by huge rocks. In less than an hour after the brig came to anchor, a boat put off from her side, with four men in it, and pulled towards us. I pulled my hair down about my eyes, gave my face an extra quantity of dirt, and I felt sure that they would not recognize me. After this I set four of my men pumping away at our old rickety brakes, and in this position the captain of the brig found us.

"What ye doin' here?' he asked, as he came over the side.

"Cussed old thing sprang aleak last night,' I replied as innocently as could be, 'an' we had to come in here or sink, one of the two, an' we rath'er chose to come in here.'

"The fellow eyed me carefully, and then ran his eye over my companions. He was a keen-sighted chap, and up to snuff, but I rather flattered myself that I was a match for him there. He seemed satisfied with his gaze, and then he asked:

"What ye got aboard?"

"Nothing but duds,' I answered. 'We was bound to the Isle of Man after herrin'.'

"Sure of it?' says he.

"I am,' says I.

"When d'ye mean to get out o' this?' he asked.

"Not afore to-morrer mornin', I think.'

"What ye stoppin' for?"

"Why, I've sent one o' my men down to Lancaster after 'tother schooner, an' then we'll both go together.'

"S'pose'n I look into yer hold?' he said.

"I felt startled for a moment, but I didn't show it.

"No ye don't,' says I.

" 'S'pose'n I said I *would*?"

" 'Then I'd just say, *try it*."

" 'Going to take anything ashore to-night?' says he.

" 'I saw in a moment that he mistrusted we were smugglers, and I meant to let him think so.

" 'You aren't an exciseman?' I said.

" 'Not a bit of it,' he answered, with a wink.

" 'Where's your goods goin'?' he asked next.

" 'P'r'aps to Ingleton,' says I.

" 'After that he asked me where I came from, and so on; and though we conversed for half an hour in the same strain, yet neither he nor I gave a direct answer to one question touching our business. By and-by he went away, and after he got into his boat, he turned towards me, and bade me 'keep my eye peeled.'

" 'And so the day passed on. We kept a good lookout upon the brig, but not an article of cargo left her side before dark. As soon as night had fairly come I began to prepare for action. Our pistols were looked to, our cutlasses secured, and our knives snugly stowed away in their sheaths. We could not now see a boat leave the brig, and of course we knew that they could not see us, so we got our boat down. It took three trips to take us all ashore, and then we carefully made our way up towards the bluff, one of my men knowing every inch of ground thereabouts; so under his guidance we went, and at the end of half an hour we had safely reached an opening in the low, stumpy brushwood upon the sand, and not more than ten rods from where I could see three large boats just preparing to go off. I turned to my men and bade them remain quietly where they were. I told them I was going out to the boats, and that if I gave a low, shrill whistle, they should rush after me.

" 'So out I went, and as I came near to the boats a stout fellow rushed upon me and seized me by the shoulder, and in a quick, startled voice, asked me who I was, and what I wanted?

" 'Take care,' I uttered, 'ye aren't afeared o' me, are ye?'

" 'But who are ye?'

" 'Ned Slater—old Ned o' the Rotton Ranger, a chap as the excisemen an' revenue hounds ha'n't found yet. Now let me go, an' answer me. Can ye give us a bit ov a lift over beyant wi' ye boats anon? We've got a pink or two—some snug pipes an' a fancy brand o' pure stuff.'

" 'As I thus spoke, the party, eight in number, gathered around me, and one who had just come with a lantern held it up into my face. A look at my begrimed phiz, and my quaint habiliments, and the words I had spoken, seemed to

satisfy them, and then the man who had caught me spoke again:

" 'What's the matter with your own boat?' he asked.

" 'Got a cussed hole in the bottom,' I told him.

" 'But how 'd ye dare trust us?' he asked next.

" 'Ho—I ken see. Wasn't the capt'n aboard this mornin'?

" 'All right,' says he.

" 'An' new ken ye help me? I must get summat on the way to Ingleton afore midnight.'

" 'Well—we'll try if ye'll pay.'

" 'Of course I'll pay.'

" 'Then we'll do our own job for Phil Darby first, an' then we'll turn ye a hand.'

" 'Didn't the blood tingle to my fingers' ends when I heard that name! *Phil Darby*! He was the most notorious smuggler of the time, and had written letters to the ministers themselves, and not very bad ones either. He had told them that as long as they chose to keep such a murderous duty on spirits he'd smuggle it in spite of 'em. But I wasn't to judge of the justness of laws. I only felt a bit of joy such as made my heart fairly dance when I found that Phil Darby himself was within my reach.

" 'Have ye fetched anything off yet?' I asked.

" 'No, but we'll do it presently,' said he. Then he turned to his men and went on. 'Come, boys, Phil's waitin' for us.'

" 'They started for the boats, and at that moment I whistled.

" 'What's that for?' cried the smuggler, turning upon me like a tee-totum.

" 'But I only knocked him down with the butt of one of my heavy pistols, and in a moment more I had fifty men by my side. I needed to give no orders, for these men had been with me before, and were used to such work. Quick as lightning they sprang upon the seven remaining men, and disposed of them as I had done with the first. The scamps were at first so startled that they thought nothing about giving any alarm, and by the time they would, under ordinary circumstances, have come to their senses, they were bound and gagged.

" 'Now for the boats,' I uttered. And my men were quickly divided, for we had regular divisions into two, three, four and six parties, so not a moment was lost in separating. I took the nearest boat, Appleby took the next, and my second officer the third. I directed that all but three men in each boat should lie flat down, or hide in some way, until we came alongside the brig. These boats were large, stout, lighter-

built things, and just right for our present use. In a few moments all was ready, and we put off. The brig was not more than three cables' lengths from the shore, and we were not long in pulling alongside. The darkness favored us.

"Well—ye've come, haven't ye?" uttered a voice which I at once recognized as the same which had belonged to the captain of the brig. 'Why didn't ye wait till mornin', an' then ye'd had more light! But hurry yer stumps now.'

"I saw the heads of some twenty or thirty men peeping over the rail, but I knew they would not be prepared for resistance, at least, on the moment, and I felt sure we should make the capture without much bloodshed. The brig now lay low in the water, and from the gun's of the boats to her deck would be but a single leap. I knew there was no need of speaking a word to my men, for they knew just what was needed. Appleby went around upon the larboard side—you see the brig lay nearly stern in—and I and the second lieutenant took the starboard. The three boats struck at almost the same moment, and on the next we were upon the smuggler's deck, and at the work.

"Our first movement, before we spoke a word, was to knock down and bind, and for this purpose each man was provided with two straps which were to buckle around the ankles and arms. The iron bound butts of our pistols, made on purpose for clubbing, served us well, and the smugglers began to fall ere they could have time for thought. There were three large lanterns on deck, and these gave light enough to enable us to distinguish friend from foe. Half the outlaws were knocked down and bound before they could fairly make any opposition, but then came some hot work. About ten of the smugglers had now drawn their knives, and I soon found that they had pistols. I was sorry for this, but it couldn't be helped. Yet I didn't speak, for I knew my men would not stand long before such weapons without taking the same course.

"The struggle was going on, and ever and anon I could hear Phil Darby urging his men on.

"Shoot 'em! Down with 'em! Give the revenue dogs no quarters!" I heard him say; and on the next moment I saw my men's pistols turned in their hands. I reached Darby's side in an instant, and dealt him a blow on the head with the butt of my pistol that settled him. Appleby, it seems, had aimed at the same thing, so he was by to help me bind the fellow. We had got the strap around his ankles when he tried to start up, but we quickly turned him upon his face, and soon we had his arms tightly strapped behind him. But it was a tough job, for he

seemed to have the strength of a dozen giants. We left Darby floundering upon deck, and then sprang to the conflict; but there was little more to do. My men had shot down four of the smugglers, and the rest were soon conquered. I had five men wounded, but not a man killed.

"After I was sure that all the smugglers were safe, I went to where Darby had worked himself to a sitting posture against the quarter rail.

"Well, Phil," said I, 'I'm sorry for this, but I can't help it. You've run the risk, and you've lost the game.'

"O," he ground out between his clenched teeth, 'you're the capt'n o' that cutter, eh? Why didn't I know ye when I saw ye aboard that old coaster! O, what a fool I was!'

"But you didn't know me, and now you're fairly trapped. But you've run a long while, Phil, and you've done it bravely.'

"But them bloody dogs ashore—what were they doin'?" he cried, starting suddenly up.

"We captured them and gagged them," I told him.

"Is'pose you'll give me up?"

"Of course I must."

"I wish you'd killed me. Phil Darby captured by a set of revenue dogs! What a thing for honest men to hear of. But leave me. Don't say anything more."

"I declare, I almost pitied the fellow, for the idea of being thus trapped was worse to him than death would have been. However, I had my duty to do, and I went about it. We stowed the prisoners away forward, and then made sail, and before morning the brig was anchored close by the custom house in Lancaster. The prisoners were taken up to the jail, in the old castle, and when the proper officers came, the smuggler's cargo was overhauled—and a cargo it was, too, you may be assured. There were eight pipes of Port and Madeira wine, forty-four casks of brandy, nine pipes of gin, and fifty boxes of tobacco. The duties on that cargo would have been over three thousand pounds.

"That afternoon some men were sent after the old coaster we had left at the wash of Morecambe; but she was found burnt down to the water's edge. However, the loss was but trifling, for forty pounds made the owner a happy man.

"And so our work was done. The smugglers were tried—eighteen of them—and if they any of them live now, they are taking it out at Botany Bay; the contraband trade of Morecambe Bay was broken up—the good people of that section of country had to buy their liquors and tobacco of custom house stamp—and, your humble servant was now a lion of the first water."

AUNT POLLY'S SPECTACLES.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

THERE was nothing very remarkable in the appearance of these "helps to read." The bows were of no costly metal, neither gold nor silver (the wealth of California had not been discovered in Aunt Polly's day), but simply a broad setting of tortoise shell.

Aunt Polly in her waking hours was seldom seen without them. From long habit they had become a necessary appendage. Very frequently she wore them pushed up from her forehead, forming with their dark border a pleasing contrast to her snow white cap; but the moment the good lady's attention was called to any subject, even though it did not require eyesight, she would invariably reply:

"Wait a moment, dear, just let me settle my glasses."

This done, Aunt Polly was ready to sympathize with every one, from the oldest to the youngest inhabitant of the little village which she called her home.

It was a chilly morning in the month of October when Aunt Polly, while preparing as usual to kindle a fire in her well-worn cooking stove, discovered to her dismay that it was in such urgent need of repair as to be nearly useless.

We said "to her dismay," but this was only a momentary feeling. The good lady settled her spectacles and all was right in a moment.

"It could not have happened in a better time," she said cheerfully. "I have been thinking of taking a day out for some time. Neighbor Jay is the man to fix my stove. I will step right over there and take a cup of coffee with them, and explain the matter to him at the breakfast table."

Five minutes sufficed to make what changes Aunt Polly considered necessary in her toilet, and five more brought her to neighbor Jay's door. The worthy blacksmith was an old resident in the village, and much respected both as an able workman and a man of irreproachable character.

His wife was a sensible, kind-hearted woman, and two pretty daughters now rapidly advancing to womanhood gladdened their dwelling. But the pride of their advanced years was their eldest born, a fine lad of eighteen, frank and generous in his nature, but somewhat wild and unsettled in his habits, and not as yet much disposed to turn his attention to the realities of life, and follow the example of his good father by becoming a "steady, hard-working man."

"Time enough yet," said the fond mother. "Billy will make a smart man. We must not pull the reins too tightly. Let him have a little pleasure while he is young."

And "time enough yet," echoed the indulgent father. "Give the boy a chance. Let him see a little of the world before he settles down."

It was a question as to how much of the world Billy could see in the little village which was his native home, yet he had seldom been beyond it. Once or twice during the past year he had spent a week in a seaport town about twenty miles distant. Golden opportunities these for learning something of the busy world, and Billy by no means neglected them.

Once he had ventured to hint to his father that a sea voyage would "make a man," of him, but the old blacksmith, indulgent as he was, could be very decided when it was necessary, and Billy knew at once by the firm manner in which his father planted his foot upon the ground, and the redoubled force with which he struck the anvil, that it was a hopeless case.

But the desire grew stronger and stronger, and another visit to the sea-port afforded a favorable opportunity to carry his wishes into execution. On the evening preceding Aunt Polly's early call, the afflicted parents received a letter from their boy, informing them that he should sail that day on a three years' voyage, in one of the best whaling ships which sailed upon the seas. The stern grief of the father, the more tender feelings of the poor mother, and the tears of the sisters, all called forth the warmest sympathy on the part of Aunt Polly.

At first the old lady was somewhat at a loss how to express her feelings.

"Do not take it so much to heart, my good neighbors. Fanny dear, dry your tears. Don't weep, Ellen, my sweet child, all will end well."

But here Aunt Polly's own eyes began to overflow, and in putting up her handkerchief to wipe them she at once discovered the cause of her difficulty. The spectacles were upon her forehead. She settled them at once.

"After all, neighbor Jay," she continued, "we can see the hand of Providence in this. Billy is a fine lad, but a little unsettled, you know. This voyage will be just the thing for him. And how fortunate that he has gone in that ship. Such an excellent captain! Do you remember Widow Brown's son, neighbor?"

"He did well, it must be confessed," replied the blacksmith, brightening up a little. "Did he go in that ship?"

"The very same," returned Aunt Polly. "His mother almost broke her heart when he

went away, but she told me the other day that it was the greatest blessing that she ever experienced. He came home so industrious and steady, and settled down just as she wished to have him."

"But the danger, Aunt Polly, and the hardships; just think of that," said the still weeping mother.

"True, neighbor, there is danger, but our lives are in the hands of our Maker. And after all there are but few lost considering how many are engaged in that business. Do not think of that, but look forward to the happy day when you will welcome your dear boy again, and find him so much improved that you will rejoice in your present trial. In a good ship, with a pious, conscientious captain to look after him, he is safe from many dangers which would assail him even in this quiet village. Youth is a season for temptation."

"Very true, wife," exclaimed the father, rising from the chair in which he had despondently seated himself. "There are worse dangers than those of the sea. Aunt Polly has placed the matter before me in a new light, and I am disposed to be content and believe that all things are for the best. Come, girls, dry your eyes and give us some breakfast, and then we will go to our usual duties."

The reviving cheerfulness of the husband had its full effect in restoring the mother's composure. Fanny and Ellen sprang actively up, and with the tears still upon their cheeks, busied themselves in preparing the morning meal, but before it was upon the table, smiles had mingled with their tears, and with the buoyancy of youth they were already looking forward to the happy return of which Aunt Polly had spoken.

The broken stove now became the subject of conversation, and the blacksmith promised to attend to it at once, and pleasantly remarked that he would ask for no pay excepting a peep through Aunt Polly's spectacles occasionally, when things went wrong. The good lady smiled at this, as she had often done before, said "they were certainly good glasses, and had belonged to her maternal grandmother," and well pleased to see her friends more cheerful than when she entered, bade them a kind good morning and proceeded on her way.

"I will just look in upon neighbor Simpson," said Aunt Polly to herself. "She sees a good deal of trouble, poor soul, and a kind word will do her good."

A dilapidated fence, with a dilapidated gate, formed the entrance to a still more dilapidated door, which Aunt Polly with some difficulty contrived to open, and made her way into the

room where Mrs. Simpson was generally found busy with her needle. But she was not in her accustomed place, and one of the half dozen little ones who were playing in the yard followed the visitor into the house, and told her in a childish way that:

"Mama was up stairs. Poor father had broken his leg, and mama had no time to sew."

Up stairs went Aunt Polly. There upon a miserable bed, surrounded by few of the comforts of life, lay the sufferer, and near him stood the careworn, anxious looking wife.

Her countenance brightened a little at seeing Aunt Polly, but the husband covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

"I am grieved to hear of your accident, my friend," said the old lady, advancing to the bedside after a kind pressure of the wife's hand.

"All my own fault as usual, Aunt Polly," replied the man, bitterly, "I only wish my head had been broken instead of my leg. Poor Mary would be better without me."

"I have never said that, or thought it either, William," returned the wife, reproachfully.

"But it is true, nevertheless, Mary. A man who will let strong drink make a fool of him as I too often do, is a curse and not a blessing to his family. I should have known better than to have gone up that crazy ladder had I been in my sober senses. It is the first accident that has befallen me since I first learned my trade."

"Well, well," said Aunt Polly, cheerfully, rubbing her glasses as she spoke. "We will not look back. The past is irrecoverable. Active exertions for the present moment, and good resolutions for the future, are all we have to do with. And first tell me about your leg. Has it been well attended to?"

"Yes, I had the best of care," was the reply. "I chanced to be at work for Dr. Tucker, shingling his barn, and a good job I should have made of it but for that extra glass." And again the poor man groaned in spirit.

"Looking back again. That will not do, neighbor. And so Dr. Tucker set your leg? That's well. He is a good surgeon. And now, Mary, if you will go and look after your children, and get a breath of fresh air, I will be nurse a little while, and make things as comfortable as I can."

No one ever disputed Aunt Polly's ability to do whatever she undertook, but if any one had ever doubted her capacity as nurse, their doubts would certainly have been set at rest could they have seen the wonderful change which one half hour made in that sick chamber. It was really a neat, cheerful looking place now,

and a ray of sunshine seemed to penetrate to the heart of the sufferer, for he said almost hopefully as he looked at his kind attendant :

"After all, Aunt Polly, this may not be so bad as it looks. An accident like this sets a man to thinking of his evil ways. Poor Mary, I have been little comfort to her or my children for the last few years. But brighter days may come."

"Indeed they may, my good neighbor. Our misfortunes often prove our greatest blessings. Good resolutions prayerfully made upon your sick bed, and firmly kept when the hour of temptation again arrives, would soon cause your wife and family to rejoice in what now seems a heavy trial."

How grateful were the few cheering words which Aunt Polly whispered to the anxious wife, as she returned to the room. Bright hopes for the future once more arose in her heart, and the present trial seemed as nothing. With all the tenderness of bygone years she bent over her husband, and with a promise to "look in" again the next day, Aunt Polly bade them a cheerful good morning.

Her next stopping place was at a house far superior in appearance to those by which it was surrounded. It was generally allowed to be the prettiest place in the country round, and Squire Thornhill was supposed to be worth a "power of money." His pretty young wife had once been the belle of the little village, and still retained her bloom and beauty, although matronly dignity was taking the place of youthful vivacity and grace.

She was the only child of a widowed mother who now resided with her, and Aunt Polly was ever a favorite visitor.

The good lady rubbed her spectacles and looked around with great satisfaction as she entered, for, as she often observed :

"It was a pleasure to go to the Squire's house, everything looked so bright and cheerful there, and it was so pleasant to think that Providence had provided such a beautiful home for the widow and the fatherless."

But on this bright October morning, an unaccountable gloom pervaded the Squire's house. No cheerful voice greeted Aunt Polly as she entered, and breakfast room and parlor looked chill and desolate as she glanced into them. A domestic at length came forward to meet her.

"Mrs. Thornhill is in her own room, ma'am. Shall I tell her you are here, or will you go up? Her mother is with her."

With a scarcely defined apprehension of evil, Aunt Polly replied that she would go up. Her

light tap at the door was answered by Mrs. Harris, the mother. Her usually placid and benevolent countenance showed marks of some severe mental struggle, and as Aunt Polly advanced a few steps into the room she saw young Mrs. Thornhill sitting upon a low stool with her face buried in her hands, evidently weeping bitterly.

"My dear friends," exclaimed their astonished and sympathising visitor, "what can be the matter?"

The cause for grief was soon explained. Mr. Thornhill had made some unfortunate speculations. His affairs had become embarrassed, and it was necessary that an immediate and entire change should be made in their living. He had been absent for two or three weeks, and his wife had received a letter communicating this intelligence the evening before.

Sympathy with Aunt Polly always preceded any effort to give consolation.

The kindly pressure of her old friend's hand, and the warm kiss which she imprinted on Anna's cheek, seemed to give relief even before a word of comfort had been spoken.

"Is it not hard, Aunt Polly?" asked the young wife, as she raised her tearful eyes to the face of her friend. "This beautiful home can no longer be mine. In one short week we are to leave it."

"It is a great trial indeed, my dear child. But tell me all about it. Is the place sold, and where are you going?"

"Yes, it is already sold. A friend of Henry's who had heard of his misfortunes, made him so good an offer that he felt obliged to accept it at once without waiting to consult me. But it was just as well, as it had to be done."

"Better, Anna dear, much better," said Aunt Polly. "It is easier for you to bear it knowing that it is all settled. And how is your husband, and where are you going?"

"Henry is well, and not cast down. He says if I can only bear up under this trial, it will seem as nothing to him. He is ready to begin the world again."

"And I am sure you will write him a cheerful, encouraging letter, dear, it will be such a comfort to him. And after all, it is not as if you were old folks. Young people must have their ups and downs before they can reach the top of the ladder. Your good husband got his money from his father (a fine old gentleman he was), but no doubt he will be prospered in making some for himself."

"I hope so, Aunt Polly," and Anna Thornhill looked up cheerfully as she spoke, for something of Aunt Polly's hopeful spirit began to find its way to her own breast.

"And now, mother," she continued, "you shall not find me so weak and foolish any more. While I have you and my dear husband, and our darling baby, I need not regret the loss of wealth. But I shall grieve to see you deprived of any of your usual comforts."

"You need not grieve for me, dear child. Until within the few years of your married life we have never lived in luxury, and it will be no hardship to me to return to my former habits."

"And why not return to your old home also?" exclaimed Aunt Polly. "Tom Lansing to whom you sold it, is about leaving for California, with his wife and babies. He talked of shutting up the old place as he had no opportunity to sell it. No doubt some favorable arrangement could be made with him. I should be so delighted to have you for my nearest neighbor once more."

"O mother, would it not be delightful? That dear old place! It would almost reconcile me to leaving my beautiful new home, if we could go back there. I never wanted to have it sold, but Henry thought it best to invest your money in something else. And your property is all safe, mother; he said so in the letter, and now you can buy the place again and have some money left besides. I am so glad. And if Henry has to leave us for some months, as he fears, it will be so pleasant to be in our old home. O Aunt Polly, you are the best comforter in the world;" and as Anna Thornhill spoke, she threw her arms around the old lady's neck, and clasped her in a warm embrace.

"There now, I have knocked off your glasses, a trick I have often played before in the days of my childhood," she laughingly exclaimed, catching the spectacles.

"I will put them on for you, Aunt Polly. I hope you will bequeath them to me in your will. The wealth of the Indies would be nothing in comparison, for whoever gets a peep through these glasses learns to be contented with his present lot. They have the magic power of making everything look bright and cheerful, and turning even afflictions into blessings. Do lend them to me, Aunt Polly, while I write to my poor husband."

"I would willingly, my child, but your own sunny blue eyes are far better. Go and write your letter, and I will chat with your mother, and rock the cradle if baby stirs."

"And then you will take some dinner with us, and we will try not to send away the food untouched as we did this morning."

It was near the close of the afternoon when Aunt Polly again proceeded on her way. How happy she felt in the consciousness that those

from whom she had parted had been strengthened and cheered by her influence.

"It is nearly time that I was at home," thought Aunt Polly as she glanced at the declining sun, "but I must look into neighbor Pratt's for a moment. Mrs. Thornhill mentioned that her sick child had failed fast within a day or two."

No one answered to Aunt Polly's low knock, and noiselessly she passed on to the sick room.

For weeks and months the little one had lingered, until death, which had at first been hourly expected, again assumed its shadowy, undefined form. But in an hour when it was least looked for, it had once more drawn near. Blessed thought, that the undying soul yields not to its power! Willingly may we relinquish the frail earthly covering, rejoicing in the new life to which we have awakened.

And yet the spirit will often shrink from the approach of death. The mother bends in anguish over the loved one, and in the madness of her despair would withhold it from the angels waiting to conduct it to its heavenly home.

It was upon such a scene that Aunt Polly had entered. Clashed in the mother's arms, lay the almost lifeless little form, while the afflicted father, and the weeping brother and sister, stood near, unable to breathe one word of consolation, although the tearless eyes and marble countenance of the heart-stricken woman gave evidence how much it was needed.

But now a friendly arm is thrown around her, kind words of sympathy are breathed into her ear. The rigidity of her muscles relaxed, and the welcome tears gushed forth as she murmured:

"She is going, Aunt Polly; my darling little babe is going now."

Had the magic glasses lost their power? O no. They were indeed suffused with moisture, and carefully did Aunt Polly wipe and replace them before she could command her voice sufficiently to reply.

But in a moment all was bright—bright with more than earthly brightness—beaming with heavenly light.

"Yes, dear, she is going. Going to the angels. Going to Him who has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' We will not withhold her, for truly of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The words penetrated to the mother's soul. "We will not withhold her," she repeated with solemn earnestness, and even as she spoke the little spirit passed away. But the veil was lifted, and visions of heavenly happiness and joy mingled with the natural grief of the bereaved parents.

WHY FEAR TO DIE!

BY WM. W. GRANDY.

Why fear to die, and leave the earth
For brighter realms above!
A land of glory and of worth,
Where all is peace and love?

Why fear to die, and pass away
To mansions of the blest?
Straight is the path through dark the way
That leads to endless rest.

Why fear to die? death sets thee free,
And leads to endless life;
There will the soul find rest, and be
Released from toil and strife.

Why fear to die? 'twas in the tomb
The precious Saviour lay,
Preparing for the blest home
When ransomed from their clay.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

It was just on the outskirts of — that Ernst Hermann's carriage broke down. Fortunately, neither his wife, his child nor himself sustained any injury, and the vehicle, it was found, could be repaired in the course of two or three hours.

"In the meantime, my dear Ernst, what shall we do?" questioned pretty Emily Hermann, looking ruefully about.

"The very best we can—which is to take refuge in this poor little cottage by the roadside. See, the woman is coming to see us," he said, cheerfully.

And the dweller in the aforesaid cottage, a plain, coarsely clad, but neat looking woman, issuing from the open doorway, stepped forward among the crowd gathering around the vehicle, and requested Mr. Hermann and his wife to enter, while the carriage was taken to be repaired. With much satisfaction, they assented; and she led them into an humble but clean apartment, scantily and poorly furnished, betraying the poverty of its occupant. Here she brought them some cold, clear, sparkling water, which they drank gratefully; for both were warm and tired with a long drive in the hot August afternoon.

"I would offer you more acceptable refreshments," she said, simply, "but I am poor, and I have nothing else; and then, sitting down by a window, she took up the bosom of a shirt, on which she had been working, and re-commenced her sewing. Ernst and Emily, touched and pleased by her manner, eagerly hastened to

thank her, and to assure her that they needed nothing better; that, indeed, nothing could be better; and then Emily drew her, with her gentle art, into an easy conversation, and in short, found herself, for the nonce, quite at home. She found that this poor woman was a widow, and earned a scanty subsistence by plain sewing.

"How long have you done this kind of work?" asked Emily, examining one of the bosoms, and admiring the fineness of the needlework.

"Three years, madam, since the death of my husband," was the answer.

"So long! How hard! But you have only yourself to support, have you?"

"Myself and one child, madam. He is not my child, but I must keep him, and take care of him, or I do not know what would become of the poor thing."

"He is a relative, perhaps?" still questioned Emily, yet half blushing at what she thought her own impertinent curiosity.

"No—no relative. He was the child of a poor young man and his wife, who hired a room of me four years ago. I do not know where they came from, or who they were, except that they were poor, and called themselves by the name of Chisholme. He, the husband, was very handsome, and from his appearance, I guessed that he was also of a high family. He had that air and bearing that nothing but good birth can give. She was pretty, too, and gentle, and she almost idolized her lovely baby. It was born just after she came here. She used to look at it by the hour, as it lay in her lap, and kiss it as though she never could kiss it enough. 'It looks so much like John,' she used to say. That was her husband. And it did look like him, and does now. He was so beautiful! But he scarcely ever glanced at his wife or the baby without his eyes grew sad, and his cheek pale; for they were the light of his heart, and he was thinking, I could see, bitterly enough, how poor they were, and that coarse fare, and the continual care of the child was killing her, while the baby itself was a delicate thing, and he could only just manage to scrape together food enough to keep them from actual want. He was a clerk, I believe, in some lawyer's office; but I don't know where. I am almost certain that he had relatives who were wealthy and proud, for once, accidentally, I heard him say to her, in a kind of despairing way, 'Amy, you cannot tell how relentless he is! I never should dare, even if my pride would let me, to apply to him for assistance. I will work for us both, and for the child. Better days will come some time.'

"I heard this, and it made me unhappy for

them; but I could not ask them about their trouble as freely as I could have asked those of my own class. So I did not have power to help them, except by the few little kindnesses that I could do for his poor, little wife and her baby. By-and-by he took a severe cold and fever, and he died. O, how dreadful that was!" and the tears stood in the woman's eyes; but she dashed them away, and went on. "His wife was almost frantic. I never saw a human creature mourn as she mourned. My heart ached for her. We got him ready for burial as decently as we could. The night before he was to be put in the ground, she sat by his corpse. I know she wrote a letter then; she told me of it; but she did not tell me who she was going to send it to. 'I am writing it for my baby's sake,' she said. She put it in the post herself, and then she waited patiently for many days. But no answer came. Then she wrote another; there was no answer yet. She was sick for a long time after she wrote the first, I believe; and she told me, when she was getting better, that it would only be for a little time, and then she should die. She was more restless after the second one went, and then she began, by mourning and suspense, and lack of sufficient food, to waste away. Finally, one night, she asked me for some paper and a pen. 'I am going to try once more—only once,' she said. She carried the letter to the office that night. The next morning, she lay dead in her bed."

The woman paused again, to wipe away her tears. Emily's eyes were overflowing. Ernst, who had been an attentive listener, bent, with a full heart, to kiss his own little Harry, who lay asleep in his wife's arms. There was a pause.

"And so," he said, presently, "the child was motherless."

"It was motherless—yes, sir. I took care of it, and have done so ever since; for if it has any relatives in the wide world now, I do not know who they are; and I had no children of my own, so I have managed to keep it. It is a little darling. It is sleeping now, in the next room. Would you like to look at it?"

"Yes," said Emily and her husband at once.

A cry was heard at that moment; it came from the bed of the child; and Mrs. Marsh went and brought her pretty charge. Both the guests uttered an exclamation of pleasure and admiration as they beheld it. It was a delicate, lovely child, with its fair, rosy cheeks flushed with sleep, its sweet, dark hazel eyes looking at the strangers in earnest wonder, and the curly, silken brown hair clustering in rich confusion about the white brow.

"O, how beautiful! is he not, Ernst?" asked Emily, involuntarily.

"Beautiful, indeed," he answered, tenderly drawing the child to his arms, and placing him close to the little Harry, who, with his sunny curls thrown back, and his blue eyes closed, still slept in his mother's lap. Mrs. Marsh stood by her guests, and the three regarded together in silence the lovely children. They were silent a little while; then Emily looked up.

"O, he is so sweet!" she said, earnestly. "How I wish he were mine—my own!"

Mrs. Marsh's face grew serious; almost troubled; and she asked:

"Do you really wish so?"

"Yes—O, yes! I should love him so well! I would take such good care of him; and Harry would have a brother."

Ernst regarded her earnestly.

"Do you mean that you would like to adopt this child, Emily?" he asked.

"Yes, Ernst—I should."

He looked at the child a moment longer. It smiled.

"What is your name?" he asked, stroking the rich brown hair tenderly.

"Johnny," answered the boy, distinctly, laying his tiny hand on that of Ernst.

Ernst bent forward to kiss him, and then raised his head.

"Mrs. Marsh," he said, quietly, "will you let us take this child and be to him as parents?"

"If you desire it," was the answer. "I cannot provide for him as he should be provided for. He has a poor lot while he remains with me. In your care, he may grow up to be a great and good man. I have no means to educate him. Take him if you will."

She turned away an instant to hide her tears. Going to a closet on the opposite side of the room, she drew forth a small case, and opening it, handed it to Ernst.

"It is his father's likeness," she said. "I found it among his mother's things, after she was dead."

Ernst and Emily regarded it in silence. It was the face of an elegant and handsome man, whose resemblance to the child proclaimed the relationship.

"Keep it for him," said Mrs. Marsh. "It will be, perhaps, of use hereafter;" and she clasped the chain about the neck of the child. "This," said she, pointing to the gold, "is an evidence that his parents had not always been poor."

Emily drove home that afternoon with her two children. She felt a kind of satisfaction

over and above her interest in the child, and her love for him, in being able to provide for his comfort and happiness, and welfare, present and future, with her ample means. She had left with Mrs. Marsh a sum of money, insisting upon her accepting it as some tangible compensation for her care of the orphan boy. It would be hardly wrong to say that the woman received it with thanks, for her circumstances were even more straitened than they appeared. Ernst and Emily called to see her once or twice during their visits to town, but finally she went out to service, and they saw no more of her.

Time passed on. It would have been difficult to tell whether Ernst and his wife loved John or Harry best, so well they loved both, and so equally were their cares of them divided. Both were good children, and their parents were proud of them. Through all their childhood they were tenderly attached to each other. Harry was the younger, and gayer; John, the elder, the quieter; and Harry ever followed his example, and depended on him. And John, with seriousness and wisdom beyond his years, seemed fitted to guide and counsel his gay and volatile young brother. Both Ernst and Emily were inexpressibly pleased to see this—to behold the perfect and admirable harmony—the loving union existing between them. Thus passed boyhood and youth.

Harry was what his father had been at his age; with all his gay and sparkling grace of manner and countenance, all the merry, winning light-heartedness that ever characterized him. John, at fifteen, was entering already upon man's estate. He was gentle and kind to all, ever quietly happy, to all appearance, although he was graver than his years warranted. One was gay, careless, impetuous; the other, calm, earnest and thoughtful. Both were earnest in the pursuit of knowledge. They pursued their studies at an academy at some distance from home, and Ernst received gratifying intelligence concerning them from the principal. He received frequent letters, too, from the absent ones, and the house was never more joyful, except at vacation, than when, at evening, he and his wife and their daughter (for Emily had a little nine-year old girl now, reader), gathered together to hear news from John and Harry. Both wrote pleasant epistles. Harry's were a type of his own gay and merry nature; John's were full of glowing, earnest thoughts, of high aspirations, fraught with the pure and noble spirit that was in him.

One would be a lawyer; the other, a minister of the gospel. The nature of each was fitted

for the occupation he wished to choose. John looked forward with earnest longings. No dream of fame was his; no vision of worldly triumph was shadowed forth in the sweet and serene picture that he sometimes pictured to his own mind. The boy had taken his cross already; and the path through which he was to bear it, was a straight and narrow one. But it led upward; his course was always away from earth, and at its close, was heaven. John earnestly desired to study for the ministry. The life that he should lead thus seemed most suited to him. He had conversed with Ernst on the subject, and acquainted him with his views, which were received with approbation. Emily, too, was deeply pleased with the tendency of his wishes. She loved him with the love that a mother only can feel, though no drop of her blood traced its way through his veins; for he had grown into her gentle heart ever since the hour when she first called him her child; and it was a pleasant thing for her to dream of the good and holy life he would lead. She encouraged him with a mother's affection, and a mother's counsel, and he was grateful for both.

John knew that he was not the son of Ernst and Emily. He knew the circumstances connected with his adoption; for, although so young a child when it took place, he had always retained an impression of the facts in his mind; and, at his own desire, Ernst had supplied the broken links that his childish mind had been too feeble to become possessed of. He wore, still, the likeness of his father. It was the only vestige remaining from what had been. He regarded it as a most sacred object—it was his father's face; a face upon which he might never hope to look except in this inanimate picture. He seldom made allusion to the circumstances of his childhood, to his parents, or their sufferings. This caused Ernst and his wife to believe that the affair did not bring him such sorrow or anxiety as they had feared. But John did sorrow. Yet his trouble was hidden in his own breast, for he dreaded, by repining, to seem ungrateful for his lot; and he lived, too, in the hope of one day meeting with his kindred—if such he had.

John Harmann had thought a great deal of this. He felt that he could willingly die now, if it were but permitted him to look once upon his parents, living, breathing realities; to look once into the sweet and loving eyes that had so often blest him in his dreams. But he knew this could not be. His parents were dead. He was an orphan. Yet some tie of relationship he hoped to find, somewhere on the face of the

wide world; some one who had been of the same blood of his parents, who had known and looked upon them. This was all the hope he could cherish. True, Emily and her husband had been the best of parents to him. Well and faithfully had they fulfilled the obligations imposed voluntarily, when first they assumed the charge of their childish protegee; and he loved and revered them with the feelings a son might have cherished. But deep down in his heart there was a voice crying out forever, for that which was denied—a yearning tenderness that, it sometimes seemed, could never be satisfied on earth.

Thus, at seventeen, he entered upon his collegiate course, seeking with all the earnestness of his nature to live such a life as should be for the benefit of his fellow-men; living for others more than for himself, and striving to find, in a career of duty and usefulness, of ceaseless and unwearying labor, that peace and consolation which he daily and hourly imparted to others.

It was sunset. Softly fell the golden light from the western sky among the deep, rustling grass, and athwart the foliage of the trees that just waved gently hither and thither in the fresh and pleasant breeze from the wooded hills. All the bright west was flooded with the soft, declining glory of day; and against the clear and brilliant sky rose dark, towering oaks and chestnuts, within whose giant shadows the gloom of twilight already began to gather. The songs of the birds had ceased, and there was only a quiet twitter, now and then, from some half-hidden nest; from garden, field and hedge, rose the faint, freshened perfume of damp grass and sleepy blossoms.

It was a lovely sunset. Milly Hermann thought so, as, with hands clasped before her, and her fair young head resting against a rose-twined pillar, she stood in the doorway of her father's country house. Milly they called her, but her name was Emily. Not our Emily of the old days—you might see her crossing the hall at this moment, bearing in her hands a basket of fruit to the supper-room. Seventeen years has made a slight, though by no means disadvantageous, difference in her appearance. She is no longer the girlish beauty we knew her, but a gentle, sweet-voiced quiet matron, with the same lovely blue eyes, and blonde hair, and sunshiny smile; but a maturer grace of expression dwells in her countenance. Ernst, too, who comes through from the parlor into the hall, to meet her, has reached middle life; but though a wavy line of silver, here and there,

threads his dark hair, he is, at fifty, the same graceful, handsome, stately Ernst Hermann of old times. Emily and he are as happy in each other, too, as they were on the marriage day—perhaps more so. You would say so, to see them now.

"My dear Emily," he says, consulting his watch, as he approached her, "it wants only a few minutes of six. John and Harry will be here soon. We must be even at the threshold to receive our young pilgrims. Let me take that basket for you—it is heavy; and then we will go together to meet them."

So, with the quiet and affectionate courtesy characteristic of him, he relieves her of her burden, and carries it to the table for her. Then they return, arm-in-arm, to the hall door, where their daughter yet stands.

"Well, my child," and Ernst, smiling, lays his hand on her head, "how goes the house-keeping to-day?"

For that week Milly had, at her own desire, begun to look after the affairs of the household, to make herself useful, and save her mother a great deal of trouble. It was not to be wondered at that the young girl should busy herself about such things, for she was so busy and thoughtful herself in her quiet, pleasant way. She looked up at her father's words.

"Beautifully, papa. I like it very much. I think I shall do quite well."

"How is it, Emily?" he asked, turning to his wife, gaily; "what do you think of Milly's management?"

"It is excellent," said Emily, with a little touch of motherly pride in her tone. "Milly does everything well. Mrs. Cicely and the maids get along as well under her direction as mine."

"That is good," said Ernst, with pleasure. "And so," turning to Milly, "I suppose that now, being no longer in requisition elsewhere, you have come, like a good little sister, to give your two brothers a greeting as soon as they arrive?" and he stroked, affectionately, her brown hair.

"Yes, papa. Harry and John have been gone a long time. They will look for us at the door, after four weeks' absence. We shall have very fine weather to-morrow, shall we not?"

Ernst smiled at her irrelevant question.

"Yes, I should say so. You were thinking of John's preaching, I infer."

Milly was thinking of John's preaching. It would be, to-morrow, the anniversary of his installation at Greythorpe. He had been absent some time, as Milly remarked, officiating for a

brother clergyman, who was ill, in a neighboring town. His own place, meanwhile, had been filled by one of the deacons at Greythorpe, and after four weeks' submission to the exchange, Milly thought it would be listening to music to hear John speaking to the people from the pulpit in the old church again.

John, too, as—with Harry by his side, who had also been away with him—he was borne homeward by the stage-coach that Saturday, was thinking of to-morrow. It was one year since he had become a minister of the gospel. The life he had sought was his; and amidst the increasing labor of the station, he was happy. He had given up, now, the vague dreams and hopes that he had cherished in the years of boyhood. He believed himself destined, now, to go through existence ignorant of his kindred; and he turned to the dear ones among whom he had dwelt from infancy, with a deeper, stronger love than ever. He was longing to meet them to-night; and pressing Harry's hand, he said, with quiet gladness:

"They will be waiting for us—will they not? I dare say, father and mother are standing at the hall door already."

"And Milly," supplied Harry.

"And Milly—yes."

The stage rolled into the village, and Harry and John alighting, took a short path home across the fields. Through the lofty elms that arched over the broad avenue to the house, they beheld the family gathered under the porch; and shortly the young *voyageurs* were welcomed by the expectant ones there. Six weeks is by no means a very long time, but the way to make it longest is to test it by the absence of beloved friends. Witness the eager greeting when they return, and then measure it by that.

As John, with warm and earnest affection, pressed his lips to Mrs. Hermann's, the old trouble came over his heart—the old sorrow lay like a shadow in his fine eyes; Emily was *not his mother*, as she was Harry's. Her love might seem the same for both; she might not be able, perhaps, to see a difference herself; but a difference there was. How could it be otherwise? It came to him more bitterly than ever now, in this meeting, after so many days of absence. But, with an inward prayer for submission and peace; he put away, with a strong effort, the unwelcome, almost *ungrateful* feelings, he thought them, that threatened to disturb the joy of the family reunion. Truly, Emily had been a kind and faithful mother to him—a mother in all but blood.

"Well, John," she said, as they all sat in the

hall, after supper, with the broad, yellow moon-light shining in across the porch, and through the open doorway, "we shall have you preach again to-morrow, after so long a time. It will be quite refreshing."

He turned to the gentle eyes bent so tenderly upon him.

"Yes, mother—refreshing to *me*," and he smiled. "Refreshing to meet all the old &c, accustomed faces, and speak to the truest-hearted friends I have on earth. I am so glad to get home again! You do not know how many times I have had to rebuke myself for the impatience I felt to find myself here once more. Home is *very* sweet, mother."

He felt it so. The hand of Ernst, who leaned against a pillar by his side, rested, with a loving, lingering caress, upon his head. Harry, on the other side, looked up in his brother's face, ever and anon, as he talked, with reverent affection, that told a plain and honest story in his blue eyes. Beyond, Emily and her daughter sat, bathed in the glory of the clear, pure moonlight; and he could see, with an earnest happiness of heart, that they were glad to sit thus, that they were glad to see him, and talk with him, after so long.

"Well, mother, what news have you for me?" he asked, cheerfully; "or is the neighborhood as quiet as ever?"

"Not much in the way of news," she answered, smiling, "except that we have some new neighbors, over on the Bancroft estate. An old gentleman—Mr. Kingston and his family."

"Indeed! How long have they been there?"

"They came a week after your departure. Mr. Kingston has attended church regularly, with his two grand-children—Kate and Mark. His daughter, the mother of the young man, accompanies them occasionally."

"Have you called on them yet?" asked John.

"O, yes—two or three times; and they have been here as frequently. Kate and Milly are very good friends. Kate is an orphan, and has neither sister nor brother. She is a dear child."

John saw them, the next morning, among the congregation. The quiet and beautiful Kate Fairlie, with her sweet face and lovely brown eyes; he saw her cousin, Mark Wayland, and his mother. Mark Wayland! John had seen him before. A dark, haughty, yet indescribably fascinating countenance he had; a slight and elegant figure; and a voice most singularly musical. But his beauty was that of Lucifer himself, and John, spite of all the Christian in his breast, disliked this man.

And Mr. Kingston? A man of some sixty-

five years, with a still handsome and noble countenance, that time had scarcely touched; a yet powerful and sinewy figure, and a mien of graceful and courtly dignity; whose fine eyes sought the face of John with an expression of deep and thoughtful interest. He sat there, regarding him with pleased and wrapt attention, scarcely ever once averting his glance; and the young pastor felt those quiet, earnest eyes fixed on him with a pleasure that he could not deny. He felt attracted by them, as by some charm; and ever and anon, in the midst of his eloquent morning discourse, he turned to meet and answer them.

No formal introduction was needed; and when, the services concluded, John came down into the aisle, and stood among his people, the two met and clasped each other's hands almost involuntarily. Unspoken pleasure beamed from the countenance of each.

Mark Wayland touched his mother's arm, saying, with a light sneer:

"My respected grandpapa and the young parson take a marvellous fancy to one another; don't you think so?"

"Be quiet," said Mrs. Wayland, in a low tone; and she clasped with a hard, convulsive pressure the hand that touched her.

Mark looked at her, puzzled by her low, almost harsh tone, and abrupt words; but her dark eyes—Mark Wayland's own—were stealthily fastened on John's features.

"Mother, what ails you?" asked her dutiful son, sharply.

"No matter—it is nothing. But no—come this way," and moving aside, she whispered a few hasty words in his ear.

A dark and stormy scowl blackened like thunder over his brow. His eyes flashed beneath their knit brows, as he looked at John once more, who was still conversing with Mr. Kingston.

"The —! And yet, it can't be; it is your blundering woman's fancy. What put such an idea into your brains, I should like to know?"

"Hush! You will be overheard," she said. "I am not wrong, I tell you—though the likeness never struck me until now. He does not see it; but if he does—then—"

She paused, with compressed lips.

"Then!" echoed Mark Wayland, with a muttered oath.

The people passed out from the crowded aisles, and Mr. Kingston, talking with Mr. Hermann and John, followed slowly. Mrs. Wayland and her son joined the group that followed—Mrs. Hermann and Harry, Kate and Milly. Pretty

Kate Fairlie walked by Milly's side, holding her hand, and speaking in a low tone, and with downcast eyes. And John, glancing once at the sweet face, saw that those eyes were filled with tears.

Mark Wayland offered her his arm when they reached the porch; but with an air of coldness—almost of dislike—she turned away, and took that of her grandfather. Mark's brow grew black again, but he checked, however, the anger that his fair cousin's slight seemed to have excited, and said something to her in an undertone, with the tender and fascinating smile that heightened a thousand times the singular beauty of his face. Her answer, whatever it might have been, was a cold and brief one. She did not even raise her eyes to his countenance. As they passed out, she hurriedly pressed Milly's hand, but without a word, and as she dropped her veil, John saw that the tears were falling fast. Wonder and pity were excited within his breast: She was so young, so beautiful—what had she to do with sorrow?

Milly was silent and abstracted during the walk home. She was thinking of Kate, and of the few whispered words of unhappiness, the quietly falling tears, and commiserating the poor girl with all her young and loving heart. In the midst of her reflections, she looked up in the face of John, upon whose arm she leaned. His eyes were fixed with thoughtful inquiry upon hers. He had been studying the sad expression of his young companion's features for some moments, unknown to her—almost unconsciously to himself. The two read each other's glance for an instant; and then Milly uttered in a gentle, pitying tone:

"Poor Katy!"

"Poor Katy!" he echoed, kindly; "what was she so grieved about?"

Milly was silent a while; then she spoke:

"Perhaps I should not mention it; both because it is a matter which concerns no other except herself, and because this is not a day to think or speak of such worldly affairs; but I am interested in her, and I cannot help thinking of it. Did you take particular notice of her cousin, Mark Wayland?"

"One could scarcely avoid doing so. I have met him before, in L—; he does not remember it, I think; and one thing I would say to you now, Milly, shun him—he is a bad man."

The young girl looked up quickly.

"Do you say so, John? Then Katy was right! She has such a dislike—such a dread of him! She is unhappy if only in his presence. She believes him to be wicked—evil. He de-

clares his desire to marry her, and persecutes her from day to day, although she has refused him. She is, as mama told you, an orphan, and dependant on her grandfather for support; thus it is difficult for her to escape the importunities of her cousin. But she has determined, if affairs do not alter, to go out in the wide world and earn her bread in some place where he will never find her."

John's eyes were an expression of deep interest and pity. "And her grandfather, Mr. Kingston? Surely, *he* could defend her."

"Yes, if he were not so completely in Mark's favor. Mark and his mother only came to live with him this summer, and they have both managed to gain his heart. He thinks the young man is a model of goodness and virtue, and Kate's aversion nothing more than indifference, which time will overcome; but it cannot endure so much longer; she will not bear it."

"Poor child!" mused John; "it is very hard."

"Yes—hard, indeed! And she is so gentle and good! Her affection for her grandfather is all that induces her to remain in the same atmosphere breathed by Mark Wayland."

"Well," said John, cheerfully, "I don't see but you and I will have to become the champions of our pretty little friend. We will put this subject by for to-morrow's consideration. Then I will attend to Mark Wayland's case."

"Kate, will you ride with me this morning?"

Mark Wayland stood in the porch of the old house of Bycroft, near his young cousin, who was watering and trimming some geraniums. She had only looked up to say "good morning," when he first came out, ten minutes previously. She had not spoken since; and now, continuing her employment, without raising her head, she replied, coldly: "You are very good, but I am engaged this morning."

"As usual. You are cruel, Kate," he said. "Why do you avoid my society in this determined manner?"

"Because it is displeasing to me. I have given you the understanding before!" and she threw away a handful of weeds, and walked away towards the hall door.

"But why displeasing?" he persisted, following her; you treat me in the coolest manner, and yet deny me a reason. Am I disagreeable to you?"

"Yes, you are—intensely so," she answered. "I shrink from you—I detest you!"

And by the scorn, and distress, and anger in her eyes, he knew she spoke the truth; but he kept down the rage that filled him. He had

never permitted Kate to witness one of his ebullitions of passion, lest it should prejudice her still more against him.

"Kate—my beloved cousin—tell me how I may render myself less distasteful to you; tell me how I may make myself worthy of you?" and, gently detaining her, he bent over her, looking her full in the face, and softly clasped one of her hands.

But Mark Wayland's victory was not yet. Shaking off, with one wild, despairing effort, the suffocating, trance-like feeling with which those terrible eyes bound her:

"Let me go, Mark Wayland! I hate you!" she said, passionately; and wringing her fingers from his clasp, she sprang into the hall, and up the broad staircase, with the speed that fear and hatred lent her.

He looked after her with a sarcastic smile.

"Poor little bird!" he said, with soft scorn;

"I will wait."

At that instant Mr. Kingston opened the door of his study at the farther extremity of the hall, and came towards the porch-entrance. Mark was startled for a moment. What if he had heard Kate's cry? But his usual composure returned, on observing his countenance pleasant and calm as usual.

"Good morning! Mark!" said Mr. Kingston. "Where is Kate? I do not see her."

"My dear sir," returned the young man, with well counterfeited despair, "she has just left me—in anger, or in a spirit of coquetry, and I scarce know which. With all her loveliness, she has that perversity of her sex, that love of rule and tyranny, which I hardly dare hope to overcome. I have a strong temptation to drown myself!"

Mr. Kingston, for a moment, played abstractedly with the seals of his watch.

"Well, well," he said, at length, hastily, "Kate is no coquette, *that's* certain; and if she is so set against this matter, as I have been lately led to believe, perhaps it would be as well for you not to press your attentions upon her. It is of no use to harass her!"

Mark's eyes flashed with anger and surprise; but he only said, quietly:

"Indeed! I thought you favored my suit!"

"So I did; do not mistake me on that point. But I now think your perseverance only worries and annoys her. I imagined she declined you from mere indifference; I now think the feeling was a stronger one as regards this matter. I should advise you to hope for nothing further."

Mark Wayland turned away with muttered curses. All hope of a union with Kate was

lost now that his grandfather's support was withdrawn. It was not for love he would have married Kate Kingston. He knew that his grandfather's property, which was very large, was to be divided on the death of Mr. Kingston, between her and himself; and that his cousin would have by far the largest share. This, certainly, was just; for Mrs. Wayland was not Mr. Kingston's own daughter. She was a child of some five years when he married her mother, a widow lady, who was his second wife. Thus Mark had not a tie of relationship, except by marriage, to Mr. Kingston, while Kate was the daughter of Hanton Kingston, her grandfather's second son by his first marriage. Of the eldest son, John, we shall speak hereafter.

So, as Mark knew that Kate was to inherit nearly the whole bulk of her grandfather's possessions (which knowledge this worthy young man had gained three years previously, by a private inspection of Mr. Kingston's will), he had the most ardent desire to win her inheritance, with the slight incumbrance of a wife accompanying it. His mother, artful as himself, had done everything in her power to forward his plan; she had worked, and toiled, and managed, till Mr. Kingston had been persuaded to believe that Mrs. Wayland and her son were deserving of his deepest care and affection; and, accordingly, had invited them to make their home with him. At first, Kate had been rather indifferent about the entrance of these people into her grandfather's quiet household; but now they had grown hateful to her, both of them. Thus, after all their plotting, the looked-for end remained as far from their grasp as ever.

But why had Mr. Kingston thus altered his opinions? Mark, angry, silent and sullen, questioned thus to himself: Was it from any sudden and secret dislike to him? and with this inquiry, the memory of several little transactions of his own, not quite in accordance with the strictest rules of virtue and honor, together with the possibility of their having been discovered by his grandfather, presented itself most uncomfortably. But the supposition was banished forthwith. Mark Wayland, though not more than three-and-twenty, was a hardened man, and such things were not likely to trouble him long. Besides, if Mr. Kingston had discovered anything against him, Mark reasonably judged that he would have been more cool—more distant. The sole reason of the change must lie really, as his grandfather asserted, in the conviction that Kate absolutely abhorred his attentions, if not himself. Pleasant reflection! What was to become of the young man's golden dreams?

He presented himself at the breakfast-table, however, notwithstanding his bitter feelings, in an apparently pleasant mood, just sufficiently tinged with sadness to give Mr. Kingston a favorable view of his disappointment; and the gentleman, observing his young relation, really judged his disappointment to be precisely what it seemed, and pitied him accordingly. Neither Kate nor Mrs. Wayland made their appearance at breakfast. For the former was too incensed against Mark, to place herself in his neighborhood again for the present, and Mrs. Wayland sent down word by her maid that she had a severe headache, and would be unable to join them for some hours. So the gentlemen managed their lonely meal in the best way they were able, and then separated—Mr. Kingston going to his study, and Mark, with all the despondency, evidently, of a rejected lover, took his way to the shrubbery, there to pace back and forth, with bowed head, and a moody, disconsolate air, beneath a hawthorn hedge, for nearly an hour. And there, inwardly boiling over with anger, hate, and revenge, he waited for his mother to make her appearance; for he desired to make her as happy as he was himself by this sudden overthrow of their prospects.

Meanwhile, Kate Kingston had gone to her apartment with a throbbing heart, and tears of indignation and despair. At the first moment, she entertained a slight feeling of resentment towards her grandfather, for allowing Mark to torment her in this way; but the reflection of an instant banished such feelings, and she blamed herself for having harbored them. She knew that if he had possessed the slightest idea of the manner in which she was persecuted, he would have turned Mark from his doors. And she determined that he should not long remain ignorant of it. "For either Mark Wayland must leave this house," she said, "or I will." And the instant that she heard her grandfather go to his study, she followed him thither for an interview.

He regarded her pale face with surprise and concern, as she entered; and hastily rising, he placed a chair for her, by his own.

"My dear child," he said, kindly, "what ails you?"

She shut the door behind her, turned the key in the lock, and then, slowly advancing, took the offered seat.

"I have come to tell you, sir, that I can no longer remain an inmate of the same dwelling with Mark Wayland," she said, "and that unless he is removed, I must leave you, and seek a home elsewhere. I have endured his persecutions until he has become odious to me, and now

a termination must be put to them. I will not do you the injustice to believe you encourage him, and I think, if you knew what a continual source of torment he makes himself to me, you would censure him as he deserves."

"Is it as bad as this?" exclaimed Mr. Kingston, seriously. "Trust me, Katy, I had no suspicion of it! But is he so disagreeable to you?"

"Disagreeable? he is detestable, sir!" she answered, with the bright tears standing in her eyes, and her cheek flushing crimson. "He knows it, too—he has known it a long time; and yet he torments me with his presence, and forces his attentions upon me, continually. Why does he wish to marry me, when I hate him?"

"I am sorry—truly sorry—that this is so, Kate," returned Mr. Kingston, in a tone of grave sympathy. "I have believed, for a long time, that you and Mark would one day marry, and the idea afforded me pleasure. I knew you did not encourage his addresses, but I thought that arose simply from a mere feeling of girlish indifference on your part, and that, sooner or later, you would return the affection which he has professed to feel for you, and which, I confess to you, has seemed to me worthy of encouragement. With this belief, I favored his suit."

"You favored it, sir—yes, I know you did!" she echoed, sadly.

"Let me do myself at least justice, Kate, then. It was only three or four days ago that I had any suspicion that his attentions were in any wise disagreeable to you; and even then, as I have said before, I had no idea *how* disagreeable they were. I have noticed looks and gestures of yours which gave me a different impression from the one I entertained before; yet you must see, that, even with that view of the case, it was difficult for me to alter the course of affairs until appealed to by one or the other of you. This morning, however, he complained to me of your coldness, and I intimated to him that he had better not press his suit with you further. He seemed very much dejected, I thought, but that will pass away. One word of yours to him now, Katy, and you may shake off this incubus easily. I will help you. To-day, I will send him away on a visit; and it shall be a long one."

She rose, with a glad smile, and an air of light-heartedness new to her. "I thank you, sincerely, sir," she said, "and only hope that I may be able, some time, to make you as happy as you have made me now."

He smiled. "You are doing that, every day of your life, my dear child. I only blame myself, for being so blind in this affair. I will make all the reparation possible, however, now."

There was a knock at the study door. Kate opened it; and, to the surprise and pleasure of both herself and her grandfather, Milly Hermann and John were announced. Mr. Kingston came forward, and clasped the young man's hand with earnest warmth, and words of sincere welcome; and John found a strange satisfaction in the tacit avowal of friendship—in the assurance of interest, thus afforded. He entertained a deep admiration of Mr. Kingston, together with the utmost veneration, already. There was a charm in his manner, in his conversation—even in his very glance and tone, that had speedily and insensibly won the young man's heart.

It was only a brief call. John and Milly had taken it into their heads to stop in, during a morning ride. They passed a pleasant half-hour in the society of their host and his granddaughter, whose change of manner and of countenance surprised both. Milly learned the joyful cause, in a low-toned conversation at the far end of the apartment, while examining some new publications. A warm pressure of the hand, and a few whispered words of congratulation, conveyed her loving sympathy. Then they rejoined the gentlemen.

"I do not see your daughter, Mrs. Wayland, or her son, this morning," observed John, during a pause.

"Ah—no. She had a severe headache, and has not left her room, I believe. Mark is somewhere about;" and Mr. Kingston rang the bell. "Perhaps my daughter will join us, if she hears of your presence. Inform Mrs. Wayland that Miss Milly and Mr. John Hermann are here, and would like to see her, if she is well enough," he said to the domestic who appeared. The message was carried up stairs, but the bearer returned without having been able to deliver it.

"Mrs. Wayland is not in her room, sir. The door is locked. Mrs. Carter says she went out some time ago. She thinks she has gone to the village."

"Very well." It was all Mr. Kingston said, but a look of thoughtful curiosity dwelt on his features for an instant. It was exceedingly strange that she should have absented herself from the breakfast-table, on plea of illness, and shortly afterward go out for a walk. "Well, where is Mr. Mark?" he inquired.

"I think in the garden, sir—I do not know. Shall I speak to him?"

Mr. Kingston hesitated a moment.

"Nay, do not have the gentleman disturbed on our account," said John, coldly.

Mr. Kingston was puzzled by his peculiar tone and manner. They seemed to convey an idea

of dislike. "Well!" he thought; "what has this favorite grandson of mine been doing to gain people's ill-will—even that of a stranger!" But nothing more was said concerning either mother or son, and the conversation took a new channel. Mr. Kingston, pleased with his guests, more pleased with and attracted toward John than seemed to him accountable, detained them as long as possible. He felt real regret when they rose to bid him good morning.

"Let me see you soon again," he said, pressing John's hand at parting. "Let me see you both. Come often, if an old man's company has any attraction for you."

His fine eyes beamed on his young guest with a smile of friendly affection. The clasp of John's hand tightened on the one he held. Mr. Kingston's manner responded to his own earnest feelings. It gave him a pleasure he could not define.

"I will come," he answered, quickly, "I will come. You would win me to you, even if I were not so inclined already."

He turned to address Katy; and, as he did so, the fine, clear, graceful outline of his side face was presented to his host's view. A gradual paleness overspread the countenance of Mr. Kingston. He seemed to be agitated deeply. Katy's sudden exclamation at seeing her grandfather thus, drew John's attention.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, in a tone of alarm, "you are ill?"

"No, no, it is nothing," uttered Mr. Kingston, smiling faintly; "I only observed, as you stood then, a resemblance in your face to that of one who was dear to me—one who is, I believe, dead; who died years ago. It moved me for a moment—that is all."

But it was no momentary agitation. Even after the departure of his guests, it remained, disquieting him for a long time.

In the mean time, Mark Wayland, unconscious of the fact that John and Milly were with his grandfather, was pacing the grounds among the shrubbery, with his angry, vengeful, malicious mood not one jot abated. He was not unaware that his mother had gone out secretly, by the gate in the garden wall; secretly, as she thought, yet, as we have seen, observed by the housekeeper, Mrs. Carter. He knew she had gone out quietly; he had seen her. He knew something of the business which had called her out. She had been restless, anxious, uneasy, since the previous day, at church; but he had found no opportunity to see her alone, and question her further concerning the cause of her disturbance. He was not much occupied, however,

with the affair which interested her. At another time, it might have been otherwise; but now, he was nearly provoked to madness by the united opposition which that morning had met his own plans, both from his grandfather and Kate also, and this alone occupied his reflections. He was attracted by the sound of the garden gate gently opening. His mother came slowly through, softly closing the gate behind her; and throwing back a long veil which concealed her features, advanced towards him.

"Well, madam," he said, with sarcastic ill-humor, "how does this tragedy of yours proceed?"

"Put aside your sneers, Mark," she returned, her dark eyes flashing, and her already pale face growing paler still. "There is no fooling in this matter. I have rare news for you!"

"Well, out with it!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "We can at least console one another, finely. My story is as pleasant as yours."

"You? What have you been doing?" She paused, with inward passion working on her countenance.

"I have been doing nothing. My venerable relation is the one. He has taken it into his head to forbid my harassing his granddaughter, as he says. He has suddenly began to think she dislikes me—the poor old dolt! So you see our golden plans are slipping away. Five thousand a year has dwindled down into something over five hundred. Her money will never increase mine."

Mrs. Wayland laughed a low, hollow, mocking, scornful laugh.

"A good day's work," she said. "It is equal to my own. The suspicions I have entertained are not groundless, as I warned you yesterday. I have been inquiring into the history of this John Hermann, the *adopted*, not the real son of Ernest Hermann; his name is John Chisholm Kingston. He is the child of John Chisholm, eldest son of Martin Kingston, your grandfather, and consequently is your cousin."

"How did you get this precious information?—how do you know it is true?" asked Mark, shortly and fiercely.

"By inquiring, and by comparing the results of my inquiries with facts contained in certain letters in my possession. I have ascertained that Mr. Hermann and his wife found this child in the care of a poor woman, some seventeen years ago, and adopted him. His father and mother were dead. The name of the parents was given as Chisholm. Nothing was known of them, except that they had come, in extreme poverty, to this woman's house, and lodged

there, while the husband and wife worked for bread until they died for want of it, and left this child. Now, I know that that man, driven by pride and poverty to a mere boval, was John Kingston. I have told you he married without his father's consent—contrary, indeed, to his express commands, and his father, in a moment of stormy passion at his disobedience, forbade him ever to enter his doors again.

"I was not sorry for John when this happened. He and I had ever been at enmity with each other. He disliked me from the moment that I entered the family, on my mother's marriage with his father. I was a dark, plain child, sullen and fierce; he, a merry, handsome, gay-tempered boy, fair and open as the daylight. He shrunk from my society; he disliked and distrusted me—my nature was so different from his. As I grew older, I learned secretly to admire him, for his beauty and light-heartedness, spite of my former childish enmity. But he never changed. He never could bring himself to like me. I understood this, and then I hated him from the bottom of my heart. I was triumphant, when his reign in his father's house was over. He left it in anger, and sorrow, and pride—and that pride, I knew, would never permit him to enter it again, until recalled; until his father repented.

"Mr. Kingston neither saw nor heard of him, afterwards; and at the end of a year, beginning to repent his severity, he sought him far and wide; but he could not find him. I knew where he dwelt. I knew that he was poor, and in actual need; but I would not tell of it. I help him to a reconciliation with his father? No! I only took the place that he had lost, and made myself a favorite. I knew that Martin Kingston would gladly have taken John and his wife Amy to his home and his heart; but I kept them apart. John was ignorant of what I could have told him—that his father had relented; and he was too proud to seek his aid. I lost sight of them after four years; but after another year, a letter by accident fell into my hands, directed to Martin Kingston. It was sealed with black. It came from *her*—from Amy, John's wife, to say that her husband was dead, and her child and herself nearly starving. It told of the place where they were. I kept that letter. It never reached its destination. I said to myself, that as I hated John Kingston, for having slighted me, and his wife, *because she was his wife*, so should that hatred measure my revenge.

"Other letters came afterwards. I intercepted them also. They were pitiful letters, Mark. They would have moved a stone; but I was

harder than stone. By-and-by they ceased altogether. I did not hear either of her or her child. Three years passed away, and I went to the place where they had been. I found that Amy was dead, and the woman, with whom she had dwelt after her husband's death, had gone away. Of the child, I could only discover that it had been taken by some wealthy people, and adopted. Who these people were, I could not learn. I found that John had been known only by the name of Chisholm, in that neighborhood.

"I have dreamed of making you, Mark, the heir of these lands, and of your grandfather's wealth. My scheme is well-nigh ruined, now, for even though you should gain Kate's hand, yet it would avail you little, if your grandfather discovers that this John Hermann, the pastor, is the child of the son whom he idolized so, for he has said to me once—the only time I have heard him mention his name—that if John had died, and had only left a child that could be recognized, even were it at the ends of the earth, he would find it, and make it his heir."

Mark Wayland's face was like a thunder-cloud. "And you are sure," he said, "that this John Hermann is the child of John and Amy Kingston?"

"There is no longer a doubt. The facts that I have discovered fully coincide with the contents of Amy Kingston's letters, and with the knowledge I possess concerning her circumstances, and those of her husband, while they lived in the neighborhood whither I followed them. These—" She was placing her hand in her pocket, when a slight sound, like a deep-drawn sigh, or groan, was heard. Pausing, with a start, she looked about. Mark uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Well, what are you afraid of?" he asked. "The wind among the leaves? for it was nothing more."

She laughed hysterically. "My fancies make me nervous. I was going to say that these (drawing a package from her pocket) are Amy's letters. Read them. They will be satisfactory enough."

The vines that shaded the little porch by which they stood, were dashed violently apart. Mr. Kingston's hand—not Mark's—grasped the letters. He stood before them, his face white as death, wearing a stern, reproachful look, that made the mother and son, guilty as they were, shrink. They were silent and afraid, before him, their audacity quailed at his indignant glance.

"Miserable woman, what have you done?" he said, bitterly. "I have heard your conversation from its commencement until the close. An

accident led me to this spot—a mere chance by which I heard a few words, concerning my affairs; it was my own sense of right and justice that induced me to listen till the close of an avowal concerning my own happiness, and another's welfare. I know, now, the treachery that has surrounded me these many years. Go, both of you! and never appear where my glance can rest on you hereafter."

He entered the house, and left them there. He went and locked himself in his study, and opening the letters directed to him, read them slowly, one after another. They brought the tears to his eyes. His son's wife had written them. One was written by the death-bed of John, and in it, she asked him to pity John's child, if she should die too. She told how John had struggled to keep them from starvation. Another was written after she had recovered from a dangerous illness, which succeeded her husband's death. "I have no strength to work," she said, "scarcely to pen these few feeble words. The kind woman, in whose house I dwell, poor though she is herself, asks no reward for her many kindnesses, else I should be driven into the street."

There was only one other. A wild, despairing heart-cry—the last wild wail of human agony. It had not touched the wretched woman who had listened to it. The appeal for mercy had been in vain. * * *

That day, Ernest Hermann received a hastily written note from Mr. Kingston, sketching the chief part of the facts detailed above, and beseeching him to come to him immediately. "Do not bring *him* yet," it ran, "for I dread a disappointment. I would not meet him until the thing is proved beyond a doubt." Ernest Hermann's feelings, on reading this note, were a mingling of surprise, sorrow and joy for his son—for thus we must still call him. He summoned John immediately, and acquainted him with the affair, giving him, at the same time, Mr. Kingston's note. John's countenance was pale with his emotion. "Go, my dear sir," he said, pressing Mr. Hermann's hand; "go, and may you bring me good tidings. Here is my father's picture;" and he drew the long-preserved relic from his breast, gazing once more on the beloved features as he did so. "Take it to him. See if he recognizes in it his son. And O, sir," he added, beseechingly, "do not tell me, when you return, that this is not as we believe now. I shall die if you do." He sank down in a chair, as Ernest left the apartment, with his face buried in his hands.

An hour he lingered, but it seemed to him an age; then the hall door opened and closed.

Steps were heard—those of Ernst and Mr. Kingston. The door of the library was opened, and he stood there—that white-haired man. He spoke to John—his voice was trembling—not as it usually was, strong and steady. His face was very pale. He held out his arms. And then they knew what they were to each other. * *

Why follow out this story? It would be useless to pursue Mark Wayland's career of crime, or to record its end. His mother disappeared. She could carry ill-will and malice no farther.

And here we leave them. Kate Kingston was not the sole inheritor of her grandfather's wealth now. It was, before many years, shared with her cousin John.

FRETTING.

"Fret not thyself," says the Psalmist. *Man-kind* have a great proneness to fret themselves. Their business does not prosper according to their expectations; customers do not pay promptly; competition is sharp; those in whom they have confided prove treacherous; malice and envy hurl their envenomed shafts; domestic affairs go contrarywise; the wicked seem to prosper, while the righteous are abased. In every lot there is ample material to make a goad, which may pierce and rankle in our souls, if we are only so disposed.

Fretting is of the nature of certain diseases, assuming various types. Disease is sometimes acute—coming on suddenly in the midst of health, and with but little premonition, raging violently through the system, causing fever and racking pains; soon reaching its crisis, and rapidly running its course, either to kill or to be cured. So with fretting. At times it overtakes the constitutionally and habitually patient and gentle. Strong provocation assails them unawares, throws them off their guard, upsets their equanimity, and causes an overflow of spleen that they did not know was in them to that degree.

Diseases, however, often assume the chronic type, becoming embedded in the system, deranging its organs, interfering with the performance of the natural and healthful functions, and lingering year after year, like a vampire, to extract the vital juices. In like manner fretting becomes chronic. Peevishness, irritability, censoriousness, complaining, indulged in, assume a habit, gaining thereby strength and power, until the prevailing temper is fretfulness. It argues a sadly diseased condition of the soul, when this distemper becomes one of its fixtures. To such a one everything goes wrong. The whole mechanism of society is thrown out of gear; instead of moving smoothly; as when lubricated by the oil of kindness and charity, its cogs clash, and its pivots all grate harshly.—*Boston Journal*.

He that has never known adversity, is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

ONE KIND THOUGHT OF THEE.

BY CLIFTON M. BARKLEY.

You ask for one kind thought of thee,
In after years gone by;
And think of joyous hours that we
Have passed so pleasantly.
You ask for one kind thought of thee,
The days of pleasure past,
And think of joyous hours that we
Have whiled away so fast.

Ah, couldst thou think that I'd forget,
Although we were to part,
One that I love, too fondly love,
One that has won my heart.
No! time may pass, and years may change
Your feelings towards me;
Your love might fill another heart,
Still I would think of thee.

TEACHER AND PUPIL.

BY HORATIO FOLGER.

MANY years ago, in what is now one of the most thriving manufacturing villages of New England, stood a small school-house, but, small as it was, it was all-sufficient for the accommodation of the scholars of the little hamlet. Malcolm Wallace was the tutor, and an excellent one he was. Strict and severe, but never unjust nor revengeful. Of a firm, unyielding will, but never led away by anger or passion. He was of Scotch descent, as his name would indicate, and he possessed in an ample degree the hardy, honest characteristics of his ancestors.

One bright summer's afternoon, Malcolm Wallace sat in his desk, and for a long while after the school had been called to order he remained upon his high stool with a thoughtful, troubled countenance.

"Edward Lee!" he at length pronounced, firmly, but yet reluctantly, "come hither."

A bright-eyed, golden haired boy, of some twelve or fourteen years, answered the summons. He was a proud-looking lad, and his dark, gray eye flashed as he met the master's stern look, but there was a quiver of the nether lip, and a blanch-spot upon the cheek, which told of a fluttering heart.

"Edward," the master spoke, "yesterday thou toldst me that thy mother kept thee at home. Thou rememberest?"

The boy hung his head, but made no reply.

"I saw thy mother this noon, Edward, and she told me she had never kept thee from school. Thou hast broken two most needful rules. That thou didst play the truant is not so bad as the

falsehood thou toldst to me. Give me thy hand."

The boy extended his hand, and Malcolm Wallace took his heavy ferule and prepared for the punishment. The first blow descended quick and strong, but the boy neither cried out nor shrunk. Straight and bold he stood, his dark eye flashing, and his lip now firm as iron. The punishment was inflicted, and the boy took his seat. For a while the master was stern and thoughtful, for he thought the boy all stubbornness; but soon he saw Edward's head droop, and as he slowly walked down the opposite aisle he saw that the boy was weeping, for he could see the tears roll down between his fingers and drop upon the floor. The tutor's features relaxed in a moment, and with a lighter step he returned to his desk.

That evening, when the scholars were dismissed, Malcolm Wallace bade Edward remain, and after all others were gone the boy was called up. His look was defiant, and his small hands were clenched.

"Edward Lee," commenced the tutor, slowly and feelingly, "I have detained thee for thy good, so listen to me as thy friend. O, Edward, it pained me most bitterly to punish thee this afternoon, but thou knowest I could not help it, and yet I can most plainly see that wert thou to depart now thy heart would be hardened towards me, and for thine own evil. Edward, I would not that it should be thus. God has given thee a noble heart, and it pains me to see noxious weeds growing up there. Edward, thy mother wept when she knew thou hadst spoken a falsehood."

For the first time the boy's lip trembled, and his eye lost its fire. Malcolm proceeded:

"Now look forward, Edward, to the time when thou shalt be a man, and reflect upon the character thou wouldst sustain. Think of thy widowed mother, and reflect upon the pride she may feel in her noble son. O, how sad, how mournful, the fate of him whose word is not to be trusted. Error is the shadow of earth which rests upon all, but falsehood is a sin which the wicked alone embrace. I love thee, Edward, and I shall be happy if thou art happy; and full well thou knowest where happiness is to be found. Never—O, never make me punish you again. Go home, now, and as you go think upon what I have said; and ere you sleep I hope you may have solemnly given your heart to truth and honesty for life. Edward, thou canst make thy mother very happy if thou wilt but assure her that she may ever have confidence in her son. Remember—thou art all God has spared to her

now on earth to cherish and to love. I do not think thou wilt ever again cause her to weep. There—now go—and God be with and bless you to the end.”

A moment the boy gazed into Malcolm's face, and then he bowed his head and wept. He saw all, and he knew all. He knew that of late he had spoken falsely many times, but the truth was upon him now. He could not speak, for his heart was too full. But that night he told his mother all, and upon her bosom he pledged his soul to truth forevermore.

* * * * *

The village school was closed, and Malcolm Wallace moved away. Time passed on, and new scholars grew up to fill the little school-house. Men came to the hamlet, and upon the broad stream which flowed near by they discovered a noble opportunity for turning the rushing waters into a power for the use of man. Large mills went up, and ere long the simple hamlet grew to a great village, and the hum of business was heard, and the habitations of man arose upon the spot where birds and beasts were wont to repose in the forest shade. The little school-house was sold to a shoe-maker, and a great academy was raised upon the spot where it had stood.

Among the first to engage in the manufacturing interest was Edward Lee. His mother owned a tract of land close by the falls of the river, and it was necessary to cut a canal through it, and also to build upon it. So Edward, now a man, entered into the business, and he was soon among the first men in the thriving place. And among all the business men of that town, Edward Lee stood pre-eminent for his unswerving integrity and pureness of character. Even the boys had been told by their hopeful parents to try and imitate that man.

And so the years passed on, and Edward Lee became wealthy and influential, and finally he accepted the office of representative to the State legislature. He had often been urged to accept the trust, but until now his business had prevented; but now a matter of more than usual importance was to come before the legislature for final adjustment, and he consented to go. When the legislature had organized, Mr. Lee was placed upon the committee on jails and prisons, and also upon other important commissions.

One day the committee visited the prison where poor debtors were confined.

“Ah,” said Edward Lee to one of his companions, as they two walked on, leaving the others with the jailor, “this is a system of things that needs correcting. How many of these poor

men may be in here only from malice—men who have been overtaken by misfortune, and who have done nothing absolutely wrong.”

“True, true,” returned the other. “And yet it is difficult to discriminate in these matters. It would be almost impossible to make a law which could punish the dishonest and at the same time save the unfortunate.”

“I think you mistake,” said Lee, modestly. “The absolutely dishonest may be reached by other statutes; but simple debt is not a crime. This is one of those misfortunes to which all business is subject. Society is very apt to take its tone from the laws by which it is governed, and so long as a poor debtor can be cast into prison because, simply, he is unable to pay, just so long there will be a tendency to recklessness in business, for the seller knows that he holds a terrible power over the buyer. But let this law be done away with—or, at least, be essentially modified—and then society will begin to look more to the native honesty of its members. In short, I am often pained to find how many of our statutes make misfortune a crime, and, practically, make wealth a shield, behind which all sorts of unfairness, and even crime, may be perpetrated. Is it not so?”

“It is, sir. Truly, truly.”

The conversation was here stopped by the arrival of the jailor, and at length, as they stopped before a cell at the extreme end of one of the narrow corridors, that functionary said:

“Here, gentlemen, is the hardest case we have,” pointing to the cell. “There is an old man in there who has been confined for over four years, and the circumstances are peculiar.”

“Let us hear them,” said Mr. Lee.

“Well, you see—this way a little, gentlemen, so that he may not hear. You see he settled down in S——, and engaged as teacher of Greek, Hebrew and Latin in the academy there. He was an old man then. He had a few hundred dollars in money which he was persuaded to invest in the concern; and he did it without knowing that the establishment was already deeply in debt. In the adjoining town of M—— there was another school of like character, and this one at S—— was looked upon as a dangerous rival. So an enmity sprang up, and not long afterwards the latter school was discontinued. There were a number of outstanding notes, and one of the leaders of the M—— academy bought them up, meaning, when he did so, to use the power thus gained in breaking down the establishment; but before he could do so the academy gave up operations of its own accord, and most of those who had been engaged in it left for parts unknown.

The man who had bought up the notes was exasperated beyond measure when he found how things had turned, and in his wrath he came down on the poor old man who is now confined here. That old man's name was upon three of the notes—they were signed by the three professors jointly and severally—and he swore the poor man should either pay the notes, or lie in prison until they were paid. Perhaps he hoped that one or both of the missing professors might come forward and pay up under such circumstances; but they never will, and the iron-hearted creditor will keep his oath."

"Have neither of those professors been found?" asked Lee.

"No, sir. But they've been heard from. They've got no money; and they say if the creditor can get his pay by keeping this man in prison he is welcome!"

"And this prisoner's name?"

"Wallace—Malcolm Wallace!"

"Let me see him."

"He likes not to see strangers."

"But I knew him once. Let me go in alone."

The jailor unbarred the heavy door, and Edward Lee entered the cell. It was a small, close room, with walls of stone, and furnished with a low bed, a table, a chair, and a small private book-case. Upon the chair sat an old man, over whose ears and shoulders the hair flowed in snowy whiteness, and whose brow was deeply furrowed by age and sorrow. He was sadly changed, but yet Edward recognized at a glance his stern, yet kind-hearted old tutor. His feelings were deeply worked upon, but he betrayed them not.

"I am one of the committee appointed by our legislature to visit this place," said Edward, as the old man looked uneasily up.

"Ah," returned Malcolm, in a tone so deep and hollow that the visitor was startled. "Then go and tell them you found an old man dying here! dying because he cannot pay that which he never owed. Tell them—But pass on, sir."

Malcolm Wallace bowed his head, and when he looked up again he was alone.

"That man had a kind look," he murmured to himself. "Perhaps he might have helped me. His look was very kind. But who should care for an old man like me?"

The day wore on, and the night came and passed, and on the next morning the keeper came as was his wont.

"Malcolm Wallace," he said, "you are free."

"Free? Free?" the old man uttered, seemingly to doubt the evidence of his own senses.

"Yes—free."

"And has Mr. H———relented?"

"No. Your debt is paid."

"Ha—then B——, or F——, has returned?"

"No. A friend has paid it all."

"A friend? What mean you?"

"That is all I know. A man visited you yesterday."

"Yes—yes. O, he had a kind, a very kind look."

"Well, he has paid the full amount—fifteen hundred dollars—and you are free."

"Free—Free!" the poor man murmured, clasping his hands over his eyes, and sinking back into his seat. "Alas, but I am now homeless! 'Twere better I had died here!"

"Perhaps not. But at any rate, you shall see your deliverer first. He has left word for you to be sent to him. Come, follow me."

Malcolm Wallace arose and followed his conductor out. At the office he stopped, and here a warm cloak, and other necessary articles of clothing were furnished him, and ere long he found himself within a closely-covered stage-body, said body being now on runners, for the snow lay hard and frozen upon the ground. Nearly all the day he travelled in the stage, only stopping at noon to take dinner, and just as the sun was sinking to rest, he was set down in front of a splendid dwelling which stood in a thickly settled village. He had just time to observe that near at hand were a pile of large factories, when a servant came and led him up the walk into the house. He was ushered into a large parlor, where a cheerful fire burned in the polished grate, and there he was bid to sit down.

More like one in a dream than like a waking man did Malcolm Wallace hold out his cold hands to the fire, and more than once did he actually shut his eyes, shake himself, and then look about him again, to see if he should not, after all, awake and find himself in his own dark cell. But it must be real. He was thus pondering when he heard a door open, and on looking up he saw his visitor of the day before. He started to his feet and put forth his hands.

"Are you—sir—my—preserver?" he gasped, at broken intervals.

"I have taken thee from a debtor's prison, Malcolm Wallace, and I mean that henceforth thou shalt find a home here with me."

"You—you. But how is it, kind sir? I—I—O, what angel hath God sent to me now?"

"Do you not know me, Malcolm Wallace?"

"No, sir. And yet thy face is familiar."

"Do you know what town you are in?"

"No, sir."

"You are in M——."

The old man started.

"Do you remember, some thirty years ago, a naughty boy whom you punished, and with whom you afterwards kindly counselled and advised?"

"Edward Lee?"

"Yes."

"And you——"

"Was once that boy—now a man—rich, honored and respected. Ay, Malcolm Wallace, I am known of all men now as one in whose honor and integrity they may safely confide. But I have never for one day lost sight of that time when you and I were alone in that little school-house, with only God to overhear us. You changed the whole current of my feelings then, and from that hour my soul has not lost sight of the noble goal you pointed out to me. I have grown rich—you have grown poor. The capital of soul upon which my interest of true manhood has accumulated you settled upon me. Now let me pay the debt. If you would prove your gratitude, accept without a thought of opposition the home and the love I now offer."

The old man had sank down into his chair during the latter part of this speech, and before he could reply, a third person was in the room—a white-haired, but hale old woman.

"Malcolm Wallace," she said, extending her hands, "what jolly rare old companions we shall be."

It was Edward's mother.

If Malcolm had held a thought of opposition before, he did so no longer, for the greeting of that noble, old lady had a music for his soul from which he had no desire to break away. The first whelming flood of gratitude had passed, and as his heart began to struggle up from beneath the load, it felt so light and joyous, that he clasped his hands and wept like a child.

So the old tutor found a home such as he had never before even dreamed of since he left the paternal roof in the age that had passed away.

By-and-by the tutors at the academy began to wonder at the remarkable forwardness of Edward and Lucy Lee, and more than once young Edward whispered in his master's ear the solution of a problem over which he was puzzling. Ah, old Malcolm Wallace was at his old trade, and ere long Mr. Lee found that his mother was not the only one who had gained a genial companion, for his children clung to that old man with loving hearts, and day by day their minds were growing rich with gems of thoughts and genius drawn from his fund of knowledge and experience.

"Ah," said Mr. Lee, to his wife, as they sat

one evening and heard Malcolm reading a solemn life-lesson to his attentive children, "when I did that generous deed which gave my old tutor a home, I little dreamed of the treasure I was gathering for our loved children."

The wife smiled gratefully. She felt it all.

THE CITY OF LYNN.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Nahant, speaks as follows of a ride to the city of shoes, leather, shoemakers and statesmen: "When we pass the tongue of land which connects Nahant with Lynn, we have little else than different phases of a pretty village or ruralized town and an eternity of leather. Gods, what a crowd of shoemakers! There being nothing but shoemakers, it is understood the people live on leather, being very expert in cooking it tripe-fashion. All the statesmen of New England here appear as shoemakers. If the motto '*Ne tutor ultra crepidam*,' had been held to in New England, it is probable that a 'galaxy of eloquence' (blessings on the novel phrase!) would have been wanting. The Choates are shoemakers, and Websters, and Chases, and Everetts, and Adamses and the Lord knows who all. Shoes! shoes! shoes! Who'll buy? But understand that a Lynn shoemaker is to Lynn what a manufacturer is to Boston, merchant to New York, a lawyer to Philadelphia, a politician to Washington, and a planter to Charleston. It is the leather aristocracy of the place. There is Mr. Oliver, who has built a gem of a country seat where, if the inside be like the outside, we vote for leather. And all so neat through the town! No rubbish—no beggars—no fools. The people are all tidy, bright, and with the saline rose on their cheeks which cometh of the breeze and the fog. After shoes, in another part of the community come fish. All the streets here and houses have an ancient and fish-like smell—economies wrested out of the deep by the bold-souled inhabitants."

WEST FAILURES.

A gentleman from down east emigrated—against his wife's wishes—to Chicago, Illinois. He had long been famous for curing bacon hams, a good supply of which he took with him. One day, some friends (lovers of that description of meat) called to dine with him, expecting to regale themselves upon one of their friend's best. It happened, however, unfortunately, that the supply had given out—and the dutiful wife knowing the expectations of the guests, sent out and purchased one of Western cure. In due time dinner was announced, and the guests were delighted to see a fine-looking ham, piping hot, nicely skinned, and the fatty surface laid out in gelda, with a goodly proportion thereof sown with pepper, and altogether presenting an inviting appearance. The pretty lots, however, were soon ploughed up and distributed among the "heirs." But on inserting his incisors and molars, the husband was suspicious that the ham was not one of his own curing—he therefore sent up the inquiry—"wife, is this one of our hams?" "No, my dear," archly replied his better half, "this is one of your *West Failures*."—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE LOVED THAT ARE GONE.

BY R. F. SMITH.

List to the music, 'tis the murmur of angels,
As gently they float to earth from above;
Thine tones of melody, as from our Father
They come to watch o'er our slumbers in love.
List to the melody,
Beautiful harmony,
Lingering echoes lull us to sleep,
Music of vigils the angels keep.

Why should we grieve for them, those that have gone
before?

Why should we mourn for them? heaven's their home;
Are they not angels bright, angels all happiness?
Are they not waiting there for us to come?
Happy e'ermore above,
With the great God they love,
Glory is thine, seraphs forever,
Say, should we weep? Ah, never—never.

Hovering over us and guarding our slumbers,
Those that we loved, that are gone from us now;
Raising their voices in the praise of Jehovah,
Musical voices, so gentle—so low.
O, how I wish that I
To all the world could die,
Die to live with angels in heaven,
To rest with God, a seraph,—forgiven.

ERMENGARDE.

BY FRANCIS P. PERRELL.

THE girl who sung at the gate of the chateau was tall and finely formed. A profusion of black hair, neatly dressed, somewhat lightened the effect of her bronzed skin with its crimson stain upon her cheek. She wore the short skirt and red cloak of the gipsies, and struck her tambourine with emphasis, while she shouted rather than sang, a wild mountain tune. Opposite on the paling sat a child her exact contrast. High born and richly clad, blonde, delicate, ethereal; her large, dreamy, blue eyes vaguely bent on her companion, who was scarcely a brace of years the older. This was Ermengarde, the heiress by royal grant, of the finest patrimony in all Provence; the other was Magarine the gipsy.

"Well?" said Magarine, in the familiar *patois*, with a short dry laugh as she finished, "How wouldst like to sing so?"

"I had much rather sing my way," answered the child.

"And how may that be?"

"Listen!" and little Ermengarde warbled a sweet air of the Provencal singers.

"Well done!" cried Magarine. "Thou wouldst not then fancy my wild, roaming life?"

"I had rather live here."

"Ay! it is a sooth place for thee, who art dainty and small, and yet it is, as I view matters, more mine than thine! Who would say thou and I were sisters? Yet so we are!"

"Yes," answered Ermengarde, nothing moved. "Thou art much darker than I, and hast redder cheeks, and thou art older."

"Nathless, we had one father. Thou wilt go, ere many years, by virtue of thy rank, and wait on the person of the queen. It is my right. But such is civilized life. I scorn it! and what care I? I shall meet thee there, sister."

"What is thy name?"

"Margarine."

"Well, I will see thee then, Magarine. I shall know thee by thine ear-rings."

The girl laughed, and bending her head forward, dangled the jewels till they rang again. They were superb pendant rubies, long and sparkling, singularly out of place with her rustiegarb, and each of them worth a duke's ransom.

"I may pay thee for thy music?" said Ermengarde.

"If thou wilt, surely!" was the answer, and the child laid a gold coin in her extended brown palm. Magarine looked wonderingly, bit it with her brilliant teeth, rang it on the flag of the pavement, and having thus tested its value, deposited it in the skin pouch at her belt, took up her broad hat, and saying: "Thou wilt know me by my mother's jewels, little countess," walked away.

Time passed, and the orphan Countess Ermengarde was called to attend the queen of France, the wife of Philip the Fair, and the hearts of both king and queen being warmed towards her, they bestowed greater tenderness on her than upon all their other maidens. Scarcely had she become accustomed to regal state and pomp, ere in the handsome wife of the old Duc d'Alsace, she recognized Magarine. The rubies still hung in her ears, and she stepped with as native a grace as if she had never known other title than duchess. As the duchess swept by, haughty and without recognition, scorned the support offered by the arm of her chevalier, Sir Drusil Orryyu, Ermengarde, with womanly tact, adopted a similar course, and they met, only on the new ground of nearly equal rank. But Sir Drusil cast his eyes behind him and suffered their gaze to rest long and admiringly on the lovely Ermengarde, till she shrunk in timid annoyance beneath it; and not long after, a familiar though slightly softened voice startled her, saying:

"Sir Drusil Orryyu desires the Countess Ermengarde's acquaintance."

It was Magarine, who with a face free from everything but distant and bland politeness, presented her chevalier.

A year was hardly necessary for Sir Drusil's noble qualities to find their echo in the depths of Ermengarde's heart, nor for her tender, pliant grace to bind him to herself, close as lovers may be bound. Yet a year elapsed—a year in which, although love was in Sir Drusil's every glance, he had never yet spoken it; and through which the face of Magarine, with its passionate splendor, flashed upon them here and there, like a torch over troubled waters—ere one sweet summer evening found them standing side by side on the moonlit strand of the royal hunting seat. As they wandered down the pleached alley, Sir Drusil plucked a spray of orange flowers and offered them to Ermengarde.

"Wilt have these blooms?" said he, "I go eastward to Palestine soon; thou mayest, in my absence, weave them through thy fair hair, some morn that makes thee a bride."

"Never! never!" she cried. "I will be no bride but thine!" Then, instantly perceiving her breach of womanly decorum, she hid her face in her hands and turned quickly away.

"Ermengarde!" said Sir Drusil, laying a detaining hand on her arm; she faced him almost fiercely.

"Thou didst force me to it!" she cried, "else I had never so spoken!"

"But listen!"

"I will not listen. I will not hear thee spurn me! Am I a worm to be crushed remorselessly? Thou didst tell me, if not in word, yet in glance, in deed, that thou lovedst me. And if I speak the word, am I to blame? No. Thou art dear to me! and now scorn as thou wilt!"

The strength and emphasis with which she spoke, were marvellous in one so gentle, yielding and loving. Sir Drusil still detained her.

"Ermengarde," he said, "I feared thee, I feared myself, therefore I was going eastward. I did trust thou wouldst forget me and wed elsewhere, for my oath binds me. Thou knowest a knight templar can never wed. I may not say I love thee. I am a knight templar."

Those two dreadful words fell upon her heart like heavy blows, striking her stone still. Sir Drusil hesitated, then bent his head forward, pressed his lips to hers, in one long, passionate kiss. "Farewell!" he cried, and was gone.

When Ermengarde awoke from her momentary lethargy, and slowly retraced her steps, she knew that the two eyes, sparkling, as their owner boldly crashed through the myrtle thicket, were Magarine's.

As passive and pale she stood in the queen's boudoir that night, his majesty King Philip entered, and throwing himself in an arm chair, in an easy posture, as if weary of royal dignity. Soon he became lost in troubled thought. The queen stole behind his chair, and as her gentle fingers charmed away the vexation from his brow:

"What ponderest so gloomily?" said she, laughingly.

King Philip roused himself and smiled as he divided his seat with his wife.

"I was thinking, my love, of the knight templars," he said, "how I may rid myself of them. Harken! What is that in the shrubbery? Ho, guards!" and he called the night watch round beneath the window and resumed: "These templars, they are the pest of all Europe. Their power is wonderful. Even thrones are not stable with them. Nothing is safe while they exist. They meddle with crown and stole, with cradle and coffin, king and lady. They make and mar. I vow to Heaven, that order shall vanish!"

"But how? Will it not assume new forms?"

"That is what I must guard against. It were easy enough to abolish them, but how to make an effective end without bloodshed." He meditated. "Ah! I see now. It must be so," he added, "Ay, that were the better way;" and rising quickly, he strode from the room where all this time Ermengarde had stood motionless, drinking in every word.

The sun rose bright and clear next day, but all its glory for Ermengarde was overcast. The summer warmth and sunshine had vanished, and winter had shat down on her young heart. The chimes of St. Magdalene's had struck out the tenth hour of the day, and their musical intonation was still vibrant on the air when her *femme-de-chambre* introduced a messenger into the Countess Ermengarde's apartment in the palace. The king and his suite had started on a hunt at the first gray of dawn, and the queen not requiring the presence of her bower ladies for an hour to come, Ermengarde sat miserable and listless alone.

The messenger half-kneeling said, "Thou art wanted, whither I shall lead thee!"

Ermengarde waved him impatiently away, and would have returned to her grief, but he added:

"I was bidden to declare, if thou didst hesitate, that the safety of Sir Drusil Orryu hung on thy acquiescence."

Mechanically Ermengarde arose, and after a moment's preparation, followed the messenger from the palace. Crossing the park, they mounted steeds in waiting, and Ermengarde perceived,

after an hour's gallop, that they were approaching Paris. Leaving their horses without the gate, they threaded innumerable narrow streets, and at last entering a small boat, glided quietly down the Seine. Winding in and out, among arches, bridges, and quays, Ermengarde took no notice, till she found they had silently passed under a wharf, the trap door had fallen behind them, and one holding a torch that reflected ruddy light in the black pool, waited on steps whose long ascent was lost in gloom. The boat grated alongside of the wet, worn staircase, and ascending it, Ermengarde was finally ushered into a dark hall. One in the distance, called her name aloud. "Here am I," she answered in a clear tone. Sliding doors were thrown open, the hall grew lighter, and as long, black curtains were drawn apart, the full light of wax tapers poured out upon her, and Ermengarde advanced.

Drawn on the wall opposite, over the head of one who seemed possessed of authority, were two swords crossed above a skull. Various groups of unhelmeted men in armor, many of whom Ermengarde recognized as courtiers and nobles about the king, were conversing in low, eager tones, throughout the room. Here, were some assorting piles of Damascus blades—where the gold was drawn and mingled with the steel, as fine as woman's tresses. There, were others, tracing maps, labelling poisons, and trifling with tame leopards, and on one side, round a low, marble table, sat a stern conclave, pen in hand, above unwritten parchments, and as Ermengarde saw him who stood at their head, the armorial bearings of a serpent stinging a gauntlet, branded on his bare bosom, she was aware that she stood among the knight templars.

A woman is indispensable to every undertaking, and therefore, nearly in the centre of the room, shrouded in a long cloak, stood Magarine, between two nobles; her bold, black eyes just glanced at the timid Ermengarde, and she resumed her earnest conversation.

"It will be necessary to remove the veil," suggested one, and as Ermengarde did so, her cloak slipped down, leaving displayed the round, white shoulder half hidden in rich lace. She would have gathered it up again, but was commanded not. An utter silence now usurped the murmurs.

"The Countess Ermengarde will repeat the conversation of last evening, with Sir Drusil Orryya," said he who sat beneath the skull.

"I recognize no authority to compel such a course," answered Ermengarde, haughtily.

"Sir Drusil, both bound by vow, and to save thy life, has already repeated it; it is necessary

to hear it from the lady's lips. The same reason that caused her to come here, may be urged again."

Ermengarde delayed. The blushes streamed over her delicate face, and the fair hair, falling from beneath its fillet of pearls, in long, unringleted waves, was tremulous with her breath, as with hanging head and downcast eyes, she said:

"Let this suffice. I confessed that I loved him, who loved not me."

"Not so!" said a low, deep voice, as one of the writers rising, revealed Sir Drusil Orryya. "Thou didst confess to one who loved, but held thee and his vows sacred."

"But no words spoken then, have been repeated," said the grand master.

"I shall say nothing more," answered Ermengarde.

"It sufficiently tallies, my lord," said one, and Ermengarde drew her breath again, while Sir Drusil still stood calm and quiet, gazing at her.

"The countess will now repeat the conversation between the king and queen, taking place at about two hours subsequent, in the queen's private apartment."

Ermengarde steadily looked the grand master in the face.

"Not one word of it!" she answered.

"Force, then, will constrain her. What sayest thou?"

"I never betray trust"

"Let her bethink herself. It is doubtless of small consequence, yet it must be heard. The knight templars will regret to use torture, but the countess hath her alternative."

"For what purpose is this infernal company!" then cried Ermengarde. "To entrap weak women treacherously, and wring their lives from them? No! I will repeat *naught* to villains!"

The grand master raised his hand, and a singularly constructed vehicle was wheeled forward. It was an elevated rack, but upon it lay all the instruments of torture that a fiendish ingenuity could devise.

"They are very curious," said one who had waited lover-like upon her in the court. "The countess may make her choice."

She selected a cord, stoutly twisted, and would have handed it across the table to Sir Drusil.

"Nay, it would defeat our purpose," said the grand master, as the armorial-bearer took it away from the knight. "Since the lady will not choose a other," he added, "this will do. We will begin gently," and he lifted the terrible hand-screw, while two others would have impelled her onward; but with a motion full of

dignity, she repelled them, and advancing towards the grand master, extended her hand. He fitted the iron glove on it, drew forward the edges into the grooves, attached the rings, the chains and the wrenches, and waited.

"Thus I atone for my unwomanliness," she murmured, and herself touched lightly with her foot the heavy pendulum that moved the great wheel in whose axle her gloved hand was inserted. Slowly the ponderous circle crashed down, the metal sounded, the painful wrenches turned, the rings screwed tighter, the weights fell, and the nail and flesh and vein and bone were cut and torn and jammed, and the wrenched palm was inserted. The first instant, her face, with its quick expression of excruciating agony, was half held away, the next, it returned, and calmly met the unmoved gaze of Sir Drusil, while still the wheel crashed down, with its sharp spiked axle, lifting, tearing, crushing. At last Sir Drusil could bear it no longer. What were oaths, or vows, or life itself? He sprang forward, tore away the pendulum, un-gyved and unscrewed her hand, and laid bare the mass of fearfully lacerated and broken flesh and bone.

"She faints," said the grand master, quietly, and while one rebung the pendulum, Magarine dashed a powerful liquor in her face, and poured it over the torn and cat limb. The quick, smarting pain recalled the sufferer.

"What thinketh the countess now of torture?" queried the grand master.

"I can suffer more," answered Ermengarde, lifting her other hand; but Sir Drusil intercepted it, and fixing the glove on his own instead, thrust it into the axle.

"On me let it come," he only said.

"By no means!" cried the grand master.

"If it must be, it is easiest thus to wring concession!" answered Sir Drusil, as he gave the pendulum its impetus and again the wheel crashed down.

Ermengarde had stood like one in a maze, quivering and breathless, but now, like a flash, she flung herself at the feet of the master, crying: "I will repeat it all! all! Cease the torture! For the dear Christ's sake!"

"You swear?"

"Yes! yes! I swear!"

He laid his restraining hand upon the wheel, and Magarine herself unbuckled the braised hand of Sir Drusil, and poured over it the quickening and saving liquor. Ermengarde stood erect, repeating rapidly and with preternatural distinctness, every syllable of the king and queen on the preceding night.

"Said his majesty no more?"

"Nothing more."

They led the brave girl to a seat, and with womanly tenderness, the surgeon cleaned and dressed her hand, put together the broken bones, closed the flesh, sewed up the skin, and splintered the whole member.

"Ermengarde," murmured Sir Drusil, as he leaned over her chair, "do not these two hands deserve each other?"

She took the hand (which he had refused to have attended while she recited her narrative), and pressed it, all bleeding and rent as it was, gently to her lips.

"For me—for me—I, who am unworthy!" she whispered.

"Ay and nay!" he answered. "It is a knight templar's expiation for having loved!"

The signification of a past love, which his words implied, stung her. "Why delay here?" she said, imperiously, turning on the surgeon. "Leave me, and bind up there!"

But Sir Drusil utterly refused, till Ermengarde's was finished. When the surgeon had nearly concluded his attention to the knight templar, "The countess must now swear secrecy concerning this morning!" said the grand master.

"Never shall I swear that."

"Wisheth she another such experience?"

"It is in thy power to kill me. Exert that power on a woman, as thou hast done. Cling valiantly to the chivalry whence thy order sprung. Rack and scourge! But I will certainly repeat to the king, faithfully as I have repeated to thee, whatever has transpired this morning."

What the terrible threat in the master's eye meant was not interpreted, for Sir Drusil dashed between and seized Ermengarde in his arms. "Enough! enough!" he said. "Move, on your peril! Now let the knight templars disperse through the kingdoms as they heretofore have done, and when the seal of the temple is given from one to another, let each return to this place. Not before; for there is danger abroad. Shall it be so, my lord?"

There was an unexplained force in Sir Drusil's glance. All the templars approved. "Your oaths still bind ye all," said the grand master. "We will shortly do as thou sayest." And within an hour, Sir Drusil left Ermengarde at the palace.

Immediately seeking the queen, Ermengarde found the king, returned from the hunt, in her company, and detailed, with passionate vehemence, word for word of the day's events. At first, the horror and indignation of Philip and

his queen knew no bounds, but they soon became convinced that open measures would be of little use, and the king became only more thoroughly determined to effect the destruction of the templars.

"And what wilt thou do now, my poor Ermengarde?" asked the queen.

"I will get me to a nunnery," she answered, "where, in rest and peace and worship, I may forget my sorrows."

"By my faith, thou shalt not!" cried the king. "Will we lose our pretty Ermengarde behind a grate?"

"There will be peace and quiet, sire," she responded. "There, since earthly joys are denied me, I can gather heavenly guerdons for my need!" But the king still persisted, and here the conversation dropped.

For a month the fever, that next day seized her, never abated, and when, at last, she rose, so thin and pale and sad, Sir Drusil (who was at court that day) felt his aching heart sink within him, gazing on her, and he inwardly cursed the hour he took knight templar vows.

Ermengarde early withdrew, but there sat one in the shade of the tapestry, whom, in the twilight, he mistook for her. "Meet me, but one moment, Ermengarde, by the Fountain of the Two Angels," he whispered.

Magarine turned her head. "Doth a knight templar forget his oaths?" she asked.

"Thou art omnipresent, Duchesse d'Alsice!" he answered; but the duchess laughed, and left him.

When Ermengarde was sufficiently recovered, and her hand was healed, she again broached the subject of the nunnery.

"We approve, dear one, of thy holy inclination," said the queen. "Yet are we loth to lose thee."

"Now hearken!" cried the king; "for two years thou mayest wear the black garments of the Sisters of Charity, but only as their pupil, and then, if thou persistest, Ermengarde, why, thou mayest go to Jericho, if so it please thee!"

And thus soon, the gentle occupation of tending the sick, praying by the dying, and feeding the needy, began to loosen the weight from her heart-strings. As Ermengarde, in pursuance of her vocation, crossed a broad street one day, she was met by a court page.

"I bring thee a message from one, of whom thou hast doubtless heard," said he, "Sir Drusil Oryyu," and he produced some ivory tablets. Ermengarde would have taken them.

"One moment," said the page, holding them away; and, crushing the tablets in his hand, he

broke them into fragments. "How faithful are nun and knight in their order!" he said, as he brushed away the plumes that shaded his face, and stared full at her.

"I am not yet a nun, Magarine," answered Ermengarde, who, though she knew that she had been rightly defrauded of the message, was nevertheless grieved. "Magarine—" she said.

"I know no such person!"

"Duchesse d'Alsice, then."

"I know no such person?"

"Sister?"

"Ay. Now what wouldst thou, slender countess, nun or nurse?"

"Why dost thou thus perpetually waylay me? Why art thou in league with those who tortured me?"

"Because I am bold, brave and skilful. I am handsome. I have many lovers, and my sources of information are not to be numbered. I am a gipsy, I am a duchess; court and cabin are my fields. Not that I bear any hatred for thee, but I shall alway cross thy path, while there are knight templars. It is my fate!" and bowing low, Magarine, the page, was gone, and weary and dispirited, Ermengarde went on her way. "What chills me thus, and tires me?" she asked herself. "If it is sin, I will seek penance;" and she entered a little chapel on the roadside. Kneeling at the confessional—"My father," she began, when a glimpse of gold at the priest's ear caught her eye, and looking up, she saw the long rubies, sparkling and pendant. The priest turned his face towards her at the interruption: Lo! it was Magarine's! and with a heavier heart, Ermengarde left the place.

Sir Drusil had departed on his pilgrimage, or had shut himself in his castle on the Rhine, few knew which, when one day Ermengarde was summoned to the king.

"Well, little nun, what of thy vocation?" asked Philip.

"It giveth me tranquill happiness!" and indeed her calm, sweet face affirmed the truth of her words.

"The nobles play at tennis, down below," resumed Philip; "when he, who was grand master that cruel day, he who holds the seal of the temple, hurls his ball, do thou designate him."

"That is he," said Ermengarde.

"He? I would as soon have suspected thee! Art thou sure?"

"Quite sure, sire."

"When this seal, that he holdeth, shall be handed from one knight templar to another, they will assemble here, thou saidst. I have discovered the hall where thou wert tortured. I do

not think any of them hear me now. Slowly and surely, little one, and thine enemies and mine shall be no more!"

Sir Drusil Orryyu sat at midnight in his castle turret, angrily brooding over the past, when a tall, light form glided quickly before him, took his hand and led him, as if by fascination, over the draw bridge, across the moat.

"Arm and mount!" cried Magarine to the knight. "Go seek the holy Grail! Waste not thy life, thou man, in fruitless repining, like a girl!" So Sir Drusil filled himself with purpose and with hope, and went onward.

Another year had elapsed, and it matters not by what means Philip the Fair had obtained and circulated the *seal of the temple*, yet thus he had done, and once more the knight templars were gradually collecting. Thus at about this time, the sisters left Ermengarde in charge of a wounded knight. All night, Ermengarde bathed his brow, measured the drops of his cordial, and soothed him to sleep with the gentle waving of her fingers. At last, the moon rounding to the casement, shed its light on the sleeper's face, waking him, and Ermengarde learned, with fear and wonder, that her patient was Sir Drusil. As she stood in the moonlight, her face, pale as death, bound above the brow with black serge, and her hair falling in amber clouds beside it, "Ermengarde! doth thy spirit haunt me?" cried the knight, rising on his elbow.

Ermengarde turned away, daring to give no answer. "I will speak and soothe him," at last she murmured to herself. "That, surely, cannot be wrong!" and she came back; but the couch was empty, the knight was gone, and on the pillow was a handkerchief, embroidered with the heraldry of the *Duchesse d'Alsace*.

The spring and summer wheeled away, and warm September decadence was in the air, when finally, as the templars, with their wondering grand master, were all collected, the king, with an armed band, burst in upon their council, abolished the order, captured and condemned those he judged to be feared, and suffered the others to escape. The scaffold was erected in the public square, the galleries were thronged with lords and ladies, the populace crowded below in thick ranks, all the bells of the city rung merrily as at a bridal, save that of the nearest, which tolled slowly and bodefully. The four knight templars, who had been boldest in intrigue and villany, had already gone to their doom, when upon the balcony opposite the scaffold, entered the queen and her ladies. The king rose and seated the queen, made a sign to the chief officer, and Sir Drusil Orryyu was mar-

shalled on the scaffold, while a new headsman supplanted the other. "The king will pardon Sir Drusil Orryyu," cried a clear voiced herald, "on condition that he wed Rose, daughter of Burgundy."

Sir Drusil made a gesture of dissent, and turned to the block.

"Then let the execution proceed," cried the king. The headsman wiped the blade of his axe and lifted it slowly.

"Stay! stay!" called the herald. "Delay till the holy conventuals be passed!" for a procession of the sisters of charity were winding across the square, where the people opened a lane for them.

"Who dieth?" asked one, in a low tone, of a burgess.

"Orryyu, the templar," was the reply.

Instantly, her companion broke away from the band, and rushing forward, sprung up the steps of the king's balcony, and threw herself at his feet. "Spare him! save him, O my liege! take not his life! rather mine."

The king smiled, while the queen raised the suppliant; and stepping forward, his majesty himself exclaimed, pointing at Ermengarde: "Sir Drusil, if we grant thee life, thou knowest on what other condition?"

"Ay, my liege."

"And dost thou accede to it?"

"I cannot."

"Prithee, why?" demanded the king, imperiously.

"I have sworn. A knight templar is absolved from his oaths only by the grand templar. Philip of France, alone, knoweth where he may be!"

"Ay, do I!" answered the king, with singular condescension. "Yonder, in yon hull, that drops down the Seine, rudder less, sail-less, oar-less. The tide carries him and his mates far out to sea. Never more, shall sight of purple inland gladden their hearts, nor sweet winds blowing from shore, carry messages of love to their ears. They were villains! And there are whistling storms and mighty depths in the Atlantic!"

"Yet, my oath is unabsolved!" answered the templar. The headsman lifted his hood, and turning a sparkle of glowing rubies towards Sir Drusil, the astonished knight beheld Magarine, whom, not ten minutes before, he had seen sitting with the queen.

"When that hull, now floating down the river, runs up the templar's ensign," she said, "thou art absolved. He bade me declare it, who gave me this jewel for thee!" and she

handed him a diamond cross, the gift of the grand master to every templar who withdrew from the order, freed from his oath. A slight wind rippled the scarfs of the ladies in their galleries, while all eyes were bent on the hull dropping out to sea, and, as slowly a black flag ascended the slender mast, the breeze shook out its folds, displaying a serpent biting the gauntlet, quartered with the white skull and crossed swords, drawn on its sombre sheen.

"Thou art no longer a templar!" cried Magarine, throwing down the axe. "Thou art absolved from thy oath! Thou mayest now wed Rose or Ermengarde!" and seizing his hand, she conducted him, as she had before led him from his castle, down the scaffold steps, across the square of wondering, shrinking citizens, and into the palace drawing-room, in whose balcony were the king and queen. The old Duc d'Alsice stared with all his eyes.

"What means this?" cried the king, angrily. "Why see we her grace the Duchesse d'Alsice, in a headsman's garb?" The tone was ominous, but the duchess, with the old gipsy laugh, defied it.

"My errand here is over!" she replied. "The knight templars are extinct. The Duchesse d'Alsice is dead! but Magarine, the gipsy, springs from her ashes. The atmosphere of courts is foul with hatred and woe and death! Give me the free breath of plain and river! I, who am of the proud Bohemian race, dwelling among the mountains, scorn royal Frank and Gaul! I go. Yet first I leave little Ermengarde this memorial—wear it, sister!" and she tore the ruby ear-rings from her ears with violence, and flung them, wet with drops of blood, into Ermengarde's lap. "They are centuries old!" she laughed. "Yet my mother's ear-rings are like the vanities of Paris, and I eschew them!" She knelt down quickly at Ermengarde's feet. "Kiss me speedily on the forehead—as my mother did!" she cried.

Ermengarde threw her arms about her neck, and did so.

"Stay here, dear Magarine!" she said. "Be happy with us." But ere she finished, Magarine had vanished.

By the king's will, Sir Drusil had taken Ermengarde to wife that very day, had not a messenger, in hot haste, broke up court and council, and called all men to camp and casque, with news of the southern rebellion. The command of the army was given to Sir Drusil Orryyu, and day by day news came of his prowess in the battle-field, till at last, victorious, he returned to lay his trophies at the king's feet. And amid

the acclamations of the populace, who shouted just as loudly, a summer gone, beneath his scaffold, now in the triumph, by his side, radiant with beauty and blushes and sumptuous appliances of attire—no longer the pupil of the gentle nuns, but the darling wife of Sir Drusil Orryyu—rode Ermengarde.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

This most popular song was written by Samuel P. Woodworth, while yet he was a journeyman printer, working in an office at the corner of Chambers and Chatham streets. Near by, in Frankfort Street, was a drinking-shop, kept by a man named Mallory, where Woodworth and several friends used to resort. One afternoon, the liquor was super-excellent. Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table, and, smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *cou de vie* was superior to anything he had ever tasted. "No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken; there was one which, in both our estimations, far surpassed this in the way of drinking." "What was that?" asked Woodworth, dubiously. "The draughts of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the wall, on our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer." The tear-drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "True! true!" he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour the "Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript, to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.—*New York Tribune*.

HALLUCINATION OF GREAT MEN.

Spinello, who had painted the "Fall of the Angels," thought that he was haunted by the frightful devils which he had depicted. He was rendered so miserable by this hallucination that he destroyed himself. An artist, who was much engaged in painting caricatures, became haunted by the distorted faces he drew; and the deep melancholy and terror which accompanied these apparitions, caused him to commit suicide. Muller, who executed the copper plate of the Sixtine Madonna, had more lively visions. Towards the close of his life, the Virgin appeared to him, and thanking him for the affection he had shown towards her, invited him to follow her to heaven. To achieve this, the artist starved himself to death. Beethoven, who became completely deaf in the decline of life, often heard his sublime compositions performed distinctly. Goethe, when out riding one day, was surprised to see an exact image of himself, on horseback, dressed in a light colored coat, riding towards him.—*Historical Anecdotes*.

Most dramas are the ideas we form of things. Events which seem to us dramatic are only the subjects which our soul converts into tragedy or comedy, according to our character.—*Balzac*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OUR DOLLAR MONTHLY.

The present number of our Magazine closes the second volume and the first year of its existence. Its complete success has been no less surprising to us than gratifying, for though only one year old, there is but one other monthly in the country, the circulation of which it does not exceed. This simply demonstrates how ready the public are to patronize a really cheap and valuable work. We have labored to make its contents chaste, popular, and graphic, and to freight it each month to the very brim with the best and most cheerful reading matter, in the purest range of our literature.

We shall commence the new year with renewed vigor, and upon nicer paper than we have heretofore used, while the same talented and popular contributors will labor for the pages as during the past year. We shall improve the arrangement of the Magazine according to the experience which a year's labor has given us, and it shall fully merit the patronage so liberally bestowed. It shall continue to be fresh, original, and equally designed for every American fire-side, north or south, east or west, forming, what it purports to be, in every respect, the *cheapest Magazine in the world*.

In order to secure complete sets of the work it is exceedingly desirable that our patrons should renew their subscriptions at once, for the new year, as we only print up to the demand. The utmost economy in time is necessary to enable us to print our already immense edition, and it is out of the question for us to supply back numbers. So great has been the demand for the Dollar Monthly, that we have not now in our office *one number for sale even of the last month's issue*! Therefore subscribe early.

Those who feel friendly to the purpose of furnishing entertaining, moral, and instructive reading for the million, at a price in accordance with the progress of the times, will favor us and the enterprise, by inducing one or two friends to join with them and send their dollar each for this miracle of cheapness.

INDIANS.—A serious effort is now making to civilize the savages of our great western borders. Their fate must be civilization or extermination.

AN OLD SETTLER.

In the recent census investigations at Boston, was found in Ward six a colored female who had arrived to the almost patriarchal age of 110 years. She is familiarly known as "Mother Boston;" her maiden name was Catharine Sheldon. She was born in Boston, and is probably the only one living who was born a slave in this State. She is of rather slender build, and when she rises you have evidence of her great age in her form, which is bent nearly double. She has, however, a rather bright eye, can easily read large print with spectacles, and though slow in her walk, totters but little. Her voice has none of that peculiar quavering tone so often noticed in persons of extreme age. At times she is able to be present at church, the place of meeting being but a short distance from her residence. For the last twenty years, she has not known a sick day. The dark day of 1780, is the event most fixed on her memory. She says that many feared the day of judgment had come, and that, to nearly all, it was a period of terror. Her health is best in cold weather, and when visited, lately, was sitting with the windows and doors open, though the weather was rather cool. This woman was born in the year 1748, or thirty-one years before Napoleon saw the light, and only three after the Pretender made his last descent upon England. Since then, six sovereigns have reigned in England; and the United States, from a population of not over two and a half millions, has increased to twenty-seven millions.

RAILROADS.—The Boston Courier complains of the dangerous rate of speed on our railroads. At times, trains are propelled at the rate of seventy miles an hour, though stoppages and upgrades make the average accomplishment on a route reasonable time. The fault is in the public, however, who insist on speed.

RETURNING.—A large number of Irish lately left this city in one of Train's packets for their native land. They took home a considerable amount of money earned in this country.

CURIOUS.—A pair of white deer, caught in the Rocky Mountains, were lately sold in Cincinnati for two thousand dollars.

ABOUT PORTRAIT PAINTING.

If there is something formidable to the sitter, in maintaining his position before the artist, who is to hand him down to posterity on canvass as a sample of the beauty or intellect of his age and generation, he must not fancy that the trouble is all on his side. There is a *per contra* to every account in this world. The life of Collins, the English artist, abounds in illustrations of this fact. Once upon a time, he saw a little ragged, dirty child, exceedingly picturesque from its tatters and the specimens of its native soil it carried on its little person. It was the very figure to introduce into a rustic scene he was then painting. Accordingly, he sought out the mother, who was, of course, much flattered by the notice taken of her offspring, and made a bargain with her to produce the little sitter the next day. At the appointed hour, the mother and the model appeared—but what a change had come over the infant! It had been scoured clean with soap and water, its hair parted and combed smoothly down over its chubby cheeks, and a blank white pinafore, perfectly clean, extended from its chin to its feet, which was encased in "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" shoes. The picturesque little imp of the day before was gone, and in its place was a child that looked like any other child, and might have figured even in the "children of the nobility," but which would have been entirely out of place in the scene in which the painter had proposed to introduce it. He gently explained the nature of the maternal error, and suggested that he would prefer to have the child brought before him as it appeared when tumbling on the grass, or triumphantly making sand-pies in the middle of the road. But at this idea, the pride of the woman's heart took umbrage. Her child should not be made to look like a fright—an object, etc.—and away she flounced, looking daggers at the painter, bearing the little model she had entirely spoiled for the painter's purpose.

On another occasion, the same artist was painting a little girl, who grew restive under the restraint of sitting.

"Sit still, my little dear," said the good-natured painter, "I'm going to put you in a picture."

"I won't be put in a picture," answered the little girl, bounding from her seat and bursting into tears, "for then you'll carry me away, and I shall never see mama any more;" and it was impossible to explain his meaning satisfactorily and get her back to her seat.

Almost every painter has been subjected to similar disappointments. You agree to paint a

fine, bearded fellow, with a costume priceless for its antiquity and defiance of fashion, and he comes to you clean-shaved, and metamorphosed into a tailor's advertisement—all individuality gone.

The majority of sitters seem determined to look like anybody but themselves. No matter how vain or self-conscious or proud, they will give themselves airs that are unnatural to them, and expressions unfamiliar to their friends. Few, like Cromwell, demand to be painted as they are. The poor artist copies the simulated expression, and his picture is abused because it is not like the sitter. This is the reason why so many daguerreotypes are unsatisfactory and even irre recognizable. A very mild friend of ours, a meek clergyman, was thus daguerretyped into an insane pirate. The daguerreotypist was not at fault—it was the sitter.

Hamlet counselled the players "to leave making their damnable faces and begin;" the portrait-painter might insist on the same condition with his sitters, though without expressing himself with the reprehensible coarseness of the Dane.

The mincing lady of a London tradesman once requested an irritable and eccentric artist to paint her with a smile on her face.

"Madam," was the reply, "I will not paint you with a smile—for a smile is a smirk, and a smirk is a grin, and a grin is a bark, and a bark is a bite, and if I paint any woman under a lord mayoress, may I be hanged!"

A nice, amiable, rational gentleman this, and very fit to work his way as a portrait-painter, who must be as patient as Job, and conciliatory to all sorts of people, until he has made a name, and then he may be as eccentric as Jarvis, if he likes.

Doubtless sitting is a very painful operation. The daguerreotypist has abridged it, as dentists have tooth drawing; but still very few persons can sit properly, even to an instrument.

EDUCATION.—There are upwards of one thousand teachers in the schools of New York. The most liberal provisions are made for the support of these institutions, and they are generally in a very flourishing condition.

ACORNS.—A French chemist has succeeded in producing from 100 lbs. of acorns half a pound of oil and five pounds of alcohol. A person intoxicated on the latter might be called a *corned* man.

DEBT.—Within two years, England and France have added to their national debt \$500,000,000.

SMITHIANA.

The witty and humorous sayings of that noted and good man, the Rev. Sydney Smith, would, doubtless, if remembered and recorded, fill a dozen volumes of the size of those his daughter, Lady Holland, has lately issued. He was the prince of wits, and a wit among princes; and his humor was as rich as his wit. The latter quality, unlike Sheridan's, was spontaneous and unstudied. We learn with surprise that he, the ornament and cynosure of English society, was very shy at the age of thirty-three, but Theodore Hook also used to complain, to his dying day, that he had never completely overcome the uncomfortable sensation of entering a room; and an eminent law-lord, the very model of senatorial and judicial eloquence of the composed and dignified order, has been seen to tremble when he rose to address the House of Lords, like a thorough bred racer when first brought to the starting-post. One obvious solution of this phenomenon is, that the delicacy of perception, the exquisite sensibility to impressions, and the impulsiveness which are essential to humor or eloquence, are almost necessarily accompanied by a certain degree of nervous tremulousness, just as a finely-strung harp vibrates at the slightest touch.

Smith indulged, though not very often, in practical jokes. There was one which Sydney admitted he should like to see repeated, if only as an experiment in physics and metaphysics. It was the one played off in the last century on a Mr. O'Brien, whose bedroom windows were carefully boarded up, so that no ray of light could penetrate. When he rang his bell in the morning, a servant appeared, half dressed and yawning, with a candle, and anxiously asked if he was ill. Ashamed of the fancied irregularity, the patient recomposed himself to sleep, but at the end of a couple of hours rang again, and again the same pantomime was enacted. "Open the shutters." They were opened, and all without was as dark as a wolf's mouth. He was kept in bed until driven to desperation by hunger, when, rushing out upon the landing-place, he found that he had only just time to dress for a late dinner.

At one time he rode on horseback a good deal. About this time he writes: "I used to think a fall from a horse dangerous, but much experience has convinced me to the contrary. I have had six falls in two years, and just behaved like the three per cents. when they fall—I got up again, and am not a bit the worse for it, any more than the stock in question." "At a later period," he says, "I left off riding for the good

of my family; for, somehow or other, my horse and I had a habit of parting company. On one occasion I found myself suddenly prostrate in the streets of York, much to the delight of the Dissenters. Another time, my horse Calamity flung me over his head into a neighboring parish, as if I had been a shuttlecock, and I felt grateful it was not into a neighboring planet." The late Charles Matthews having had his limbs fractured two or three times by falls from gigs, vowed never to enter one again, unless he was first satisfied, by ocular demonstration, that the horse would bear the sawing of the reins under his tail without kicking. Sydney Smith had an equal horror of this description of vehicle, and maintained that, as regarded the prolongation of human life, the invention of gigs had more than counterbalanced the discovery of vaccination.

We have rarely laughed more heartily than we did on first reading the remarks he made on learning a young Scotchman was about to marry a buxom Irish widow, of the neighborhood of double the bridegroom's age, and of ponderous dimensions: "Going to marry her!" he exclaimed, bursting out laughing; "going to marry her! impossible! you mean a part of her; he could not marry her all himself. It would be a case, not of bigamy, but trigamy—the neighborhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for the whole parish. One man marry her!—it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her; or, perhaps, take your morning's walk round her, always provided there were frequent resting places, and you were in rude health. I was once rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half way, and gave it up, exhausted. Or you might read the riot act and disperse her; in short, you might do anything with her but marry her." "O, Mr. Sydney!" said a young lady, recovering from the general laugh, "did you make all that yourself?" "Yes, Lucy," throwing himself back in his chair, and shaking with laughter; "all myself, child; all my own thunder. Do you think when I am about to make a joke, I send for my neighbors C and G, or consult the clerk and churchwardens upon it?"

The numerous and respectable family of Smiths ought to be duly grateful to the Rev. Sydney, for conferring immortal honor on their name.

EDUCATION.—Mr. Winthrop, in his eloquent address on the laying of the corner-stone of the Public Library, very happily remarked: "Even a college degree is but the significant A B of a whole alphabet of learning still to be acquired."

WIT.

The eighteenth century was the palmy day of wit. Everybody was a wit. Lord, lady, priest, danseuse, they were and could be nothing without it. Society resembled an exhibition of fireworks—original remarks, witty sallies, sharp repartees, blazing, sparkling, coruscating, from morn till midnight. France, of course, as the nation of wits, outshone every country in the number of them; and in this nation of wits, Voltaire, in his day, took the lead. Thousands of anecdotes attest this. Voltaire's wit was inexhaustible.

An Englishman, Grimm tells us, having called to see him at Ferney, Voltaire asked him where he had been. The traveller told him that he had been passing some days with Haller. The patriarch immediately exclaimed: "Mr. Haller is a great man; a great poet, a great naturalist, a great philosopher—almost a universal man." "That is particularly handsome of you, sir," replied the traveller, "since Mr. Haller does not do you the same justice." "Alas!" replied Voltaire, instantly, "perhaps we are both mistaken."

He was training a tragedian, named Paulin, to play in his pieces. Paulin was to be the tyrant of tragedy. On one occasion, he woke his lacquey at three o'clock in the morning, and gave him a message for Paulin. The servant represented to him that Paulin was asleep at that hour. "Go and wake him up instantly," said Voltaire, in affected alarm. "Tyrants never sleep."

Occasionally, he could amuse himself without company. Once, when he was in a high dudgeon with the parliament, he met his donkey at his garden-gate. Instantly stepping back, taking off his hat and bowing, he said: "Pass, I beg you, Mr. President."

The ladies of the court were witty. One day, Madame de Pompadour, speaking of Rousseau to Madame de Mirepoix, said: "He is an owl." "I confess it," replied the lady; "but it is the owl of Minerva."

Even the executioner was witty. When Damiens, the regicide, was tortured, broken on the wheel, and put to death with every refinement of cruelty, La Condamine, the celebrated traveller, who made it a point to witness all executions and take note of them, and who was also very deaf, pressed close to the executioner, note-book in hand, and asking at every stroke, "what is it he's saying?" the assistants wanted to remove this annoying spectator. "Let the gentleman be," said the executioner. "Don't you see he is an amateur?"

NAPOLEON'S NATIVITY.

It appears that the Great Emperor was not born in Corsica after all; but was a native of the Emerald Isle! This important discovery was made by the editor of the New Orleans Picayune; he says: "We had taken a seat in an omnibus beside an enthusiastic Hibernian, who declared—and pointed his declaration with an oath—that no great man was ever born outside of the limits of Ireland. 'What will you make of Bonaparte?' inquired a forward specimen of young France, who was also a passenger. 'Bonaparte, Bonaparte, is it?' exclaimed our Hibernian friend; 'faith it's me that knew Bonaparte well when he was a boy in ould Ireland. We used to go to school together; but it wasn't Bonaparte they called him, but *Bony Patrick*, at your service.' Young France caved in and left the 'bus.'"

A DANDY'S DESPAIR.

A French dandy, who had serious thoughts of throwing himself away on some lovely damsel, but was deterred by a fear of the ruinous extravagance of women, stationed himself in the French Exhibition to watch their tastes and overhear their remarks. He found them all flock to the jewels and cashmeres. It was the opinion of a majority of the marriageable girls, that no man ought to be accepted who was unwilling to make a bridal present of at least six cashmere shawls, and a prodigious quantity of diamonds. "They are all the same!" sighed the dandy, "I must remain a bachelor. In these days, a man with only ten thousand francs a year is not rich enough to pay for matrimony. The choice lies between single-blessedness and ruin."

BREAD.—Whenever flour is high, people are naturally down on the bakers, whom they accuse of getting rich by their enormous profits. But the bakers tell a different story, and insist upon it that their prices bear a just relation to that of flour, and their profits on a barrel are quite small.

TERRIBLE ACTING.—Rachel's death-scene, in Adrienne Lecouvreur, is terribly true to nature. She studied the agonies of dissolution in the hospital of Paris, that she might reproduce them on the stage, as that unprincipled person, Parrhasius, did those of his Olynthian captive.

EXCELLENT.—Putnam says that a spindle-shanked dandy is palpably a vagrant, inasmuch as he has "no visible means of support."

MAXIM.—Unlawful pleasure brings lawful pain.

BULL-FIGHTING IN SPAIN.

One of our late foreign exchanges stated that the love of bull-fighting, so long the national sport of Spain, was on the decline, and that the people no longer considered it as one of the necessities of life, though they have hitherto regarded it as such. *Pan y toros* (bread and bulls!) has ever been the cry of the Spanish mob. If the statement we have referred to be true—which we can hardly admit—it is a deeply significant fact, showing that the Spanish character is undergoing a wonderful transformation; and, indeed, recent political events show that it is rapidly improving, giving promise of restored greatness to a nation, whose past glory and rapid decadence form one of the most striking features of European history.

The Spaniards possess more of the spirit of the ancient Romans than any people of the European continent. Their beautiful, sonorous and manly language, which has been termed the language of gods, is, singularly enough, far more like the Latin tongue than that spoken by the modern inhabitants of Italy. The same similarity to the masters of the world is traceable in the sports of the arena, for we cannot bring ourselves to speak of their love of the circus in the past tense, till we have received confirmation of the statement we referred to above. A Spanish writer tells us, that while everywhere in Europe you encounter the remains of Roman amphitheatres, Spain alone has preserved the identical spectacle of the circus, though the ancient edifices have yielded to the action of time. Strange and little-noted fact! In customs and spirit, the Spanish nation is the most Roman people of the present day.

All their misfortunes spring from this source. Inimical to labor, warlike, heroic, tenacious, temperate, and passionately fond of sports, they still ask only *panem et circenses* (bread and circuses), to live happily in the midst of their decay. The sanguinary combats of wild beasts have striven for twenty centuries against Christianity, and triumphed over it, as the *toreadores* triumph over their more formidable adversaries. On the *plaza de toros* the Spanish people are grand and sublime—a sovereign and regal people. There they indemnify themselves, by emotions more lively than those of mere sport, for the privations to which their poverty condemns them; and if this diversion be amenable to the charge of barbarity and cruelty, it must be acknowledged that it does not disgrace the individual like that intemperance which forms the ignoble pleasure of all the nations of the earth. The Spaniard is temperate, as proved by the

very cloak upon his shoulders, since a drunken man could not keep his feet encumbered by the *capa*. For their bull fighting, it is a barbarous, terrible and sanguinary spectacle, but, unquestionably, full of seduction and excitement.

On great occasions, such as a royal *fiesta*, amateurs of rank, called *caballeros en plaza*, engage the bulls. These *caballeros en plaza* were formerly nobles of distinction; they are now frequently young gentlemen of good standing. The truly Roman characteristic of the bull-fight is the fact that this spectacle is not only public, and authorized by government, but takes place officially and under the immediate superintendence of the authorities. The governor of Madrid, in ordinary circumstances, and the sovereign, upon great occasions, personally preside and direct all the details; and the queen herself has been known to reward with her own fair hand the victors in these bloody sports. This national sport has been described so often that we shall not attempt to delineate it. We have adverted to it as a curious, characteristic feature of the Spanish nation, which may one day be remembered only as a thing that was.

RYHMING.—The N. O. Picayune says: "The nearest to a successful attempt to find a rhyme for 'silver' we have ever seen is that of Mother Goose, in her immortal biography of that renowned archer, 'Little Jacky Dilver,' who, says the venerable poetess,

' Had a bow of silver,
He took his bow
To shoot a crow,
And hit a cat in the window.' "

Here it will be seen Mother Goose essayed a bold flight; actually attempting to make two of the unrhymables rhyme with each other.

AMERICA AT PARIS.—Prince Napoleon has purchased Maunry's reaping-machine, and the patent of France has been sold to a company. The sale of American reapers will not be so great in France as in England, because, in the former country, the land is subdivided into small patches, while in England there are only 30,000 land owners, and the farms are so large that the owners can afford to purchase machinery.

BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The amount appropriated for the schools the present year is \$421,700. For Grammar Schools, \$212,000; Primary, \$120,200; School Houses, \$89,500.

NEW ORLEANS.—This city will be as gay as ever this winter. Dion Bourcicault's new theatre will, we think, prove very attractive.

MARY TAYLOR'S LOVER.

We find the following pitiable story in the *New York Times* and *Messenger*: "Few persons have gone through Broadway, for a year or more past, without meeting a small, dirty, pitiable looking object, with long, dishevelled locks, and face covered with filth-begrimed hair, but always with a cigar in his mouth. His name is Edward Carter, and some twelve or thirteen years ago, he was as clean and spruce-looking a man as you would desire to meet. He is by trade a carver, and an excellent workman—possessing, indeed, more than ordinary talent. At that time Mary Taylor was in the zenith of her popularity, and he became deeply, madly enamored of her. He followed the lady like a shadow, and was frequently so very annoying that her friends were compelled to give him into custody. On one occasion, we believe, he forced himself into her carriage as she entered it to return home from the theatre. For years, however, despite repulses, he nursed his passion with defensive hopes until at length it overturned his reason; he ceased to work, and became the repulsive creature we have described. Recently he was arrested as a vagrant, and being clearly in that category, was sent to Blackwell's Island for six months."

USE OF WEALTH.—The *New York Critic* says: "Were we rich, instead of founding institutions, we would found individuals. We would fly to the aid of private genius, and furnish it with the means to realize its noblest—nay, its wildest—aspirations." Now our theory is, that genius, true genius, is sure to make its way, and that trial and misfortune can no more suppress it, than a shower of rain can extinguish an eruption of Mount *Veanvius*.

WILLISISMS.—N. P. Willis says of Rachel: "She has had her ovations in France, where woman is most *fascinating*—in England, where woman is most *equilibrifed*—in Germany, where woman is most *useful-ized*—in Russia, where woman is most *enslaved*. To America, where woman is most *idolized*, she comes last."

OFFICIAL GENEROSITY.—The city of Louisville being hard up lately—like many cities, and more individuals—Mayor Barker contributed \$8000 out of his own pocket to help it along. Such a mayor is a perfect "boss."

PIANOFORTES.—The Messrs. Chickering's great establishment turns out about one piano every two hours, and yet cannot meet the demand.

THE BATTLE OF NORTH POINT.

A correspondent of the *Transcript*, writing from Baltimore, says: "Within a biscuit throw of Barnum's Hotel stands an unpretending monument, erected to the memory of the heroes who fell at the battle of North Point. Among the names inscribed upon this column are those of the two poor boys, who sacrificed themselves to save the city. I mean the martyr youths who slew the invader Ross—who went out to die, and died. Were not these two boys as great to us as Curtius was to Rome, or Mutius Scaevola? It appears to me that in our headlong gallop for the great Yankee goal, gold; that in our blood hot, panting heat for the 'calf,' we never can find time to give a 'thank you, sirs,' to those who, with the point of the bayonet, cleared the track for us. It is only until very recently that the memory of the patriotic captors of Andre have been honored with a monument; and while the death of that unfortunate Englishman is lamented from one end of Maine to the other of Texas, the name of *Hale* is never heard, and I think it would puzzle Lossing to tell us where rest the neglected bones of poor *Champ*."

EATING.—Lord Froth, in "Paris and London," says: "To me it is a most disgusting thing to see a woman eat. Horses eat—cows eat—all sorts of creatures eat—I never eat." Epicurus says: "I always eat alone. To me there is an indecency in speaking with food in the mouth." Of course there is, but he might have been silent at such moments, and dined respectably in company.

FUNNY.—Charles Reade says of one of his characters, in "Clouds and Sunshine," a person temporarily employed on a farm, that "he was naturally a shoemaker, but was turned out into the stable annually at harvest-time. The lad had a small rustic genius for music, which he illustrated by playing the clarinet in church, to the great regret of the clergyman."

LONDON.—The population of London have triumphed over the proposed Sunday Law. When Sir Robert Walpole was asked by Queen Caroline what it would cost to shut the people out of St. James's Park, he replied, "only a crown." There is a point beyond which even sovereigns cannot go.

MUTILATION.—It is astonishing how many unfortunate persons we meet daily who have lost their arms or legs, and curious that the number of sufferers increases with that of railroads.

Foreign Miscellany.

The harvest in England was fortunately a good one. But the war keeps up the prices.

Queen Victoria has been twice kissed by a French monarch, by Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon.

Miss Glyn, the famous English actress, lately married Mr. Dallas, a litterateur.

The town of Deal, Eng., is about to be lighted by electricity. It gives a deal of light.

Garibaldi, the defender of Rome, is now an officer in the Piedmontese service.

Mrs. Trollope, who abused this country so shamefully, is out with another romance.

A Prussian collier was lately blown to pieces by striking a Russian infernal machine.

The Duke de Montpensier is working to get his wife upon the throne of Spain.

The allies found immense materials of war in their recent capture of Sebastopol.

The London Artizan mentions an invention for softening horn, and rendering it elastic like whalebone.

There are said to be 5000 hacks in Paris. The wages of hackmen are 70 cents a day, and his gratuities average 25 cents more.

A late English paper states that the manuscript of Macaulay's new volumes is in the hands of the Longmans, and will be forthcoming before Christmas.

The Government of Melbourne has exempted editors of newspapers from serving on juries, and has remitted the fines of some for non-attendance.

It is calculated that the yearly consumption of tobacco in Turkey, reaches 320,000,000 pounds, allowing forty pounds a year each for eight millions of smokers.

Toddlens latest creation, called the "Fort of Holy Cross," is armed with guns of the heaviest calibre, and completely commands the Malakoff.

Fergus O'Connor, the noted chartist, has just died, aged fifty-nine. For some time past he was under the care of his sister, having been removed from a lunatic asylum. He did not recover his intellect, but died a complete wreck.

At Sydenham, Eng., several weeks since, one of the workmen employed in the Crystal Palace, upon a wager of a gallon of beer, climbed from the ground to the summit of the Water Tower, a height of two hundred feet, upon a rope.

Mary Russell Mitford's grave is to have placed over it a plain monument; and it is hoped that a subscription will be opened in America to aid the design, and also to build a school in the village which she has made famous by her presence and her writings, to be dedicated by name to her memory.

The British Church Missionary Society raised during the last year some \$180,000—its stations being among the Indians of their own land, also in Western Africa, China, Northern India, among the Chinese gold diggers of California, and the Catholics of South America. The Christian Knowledge Society also raised \$450,000.

Several new Russian ships are to be built this winter at Nicolaeff.

The Russians have re-established communications between Genitchi and Arabat.

It is definitely announced that Omar Pacha is to take command of the forces in Asia forthwith.

An English paper says Wenham Lake is in the town of New Hampshire, Massachusetts.

The Austrian engineers officially report favorably on the proposed ship canal from the Danube to the Black Sea.

The Austrian Lloyds undertakes to open steam communication between Trieste, North African ports, Spain and Portugal.

Two German girls, with a hurdygurdy and a tambourine, have netted £2000 in ten months in Australia.

The human hair harvest of France—the flowing locks parted with reluctantly by females—amounts to one hundred tuns a year.

Mr. Naysmith's wrought iron monster gun had proved a complete failure. The experiment of wrought iron ordinance is therefore abandoned.

The Austrian papers make complaint that the assistance lent by the Western powers to the Sultan is fast changing into permanent occupation of Turkey.

One Chinese (Dr. Wong-Fun) and four Egyptians have received the degree of M. D. at the Edinburg University. The former was the first Chinaman who ever graduated at a British University.

The well known Austrian Marshal Radetzky has just completed his 89th year, and has served in the army seventy one years. He is still in good health, but has requested to be allowed to retire.

At the Paris Exhibition, the English glass, porcelain, bronze and fancy work generally, are not comparable with that manufactured at Venice, Prague, Munich and Paris, and even in scientific instruments the English are surpassed by their foreign competitors. The inferiority is very great.

A paper maker in the south of France, makes a pulp of five common plants in certain proportions, with twenty per cent. of rags, and produces a paper not distinguishable from pure linen, and which is of excellent quality, and can be afforded at half price. It is stated that a large company has been formed at Paris for its manufacture.

London papers announce the death of Dr. Archibald Arnott, in the 84th year of his age. He was Napoleon's last medical attendant. He entered the army upwards of sixty years ago, and retired from active service in 1826, during which time he shared the perils and exploits of his regiment on the Nile, in Calabria, Portugal, Spain and Holland.

Preaching in the open air has become quite common in England. The Bishop of Winchester has recently recommended all his clergy who are able to go out of their churches, to preach to the people in the streets at suitable times; and Canon Miller has declared his belief that it is the only way of getting hold of the minds of the multitude.

Record of the Times.

Sidewalks and church aisles are to be widened, to admit the ladies' dresses.

More than two thousand children have been made orphans by the sickness at Norfolk!

One kernel of rye in Thetford, Vt., produced 2080 of the same sort.

A man in this State lately married his second wife three weeks after the death of his first.

Over two thousand women in Troy are engaged in making shirt-collars.

Gunpowder and saltpetre have advanced greatly, in consequence of the Eastern war.

A young lady who saw a baby without kissing it, is one of Barnum's curiosities.

Salt, of a superior quality, is being manufactured by solar evaporation in the vicinity of Corpus Christi.

There are about 50,000 natives of Wales in the United States, nearly all good citizens, and it is said that not one of them is an office-holder.

Flour barrels are now manufactured with a hollow tube through the centre, which prevents the heating, and consequently the souring of the flour.

Chicago is called the "City of Locomotives," there being two hundred and sixty locomotive engines running on the different roads converging there, which are housed in that city.

One of the party of emigrants who left Columbus, Ga., last fall, for Liberia, sends home a sample of cotton of a species which heads all the time, and says good sea-land cotton can be grown there.

At Germantown, Pa., Patrick Howard refused to go for a physician for his brother, Cornelius Howard, who was supposed to be dying; and while the wife of the latter was gone for the purpose, he robbed the dying man of three hundred and fifty dollars in gold.

It would be an excellent plan for every farmer to occasionally plant the potato ball, and thus get new varieties, as well as healthy seed. Continual re-planting of potatoes, without resorting to the seed, is as absurd as to take roots from an old tree to produce an orchard.

While a lady, named Green, was attending the funeral of her husband in New Orleans, the wife of the man of whom she rented her apartments induced her consort to steal all the widow's furniture and movables. Such meanness as this surpasses the power of condemnation.

The beautiful little gold fish, which some think can be raised in this country only in glass globes filled with water, has, according to the Horticulturalist, been naturalized, and made to flourish in the Schuylkill river, above Philadelphia.

A Wilmington, Del., paper says that an Irish weaver, named John Brown, who emigrated to the United States in the year 1794, and set up his loom in Wilmington, in the same place it now occupies, has ever since been engaged in weaving carpets there, and still continues it, as happy as the day is long, after a lapse of sixty-one years.

Mary Brown lately donned male attire and enlisted as a soldier at Rome, N. Y.

Charles W. Johnson, Esq., lately walked seven miles in one hour twenty-four minutes.

Two young ladies of New Orleans, once wealthy, are working at a Lowell mill.

The Freewill Baptists have decided to locate their Theological Institution at Lewiston, Me.

Lieut. Maury, whose services to science are invaluable, is retained at the observatory.

A lot of thieves from Australia are in New York, and a detachment in this city.

Corks, bearing the Heidsieck brand, sell for ten cents apiece in New York.

There are supposed to be frequenting the waters about New York seventy or eighty varieties of fish not known to the cookery of Europe.

In Queen Mary's time, square-toed shoes were all the go. Dandies were not allowed, however, to wear them more than six inches square.

The Brooklyn (L. I.) Reformed Dutch Church has raised \$112,000 in four years for charitable and religious objects.

The number of volumes added to the library of Brown University, during the past year, was 1310; of which 877 were obtained by purchase, 332 by donation, and 101 by exchange.

The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, says that James Buchanan, our minister to England, is a suitor for the hand of Mrs. Polk, the widow of Ex President Polk.

The use of bricks as a lining for wells has been much disapproved of, because they are found to harden the softest water. The difficulty is obviated by covering them over with cement.

California is getting to be as civilized and as Christianized as the older States of the Union. There are forty-eight Protestant churches in the State, and lynch law is going almost entirely out of fashion.

The peninsula of Crimea, to which so much interest is attached, is considerably larger than the State of Massachusetts. It contains a geographical surface of upwards of nine thousand square miles; its climate is mild and soil fertile. It has about 200,000 inhabitants.

Through the liberality of Jared Sparks, the management of Bowdoin College have been enabled to fill out one of the panels on the interior walls of the chapel. Artists are busily engaged upon a design from Raphael's Cartoon of "St. Paul at Athens."

Sylvanus Packard offers \$10,000 per year for three years, making the whole amount of his contributions \$30,000, to Tufts College, provided the same amount is made up by others in the same time. This is said to be one half of Mr. Packard's fortune, and is therefore an instance of great and unusual liberality.

The doorway of a coal yard in New York is adorned by a statue of a negro slave. The Commercial Advertiser says it is not quite equal in levelness to Powers's Greek Slave, but more true to nature so far as color is concerned. This piece of bituminous statuary attracts much attention.

Merry Making.

Pleasant checks in life—bank checks.

Sensible to the last—boot and shoemakers.

Clever Fellows—People who spend fifteen dollars every time they earn ten.

Beggars always find one kind of provision plenty, viz.—the cold shoulder.

Why would tying a slow horse to a post seem to improve his pace? Because it would make him fast.

Gen. Taylor, on one occasion, being besieged by office-seekers, made the remark, that "some were doomed to appointment, and some to disappointment."

A bachelor advertised for a "helpmate," one who would prove "a companion for his heart, his hand, and his lot." A fair one replying, asked very earnestly: "How big is your lot?"

Modesty where least expected.—Delicate swell (holding up his long coat previous to running over a dirty crossing).—"Good gracious! I hope to goodness no lady will see my ankles!"

A sailor, who had hired a violin player to perform him some airs, one being asked what tune he preferred, replied, "Nep tune, you lubber! and so does every jolly tar."

Red color is said to be exciting to the mind, yellow confusing, and blue quieting. If people that have the "blues" would keep quiet, contagion might be less expensive.

"This war, sir," said a commercial gentleman to a dandy, "will be a terrible hindrance to all kinds of business." Dandy.—"Dessay; d'light-ed to 'ear it—always 'ad great awarition 'all kinds of business."

The Dutchman who refused to take a one dollar bill because it might be altered from a ten, prefers stage travelling to railroads. The former, he says, rides him eight hours for a dollar, while the latter only rides him one.

A country chap who was caught in the water-wheel of a grist mill, and had the good fortune to escape with no other damage than a slight ducking, says he intends to apply for a pension, on the ground that he is a survivor of the revolution.

The editor of the Buffalo Express says he has seen the contrivance by which the author of the Silver Lake snake-story in the Republic "heated his imagination." He merely says it "holds about a pint."

Sydney Smith says, "It seems necessary that great people should die with some sonorous and quotable saying. Mr. Pitt said something not intelligible in his last moments. G. Rose made it out to be, 'Save my country, Heaven!' The nurse, on being interrogated, said that he asked for barley water."

They tell of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike. "What is to pay?" "Pay, sir! for what?" asked the turnpike man. "Why, for my horse, to be sure." "Your horse, sir! what horse? Here is no horse, sir." "No horse? God bless me!" he said, suddenly, looking down between his legs, "I thought I was on horseback!"

Aid to Turkey—a plate of cranberry sauce.

Something to weep over—a bushel of onions.

High Living—To reside in a six-story house and eat your meals in the garret.

Lovers have palpitation of the heart, and glaziers are never without pains.

Curiosity—Looking over the affairs of others, and overlooking your own.

Which can smell the rat quickest—the man who knows the most, or he who has the most nose.

Punch says a friend is one who jumps down and puts on the drag when he finds that you are going down hill too fast.

When a dog gets his head fastened in a fence, it is unsafe to extricate him, unless you enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance.

"I am thy father's spirit!" as the bottle of whiskey said to the Glasgow weaver's boy when he found it under the bed one Saturday night.

Merchants generally die of the bilious, printers of the typhus, and brokers of the remittent fever.

"The smiles of home are exceeding pleasant," but there are many people who have good homes, who prefer "smiling" with a friend outside.

Why can no one starve in the deserts of Arabia? On account of the sand which is there. And how did the sandwiches get there? Ham went there, and there his posterity was bred and mastered.

• Mrs. Bloomer says she never could see anything pretty in a woman's swelling out from her hips to her feet, like a hogshead, or a big-bottomed churn.

The other day a man was found mounted on a ladder with his lips pressed to the telegraphic wires. He was kissing his wife in Philadelphia "by telegraph."

A notice of a recent steamboat explosion ends as follows: "The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid. She was insured for \$15,000, and loaded with iron."

At Rachel's death-scene in the play of Adrienne Lecouvreur, the ladies in the boxes weep so abundantly that it is absolutely necessary to carry an umbrella, if you sit in the parquet.

"The first step towards useful knowledge," says some wiseacre, "is to be able to detect a falsehood." We are morally certain that youthful students in "that line" will not have to travel far now-a-days.

"Do you mean to challenge the jury?" whispered a lawyer to his Irish client in California. "Yes, be jabers," was the answer, "if they don't acquit me, I mean to challenge every spalpeen of 'em; I want ye to give 'em all a hint of it, too."

A little urchin, some three years old, being a little distance from the house, was suddenly startled by a loud clap of thunder. He was much frightened, and made tracks. As the shed was the nearest shelter, he entered, and casting a defiant look at the clouds, exclaimed: "Thunder away, I'm under a shed!"

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